

ZERLAND.  
the annual meet-  
the 23rd current,  
insure, and are  
interesting report,  
district section,  
tress upon the  
manufacture of  
litted with the  
rejection of chro-  
meters, and none  
admitted. They  
as the Observa-  
rational possible to  
class. The first  
question as to  
manuscript de-  
Co. This firm  
publishing a chro-  
meters every con-  
cesses by gaining  
meters. The al-  
thick and the  
enthusiasm of the Fine  
and humorous  
this department.  
WATCHES, of  
facturers above  
ROTHS,  
1 King Street,  
Watch and Chro-  
and. [Aug 23]

# The Reli

AN EVANGELICAL FAMIL

Rev. J. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

Vol. XX.—No. 52.

# Intelligencer.

R NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

ED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

(Editor and Proprietor.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1873.

Whole No. 1040.

ON,  
MAKER,  
Weller, & Co.  
William Street,  
Fredericton,  
N. B.  
The friends and  
of Workmen by  
FREDERICKTON,  
hagen.  
WELLER,  
HAGEN,  
WELLER,  
ALLEY  
LES.  
Establishment  
ditionally ex-  
N. J.,  
RUP.  
ygonia, Croup,  
dellany.  
to the public, as  
remedies now in  
when combined  
a disease men-  
where persons are  
50 cents; two  
for a child, two  
warm water three  
Proprietor,  
Campbell.  
St. John, N. B.  
parties will meet  
count made to  
pay the orders.  
to several parties  
their families, as  
ly recommend it  
[May 24-17]

## NEW GOODS

FOR  
Fall and Winter.

Thomas Logan,

FREDERICKTON,

Has now Opened a large and well assorted Stock of

Dry Goods,

SUITABLE to the wants of Purchasers, which he offers at such prices as will defy competition.

DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS,

Flannels, Blankets, Tweeds,

COTTONS, PRINTS, OSNABURGS,

and every description of

COTTON AND WOOLLEN GOODS,

Carpetings

AND DAMASKS CURTAIN.

Ladies' Furs

In MINK,

ERMINES,

GREBE,

FITCH,

ALASKA ELLINK,

MUSQUASH, &c.

A FEW PAIRS OF

Men's Fur Gloves.

Good Goods and Fair Prices.

Fredericton, October 1873.

ALBION HOUSE,

FREDERICKTON, N. B.

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1873.

## NEW FALL GOODS

Per Steamships "LADY DARLING," "SIDON-

IAN," "AUSTRIAN," and "ISMAILIA."

MILLER & EDGEcombe,

BEG to announce that they have received by the above

Steamships a large importation of

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods,

For the Fall and Winter Trade. Now ready for Inspec-

tion:

DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,

Shawls, Tweeds,

Cloth Jackets, Grey & White Cottons,

Far Muslins, Felt Skirts,

and Collars, &c. Yarns, &c.

CAMP BLANKETING.

Grey & White Blankets,

BLACK GOODS.

ALPACAS,

QUILTS,

MERINOS,

CRAPPE CLOTHS,

PERSIAN CORDS,

SATEEN CLOTH, &c.

All at our usual Low Prices.

Balance of STOCK by following Steamers.

MILLER & EDGEcombe,

Fredericton, Oct 8, 1873.

## The Intelligencer.

ATTENTION!

NEW SUBSCRIBERS WANTED.

INTERESTING TO CANVASSERS!

Arrangements have been made by which we are able to offer the following as premiums to those who will work to receive new subscribers. The price following each is the regular sale price.

Photograph of the late Rev. E. McLeod, 75 cents; Psalmody, 85 cents and \$1.00; History of Freewill Baptists, \$1.50, Map of Palestine, \$1.50; A cabinet of the English language, \$1.50; Beech-er's lectures on preaching (2 vols.), \$1.25 a volume; Chase's Book of Receipts, 60 cents; Cruden's Concordance, \$1.25; Talmage's Sermons, \$2.00; Life of David Marks, \$1.50; Muller's Life of Trust (latest edition brought down to date) \$1.75; Death bed scenes \$1.75; Butler's Theology, \$2.00; Butler's Commentary (2 vols.) \$2.00 a volume; Oceana to Ocean, by Rev. G. M. Grant, \$2.00; Oceanic Incidents in the life of Paul, by Albert Barnes, \$2.25; History of Christianity, by Abbot, \$2.25; Clark's Commentary on the New Testament, \$2.00; New Cyclopaedia of Bible Illustrations, \$3.00; Cy-clopaedia of Religious Knowledge, \$6.00; Robert Hall's complete works (4 vols.), \$2.00 a volume; Bibles (suitable for pulpits or family), \$6.00, \$8.00 and \$12.00; Sabbath School Libraries, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$20.00 and \$25.00; "The Common Sense Sewing Machine," with table, \$25.00, without table, \$15.00; Silver-plated tea spoons, \$3.75 and \$4.25 a dozen; Silver-plated table spoons, \$8.50 and \$9.50 a dozen; Knitting Machine, \$30.00.

Any or all of the above premiums will be given on the following conditions:

1st. Any person sending One new subscriber will receive a large size photograph of the late Rev. E. McLeod. (As the number of pictures now to be had is limited, those wishing should send at once.)

2d. Any person sending Three new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the value of \$1.50.

3d. Any person sending Five new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$2.50.

4th. Any person sending Eight new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$4.00.

5th. Any person sending Ten new subscribers will receive any of the above to the amount of \$5.00.

6th. Any person sending Twelve new subscribers will receive any of the above to the amount of \$6.00.

7th. Any person sending Fifteen new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$8.00.

8th. Any person sending Twenty new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$10.00.

9th. Any person sending Twenty-five new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$13.00.

10th. Any person sending Thirty new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$16.00.

11th. Any person sending Forty new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$21.00.

12th. Any person sending Fifty new subscribers will receive any of the above named to the amount of \$27.00.

13th. Any person sending Sixty new subscribers will receive any of the above to the amount of \$32.00.

14th. Any person sending Seventy new subscribers will receive any of the above to the amount of \$37.00.

15th. Any person sending Eighty new subscribers will receive any of the above to the amount of \$42.00.

16th. Any person sending Ninety new subscribers will receive any of the above to the amount of \$47.00.

17th. Any person sending One Hundred new subscribers will receive any of the above to the amount of \$55.00.

To secure premiums the lists sent must be made up of new names—those not now on our books.

It is not required that the names comprising a club be all of persons whose papers shall go to a single office. We do not care where they are got. Neither is it required that the name of any club be all sent in at one time. Of course it would be better for both the club-getter and us, that they should be in as early as can be; and we are anxious to have as many as possible in by the 1st of January; but club-getters shall receive credit for all the names sent in up to first of March next, and will be entitled to premiums accordingly.

Friends of the INTELLIGENCER—Now is the time you can do good service for the paper, and be amply rewarded with good premiums. Let all go to work at once.

A man of deep religious experience is always effective. I care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes, or how lame his grammar. By taking good care of our vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard. If you cannot raise grapes in your garden, you cannot raise them in mine.—Talmage.

A CORRESPONDENT recently returned from the South, gives us a colored man's ingenious device for preserving domestic peace: "I told Betty, when we was w-d, dat if she saw me getting angry like, she n-ut go to the bucket and fill her mouth with water; and if I saw her getting out of herself, I'd go to the bucket and fill my mouth with water. So we never had any quarrels, for one cant quarrel alone, and another cant quarrel wid you when his mouth's full of water."

When Herod had com-  
Rat evil brooded o'er the land,  
And war was rife on every hand,  
And they who did the king's command  
Were slaves to his opinion.

The poor in secret shed their tears,  
And voiceless were the mothers' fears,  
When in the East a light appears  
That quenches Herod's glory;  
A pure celestial ray, that brought  
His cruel purposes to naught,  
Ere angels unto shepherds taught  
The wondrous Gospel story.

What means this planet from afar,  
That shines as shines no other star?  
Oh, tell us whence these marvels are,  
And wherefore comes this stranger?  
The shepherds ask. And angels say:  
"He comes to take your guilt away;  
'Tis Christ the Lord, was born to-day  
In yonder lowly manger."

He comes at His divine request,  
To soothe the weary and oppressed,  
To give the heavy-laden rest,  
And show his loving favor.

He is no stranger, He's your friend,  
The best of gifts that God could send,  
And Christmas days shall have no end  
In hearts that own a Saviour.

He stands this moment at your door,  
Your loving-kindness to implore,  
And knocks as he has knocked before,  
With patient resignation.  
Arise, my child, and let him in;  
Then shall the Christmas day begin,  
And make thy heart, released from sin,  
A holy habitation.

Come in, and be our Christmas guest,  
And make our homes forever blest,  
Thou Friend, the truest and the best,  
O Jesus Christ, our Saviour!  
Come in, and let Thy presence fill  
Our hearts with warmer love, until  
We only strive to do Thy will,  
And win Thy gracious favor.

"Goodwill and peace," the angels sing,  
"Goodwill and peace," the joy-bells ring;  
"Goodwill and peace," did Jesus bring  
On wings of love descending.  
And every age, and every clime,  
Repeat the glorious Christmas chime,  
In tones melodiously sublime  
Whose echoes are unending.

Hast thou not heard the angels say  
That Jesus Christ was born to-day?  
And didst Thou seek him where he lay  
In yonder wretched manger?  
And didst Thou open wide Thy heart,  
And say, "O Lord of love Thou art!  
Enter, and ne'er again depart,  
And be no more a stranger?"

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. ANNIE WALLACE.

It was Christmas eve! And one more charming it were difficult to imagine. The snow of the previous day had covered, with its white mantle, all those unsightly spots which so often mar earthly beauty; and the soft rays of the moon shed such a radiance over everything that the homeliest objects were softened and beautified as if touched by a magic wand. The clear, cold, bracing air made the blood tingle in one's veins, and the silent stars shone out of their blue depths just as they did, ages ago, upon that night when the shepherds heard the wondrous story of the Babe in Bethlehem.

To Mrs. Stanley it was a sore temptation to slip away from the glare of sunlight and the close air of the heated rooms into the purer atmosphere, that she might "look through Nature up to Nature's God," and think, with a glad, grateful heart, of the tender compassion of a loving Saviour in coming to bless our beautiful, guilty world, eighteen centuries ago.

But what mother could have deserted her post, with the memory of those happy little faces that had gone to dreamland, smiling in their innocent sleep as they eagerly anticipated the pleasure of plunging into the depths of their stockings, which had been so carefully hung by the chimney ere they trotted off to bed?

Certainly not Mrs. Stanley. She loved her three little ones too dearly to disappoint them. So, giving one lingering glance of admiration through the window, she went quickly to work to trim a Christmas tree that occupied one corner of the large sitting-room. As she hung the pretty toys in quick succession upon the tree, and arranged with loving care the mossy carpet, with the sheep and cows, farm-house and dairymaid, she seemed the very personification of happiness. Bright smiles beamed upon her face and her eyes shone with excitement.

The pretty bronze clock on the mantel had just struck ten as she put the last touch to her evening's work, when, to her amazement, a well-known voice exclaimed, "Very well done, Mrs. S. I see you don't need my assistance, and I might have saved myself this hurried journey home for your benefit."

She turned to find that her husband, after a month's absence, had returned at least twelve hours sooner than he had been expected. The advent of Mr. Stanley was all that was needed to fill up her cup of joy, and, with a face fairly shining with gratification, she drew him to the window to hear the sweet tones of the Christmas carol that some German boys were chanting in front of the house. Her heart was so full of happiness she longed to share it with some one—so, hastily snatching up a basket of cakes, she ran out to distribute them among the boys, who, true to their nature, fully appreciated the unexpected gift.

In the little group she noticed one, younger and smaller than the rest, and there was some-

thing about his pale face that interested her strangely. There was an old, careworn expression, that was painful to see in one of her tender years, and she wished to know nothing about him. Carefully and with true woman's delicacy, she drew from the little fellow the story of his father's serious illness, caused by a fall.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mrs. Stanley.

"My mother has tried, for weeks, to earn bread for us all by taking in washing, but she is losing her strength so fast she cannot work any more. I have done all I can to help; but I am so little, people are afraid to trust me to run errands, and I don't know what to do."

As he uttered these pitiful words in such tones of despair, quick tears came to Mrs. Stanley's eyes.

Encouraged by the look of sympathy in the lady's face, Frank continued: "This morning my two little sisters asked for bread, and mother hadn't even a crust for them. She said to father, 'What we have dreaded so long has come at last—we must starve or go to the poorhouse.' And, oh, I lady," said Frank, "it was so different at home in Germany; we were never hungry there."

"Why did you leave?" asked his new friend.

"People told us that this was a wonderful country, where gold could be picked on the streets," said poor Frank; "and when we came and found everything so different, we could hardly bear the disappointment. If it had not been for my father's trust in God, mother would have given up long ago. This morning when she was so distressed, father closed his eyes and prayed that 'He who feeds the ravens' would send us help and teach us to feel that everything our Heavenly Father does is just right. When mother rose from her knees she didn't look quite so sad, and I heard her say she would try to struggle on a little longer. I never begged before," said the poor fellow, trying to swallow a big sob, "but I couldn't stand it any longer, and I thought, if I could sing a Christmas carol, maybe some one would give me a part of a loaf to carry home."

Mrs. Stanley could bear no more. She had gleaned enough from the boy to awaken in her kind heart the deepest interest in the unfortunate family, and it was not part of her creed to content herself with kind wishes and good intentions while fellow-creatures were suffering for the necessities of life. In her eager desire to help, she couldn't bear to have them wait until her various duties on the morrow would permit her to go to the home of the Verners. So, asking Frank to wait a few moments, she filled a basket with a loaf of bread, rice, sugar, tea, and as many cakes as the crowded condition of the basket would allow.

So late was it before Mrs. Stanley's eyes were closed in sleep that it seemed to her the night had but just commenced when she was awakened by the glad tumult in her room, as six-year-old Nellie, little Nan, and Master Rob, who had attained to the advanced age of two years, examined, in delighted haste, the contents of their stockings. What a pretty picture they made, huddled together on top of the little girl's bed—their merry, happy faces all aglow with pleasurable excitement, and the plump, little hands diving in and out in search of hidden treasure!

Mrs. Stanley quietly awakened her husband to enjoy it with her, and as he raised his head to get a better view, the children caught one glimpse of the dear familiar face that had been so long away, and with a shout loud enough to waken all the crusty old bachelors in the country, they made a raid upon the bed and were soon tumbling over their papa in the wildest excitement.

No happier party gathered round a breakfast table on this Christmas morning, and it was with difficulty their mamma could quiet the children long enough to tell them of Frank Werner and his family. She was glad that this case of destitution had been discovered, even at this late hour,—for it was her earnest wish to teach her children the luxury of giving freely; and they had already been trained to think of others—on Christmas day especially—thereby enhancing their own pleasure.

"And now," said Mrs. Stanley, "what will my little ones give towards this Christmas gift we wish to make?"

They were not long in deciding—especially Master Rob, who leaned back in his high chair and shouted, "Me give my big drum"—his big, dark-gray eyes fairly dancing with pleasure.

A large sleigh drove up to the door and the whole family bundled in with baskets and packages. They arrived, in a short time, at the lowly dwelling, and, entering, were horrified to find how much poor suffering humanity could endure, and yet live. Everything betokened the most abject poverty, and, although scrupulously clean, gave heart-sickening evidence of the straits to which they had been reduced. The eyes of the little Stanleys opened wide into amazement that children just their own age should look so wan and miserable. But, as the kind, heart-cheering words of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley fell upon the ear of the sick man and his wife, hope began once more to dawn in their hearts, the heavy, and eyes brightened, and soon smiles took the place of tears as Mr. Stanley offered to take little Frank into his store and to secure work for the father as soon as his health should be sufficiently restored.

"Until that time," added Mr. Stanley, "I shall simply be performing a duty enjoined upon us by our Saviour, if I spend a portion of the bounty that has been showered upon me so plentifully, in relieving the wants of your little family."

Language could not express their gratitude towards this noble Christian man, who endeavored to practise in his life the teachings of the good old book. But silence is sometimes as eloquent as an elaborate speech, and one glance into the countenances of this poor family told of emotion deeper than words could convey.

When the Stanleys left that humble abode

it seemed to the sick man as if angels had ministered to him unawares. The little room had suddenly grown much brighter; and as the cheerful morning sun at that moment burst through the clouds, lighting up everything with a wintry splendor, so in his heart had the shadows been chased away and joy and gladness filled his soul. With eyes moist with tears, his wife slipped to his side and whispered, "May God forgive me for doubting his goodness, and I'll pray to be preserved from ever sinking to such depths of unbelief again."

The Stanleys reached home after a delightful ride in the country, just in time to welcome grandma, aunts, uncles, and little cousins of all ages, who were received with open arms. And now commenced a very carnival of fun. Old and young vied with each other to see who could cause the most joy, and peace and good-will shone from every eye.

In the few moments of quiet that usually follow a Christmas dinner, while all the children were clustered around Mrs. Stanley, listening to one of her charming stories, the folding doors were thrown open, and there, in all its beauty, glittered the Christmas tree, blazing with candles on every twig and bough. Before the children had recovered from their surprise sufficiently to express their joy in true childish style by sundry jumps and squalls, a side door opened and in walked greatest of all strangers—Santa Claus. It was amusing to see how differently the various children were affected by his unexpected appearance. Some shrunk back in awe at the sight of his long, snowy beard and white hair, but there was an attraction about the pack of toys he had on his back that was irresistible; and as he slowly stalked about the room, jingling his sleigh bells and answering in a deep hoarse voice the various questions put to him by the older members of the party, the little bit of fear soon melted away and he was surrounded by the eager crowd, delighted that at last they had really an opportunity to see with their own eyes the far-famed friend of children—"Kris Kringle."

The excitement was at its height when little three-year-old Annie walked up to him, put her little hands in his with the confidence of child-hood, and with smiles and blushes, commenced to dance around the room. But Santa Claus was rather too heavily-laden to indulge in such amusement—so, telling them all to be good children till next Christmas, he wisely beat a retreat.

But the longest, happiest day must soon come to a close, and at last, all the guests having departed, quiet reigned throughout the house. Mrs. Stanley having visited each little couch, and gazed, with a heart full of love, at the peaceful faces of the fair young trio, returned for a few moments' chat in the cozy sitting-room. Placing her hand upon her husband's shoulder she said, "This has been the brightest Christmas of my life; but to me the golden hour of the day, the one round which memory will linger most fondly, was when that sick man clasped his thin, white hands, and with the big tears rolling down his cheek, invoked the blessing of God upon us and our children."

And as they sat there watching the dying embers fade away, to each heart came the gentle whisper—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

## DO YOU ATTEND THE PRAYER-MEETING?

How came it to pass that three thousand were converted on the day of Pentecost? Had not the meeting for prayer, of which mention is made in Acts i. 14, when it is said, "These all with one accord continued in prayer and supplication," a close and influential connection with the glorious results of that day. Undoubtedly it had. But what was there in that meeting of one hundred and twenty disciples to exert an influence to the conversion of three thousand individuals? Whence had it that power? It was a prayer-meeting, professedly a prayer-meeting, a meeting of Christians to express their dependence on God; unitedly to call on him for his blessing; to plead his promise and to await his fulfillment of it. These are the efficient meetings in which Christians meet and agree to ask of God. I wonder they do not value them more. To the prayer-meeting Christians come to exercise the high privilege of intercession for others; to be good and to communicate, to act the more "blessed part," where meetings of another kind they go for the purpose of receiving good. Yet Christians value no meetings so little as prayer-meetings. But the influence of that meeting of a hundred and twenty was not owing entirely to its being a prayer-meeting. There was much by which it was distinguished from ordinary prayer-meetings. The mention of these peculiarities may be of service. It may provoke imitation in some churches.

All the church attended the prayer-meeting. "These all continued," etc. There were but one hundred and twenty disciples, and they were all present. How different it is now! They who meet may agree among themselves to ask for an outpouring of the Spirit, but it is after all but the agreement of a minority of the church. The majority, by their absence, dissent from the request.

2. As all attended, of course the men attended as well as the women. Yes, every male member of the church was present; they did not leave it to the women to sustain the prayer-meeting. That prayer-meeting had not the aspect of many a modern prayer-meeting, in which almost all are the weaker sex.

3. The most distinguished members of the church attended, as well as the most obscure. There were all the apostles, and "Mary the mother of Jesus," and "his brethren." None of them felt above being at a prayer-meeting. How is it now?

4. They were all agreed—"of one accord," as it is said, not merely agreed as touching what they should ask, namely, the fulfillment of "the promise of the Father," but of one mind generally—ay, and of one heart. They thought and felt alike. They all loved one another. Such cordial union among Christians

has great power with God. It does not al-

ways come from the saints, but it is a great blessing to the church. The little room had suddenly grown much brighter; and as the cheerful morning sun at that moment burst through the clouds, lighting up everything with a wintry splendor, so in his heart had the shadows been chased away and joy and gladness filled his soul. With eyes moist with tears, his wife slipped to his side and whispered, "May God forgive me for doubting his goodness, and I'll pray to be preserved from ever sinking to such depths of unbelief again."

To seek repose withdraws her lingering light;  
The thousand lamps that flitted to and fro  
Like restless spirits, now have ceased their glow.  
Silence is o'er the earth profoundly deep—  
Its tumult calmed by the sweet angel Sleep.

Adown the mount a few lone shepherds keep  
Their nightly watch while earth is lost in sleep.  
Lonely beside their slumbering flocks they wait

The dawn's bright entrance through the eastern gate.  
No words they speak. Perchance they dream  
Of Him

Whose dawning light should gild earth's  
caverns dim;  
Perchance their eyes adown Time's mystic way  
Behold the star that harbinger that day;  
Perchance in prayer their hearts ascend to  
heaven,  
Pleading the promise for earth's ransom given.

But see! Amazement! while they lift their  
eyes  
Unearthly glory gilds the glastly skies—  
Descends the halo of celestial light;  
And many a farling far around is bright.  
A shining form, with robe of silvery white,  
And rainbow-colored wings, illumines the night.  
The trembling shepherds wait with wondering  
fear,  
Till his glad tones fall on each listening ear:

"Fear not, fear not, O mortals,  
I bring ye joy from far—  
For heaven's celestial portals  
Are left to-day ajar.

"Fear not; the court of Heaven  
Sends forth eternal peace—  
Balm for the anguish-riven,  
For the heart's release.

"Fear not; though strange the story,  
The Lord forsakes his throne,  
His realm of endless glory,—  
For mortals to atone.

"Fear not; celestial favor  
Extends to earth again;  
Let earth receive her Saviour,  
Messiah comes to reign."

CHORUS OF ANGELS.  
Glory to God! Glory to God!  
No longer he smites with his withering rod.  
Joy to the earth, her Redeemer has come!  
Joy to the earth, all her deserts shall bloom!  
Her mountains shall bow, her valleys shall  
rise,  
And gleam with the beauty and bliss of the  
skies.

O'er mountain and meadow his kingdom shall  
be,  
O'er wide-spreading ocean and uttermost sea,  
His reign is forever, his glory complete;  
All nations and kingdoms shall bend at his feet.  
The beauty of Eden shall blossom again;  
Messiah has come or he'll people to reign.

RANDOM READINGS.  
CONFIDING FAITH is the only proper answer  
to abounding grace.  
If God has rent the veil, it is the sinner's  
obedience to enter.

MUHAMMAD once said, "When a man dies,  
men inquire what he has left behind him, an-  
gels inquire what he has sent before him."

GOD LOVES YOU; let this thought equalize  
all states. Let Him do with us as with the  
waves of the sea, and whether He takes us to  
His bosom, or casts us upon the sand, that is,  
leaves us to our own barrenness, all is well.—  
Guyon.

If you are a wise man you treat the world  
very much as the moon treats it—show it  
only one side of yourself, seldom show too  
much of yourself at a time, and be calm,  
cool and polished; but look at every side of  
the world.

THERE is one universe in which each  
separate star differs from another in glory  
One church in which a single spirit—the life  
of God, pervades each separate soul; and  
just in proportion as that life becomes exal-  
ted, does it enable every one to shine forth  
in the distinctness of its own separate individ-  
uality, like the stars of heaven.—Robertson.