

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. 19.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1872.

Whole No. 955.

SEASONABLE GOODS!

THOMAS LOGAN

Is now showing a large Stock of the following Goods:

TABLE DAMASKS,

CLOTHS,

AND

TABLE COVERS,

NAPKINS

AND

DOYLES,

LINEN SHEETINGS,

AND

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Pillow Cottons, Towelling,

AND

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QUILTS, TOILET COVERS,

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SHIRT FRONTS AND SHIRTING LINENS.

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An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, March 1, 1872.

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

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Fredericton, May 8, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

The following taken from an old "Theological Magazine" of the year 1801 has been sent to us for publication by an old subscriber—a minister:—

The late Rev. Mr. Bradbury, of London, happened to be dining one day at the house of one Mrs. Tooley, an eminent Christian lady, in London, who was celebrated for religion, and the love she bore to all the servants of Jesus Christ. Mr. Timothy Rogers, who wrote a treatise on religious melancholy, happened also to be dining with her that same day, with Mr. Bradbury. After dinner, Mr. Rogers entertained Mrs. Tooley with some particulars concerning his father, who was one of the ejected Ministers in 1662; and the sufferings he went through on account of his non-conformity. He related one story in particular, which he heard his father tell, with much pleasure to himself and others, concerning a deliverance he once met with from being sent to prison, after his mittimus was written for that purpose. He lived near one Sir Richard Craydock, a Justice of the Peace, who was a most violent hater and persecutor of the Dissenters, and who had himself out to distress them by putting in execution the law, at that time in force against conventicles. He bore a special hatred against Mr. Rogers, and wanted much to have him in his power. A fair opportunity, he thought, one time offered itself to him. He heard that Mr. Rogers was to preach in the neighbourhood; he therefore hired two men to go as spies, who were to take the names of the persons they knew who were at the meeting, and to witness against Mr. Rogers and them.

The scheme succeeded to his wish. They brought the names of several persons present at the meeting; and Sir Richard sent, and summoned Mr. R. and those he had a particular spite against, to appear before him. Accordingly, they came trembling, expecting the worst; for they all knew the violence of the man. While they were in the great hall, waiting to be called upon, a little girl, about six or seven years of age, a grand-child of Sir Richard's came into the hall, and looking at Mr. Rogers, was much taken with his appearance. He being naturally fond of children, took and made much of her, and she seemed to be fond of him. After some time, Sir Richard sent them notice, that one of the witnesses was fallen sick, and could not be present that day, and therefore ordered them to come on some other day, which was named.

At the time appointed they came; and, to the crime, as he called it, was proved; he therefore ordered their mittimus to be written, for sending them all to prison. Mr. Rogers expecting to see the little girl again, had brought some sweetmeats in his pocket, to give her; he was not disappointed, for she came running to him, and was fonder of him than ever. She was a particular favourite of her grandfather's and had got such an ascendancy over him, that he would deny her nothing. Once, it seems, when she had been contradicted in something, she ran a peevish fit into her arm, which had nearly cost her the loss of it, or of her life; after which Sir Richard would not suffer her to be contradicted in any thing.

While she was sitting on Mr. Rogers's knee, eating the sweetmeats he had given her, she looked wistfully at him, and said, what are you here for, Sir? He answered, "I believe your grandfather is going to send me and my friends to Jail." "To Jail!" said she, "why have you done that?" "Why," replied Mr. Rogers, "I did nothing but preach at such a place, and they did nothing but hear me." "But," says she, "my grandfather shan't send you to Jail." "Ah, but," says he, "my dear, I believe, he is now making out our mittimus, to send us all there."

Upon that, she ran immediately to the chamber-door, where her grandfather was, and knocked with her hands and heels at the door, till she got in, then she said, "what are you going to do with my good old gentleman now in the hall?" "That's nothing to you," said her grandfather, "get about your business." "But I won't," said she, "he tells me you are going to send him and his friends to Jail; if you send them there, I'll drown myself in the pond as soon as they are gone; I will, indeed." When he saw the little girl so peremptory, it shook him, and overcame the wicked desire he had to persecute the servants of God; he stepped into the hall, with the mittimus in his hand, and said, "I had here made out your mittimus, to send you all to Jail, as you deserve; but at my grandchild's request, I set you all at liberty." They all bowed, and thanked his worship; and Mr. Rogers stepped up to the child, and laid his hand upon her head, and lifting up his eyes to Heaven, he said, "God bless you, my dear child! May the blessing of that God, whose cause you have now pleaded, be with you in life, in death, and to all eternity!" Then he and his friends went away. Mrs. Tooley listened with uncommon attention to the story, and looking at Mr. Rogers, said, "Are you that Mr. Rogers's son?" "Yes, Madam," answered he. "I am," said she, "for as long as I have known you, I never knew that before; and now I will tell you something you never knew before."

"I am the very person your dear father blessed in the manner you have now related. It made an impression on me I could never forget." Upon this double discovery, Mr. Rogers and Mrs. Tooley found a new tie of affection to each other they never knew of before.

Then Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Rogers were desirous to know how she, who had been bred up in aversion to religion, was brought to have so great a share of it, and to be so eminent for it. She gratified their desire, and told them her story. She said after her grandfather's death, she was left sole heiress to his great estate; and being in the bloom of youth, and none to controul her, she attended all the fashionable diversions of the time, without restraint. Yet she confessed, after all, she found a damp upon her mind, which she did not know how to get rid of, but by going the same

fruitless round over and over again, yet all in vain. She contracted some slight illness, and thought she would go to Bath, hearing it was a place for pleasure, as well as health. When she came there, she was led by providence, to consult an apothecary, who was a very worthy religious man. He enquired what she ailed. Why, says she, Doctor I don't ail much, as to my body, but I have an uneasy mind, I cannot get rid of it. Truly, said he, Miss, I was so too, till I met with a book that cured me. Books! said she, I get all the books I can; plays, novels, romances, all of them I can hear of; but after I have read them, my uneasiness is the same. That may be, said the doctor, I don't wonder at it; but this book that I speak of, I can say of it what I can say of no other book I ever read, I never tire of reading it, but can begin to read it again, as though I had never read it before, and I always see something new in it. Pray, said she, Doctor, what book is it? Nay, Miss, answered he, that is a secret I do not tell every body. But could not I get a sight of that book? said she. Yes, said he, Miss, if you speak me fair, I can help you to it. Pray get it then, Doctor, and I will give you any thing you please. Yes, said she, Miss, if you will read it carefully, I will get it for you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully, and if you should not see much in it at first, that you will give it a second reading.

She promised faithfully she would. After raising her curiosity by coming twice or thrice without it, he at last took it out of his pocket and gave it to her; it was a new Testament. When she looked on it, she said, poh! I could get that any time. Why so you might, Miss, replied the doctor, but remember I have your solemn promise that you will read it carefully. Well, says she, though I never read it before, I will give it a reading. Accordingly she began, and it soon attracted her attention. She soon found there was something in it she had a deep concern in. If she was uneasy in her mind before, she was ten times more so now, and did not know what to do with herself; she returned to London, to see what the diversions there would do for her, but all was in vain. She lodged at the Court-end of the town, and had a person with her by way of a companion. One Saturday night she dreamt she was in a place of worship and heard a sermon, which she could remember nothing of when she awoke, but the text. The dream made such an impression on her mind, that she had as distinct an idea of the place, and the minister's face, as if she had been acquainted with both for a number of years. On the Lord's day morning, she told her companion the dream, and after breakfast she resolved to go in quest of the place, if she went from one end of London to the other. Accordingly they set out, and went into the city, and the other church, as they went along, but none of them answered to what she had seen in her dream. About one o'clock they found themselves in the heart of the city; and at half an hour past two they were in the Poultry, and there she saw a great number of people, going down the Jewry. She determined to see where they were going, and went with them to the old Jewry. As soon as she entered the meeting to which they conducted her, she turned to her companion, and said, with some surprise, this is the very place I saw in my dream! They had not minis- ter in that place, went into the pulpit. As soon as she had looked at him, she said, (with greater surprise still,) that is the very man I saw in my dream, and if every part of my dream holds true, he will take that for his text, Psalm xvi. 7. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." When he arose to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that very text, and there God met with her soul in a saving manner; and she obtained what she had so long sought for elsewhere in vain, viz, Rest to her soul, in Him who is the happiness, and the salvation of his people.

The 42d of Isaiah, ver. 16. "And I will bring the blind by a way they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them;" appears to have been exemplified in a very peculiar manner in the foregoing narrative. It displays at once, the wisdom and goodness of that God, who directs all events to work together for good to them that love him, and are called according to his purpose; and that the methods by which he works, are often extremely wonderful and striking.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

After the fearful battle of the Wilderness, Fredericksburg was the scene of suffering and misery rarely if ever paralleled in the history of our war. Thousands were brought into that city torn, mangled and bruised in every form. Churches, hotels, stores, public buildings, tobacco warehouses, sheds, were extemporized into hospitals, and the whole force of the Christian and Sanitary Commissioners were brought into action. The example of heroic endurance and patient suffering then witnessed will ever abide as a grand tribute to the true patriotism of our soldiers. Among the many incidents of touching interest I recall one, that may impress all parents and Sabbath school teachers with new faith and zeal to work faithfully and patiently for the salvation of souls, with faith that good seed some day will spring up into a glorious harvest in due time.

After a weary day's work in ministering to the physical needs of the sufferers, a short religious service was held at twilight in the third story of a warehouse, the music and melody of the evening hymn falling upon the ears of the weary ones as the song of angels. Coming down into the second story, one of the members of the Commission was saluted with the question, "Chaplain, can't we have religious service here also?" The room was full of the wounded, and surgeons and nurses busy in caring for them, and in consequence of the confusion incident to such labors, the earnest request of the wounded man lying at the foot of the stairs was not complied with.

But after a few minutes' conversation with the sufferer who desired the service, he was asked, "How long have you been a Christian?" and the reply was, "Ever since I heard you singing in the loft above."

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

"The song brought back the purer hours of my boyhood, when my mother used to sing the songs of Christian faith and hope, when I was a careless scholar in the Sabbath school, and passed by unheeded the loving counsels of parents and teachers; and to-night, after years of waywardness and sin, that old hymn recalls the far-away past, tells me of my sinful course, my many wanderings, and breaking in upon the sad surroundings of this place, has convinced me of sin, and henceforth I am resolved to lead a Christian life or die a Christian life."

Be patient, discouraged ones, labor faithfully and lovingly, and in due time the seed which you think is dead will burst forth into beautiful and vigorous life.—*Congregationalist.*

AMEN! AMEN!

Early Free Will Baptists, like the early Christians, were true children of nature as well as of grace. Patterning after the members of the church in Corinth, they were occasionally boisterous worshippers. No "dim religious light" subdued in their meeting-houses their quickened spirits. No ecclesiastical formulas suppressed their impulses and locked up their liberty. Their emotions were not to be restrained for fear of offending cultivated tastes. Polite society failed to stanch with decorum their ardent ways. If they wanted to shout, they shouted. If they wanted to intone their devotions, they went before no eulogist for training, but sang their exhortations, in their own way, before the people. When they wished to endorse a sentiment, or welcome a truth, either from the pulpit or from the floor of the prayer-room, they made the walls resound with "amen! amen!" They roused their preachers, quickened supplicants, banished drowsiness, kindled enthusiasm and published their sincerity by responses clear and loud to what they enjoyed in the service of God's house. If, at times, their meetings were therefore a little uncomfortable with noise, they were never painful with languor. If sometimes unbelievers went out and reported that they were mad, excess and not lack of zeal provoked the criticism. Whenever they heard over the prohibition of disorder and loud back the truth that "God is not the author of confusion," they were obeying the biblical command to be "alive from the dead," fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

Commend us to an enthusiastic shout rather than stale humdrum. In this brisk age religious culture must not be interpreted to mean lifeless ceremonies, nor be allowed to frown on the natural utterance of our Christian joy. Chilling responsibilities too often invade the churches of Christ, and, under the stigma of piety, rule out all their freedom of expression. Many congregations, whose amens are prescribed as a regular part of the service in their prayer books, would be shocked out of measure by one brave utterance of this very word in genuine, spontaneous, free response to any sentiment in the sermon. We have no plea to make for the affected "ah-men" of Episcopal churches, which must be read where it is found, and must not be spoken when it is felt. Nor do we advocate the bursting out in the midst of the worship, of noisy responses which up-heave the divine law of order. We have little to say, also, for that whispered amen, the low endowment of whose expression swallows up its influence for good.—But we speak in commendation of that sympathetic, spontaneous, intelligent, apostolic amen, which both the spirit and the understanding prompt us to an outcry. This genuine response, out of the heart, to approved portions of God's worship, has everything in its favour. The preacher whose eye it kindles, whose soul it fires, whose whole being it electrifies, whose thought, feeling, and language it re-inforces, gets an inspiration from its use that disarms him of his objections against it. All his opposition, if any, arises from prudery. It helps him to eloquence, as the cheer awakes the sweetest melody of a singer on the stage.

Its utterance in the church, by the devout hearer, clarifies the air, as when the opened door lets in fresh draughts of the breeze. The congregation can not sleep well in its presence. Men are led to attentive hearing under its call, and worship before it becomes sincere. Thought loves to be welcomed, and an appeal to be sent home to the heart. Preaching therefore, in every way, yields more profit when discreetly watered with amens. Above all, the prayer room needs this response. It is the antidote of dullness there; it gives zest to devotion there,—there where we have more to dread from grand prophecies than from unrestrained ardour. If the hearty amen of the social meeting quickens enthusiasm, it also stays formality, endorses prayer with its utterance, and the suppliant, on unwearied wing, can bear his requests up to God. Applaud the testimony of his confidence strengthened in the increase of his usefulness in the church. Any exercise that provokes our lips to say amen has a wider effect than if it be left alone. This fervent exclamation, judiciously used, deepens the impressions that other influences make on the heart, and helps forward the best interests of social religious worship. If any one doubts it, the history of the sects in which many truths are illustrated, will furnish proofs. Let the prayer-meeting of the Congregationalist and the Methodist churches be put in contrast. One is calm and still and cheerless proper throughout; the other is exhilarating and breezy as the top of Mt. Washington in summer. One is wise; the other vivacious; one is profound, the other enthusiastic; one is wearisome, the other attractive; one has anxiety over order and propriety, the other over weeping sinners brought to the anxious seats. Repression in the name of decorum has forced the life of one away; expression in the name of zeal, sincerity and joy has given admitted power to the other. No word of response is allowed in the former; in the latter responses are invited and cherished. One is respectable

ble; the other, apostolic. Feeling in the church as much needs a voice as in the concert hall. At the close of a sermon, a prayer or a hymn, or when, during these exercises, the full approbation of our hearts is awakened, let amen be said; not vociferated after the manner of workers on the street, but spoken heartily, in consonance with the hour, the place, our ears, and the sentiments welcomed. It is a custom our churches can not afford to surrender. "And let all the people say amen."

THE LIFE BY WORKS.

If the highest life is that which is inspired by faith in God, the most efficient is that which is energized by a spirit of faithful labour. An assent to a theory is not enough. Its real worth appears only when its advocates put it in practice and show what results it will yield. An army may be faultless in its drill while in winter quarters, and garrulous in its patriotism while reclining around its camp-fires; but its firmness can be tried only when in action; the shock of battle will test its mettle.

The old Romans used to say that life without learning is death. They would measure a man by what he knew. Paul declared that faith without works is dead. He measured a man by what he did. The world has since had opportunity to test each assertion pretty effectually, and after eighteen hundred years of trial, it finds no difficulty in deciding which utterance was inspired by the right spirit. It recognizes the superiority of deeds over plans, and never hesitates to endorse the sentiment that promises a large return of the former.

Faith is the prominent feature indeed in the most of our work. It is not all confined to those employments which are essentially religious. It has a large place in our secular affairs, and but few efforts are made without its prompting influences. Faith is not belittled in its spirit and office because it is made up of prudence and foresight and venture. The merchant exercises it in making a shrewd bargain and realizing large profits, as well as the Christian who pays for large blessings and receives the promised answers. One acts in accordance with an intelligent belief in the workings of natural laws, the other in accordance with an unshaken confidence in the fulfilment of God's word. But neither the merchant can increase his wealth while sitting idle in his counting room, nor the Christian accomplish his proper work while waiting for his prayers to be answered in his closet. Each must bring a proper amount of activity into exercise, or pecuniary investments and faithful prayers will be barren of results.

This is emphatically the case in accomplishing Christian work. Prayer, the gift and use of which are man's divinest blessing, implies more than the simple petition that is offered. Even our Saviour did not rely wholly upon his prevailing influence with the Father for the success of his mission. He not only declared that he himself must be about his Father's business, but he sent out his disciples to every part of the world, and told them to work as well as pray. It is not as though we doubted God's ability or his faithfulness when we have prayed for a blessing, that we rely partially upon our own efforts to secure it; but it is as though we believed that the blessing was waiting for us, and we were only going to get it. Neither is it as though we were taking the matter into our hands when we use our personal efforts to secure what we have prayed for. God has told us in so many words, that we must work as well as pray, and that diligence becometh his children. He has more for us to do than we dream of, until we find it out by action.

The sphere in which we labour is not of so much importance as the spirit that we bring to it. It has become a fact, that that denomination, which exhibits the most marked fidelity in this respect, will always exert the greatest influence upon the world. This is not theory, but fact, present and historical.—*Standard.*

We are impressed with the belief that there are great enterprises enough on foot at present. What we need especially is personal consecration and individual efforts. Let no one think that he or she occupies a too humble sphere to accomplish any useful work. Do something, however little, in sincerity and love, that will exalt any sphere, and make any life distinguished in God's sight. The alleys in our cities reek with crime and wretchedness, and there is hardly a neighbourhood in our whole country but its air daily echoes the cry of despairing hearts. In the one case there is a reaching after a higher life by those who know not where to fasten a hope; and in the other, there is the flight from the very thought of purity by those whose whole teachings have made them strangers to its influence. Every such case is an opportunity and a demand for Christian effort. The surface of society can never be pure and stainless so long as there are these pools of corruption at the bottom. They are a continued rebuke to the inactivity and coldness of the Church, and a reproach to every idle Christian.

Our own denomination is brought just now where its future strength and usefulness depend very largely on the present activity and sacrifice of its individual members. Our educational interests have waited so long for liberal bequests that, not having received these, the humblest offerings are essential to their advancement. Our charitable societies are already pained by the suffering that they can

not relieve, and can hope to meet the demands that press upon them only by the kind remembrance of the dollar and even the dime contributors. Our Mission societies are in need of aid to prosecute their work, even of the little that will buy a tract or forward a portion of Scripture. Not that there is approaching bankruptcy in either case, but because the spirit of enterprise and activity, are imperatively needed to develop the highest Christian life and lay the basis of future prosperity. So long as these wants are unrelieved, and these byways unvisited, the desire for a field of labour is mere sentiment. Let such a desire be genuine, and there will be something besides the mere words that express it. Action will accompany it, and the Father can look down upon busy reapers in all his harvest fields.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

An eminent divine wrote, long ago, that "there is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it." The experience of all who have undertaken to convert the world by conforming to it—by compromising religious principle—verifies the truth of this saying. Christian power is frittered away in attempts to meet the world half-way; for there is nothing that so commends itself even to the unsanctified as a life conforming to the faith and doctrine one professes to hold. There is a general understanding among the godly as to what a Bible Christian, and a Bible Church should be, and the nearer both live up to this idea, the greater will be their power and influence. We see every day the verification of this in the position occupied by those churches and denominations which so clamorously proclaim their "liberalism"—which occupy a double position—half-worldly, half-spiritual—without any positive character, seeking to influence the world, not by bringing it up to the high standard of the gospel, but by a reverse line of action—by bringing the church down to a level with the aspirations of unsanctified nature.

Compromises of truth with error are always hurtful, and they are especially so in spiritual things. We have no warrant to a-bate one jot or tittle of God's truth; "it is written," and no authority is given us to change it to meet the changing conditions of mankind. "Liberals" may sneer at this as the "old theology," and may demand that it shall be altered in every generation; but those whose anchor is in the word of God will always take a different view of duty, and decline to be away from the true path by every wind of doctrine. One of the advocates of the continued remodelling of the theology of the Bible to suit circumstances, recently said: "What might have answered for the ignorance of the early apostolic ages, what may have satisfied later periods, and even the ignorant now, will not answer for educated reason. The theology of the Jews and of the primitive Christians needs to be remodelled to meet the demands of this progressive age. Reason will no longer submit to the dogmas of two thousand years ago." With such, Reason is God, and his creations gospel; therefore there is and can be no stability in their faith or doctrine; they must present as many different phases as the changing moon, for they have no abiding foundation; they must conform to the world as it progresses or declines, and as human reason is dwarfed or enlarged, or distorted, so will be the dogmas which they call religion.

The Christian power can alone be preserved by a strict loyalty to God's word; by adhering as closely as it is possible for humanity to do to his truth, as revealed in the gospel. That man, or that church, or that denomination, which exhibits the most marked fidelity in this respect, will always exert the greatest influence upon the world. This is not theory, but fact, present and historical.—*Standard.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Before you ask a favor of any man, just consider three things: First, Can you not avoid it? Second, Can the one you apply to grant it? Third, Would you, if your places were reversed, do for your friend what you ask him to do for yourself? It is well to think of this, as it may change the whole question.

Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without one care as to which is the largest or blackest.—*Ruskin.*

The story of the human race is the story of God's temple. Unbelieving souls are the rubbish to be removed at the judgment-day. Ask yourself: "Am I on that foundation, or am I of the rubbish?" Do you love Christ? Then you are in the temple. The architect has then eyes, and goes around looking to see that all the lives of the temple are erect, that nothing may give way.—*H. M. Soudler.*

It would sometimes seem as if motherhood were a lovely artifice of the great Father, to wean the heart from selfishness by a peaceful and gradual process. The babe is soft in another form. It is so interwoven and identified with the mother's life, that she passes by almost insensible gradations from herself to it; and day by day the instinctive love of self wanes as the child-love waxes, filling the heart with a thousand new springs of tenderness.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

The reproach of a good man resembles fuller's earth. It not only removes the spots of our character, but it rubs off when it is dry, and has answered its purpose.

If you have an enemy, set kindly toward him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once; but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, until you have accomplished your object.

A gentleman was one day asked by a friend how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels. He answered, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."