

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD, J.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XIX.—No. 18.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1872.

Whole No. 951.

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," "Cas-

per," and "Lady Darling."

A beautiful stock of

DRESS GOODS,

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A rich stock in Fine Alpaca, Ladies' Colours, Haremuses,

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Alpaca, &c.

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to which they direct special attention.

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and "Olympia." Inspection solicited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Fredericton, May 3, 1872.

SEASONABLE GOODS!

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CLOTHS,

AND

TABLE COVERS,

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AND

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LINEN SHEETINGS,

AND

PILLOW LINENS.

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Pillow Cottons, Towelling,

AND

OSNABURGS,

TICKINGS,

PATCH WORK,

QUILTS, TOILET COVERS,

AND

GREY AND WHITE

Cottons,

SHIRT FRONTS AND SHIRTING LINENS.

STAMPED WORK,

SKIN AND BALL KNITTING COTTON.

An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, March 1, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

CHRISTIAN DUTY IN POLITICS.

The following, from an American paper, is not inapplicable in our own Province and Dominion. Let Christian men read and ponder its truths, determined to profit by them:—

It is not to be denied, and cannot be concealed, that the public mind is far from being in repose. Our political and civil and financial affairs are in such a condition as to excite grave apprehensions for the future of our City, State and Country. The grounds of these apprehensions are obvious to all thinking and leading men, and they may be briefly summed up in these few sentences:—

Politics have been seized upon by money-seeking men; with money the control of legislation has been obtained; combinations of men with vast wealth, and corporations controlling vast numbers of men and hundreds of millions of money, have put the power of government into the hands of a few individuals, who use it for their own aggrandizement. The will of the people is stifled, and a few conspirators banded secretly pull wires that work the machinery called Government. The foulest example is, of course, the oligarchy that rules, oppresses and insults this metropolis. But what the political movers do here, is done on a greater scale in many other places, and is fast becoming the order of the day. Bad men are coming into the control of party machinery, and are using parties for their own selfish ends and not for the country's welfare. There are men who think themselves intelligent who will deny this statement, but no intelligent man will.

The remedy and the salvation of State life will be found in going back to the old-fashioned, off-forgetten, always-be-remembered fact, that intelligence and virtue are the pillars of free government. If ignorance and vice are to get the upper hand in the State, popular institutions cannot survive. And we submit to thinking men if the tendency of social and political life in this city and country is not fearfully like what it is in Athens and Venice and Rome, and Paris too, when the stench of their shame went up to heaven and drew down the bolts of justice that crushed them in their corruption and made their ruin monuments of the danger of public degeneration. Those who read the accounts, last winter, of the marriage festival in one of the democratic palaces of this city, will recall the fearful exhibition then made of social manners in New York. It would not in ordinary cases be proper to allude to private life, even to point a moral. But this was not private, nor was it exceptional. The greatest possible pains were taken to make it the object of public notice, and the largest enjoyment of the vulgar minds that invented the display was found in the brief notoriety the pageant gained in the newspapers of the period. And it was only the crown of similar pageants, constantly passing and rapidly demoralizing the tastes and principles of the American people, introducing the same rivalry of wealth and pomp and luxury and voluptuousness which have in all ages preceded the decline of civil greatness and made the way easy and swift to political decay and ruin. There is no truth more patent to the eye of candor and intelligent observation, than that the strength and life of a people cannot last long after moral, social and public corruption has become the prevailing type of the national mind. If civil office enriches its holders, the office must be used corruptly, for there is no civil office in the gift of the people worth as much to the man who holds it as other business would be; and so if he makes himself rich by holding office, he is not honest in the discharge of its duties. And so it comes to pass that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint. So it comes to pass that politics have become a business, a trade, and men follow the business for the emoluments of office and not for the public good.

What's to be done? Have we any great panacea to recommend? Is there a physician here to cure this disease? Or is it likely that the plague can be stayed?

We speak as to wise men. We address ourselves to Christians. To Christians who take an active interest in politics, and to them we come with these words of warning and appeal; because, we believe, that on them very largely rests the responsibility, and with them the power of saving the State in the hour of its great peril. Christians are not faithful to the Master, nor to their country, when they sacrifice their religious convictions for the sake of political party. And just here is the weakness of the Church and the peril of the State. Many good men are more afraid of their party will be defeated, than they are that virtue and truth and purity in public life shall suffer. They are not willing to stand out bravely and steadfastly against corrupt men, when the temporary success of their party seems to demand every man's vote. If they would be true to their religious principles, and never vote for bad men, by whatever party set up, they would make themselves felt as a party—as a power in the State. Thus they would control men outside of their own ranks. They would make the world feel the greatness of truth and moral principle, and thus the world would be compelled to stand in wholesome fear of the religious element. As it is now, we fear that political men make very little account of what good men say and do in the matter of politics.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone is so upright that politicians are afraid to trust him—that is, they do not believe he will yield to suit their purposes, and he is in danger of being deserted because he is good. In our country, the Church is not to assert itself as a Church. But as individual members, all Christians are bound to stand fast to their profession and exhibit in politics, as in business and in religion, that they seek first the kingdom of God. Righteousness is the salvation of the State. And we honestly believe, if the Christian men of this city and of this country would fearlessly assert and act upon these principles, they would secure the nomination to office and the election of upright men, who would be

an honor and blessing when they come to power. It would certainly be well to try the experiment.

THE SOCIAL QUICKSAND.

"It sometimes happens," says Victor Hugo, "on certain coasts of Brittany or Scotland, that a man, traveller or fisherman, walking on the beach at low tide far from the bank, suddenly notices that for several minutes he has been walking with some difficulty. The strand beneath his feet is like pitch; his soles stick to it; it is sand no longer; it is glue."

The beach is perfectly dry, but at every step he takes, as soon as he lifts his foot, the print which it leaves fills with water. The eye, however, has noticed no change; the immense strand is smooth and tranquil, all the sand has the same appearance, nothing distinguishes the surface which is solid from that which is no longer so; the joyous little cloud of sand-beas continue to leap tumultuously over the wayfarer's feet. The man pursues his way, goes forward, inclines to the land, endeavors to get nearer the upland. He is not anxious. Anxious about what? Only he feels somehow as if the weight of his feet increases with every step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in.

"He sinks in two or three inches. Decidedly he is not on the right road; he steps to take his bearings. All at once he looks at his feet. His feet have disappeared. The sand covers them. He draws his feet out of the sand, he will retrace his steps, he turns back, he sinks in deeper. The sand comes up to his ankles, he pulls himself out and throws himself to the left; the sand is half-leg deep; he throws himself to the right, the sand comes up to his shins. Then he recognizes with unspeakable terror that he is caught in the quicksand, and that he has beneath him the fearful medium in which man can no more walk than fish can swim. He throws off his load if he has one, lightens himself like a ship in distress; it is already too late; the sand is above his knees. He calls, he waves his hat or his handkerchief, the sand gains on him more and more; if the beach is deserted, if the land is too far off, there is no help in sight, it is all over."

"He is condemned to that appalling burial, long, infallible, implacable, impossible to slacken or to hasten, which endures for hours, which will not end, which seizes you, erect, free, and in full health, which draws you by the feet, which at every effort that you attempt, at every shout you utter, drags you a little deeper, sinking you slowly into the earth while you look upon the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the smoke of the villages on the plains, the sails of the ships upon the sea, the birds flying and singing, the sunshine and the sky. The victim attempts to sit down, to lie down, to creep; every movement he makes intensifies him; he straightens up, he sinks in; he feels that he is being swallowed up; he howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs."

"Behind him, waist-deep in the sand; the sand reaches his breast; he is now only a bust. He raises his arms, utters furious groans, clutches the beach with his nails, would hold by that straw, leans upon his elbows to pull himself out of this soft sheath, sobbers frenziedly; the sand rises. The sand reaches his shoulders, the sand reaches his neck; the face alone is visible now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still gaze, the sand shuts them; night. Now the forehead decreases, a little hair flutters above the sand; a hand comes to the surface of the beach, moves and shakes and disappears. It is the earth-drowning man. The earth filled with the ocean becomes a trap. It presents itself like a plain and opens like a wave."

You have doubtless noticed during this description the striking analogy between the quicksand and intemperance.

The young man indulges in his social glass joyously, merrily, until at length he feels a little of the power of appetite; but he is not anxious. His strong will can keep it in check, and he goes on with his indulgences without a thought of fear. Songs are merry about him, laughter is loud and frequent; he is in no danger of crossing the invisible line between moderation and drunkenness. And yet somehow his feet become unsteady, and his nerves tremble strangely. Suddenly he wakes from his dream of security to find that last night he lost control of himself, and became the laughing-stock of the street. He makes resolutions of reform; he will give up his drinks. Then he finds that the dregs of the social glass form a quicksand that holds his feet with a terrible power.

With agony he realizes the power of a quenchless thirst. He takes the pledge, treats the aid of friends, resolves again; again he yields to temptation. Then, if faith, hope and charity do not lead him to Christ, and "hope all things" for him, even against hope, and forgive all his failures, and deliver him from evil, he will die in despair.

And what a death is that which the quicksand of rum gives to victims! Fires of hell devouring him slowly within; terrible visions surrounding him without.

"He howls, implores, cries to the clouds, despairs. The path which he entered seemed bright to him, but the end thereof is the way of death. Amid smiles and songs "his feet took hold on hell."

Are there not some of our young men unconsciously crossing the line between safety and death? Bid them beware the quicksand that looks so enticing but hides a grave! "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Let us help them, in the name of God, to keep round about them with our charity, and answer their prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," by closing the dens of the tempter.

"And let us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the word of salvation."—From a Sermon by Rev. W. F. Croft, Stoneham, Mass.

THE ART OF CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

The science of almsgiving in the Christian church is very simple, all its principles being reducible to two.

The Great Teacher stated the first in the words, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" making this duty second only in importance to that of loving God with all the heart, soul and mind. Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

The second principle is only an enforcement of the first; the duty of benevolence, being involved in the gospel, is laid on every believer, and should be performed like every other Christian duty systematically.

But how shall these principles be practised? The art of benevolence is almost unknown in our church polity. We raise large sums of money, it is true, though far less than we ought. But how small the sum contrasted *per capita*, each year. And how many Christians there are who give nothing at all. Really, with a perfect science, we are but indifferent workmen.

We do not assume to know the whole cure for the disease we have pointed out, but may it not be that in our appeals to Christian benevolence, we have neglected too much the presentation of the duty as involved in the gospel? Our chief mistake seems to be in the class of feelings which we address. The excitement of the shallowest sympathy has often drawn a large collection from a congregation, when the duty of giving for the sake of the love of Jesus Christ has not impressed a single soul. I know it to be a fact that on unnumbered occasions within the last five years, the claims of a theological student (was he mythical?) who was living on fifty cents a week have been presented at Associations and churches, and have succeeded in drawing considerable sums for that student. Such arguments become nauseating, for the question involuntarily arises in our mind, Is not this young man pretty well supplied by this time?

By similar appeals, it must be allowed, a cunning speaker will often gather large sums of money for his object; but he injures the cause of Christian benevolence, rather than aids it. For the reaction from the sympathy aroused is always unfortunate. Until men give from principle, they will give fitfully, and often will have reason to despise themselves for being influenced contrary to their good judgment. The application of the first principle of benevolence is lost.

We fail no less in the second. To secure systematic giving by every church member, is a success yet waiting some wise and Christ-like pastor. We know churches to-day, where the benevolence of the year is "done up" the Sabbath before the meeting of the Association, in a jumbled collection for all objects at once. How few there are, where every member is personally asked to contribute anything during the year.

These erroneous practices arise from our misapplication of the principle we all know to be the true one. We fail again in the Art, not in the Science. We cannot correct the error until pastors find that teaching the principles of almsgiving, and securing their practice, is a part of their own pastoral duties. It matters not so much what the system is, if it is a system. With no high human authority to compel us to our duty, it is incumbent on each individual laborer to secure the application of the science in his own church. It is a duty he owes, not to his reputation, but to Christ Jesus, who put him into the ministry. And our laity owe it to the same Master that they cultivate, in their spiritual life, the principle of love for all men, and that they lay by in store regularly, as the Lord hath prospered them, for the benefit of the poor.—Ed.

OVER THE FALLS.

Niagara is the sublimest spot on the continent, but almost every year it becomes the scene of some new horror that makes the blood curdle to read of it. A few weeks since it added a new chapter to the ever growing volume of the woes of strong drink. Three young men, who had become intoxicated to the point of perfect stupidity, undertook to cross the Niagara river about three miles above the cataract. The owner of the boats refused to let one to them, but by some means they got a boat, and launched out for the Canadian side.

The little skiff was soon caught in the swift current of the rapids. A strong and steady arm alone could save it. The oarsman who was the nearest sober of the wretched trio stood up in the boat, and seeing the terrible danger, gave a wild shriek and leaped overboard to swim ashore. The current was too strong for him. He buffeted the floor rapids for a few moments until his little strength gave way, and then he was whirled along helplessly to the verge, and shot over the cataract.

His two stupefied companions lay asleep on the bottom of the boat, and never awoke until their affrighted spirits awoke in eternity. Their frail boat leaped off the awful cliff of waters like a bit of cork, and in an instant they were engulfed in the foaming maelstrom beneath. The next morning a single leg of one of the poor wretches was picked up on the Canadian shore, showing that their bodies must have been dashed to fragments in their descent among the rocks below the cataract.

The Word of God describes a drunken man as "one who lieth" (asleep) "on the top of a mast" in the midst of the sea. But it adds a new horror to the picture to lie in the sleep of drunken insensibility on the foaming edge of Niagara. Probably the wretched creatures in the boat fastened themselves on a delightful sail as they swept so swiftly through the waters. They awoke from the enchanting slumber in the jaws of death.

This terrible tragedy at Niagara is but a picture of the cataract of ruin, over which one hundred thousand of our countrymen were swept during the last twelve months. Commissioner Wells reports that immense numbers as going down into the vortex of "death through intemperance" within one year. How

many fathers and mothers have stood on the bank and seen their sons whirl over into the abyss, God only knoweth.

But every young man or woman who is playing with the wine cup is venturing towards the rapids. The liquor-sellers furnish the boats; it is their trade to "hire" them for "pleasure excursions." Every young man, as he launches into the habit of drinking, launches at the idea of any danger. "Who's afraid? not I!" In a little while he is helpless on the bottom of the skiff, and shooting towards the brink of perdition. All the warning cries of pulpits, and press, and parental love cannot awaken him. He is drugged with the druggist's dose of death. He will wake up when he gets into eternity—not before.

Sometimes a poor slave of the bottle sees his danger, and like that third man at Niagara, jumps out of the boat. But it is too late. He has gone too far, and the disease of drunkenness has become incurable. His will has become powerless. He cannot control himself. The rapids of fatal habit are too strong for his feeble resolution. Now and then one, by the help of the Divine grace, reaches the shore. Temperance Societies pick up a few strong swimmers, and assist them with the rope of a total abstinence pledge. But the vast majority of habitual drinkers go over the falls. Young man! the first glass you take is a step into the boat. The voyage may begin with a song—but it may end in the shriek of a lost soul.—Rev. T. L. Croft, in *Christian Weekly*.

When the venerable Sydney E. Morse, of *The New York Observer*, was dying in his eightieth year, a grandchild was born in his house. "It would not be strange," he said, "if when the new life came in the old went out." The babe was put in his arms, and he blessed it and departed. These lines not inaptly fit the touching event:—

MEETING ON THE THRESHOLD.
In that home was joy and sorrow, where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing near unto the gates of death.
His feeble pulse was failing, and his eye was growing dim—
He was standing on the threshold when they brought the babe to him.

And awful darkness resteth on the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold—going out and coming in,
Going out unto the triumph, coming in unto the light;
Coming in unto the darkness, going out into the light.
Although the shadow deepened in the moment of eclipse,
When he passed through the dark portal, silent blessing on his lips;
And to him who bravely conquers, as he conquers in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying—death is but the gate of life!
Yet awful darkness resteth on the path we all begin,
When we meet upon the threshold—going out and coming in.

HELPERS.

"Poor old fellow! He can hardly get along. Let's lend him a hand." And so they did. And the old man, with the help of the two lads, soon got his truck to the top of the hill, and then it was easy work after that.

Are you a helper? Are there any who are the better for you? any whose load you lighten? any to whom you are a comfort? Are you trying to lead any to God? We can not tell what power our words may have, but our words shall know; and, if we are faithful, we may find many souls won, to shine as stars in our crown of rejoicing, who might have been lost if we had spoken no word for Jesus. If you are not a helper, are you hindering? Does your course of life give pain to any heart? Does your example lead any into sin? Do those who are laboring for Christ find you a hindrance?

Learn from these lads. Help and do not hinder. Help the poor, the old, the ignorant, the ungodly; help all you can. Do not spend your time and strength in sin, or folly, or selfishness. Try to do good for Christ's sake. Yes, for Christ's sake. That is the true motive. They who feel what Jesus has done for them, are the best helpers. He went about doing good. He died to save sinners. May you be led by the Holy Spirit to be a helper for His sake.—Young Reader.

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE.

The venerable President Finney gives in the *Independent* sixty-three separate pieces of advice to preachers, all of them valuable, but the most noteworthy and important are here presented:—

See that you personally know and daily live upon Christ.

Preach and pray from your closet to your pulpit with the inward groanings of the Spirit pressing for utterance at your lips.

See that "the fear of man that bringeth a snare" is not upon you. Let your people understand that you fear God too much to be afraid of them.

Preach from experience, and not from hearsay, or mere reading and study.

Give your most intense thought to the study of ways and means by which you may save souls. Make this the great and intense study of your life.

Beware of leaning on commentaries. Consult them when convenient, but judge for yourself, in the light of the Holy Ghost.

Never let the question of your popularity with your people influence your preaching. Never let the question of salary deter you from "declaring the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear."

Do not temporize, lest you lose the confidence of your people, and thus fail to save them. They can not thoroughly respect you as an ambassador of Christ if they see that you dare not do your duty.

Be especially attentive to the wants and instruction of the poor.

Suffer not yourself to be bribed into a compromise with sin by donation parties.

See that your own habits are in all respects correct; that you are temperate in all things; free from the stain or smell of tobacco, alcohol, drugs, or anything which have reason to be ashamed of, and which may stumble others.

Avoid affectation and sham in all things. Be what you profess to be, and you will have no temptation to "make believe."

Suffer not yourself to be publicly treated as a mendicant, or you will come to be despised by a large class of your hearers.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF GIVING.

It is one of the sayings of our Lord, recorded by no evangelist, but quoted by Paul in his speech at Miletus, and thus preserved and handed down to us, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Unquestionably the saying has its chief significance in the moral and spiritual influence of giving on the giver. A gift is often of great value to the receiver. Many times it brings light into the home of darkness, relief to the desponding, and lifts a heavy burden from the crushed heart. But a richer blessing is sent back on the giver. If from a Christian motive he has reached forth his hand with more priceless than gold. In this way, then, and in this way only, can accumulated wealth become the means of moral and spiritual good to its possessor.

If these words of Jesus are true,—and all experience confirms their truth,—then should the rich give while they live. Testamentary legacies are well. They benefit the receivers. They help the causes to which they are devoted. But the giver suffers an immense loss. Some of the blessedness of giving comes to him. He is sleeping in his grave—has passed beyond the discipline of earthly acts—before his wealth is distributed. The luxury and the spiritual benefit, the enlargement of soul and the increase of human sympathy, that come from deeds of noble generosity are not his. He is not the cheerful giver whom God loves. He holds on to his wealth with a grasp that only death can loosen.

Here, for instance, is a man advanced in life, who has fifty thousand dollars to give to charitable objects. He knows he can have but a few years longer to live. He is considering what disposition he can make of this sum. Shall he distribute it now, or shall he give it by will after his death?

If by will, he has the pleasure of retaining it in his own hands till death, and thus gratifying that love of possession which is inherent. And, besides, the money will do as much good ten years hence as now. The needs will be as great then as they are to-day. Foreign missions, home missions, the cause of education, all the great causes of Christian benevolence will be as imperatively demanding help. Why then not distribute these fifty thousand dollars by testamentary legacies? Because the blessedness of giving is thus, in a great measure, lost. And the loss is a great one. The money does its blessed work for others, not for him. He deliberately throws away the means of great moral and spiritual benefit to himself, or rather barter them for the selfish gratification of the love of possession. Wisdom then dictates, a regard for his own highest good dictates, that the man supposed should look around him, select the objects to which he will devote his money, and with his own hands distribute his fifty thousand dollars—every one of which will send back a more than compensating good.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

RANDOM READINGS.

A witty Boston woman once said that she preferred Literature *par se* to Science *par lui*. A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very difficult to get rid of.

RAISING a false note of alarm in one's ear only increases the liability of his falling into real danger.

How noiselessly the snow comes down! You may see it, feel it, but never hear it. Such is true charity.

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that application is the price to be paid for mental acquisitions, and that it is as absurd to expect them without it, as to hope for a harvest where we have not sown the seed.

We go through life like a man with a dark lantern, throwing light only on the few steps before; but since, little by little, all the miles of mysterious darkness that stretch beyond our sight will become the few steps before us, the light, thank God! is enough for the whole way.

It is not so much what you say, as the manner in which you say it. It is not so much the language you use, as the tones in which you say it. The words may be mild and fair, and the tones may pierce like a dart, and the tones may break the heart.

The old Jews had this proverb among the many wise things that they had: "He that brings up his son without a trade brings him up to steal." If a man have ever so large a fortune, it is the greatest misfortune that can happen to his children not to learn how to work.—*Becher*.

As we take the measure of the beauty and power, and glory of this new and higher life which has been thus bountifully bestowed on us, what remains but to lift up heart and voice to God and cry: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is more blessed to give than to receive, and in all places, give thanks unto Thee, O Lord, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlasting God?

Let us rub our eyes and rise out of our bewitchment. It is not true that "this money" is the great power of God, though it has long bewitched the people, giving out that itself is some great one. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought into the obedience of Christ; and having in a readiness to revenge all disobedience when your obedience is fulfilled."