

# THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER.

the most doubts, fears and temptations. Were all Christians at work, the devil would be kept busy with his own, and have little time for new conquests.—*Christian at work.*

POSTAGE.—To prevent any misunderstanding or difficulty, be remembered, that no Post or Way Office keeper can collect any postage on the delivery of the INTELLIGENCER, as we have paid in advance the postage on our whole issue!

Some of our Exchanges are addressed to St. John. The Editor's Office is in Fredericksburg, and Publishers will confer a favor by addressing papers intended for him to FREDERICKS.

## TERMS AND NOTICES.

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## Religious Intelligencer.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

SEE FIRST PAGE FOR PREMIUM OFFERS TO OLD AND NEW SUBSCRIBERS. NOW IS THE TIME TO REMIT. SEND ALONG YOUR PAYMENTS AND ORDERS PROMPTLY.

## COMMENCE WORK AT ONCE.

We are glad to hear good tidings from many places. Sinners are being brought to Jesus, and He is healing them. American papers contain news of many precious revivals. The good spirit of the Lord is at work, and His convicting and saving power is being felt and rejoiced in more and more extensively every day. In our own Province, too, there are "signs of rain," we hope it may be in abundance. This is the time when, in our own denomination especially, the ministers are about settled in their parishes. Those who have made changes having got over the bustle and confusion of moving, and are now prepared to go properly to work. It should be the ambition of each to commence the year's work with a revival. Well begun the year will be likely to be one of blessing throughout. Let the present year be characterized by more earnest work than any of its predecessors, and it will assuredly be marked by most gracious results:

No one can begin to look too soon in this direction. From the very beginning, the preacher should have reference to this end, and every sermon should bear more or less directly upon it. In conducting the prayer or the speaking meeting, this object should be held steadily in view. In this way are the hearts and minds of the people "set in order" for the work when the "time of refreshing" shall come. It often happens, when a protracted meeting is appointed, that from one to three weeks must be spent in getting the church into good working condition. No immediate outside results are even looked for. The church must first be "warmed up;" afterwards we expect sinners to be convicted and converted. Now this warming up should have been previously accomplished by repeated stirring at the fire. Then, instead of spending time at this labor, attention might at once be directed to that of winning men from the world.

Among the most effectual means of quickening the interest of men in any subject is keeping the subject constantly before them. By preaching and talking revivals to the people, they become interested in revivals. Thus is the way prepared, and the seed sown, and thus are gracious harvests assured.

## THE ANNIVERSARIES

Of the various Benevolent Societies in connection with the Free Baptist denomination in the United States, were held week before last in Haverhill, Mass. The anniversary sermon was preached by Rev. C. F. Penny, of Augusta, Me. A religious conference was held for the first time in connection with the Anniversary, and it is reported as full of the richest and most quickening influence. It was followed by the Lord's supper, which was also a precious season.

The Education Society reported having assisted with funds sixty young men in their preparation for the ministry. The speakers in the Education meeting referred to the characteristics of an efficient ministry, and the relation of the churches to the increase and efficiency of the ministry; and the duty of the churches in raising up young men for the work was adequately set forth and their responsibility shown.

The report of the Foreign Mission Society showed an encouraging progress. The gospel is making progress. Rev. O. R. Bachelor, a returned missionary, made a speech, and having had experience in the work, his words are entitled to consideration. Among other things he said: The question is very often asked, Does our Foreign Mission work pay? Is it better to relinquish this work and confine ourselves to the home field? Our work in India was slow, but we have now reached the period when large numbers are being brought in. The emotional element, which is so common among us, and upon which we so much rely, is now being reproduced in India, where it is doing a great work. Our cause is being helped by it. We have now reached the period which may be termed the harvest period. If we lose the harvest we lose all. The speaker then cited a large number of facts to show that heathenism is passing away before the influence of the gospel. Baptisms, which were once rare in our mission field, are now common. There are more who are now ready to come into the fold. We want more laborers to bring them in; souls in India are precious; who would not do something to save them? The mission is gaining the confidence of the government in India. We have an evidence of this in the contributions made in India for the support of the mission. We cannot withdraw from that field without dishonor and disgrace. \$11,000 were contributed to the funds of the Society during the year.

The meeting of the Temperance Society seems to have been an enthusiastic one, as Temperance meetings always should be. The speakers showed up the evil of intemperance in all its hideousness, and urged resolute, well-planned, earnest and persistent effort as necessary to master it.

The Sabbath school Union meeting was characterized by much clear, intelligent, Christian speaking. The need of giving the Sabbath-school more prominence in the arrangement of Sabbath services, of affording more time for instruction, and of more promptness on the part of Superintendents in reporting their schools, were all urged. It was shown that the true way of education is to begin with the child. The fruits that come of the first seed planted in the soil are generally the best—the most abundant. The first ten years of life often decide the whole future.

The Home Mission Society's Report regretted that more had not been done, but was encouraged in that the Lord had so graciously blessed what had been done. It was shown that the missionary

spirit is the life of any church; so long as it keeps this it could find no time to die. It was this that gave power and success to the labors of Christ, to those of his Apostles, and to those of his successors even to this day. The speeches were good and to the point. At the close \$550 were contributed to the funds of the Society.

The Star gives a full report of all the meetings, and says they were the best held for many years. May the Lord give our brethren very great success in all their work during the year upon which they have now entered.

## For the Religious Intelligencer.

### HOW TO READ.

With the assistance of books, we become acquainted with those who have long since been removed from social and literary circles. The best and choicest thoughts are at our disposal. The accumulated wisdom of past ages exists in superabundance. The tree of knowledge is striking its roots deeper, and spreading its branches broader, and the fruit upon its boughs is mellow to the fall. The mysterious labyrinths that Sir Isaac Newton and others explored, are now accessible. The great and important subject that immediately concerns us, which may we read the works of great men which open to us such vast treasures of knowledge as to derive the most benefit from them.

More than a superficial perusal is essential. This style of reading, with many, becomes a habit, resulting in a debilitating effect upon the mind. Miscellaneous matter is perused without any system, and not a single idea in fact is retained except what is light and frothy. This practice resembles a water-spout, through which water rushes without adding strength or imparting vigor to it. A cynical style is by no means proper. The sensibilities unconsciously are blunted instead of being refined, and while reading, the most sublime passages or startling truths ever recorded shrink into insignificance. To gratify a selfish and morbid desire, defects are readily found and seized upon. Inconsistencies pointed out. Those who practice this manner of reading are literary vultures. Fields matted with green, and lawns purpled with flowers, are passed unnoticed; while the carrion that rots in the ravine is voraciously devoured.

The most deadly poison can be extracted from the sweetest blossoms, and the most corrupt conclusions may be drawn from the most illustrious deeds and ennobling thoughts.

In short each are the facts. Instead of reading history to become familiar with great achievements which thrill the heart with enthusiasm, the failures and imperfections of our illustrious predecessors are dramatized with triumph and derision. The Book of books is perused by Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and a host of others, for no other purpose than to find fault, and to show that the great men of the past were not so perfect as they are represented. The most fault-finding, and what has been the unspeakable joy to thousands, became to these men a stone of stumbling and rock of offence. A thoughtful and candid desire to investigate, and a firm decision to retain and appropriate, so far as possible and practical, what is read, should be carried down as a basis. Then a liberal variety of books and magazines may be selected, and by improving the golden fragments of time, the entire mental capacity will be cultivated and regarded as a repository of the finest gems. This, however, may be carried too far, and become a habit of cramming, which cripples self-reliance, checks development of thought, and dries up the fountain of originality.

In this country, rendered fast by steam and electricity, the tendency to haste and to skim is rapidly increasing, and close application is becoming quite antique among the masses. It is difficult to put a bridle upon the imagination and a bit upon the thoughts to keep them in proper subjection for vigorous mental effort. In fact, there is hardly one person in every hundred who has sufficient patience to carefully read a book of more than ordinary size, unless it is a novel or highly spiced with romance. The men, whose minds are well stored by the means of systematic reading, accomplished the work in the old-fashioned way, and in a crowding style.

By close and patient application we understand the spirit of the author, and regard him as our lasting friend and bosom companion; and by his aid we unwittingly animate into being, and clothe with vigor the scattered dust of the past. If we read biography and travel, we are the associates of Luther in his cell discovering the Bible; or of Bunyan, writing Pilgrim's Progress in Bedford jail. We enjoy an evening talk with Lady Huntington or a man of letters. In his mission of love, we explore the North with Dr. Kees and Dr. John Franklin; or ascend the Andes, beneath the equator, by the side of Humboldt; or penetrate the wilds of Africa in company with Dr. Livingston. We mingle with the multitude surging up the side of Mount Olivet, and listen to the Priests of the House of David; or taking an evening walk into the Garden of Gethsemane, watch an hour with the Man of Sorrows. At early dawn we join the sorrowing disciples, while inspecting the linen cloths; or greeting the Conqueror, just risen from Calvary by the way of the tomb, with the flush of victory upon his brow, and the smoke of battle lingering upon his armor.

Should we read poetry? We inhale the spirit of the ages, and unconsciously the entire being is enveloped in clouds of ethereal magnificence. As restless as the rolling ocean, the bosom heaves and swells with emotion. Restlessly, the soul is borne on upon unseen wings through regions of indomitable beauty. The balmy air of invisible climes fans the flushed cheek and rekindles the languid spirit.

Are we reading history? There poises before our eyes the steady march of nations, melodious with the blast of trumpets and brilliant with the colors of purple and gold. We see the armies swelling in luxury during their palmy days; or groaning beneath the iron heel of oppression in times of adversity. Our eyes become ears, and we hear the groans of dying thousands and the shouts of victory echoing down succeeding ages.

Then, in order to read successfully, the mind must be in lively sympathy with the writer; the imagination must picture the scenes represented, and by reflection arrange the subject matter in systematic order in the memory for future use and happiness.

—B. MISARB.

## DENOMINATIONAL NEWS.

We are pained by the following, communicated in a note from Rev. Wm. Downey, dated Oct. 25th: "Rev. J. I. Porter has been lying sick at his residence in Barrington for the last four weeks, and is nothing better." Bro. Porter's friends—and they are many—will be filled with anxiety by this statement. May the Lord speedily restore him to his proper.

BRO. JOHN HENDERSON, under date of Oct. 28th, writes cheerfully of the work in Kingsley, York county, of which we made mention last week. He says:

I am glad to inform you that the good work of the Lord is going forward in this place. Stout-hearted sinners are submitting to Jesus. Yesterday Bro. Kingdom came to our assistance, accompanied by Deacon Carlisle. Bro. K. preached both morning and afternoon. At the close of the morning meeting he baptized twelve happy converts, six males and six females. At the close of the afternoon service he organized a church of twenty members, eleven brethren and nine sisters. A number of others have confessed their sins, and are seeking the Saviour, and will no doubt soon submit to Christ in all things. The spirit of the Lord appears to be at work in all the community. We hope the readers of this will pray that the Lord will carry forward the work until all the people shall be brought to know Him whom to know aright is life eternal."

LOWER BRIGHTON.—We are glad to learn that Bro. Vanwart is engaged in an interesting work of grace at Lower Brighton. We are informed that nineteen converts have been baptized.

MOUTH GOLDSTREAM, C. C.—We learn that Rev. A. Kinney and Rev. Mr. Lancaster (Frostville Baptist) are holding a series of meetings at Mouth Goldstream with prospect of success. Bro. Lancaster thinks of spending some time in the Province. May the Lord give these brethren a harvest of souls.

DONATION.—We are requested to say that the friends of Bro. John Henderson intend making him a donation visit at his residence in Andover, Vt., on, on Thursday next, the 7th inst.

## THE COMMUNION CONTROVERSY.

The daily papers of this city last week contained brief references to some action of the Long Island (New York) Baptist Association with regard to the doing of certain pastors who dared to depart from the strict communion rule. We did not refer to it in our last issue preferring to wait till all the facts in the case should come to hand. They have come, and are as follows:

The course of Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, now well known as an open communionist, and Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, who baptized Miss Smalley, a Quakeress preacher, without insisting upon her joining the Baptist Church, and afterwards, in administering the communion to a dying man, allowed this same Miss Smalley and several pedobaptists to partake of the emblems of the Lord's body and blood, has brought upon them a good deal of censure from those who see ruin in the slightest departure from what they think the right way. These ministers are both members of the Baptist denomination, and are popular and successful pastors of large and influential churches in Brooklyn; and their churches are in accord with them in what they have done. Certain members of the Association wished to bring these brethren to book for their heresy. A good deal of talk was had upon the subject, and two or three resolutions bearing upon the communion question were introduced. One man offered a resolution to the effect that where large and influential churches, and able and popular ministers violated Baptist usages, no notice should be taken of it, but when small churches and obscure ministers do so they should be promptly disciplined. Although this resolution is very much in accord with the course pursued by the denomination, it was deemed irrelevant to the question at that time before the meeting, and was withdrawn. The following very mild resolution was subsequently passed fourteen votes against it:

Resolved, That while we do not regard the Long Island Baptist Association as a legislative or disciplinary body, and while we realize the full and entire independence of each church of which it is composed, we do, nevertheless, deem it right and proper at this time to declare our firm and unalterable adherence to the distinguishing doctrines and ordinances of our denomination, as they are taught and exemplified in the New Testament, and as they were held by the Baptists of Long Island at the time of the organization of this body.

It was generally supposed that with the passage of the above the action on the communion question was ended, and most of the delegates from Messrs. Smith and Pentecost's churches left for home. The Rev. gentlemen themselves went out for a walk, not suspecting that anything bearing upon them personally would be introduced.

At this juncture however a resolution was offered, intending to appoint a committee to investigate rumors touching the position of themselves and churches in the matter of communion. Several brethren withstood the movement as best they could, but the odds were against them. Fortunately Mrs. J. Hyatt Smith was present, and she promptly started to give the alarm. She soon found and brought them back. They at once entered into the discussion, which the report says cannot be described. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Pentecost distinctly declared their convictions, and argued that both churches and individuals were entitled to liberty in the matter. On the other hand the close communionists argued that "open communion is an attempt to dishonor Christ." After a time some one moved that Mr. Pentecost's church be excluded from the resolution, and though he protested against such action as unfair to Mr. Smith's church, the motion was passed. Then Mr. Smith and his church were alone as the object of attack, and the resolution to appoint the committee of investigation was adopted. But now another difficulty confronted them. They could not get five brethren in all the Association to act upon the committee; only two were found willing to serve. Beginning to cool off they generally began to regret their action, and the vote to appoint the committee was reconsidered, after which the whole matter was indefinitely postponed by a vote of 24 to 24. Thus ended the attempt to crush two ministers, who are willing to celebrate the death of our common Lord with Christians of any name. It is well said that "the result shows that liberal principles have taken deep root among the churches, and have already become so strong that it would do infinite harm to attempt to suppress them. The fact is a great and salutary revolution is silently yet rapidly going on in the Baptist denomination on this subject; the hand of the Lord is evidently in it, and many of the brethren welcome the change as a birth into a higher and sweeter denominational life.

## DEATH OF D'AUBIGNE.

The great historian of the Reformation has just died, at the advanced age of 78. Jean Henri Merle D'Aubigne, D.D., was born at Geneva 1794, and was educated partly in his native city and partly in Berlin. After his ordination he was for many years pastor of the French church in Hamburg, and for a still longer period filled a similar position in Brussels, where he was the favorite court-preacher of the King. In 1839 D'Aubigne returned to his native city, where he received the appointment of professor of Church history in a newly established theological school. His first publication was a volume of sermons, but he was afterwards a voluminous historical writer. His principal productions, such as the History of the Reformation in the 16th century, "Recollections of a Swiss Minister," "The Reformer and the Reformation of Geneva," &c., are nearly all intimately connected with that stirring period which he had studied so deeply and which he loved so well to depict. His "History of the Reformation" has, in the English translation, become familiar to every reader of history, and partly by its artistic excellence, partly from the ability and philosophic tone of the writer, placed him at once in a lofty and enduring position as an historical writer. Mr. D'Aubigne died, as he had for the greater portion of his life lived, at Geneva, his native city—a spot more famous than almost any other in Europe, both for its literary associations and for the turbulent impetuosity with which the waves of ecclesiastical struggle once surged around it.

All who have seen the engravings which we offer as premiums are highly pleased with them. No such liberal offer has ever before been made to the subscribers of any paper in the Province.

A series of meetings are being held by the Methodist Church in Woodstock. The Sentinel says they are interesting.

Rev. W. S. McKenzie preached his farewell sermon in the Leinster Street Baptist Church last Sunday evening, and left for Boston yesterday (Thursday) morning.

Attention is directed to the new advertisement of Miller & Edgcomb on the first page. They have a large and well-selected stock. They do business on the one price system, and their trade is steadily increasing. We have been glad to notice the steady progress of this enterprising young firm; and think purchasers will do well to call on them.

## OUT OF THE STUDY.

NO. V.—BY F. P.

### "A Life on the Ocean Wave"

is a something far more enchanting in the reading than in the realization. Sitting before a cheery open fire, in a comfortable arm-chair, 'tis quite an easy thing to be heroic, and imagine all sorts of delightful raptures in climbing the ocean billows and answering back the roar of the tempest. To the eye of fancy the ship throbs like a thing of life as it breaks the waves, the billows, like fiery war steeds, toss long waves of foam, the sailors are bold characters who curb and direct the bounding vessel, and the passenger a cool observer who notes every dash of the wave, every leap of the ship, every varying phase of the stern glory of the storm. But let our dreamer vacate the arm-chair for the deck of the steamer, and have a gale dead ahead, blowing great gusts, and behold how the scene changes. The ship wriggles and quivers as if in anguish, and lurches to port and starboard with the most dogged persistence, the billows roll over each other in a mad endeavor each to keep uppermost, the sailors look like men in oilskins, convulsively clutching ropes and rigging as they make their devious way from bow to stern, while our passenger, bold hero, is down in an eight by six stateroom, bowing low with many contortions of countenance, and groanings of the spirit, before an unpretentious piece of pottery, bitterly repenting the evil hour in which his footsteps led the firm paths of old mother earth. Oblivious is he to the passage of Neptune in all his glory, he only knows that he is most thoroughly sick. And would he turn for sympathy in his suffering, the admonitory sounds that arise from neighboring rooms, the dolorous interjections that greet his ears, the hopeless shaking of the head in a wretched attempt to smile, only deepen the misery and tell him that relief is not. And if he determines to be a hero, and despising the day of small things makes for the deck, 'tis only to be bounced about like a foot-ball, till the bruising without and the yearning within admonishes him again to retire. There is not much imagination in him now; the poetry of sea-life has all faded and become intensely prosaic. He won't hear one mention Byron's "Roll on thou deep and dark blue ocean," and would knock down the man who would venture to sing, "A home on the rolling deep." Such was the experience of some on board the Steamship *Anglia* when caught in a cyclone about three days out from New York. The sails were all down, and the ship thus robbed of her steady power pitched and rolled fearfully; the waves did not roll mountains high, I don't believe they ever do, but sufficiently high to break diabolically over the deck, and sufficiently strong to smash into the saloon at times and thoroughly drench and frighten some of our lady passengers. For nearly four days we labored on this way, unable to go on deck from the violence of the storm and consequent sea-sickness; then it cleared up, and for the remainder of the voyage, which altogether lasted thirteen days from New York, we had favorable winds and smoother seas. There is an unvarying sameness about life on ship-board which renders it at least irksome and wearisome. If the weather even be fine, the enjoyment is rather passive than active, and with myself and others to whom I mentioned it, to read or to think with profit was well-nigh impossible. The eye wanders over the wide expanse of waters and the deep arch of sky, unbroken save now and then by a sail or a bank of clouds; and after a time the mind partakes of the same listlessness and wanders as aimlessly as the eye. To be sure there is the varying aspects of moon and noon and sunset, and the soft glory of moonlight nights; but as cloudless skies are rare at sea, there are but occasional changes. I shall never forget one night. The sky was cloudless, the moon full and straight before us. Around the horizon a thick bank of vapor was curled, which in the soft light looked like silver foam edging the darker body of water and sky. As one looked forward it seemed in its slight undulations to take the form of cities and groves and long landscapes, and sometimes moving figures would seem to flit about, as though this fairy land had its fairy inhabitants as well. Then it would spread out till in the reflected light it looked like a vast silver sea, out of which would shoot long spirals, now snowy white, now of a deeper blackness, and then again, as a breath of wind stirred it, break up in a thousand rolling masses. I watched it for hours, and never will forget the picture of that moonlight sea and curling vapor become utterly indistinct.

The routine on board was as follows: Arise about four bells (six o'clock), take a dish of porridge at six bells (seven o'clock), walk about deck until one bell (8), when we breakfasted. There would come a game of shuffleboard on deck, played something like curling on ice, if the weather permitted, or reading, or smoking, or chatting with each other until eight bells (12 o'clock), when we had lunch. Pass the time as best you could until eight bells. In the afternoon (4 o'clock), when we dined; ditto until six bells (7 p.m.), when tea was brought on. In the evening there were promenades on deck, with chess, cards, draughts, and music in the saloon until five bells (10 p.m.), when the lights were put out. Ditto day after day. The cabin passengers numbered about 25, but the diversity was great if the number was not. There was one Frenchman, little and smooth and fat, but who had been so long from France that he had lost the national characteristic, talkativeness, and was as quiet as a mouse; and when he did say anything only squeaked an easy little answer or question, and straightway was himself again. This man, our "mutual friend," whom I shall describe by and bye as "Fuddles." We had one "minister," an Englishman, who had been in America for a year or so, and was now returning home. He had not been on board a day before all knew that he was an "own correspondent" for a half dozen papers in the United States; the editor of a defunct advent monthly, copies of which he was careful to distribute; a maker of rhymes which he called poetry, and which, of course, appeared in the aforesaid monthly; a writer of tracts; a publisher of hymns; a prospective author and publisher of a book on the non-immortality of the soul, which would revolutionize theology, etc., etc. He was the invited possessor of a huge stock of red hair, which, in imitation of the fathers, he wore hanging about his shoulders; owing to some malformation of organs he talked with a peculiar whistle, and like all zealous believers of the no-soul doctrine, he talked and consequently whistled incessantly. "Our Mutual Friend," with singular felicity, summed him "Rufus." There was a Michigan farmer, six feet high, and stout in proportion, with enormous black eyes, brows and beard, and had never been at sea before. At first the ocean seemed to have a charm for him. He would stand for hours looking intently at the passing waves, each of which he would follow until out of sight, and then regretfully fasten upon another. He was ambitious to stand without support, and the twinges of his huge frame in the vain endeavor to preserve his equilibrium were most laughter provoking. If you remarked that the speed was good, the course S. S. E., or the coffee cold, he invariably answered with a hearty "Oh, yes!" He would always fall on some one or against the table when coming to

meals; would give you two or three affectionate pokes in the ribs, and say "water! raisins!" which meant that he would thank you to pass him the water or the raisins, and when he had stowed away his maximum of the useful he would carefully put his napkin in its ring and wipe his mouth with a spotted handkerchief. He was named "Wolverine," but in reality was gentle, kind and honest, with a rough exterior, but a good heart. There was a typical Highland Lassic, who was returning home from a short stay in New York. He could sing anything from "Old Hundred" to "Walking down Broadway," play Scotch reels to perfection, make you laugh even when in the miseries of seasickness, converse with animation and good sense, and last, but by no means least, with most young ladies, do a little private flirting, just to while away the tedium of a sea voyage. But I must leave all others and describe to you "Our Mutual Friend," the peculiarity of the ship.

He was born in England, but had lived for some time in America, and though favorable to Great Britain in the main, condemned her in reference to the Alabama. He was short, fat, once the tan could be taken off from him, with a *phia* retreating from the chin to the top of the forehead; had taken a degree at Princeton College, but had no decided taste for literary pursuits. In early life he had a mania for collecting pipes, and thought he stunted his growth in smoking meerschaums, in order to color them. Being endowed with martial ardor he followed the fortunes of the North in their civil war, and could talk by the hour about gallant captures of pigs, and storming of corn-bins, and chasing of tame fowl, relieved now and then with a real action. Since the war he had followed the sea, and was now captain of a sailer. He generally talked *nautics*, came to anchor instead of sitting down, got underweigh instead of rising, made use of the bald head of a gentleman who sat near him at table for his lighthouse, near which he always anchored at dinner, and generally, I noticed, stored away a good cargo in the hold. He had a word for every one, and his laughter was accompanied with an Indian whoop which he learned among the Comanches. Lastly, he loved and drank his bottle and a half of brandy per diem, and had little reverence for our "Minister," upon whose coat tails he declared himself determined to keep a firm grip, should the vessel go down.

Such were some of the company on board: the others, and perhaps the best, were those who had no eminent peculiarities, but who were daily eating, sleeping and doing kindly deeds to each other, and when at last parting time came, parted as from old friends in sadness and tears. Nearly thirteen days out and no living thing seen, but now and then the black fin of a whale, the white belly of a porpoise, and Mother Cary's chickens, which followed us nearly all the voyage, when early in the morning was heard the cry of land, and we rushed from our berths to look upon the green coast of Ireland on our right, and the dark rock masses of Listerhall on our left. On these last the ill-fated *Cambria* drove in a storm, and all on board except one perished. We steamed along this beautiful and picturesque coast into Lough Foyle, where a quaint looking little steamer, half ferryboat and half sailer, came alongside, and took on board passengers and freight for Londonderry. Here my eyes first rested on an old world castle. The walls are partly standing, and covered with ivy. It is called Greencastle, and from this are telegraphed the arrival and departure of steamers. While at breakfast the words "Giant's Causeway in full view" caused a general stampede, and all made for the deck, our maxillaries vigorously endeavoring to dispose of bits of chop and bacon, preparatory to a general expression of astonishment. All that appeared, however, was a rather high but otherwise ordinary rock ledge rising abruptly from the sea, and eliciting no expressions except of disappointment. But as we approached it, and with glasses beheld the wonderful close columns placed with almost mathematical precision, the curved entrance to the cave, and the old giant himself quietly sitting at the base of one of the highest ledges, a sense of its vastness and beauty broke upon us, and vindicated its claim to be one of the wonders of Europe. Only the outside could be seen, so we had to content ourselves with watching it out of sight, and then turning behind for the first, the blue hills of Scotland. The Mull of Cantyre, Arran, Bute, and Ailsa Craig were passed in the evening, and at 11 p.m. we made fast to the wharf at Glasgow. Next morning after breakfast we gather our luggage, after examination, and in a drenching rain bid each other good bye, and separate toward the four corners of the globe. We shall never all meet again, but we all possess friends now that we did not before have. Maybe in the wandering life-paths some shall somewhere come together, perhaps when grey hairs have whitened their heads and stern trial has deepened their countenances; and if they do, their first reminiscences shall be of the fortnight so pleasantly spent on board the *Anglia*, and if they do not 'tis yet pleasant to think there are those wondering here and there about the earth whom you know and think of, and who know and think of you. Just now, four thousand miles from home, there are many I think of, whose forms are flitting by, and whose faces I see, and over me comes the fond wondering whether or not they sometimes direct a thought or a wish to me. God bless all the dear ones that are far from me.

## Pen and Scissors.

Cleveland, with a population of about one hundred thousand, has ninety-five churches. Overseeing the Sabbath.—The canals on the St. Lawrence River are not opened this season for traffic on the Sabbath day.

THE MOST STUPENDOUS CANAL in the world is in China, which passes over 2,000 miles to 42 cities. It was commenced as far back as the tenth century.

George M. Smith, one of the Presidents, and also prophet, seer and revelator of the Church of Latter Day Saints, has started with a party, on a religious pilgrimage to Palestine and the Holy City to prove the connection between the Mormons and the Lost Tribes!

The Theological Institution under the training of the English missionaries in Madagascar has recently had its public examination of the class about to graduate. The examination of the students took place in the new palace, under the presidency of the Prime Minister, who thanked the missionaries engaged in the work of his own behalf and on behalf of the Queen, who was unable to be present. The extent of the acquirements of these candidates and their intellectual acumen are spoken of in the highest terms.

TEA IN INDIA.—Resident capitalists in India have planted tea gardens along a line of 1,000 miles on the foot-hills of the Himalayas. Twenty millions of pounds were shipped from this mountain region last year, the finer descriptions being in quality to the best average of Chinese and Japanese exports and bring the highest price. The entire product was consumed by Great Britain.

The one hundredth anniversary of the Congregational church edifice in Farmington, Conn., was celebrated on the 10th inst. President Porter, of Yale College, whose father, the late Rev. Noah Porter, D. D., was for sixty years pastor of the church, gave an historical address in the morning, and in the afternoon a number of distinguished gentlemen made short speeches. The occasion was one of great interest and enjoyment.

SWEDEN is awakening to a new life. One missionary writes:—Scores have found the Lord in another place about one hundred asked for prayers, and many were rejoicing in pardoning love. The revival influence is becoming general.

A NAPLES PAPER contains an account of the loss of two gentlemen in the crater of Vesuvius, who, with great temerity, insisted on being lowered down to the dark cavern immediately below the office of the crater. They let go of the ropes, and nothing more was seen of them.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE OUTLINE.—The new bridge now in course of construction over the Frith of Tay, Scotland, will be the longest bridge in the world—longer even than the Victoria bridge, Montreal. The Victoria bridge is 1,164 feet long, while the Tay bridge will be 10,321, making a difference in favor of Tay bridge of 1,136 feet. If the Tay bridge were eighty yards longer, it would be two miles exactly, and for all intents and purposes it may be therefore be called a two-mile bridge, and will have ninety piers and eighty-nine spans.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago Plymouth church, Brooklyn, was organized in a small room on the Heights, with 21 members. Of this number 5 are dead; 6 have been dismissed; and 10 remain. The whole membership for a quarter of a century is 3,330. Of this number 226 have died, and 700 have been dismissed. The average admissions to the church have been about 150 a year. The present membership is 3,330. The Sunday school has had eight superintendents, and the three schools, including officers and teachers, number 2,950.

THE PRIESTS in the eastern part of France are on a strike, having raised the price of masses to be said for the repose of souls. According to the *Paris* of Geneva, Madame F.—, a lady of Bourges (Ain), lately bequeathed to the parish church a sum of 3,000 francs, on condition that forty masses should be said every year, twenty for the repose of her own soul, and twenty for that of her husband's. The ecclesiastics considering the price of masses has risen, like all other commodities, that it was still augmented, and that, consequently, the work imposed by the legacy will one day be greater than the advantages derived from it, have refused to accept the money.

PRIEST AND PRAY.—Ministers who pray best reap most abundant fruit. Having power with God they have power over the people. Intellect and learning, study and soul judgment are essential, and close communion with God still more so. Those who love and trust much, pray well; the power of Christ rests upon them. Ministers need to learn to pray; it is a lesson in the "higher life." To be mighty in prayer we must be well acquainted with God, in sympathy with his spirit, plans, and ways. Very few know God well; their acquaintance is not intimate. Where it is prayers are not effectual, because they are rightly offered, in the right spirit, in faith and love.

THE CROPS, &c., IN SCOTLAND.—A correspondent writing from Edinburgh says: "The crops here are spoiling for want of harvest weather. An immense deal of wheat and potatoes is completely lost. Coal has risen, and breadstuffs are costly."

Many papers, English, Canadian and American, are raising their price, because everything in connection with publishing is getting more expensive. We do not wish, nor do we intend to raise the price of the INTELLIGENCER. We are anxious, though, to collect all that is due us, and to commence the new year with all subscribers paid in advance. Let each subscriber resolve to comply with our request.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for November closes Vol. 45 of this valuable periodical. Its contents are of the usual interesting character. For sale at McMillan's.

A MISTAKE occurred in the appointments of Bro. Phillips, as announced last week. The following is the correct arrangement for next Sunday, (Nov. 3rd): He will be at Potosiville at 11 a.m.; at Rockville at 3 p.m.; and at Millstream at 7 p.m.

Several articles held over.

## The News and the Press.

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 1, 1872.

The epidemic among the horses seems to have spread all over the continent. In New York and Boston thousands of horses are suffering from it; in Canadian cities they are also suffering to a fearful extent. In this city hundreds of horses are being incapacitated for work. In some of the livery and hack stables the whole stock are sick. In Fredericksburg it has also made its appearance. All the horses in the Queen hotel stables have it, and some others besides. We have not yet heard of any cases in the country districts.

A man named Robert Perry leaped from a window in the third story of the public hospital in this city on Friday morning last, and received injuries of which he died in about an hour. He was a patient in the hospital, suffering from typhoid fever, and in a fit of delirium he made the leap. He was an Englishman, and leaves a wife and three children. The coroner's jury exonerated the hospital attendants from all blame.

Assault and robbery is alarmingly on the increase in this city. The rowdies seem to have thrown off all fear of the law, and allow their dispositions to beat and plunder, full liberty. In some parts of the city it is unsafe to go unprotected. Captain Leavitt was set upon a few nights since by a pack of rowdies who held him and rifled his pockets of about \$140.

T. B. Flint, Esq., has protested against the return of Mr. Ryerson, for Yarmouth County. It will be remembered that the latter gentleman's majority was only one vote.

Letters from the Hon. Mr. Garvie, a member of the N. S. Government, now in England for his health, state that he is very much improved, and that his physician pronounces him curable.

The potato crop in P. E. Island is better this year than last.

The papers say that Annapolis County N. S. will this year export 60,000 barrels of apples, worth \$100,000.