

# 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. XX.—No. 6.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1873

Whole No. 954.

## THOMAS LOGAN

Has now completed his New Stock of

## Dry Goods,

For the Fall and Winter Trade, comprising all the novelties in

DRESS GOODS,

SHAWLS,

GLOVES,

HOSIERY,

SILKS,

VELVETS,

RIBBONS,

LACES.

## CLOTHS,

for Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear.

LADIES' FURS,

WHITE, SCARLET, GREY AND FANCY

FLANNELS,

and every description of

COTTON AND WOOLLEN GOODS.

A large stock of

BERLIN WOOLS,

Fancy kinds.

Together with a General Assortment of all kinds of

DRY GOODS, SMALLWARES, &c.

An inspection is respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Nov. 15, 1872.

## MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

## ALBION HOUSE,

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

## Dry Goods,

Have now ready for inspection,

78 PACKAGES OF FIRST-CLASS GOODS,

For the Fall and Winter Trade, purchased in the European

markets.

SHAWLS,

MANTLES,

CLOUS,

MUFFS,

TIES,

SCARFS,

DRESS GOODS,

TWEEDS,

FLANNELS,

SHIRTINGS,

BREAKFAST-SHAWLS,

SOUTS,

SILKS,

VELVETS,

LACES,

RIBBONS,

FLOWERS,

FEATHERS.

A splendid Stock of

BLACK GOODS,

English, Scotch, Canadian and Domestic Cloths,

for Boys' and Gents' wear.

Balance of Stock daily expected.

SAINT JOHN COTTON WARPS.

In all colors, at factory prices.

All Goods sold with small profits and at one price.

Inspection solicited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

Fredericton, Nov. 1, 1873.

Albion House.

## The Intelligencer.

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

THE DUTY OF THE PASTOR IN RELATION TO SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

BY REV. F. W. BATEMAN.

It may be premised that systematic benevolence is one of the urgent necessities for the spread of the gospel. The great campaign of Jesus needs supplies; material as well as men. The soldiers must be cared for; recruiting officers and recruiting stations must be maintained. The advance guard of this Christian army must have a good "base of supplies." "Money is the sinews of war," is an adage that equally well applies to this spiritual warfare. So let no one think it necessary thus to speak for the wealth of this earth, is ordained of God as an agent of its redemption, just as truly as the burning zeal of a Paul, or the melting eloquence of a Whitfield. Men and means are God's true forces in carrying on his redemptive work, and the means is as sacred as the man.

This thought leads me to what I regard as the very first and chief duty of every minister of Christ, viz.: *To try and set himself to a prayerful self-examination, in order to learn if he possesses any adequate conception of the vast importance of our great Christian enterprises, and their need of systematic sustaining.*

I apprehend that one of the most discouraging difficulties in all our benevolent enterprises is this: that the conception which a majority of pastors have formed of their Master's work does not equal its magnitude. For the most part, our views of Christ's kingdom and its progress are too local, too contracted. Our ideas of the means by which Christ will spread his gospel, have been, and still are, too narrow, too limited. We have thought too much of individual, too little of organized effort. While we may not have made too much of spiritual forces, we have not made enough of physical. Ministers must learn to appreciate all the forces which God has given for the redemption of our race. There are other means to be counted in carrying on God's work, beside the persuasive voice and regenerating Spirit. Every helpful, every valuable thing on or in God's earth, from a heap of coal to a sparkling diamond, has an appreciable value in this all-comprehending plan of salvation. The Spirit came at Pentecost, but long before God had fitted up this wealthy earth with all the physical resources needed in the work of redemption.

This truth, that the means of the world is sacred to its redemption, is what many pastors fail to see. Hence they do not discern the infinite need of our benevolent organizations. They simply have not thought deeply enough on the subject to become aware of their duty. Now the first duty of pastors is to get their eyes open and to look far out, and far on, over the Redeemer's kingdom; to get the mind enlightened, that it may comprehend the length and breadth of this gospel plan. Our conception of the work is apt to be narrow. There are other ways of working for souls as legitimate as protracting the meetings, and filling the anxious-seats.

2. *The pastor must be thoughtful of his own interests in carrying the claims of Christ.* "Love thyself last," should be his motto. No fears of a tardily-paid salary, or of diminishing presents from the flock, should choke the voice that pleads for Jesus. If anybody suffers, let it be the man, not the Master. Let these timid souls urge system in benevolence, and quite possibly there will be more system in the salary. No lingering pride must seal his lips. No man has any business in the ministry who is either afraid or ashamed to beg for Jesus. It is a part, and no small part, of the pastor's work to be the collector. He must be more anxious to receive his Master's dues than his own.

3. *The pastor should give systematically and liberally himself, as an example to his people.* Nothing gives a minister so much power as to practice what he preaches. He must allow no man to give more in proportion to ability than himself. The example of a good pastor is contagious. The people unconsciously approach his standard. They will say for a while, "Pastor, you give too much," but they will reply, "You give too little." They will say, "You are too anxious for system," but they will answer, "You are too careless and irregular." In the end, if persistent, he will lift them to his level, because he is right and they are wrong.

4. *The pastor must teach his people on the subject of systematic benevolence.* He must give them sound doctrine truthfully, fearlessly, lovingly.

*He must not shun his task.* He will find, doubtless, that while he discourses of God's grace to sinners, of the perseverance of saints, of the delights of Christian communion, and of fellowship with Christ, every ear will listen, and many eyes grow moist; but when he speaks of consecrating our means to Christ's work, of giving as well as receiving—when he touches the purse—heads will drop and eyes rove, and there will be a perceptible *quiver* among these enjoyers of God's free grace.

But he must not stop for that. The minister is not always to tell people what they love to hear; sometimes he must tell them the thing they need rather than what they desire. He must teach on this matter. It is as much his duty to teach men the right use of their means as to teach them the right use of their spiritual faculties. It is as much in the province of the pastor to teach his people to be benevolent, as to be pious. Giving is as much a duty as praying. The pastor is no more sent to teach the fundamental doctrines of our faith, than he is to teach and enforce the doctrines of practice. Faith without works is dead. The pastor must see to it that the minds of his people are enlightened in regard to our great Christian enterprises. It is a positive and sacred duty. No minister can rightly find fault with the meagre giving of his church until they have had thorough instruction on this whole subject from his own lips.

5. *It is the pastor's duty to see that a system of benevolence is begun in his church, and then to labor constantly for the improvement of that system.*

System is a constituent element of true benevolence. Irregular giving is very imperfect charity.

No pastor can frame or operate a perfect system at once, but he can introduce the best system practicable, and then work towards his ideal. The lowest form of systematic benevolence is to insure yearly collections at stated periods, for our most important organized charities; the highest is to secure from every individual such a proportion of all his income as an educated conscience and a sanctified judgment allow him or her to bestow. First of all, the pastor must begin a system of benevolence such as he can handle, and then work persistently on towards perfection. Not to begin such a system is to be unfaithful to Christ. The pastor who neglects this department of his work is like a man rowing with one oar; in order to shoot the craft smoothly along, he must use two.

Finally, *it is the pastor's duty to charge himself with failure.* If we, as a denomination, fail in our benevolence, pastors have themselves to blame, and it is just in their power to blame them also. If not more than one-third of the Baptist churches in America contribute regularly for the spread of the gospel, who is the fault? Let us quit scolding the members and ask ourselves if we have done our duty as stewards of Christ. The fountains of supply for the great work of promulgating the gospel are in the hearts of our pastors. If the great army of Baptist ministers in these States were using their honest endeavors for systematic benevolence, we should see brighter days. This whole subject needs a thorough overhauling in the ministerial mind and conscience. Just here is the marrow of the whole question. We cannot depend upon the large donations of a few rich men, or a few rich churches; our dependence must be in the great mass of our people. Hence the necessity that all our pastors take the subject upon their hearts. And they can do it, for system is as easy in one place as another, generally speaking. It is not a question of amount, but of methods; not "How much will you give," but "Will you conscientiously and systematically give what you can?" It is not the great amounts that are of most importance, but that correct methods should obtain all over the land. It is not of so great moment that one church in Boston should give a thousand dollars as that thirty weak churches in Missouri should give fifty dollars each. It is not so much that one thousand churches in the United States give magnificently, as that all the fifteen thousand give what they can. The ocean is not filled by the Amazons and St. Lawrence alone, but by the thousand brooks and rills which bear down their constant offerings. So must it be with our benevolent organizations; there must be a systematic in-flowing from these fifteen thousand churches, small and great, from the rill and the river, and then our treasures like the ocean will ever be full, though like the ocean, too, ever giving. Pastors, shall we see that it is done?—*Standard.*

## RUSSIA AS A HISTORICAL STUDY.

There is, perhaps, no element of race more deeply interesting in its relation to the history of the future than the Slavonic. We can scarcely limit yet its possible importance and influence, for it is for the first time brought into direct and active contact as an equal power with the Teutonic and Celtic races which have before held dominion over the civilized world. The subject becomes one of wide and intricate bearings, when we consider the peculiar physical conditions under which life develops itself on these vast plains of Northern and Eastern Europe; their wide extent of surface and boundless resources, and the diversities of races—Tartar, Kalmauc, and Turkish—which are incorporated with the Slavie type.

Its history has been one of surprises, from the appearance of Peter the Great, whose remarkable magnetism of personal influence, and whose less wonderful faculty of organization were so powerful in evolving a solid and immense empire out of the turbulent and scattering power of half savage races. With the same characteristic rapidity, the empire was established; and where before a few fishermen's huts were scattered along the marshes, a great city Aladin-like—arose, and its Grecian pillars are now reflected in the blue and transparent waters of the Neva. The peasant still sees with awe, as he crosses the far-off and empty plains—as if some spell had evoked a visible glory before him—the glittering dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral shining in the sunset of the west. And it is hard for us to realize that we have wholly outgrown the wonders of Fairy Land, when, in the realm of snow and ice, we see the ships come in from the sea with all the blooming plants and ripe fruits of tropical climates, and the wharfs are scented with their passing odors.

The people have already made swift progress in art and literature, and civilization; and the Russian youths hold honorable places at European Universities; while railroad after railroad has traversed lands which had slumbered for centuries in unbroken desolation. And by the generous influence of Mouriera-vieff thousands of serfs have been transmuted from the position of brutes or chattels to a powerful human element. These events have flashed with such swiftness upon us out of a history before chaotic and dark, that we look with amazement, wondering what future development may not be expected from this race, when it at last keeps time steadily with the world's progress. We remind ourselves of the dwellers of these very plains, who watch the Tartar horsemen as they come; first, whirling clouds of dust; then dark and indistinct forms, looming against the red sunset sky, and at last, riders, drawing near.

Certainly the Russian civilization must be unique from the very diversity of its own elements—the wild and rude Tartar nature, the rich Oriental blood, and the Slavie type, serious and unrestrained, but deeply passionate.

We know the psychological forms of a nation's mind are as marked as its physical type; therefore we anticipate from the modes of philosophic thought peculiar to this race, and its expressions of beauty, whether in statue or poem, in painting or melody, new forces which shall operate throughout our own arts and knowledge and social systems, from this strange and strange fusion of types. We see, indeed, the germs of these powers in its literature, which possesses a most subtle faculty of analysis—natural to a people who are so long confined to their dwellings in a silent winter, through which they may well brood over the old past, with its most regretful, or delights, and a vivid force of contrast and dramatic situation, that perhaps is reflected from the swift changes of its own outward nature.

To understand the life of these people, we must picture such a winter as we have never known. Forests of gloomy firs darken, like a hanging thunder cloud, the Ural and Altai's slopes; and beyond lies "a wide-spreading desolation of salt steppes and boundless swamps," with here and there a cold and dreary lake. Deep snows lie on the ground for nine or ten months, and fierce storm-winds rage far and wide.

Of that portion of the Russian Empire which lies in the Siberian plain, we can give no more vivid description than that of Admiral Wrangle, who journeyed from the mouth of the river Volga to Bliern's Straits through the most piercing cold. He says: "Here endless snows and ice-covered rocks bound the horizon, nature lies shrouded in all but perpetual winter, and life is a constant conflict with privation, and with the terrors of cold and hunger, the grave of nature which contains only the bones of another world. The people, and even the snows smoke, and this evaporation is instantly changed into millions of needles of ice, which make a noise in the air like the sound of torn satin or thick silk. The reindeer take to the forest, and crowd together for heat, and the raven alone, the dark bird of winter, still cleaves the icy air with slow and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapor, marking the track of his solitary flight. The trunks of the thickest trees are rent with a loud noise, masses of rocks are torn from their sites, the ground in the valley is rent into yawning fissures, from which the waters that are underneath rise, giving off a cloud of vapor, and immediately become ice. The atmosphere becomes dense, and the glistering stars are dimmed. The dogs outside the huts of the Siberians burrow in the snow, and their howling, at the intervals of six or eight hours, interrupts the general silence of winter." But these long, barren steppes are not always empty, colorless, devoid of life and motion; suddenly the spring sun shines more warmly, the snows melt, and over them flashes for a brief moment the short lived bloom and fragrance of a Russian summer. Horses and herds of cattle graze in the green meadows; lakes appear and vanish as one approaches; the rose-colored and perfumed blossoms of the sacred bean unfold upon the limpid waters; the saxifrage, the gentians, the spiraea, spread "a garment of many colors" over the smiling land; and the rock pigeons whirr, as they fly startled from their nests on rocks and trees. Like a rush of exultant melody the whole world starts into liveliness, and as suddenly dies back into white silence and death. And in the darkness of its long nights the contrasts are as vivid, for the deep shadows stand side by side with the glorious coruscations of the Aurora Borealis; and are softened by the gleaming snow-lights, and the wonderful splendor of the northern stars, until one seems to feast amid the shadow, yet shining airs of an enchanted land.

It is in this nature of strange and glittering transitions that the keynote is struck which vibrates and sounds through all their social customs and religious worship. The celebration of the Easter festival by the members of the Greek Church may be taken as a striking instance of this marked characteristic. In the great building of the Kremlin crowds of worshippers are assembled, and bow down in silence. The brooding darkness lies heavy over the whole space, and the thunderous organ tones of sorrow surge and ebb along the transepts and long-drawn aisles. The most hardy natures would be awed by this prostration, this deep shadow, these sound of sorrowful and grieving melody, that seems to throb and quiver with tender pain. But all at once the bells ring out clear and all the air above seems to echo with their jubilant notes; the whole choir rise to their feet, singing in a burst of exultant music, "The Lord is risen!" Transient and aisle, roof and altar, blaze with suddenly glittering lights; and all around are heard the touched and joyful voices of those who exchange Easter greetings with neighbor and friend: "The Lord is risen indeed, and has appeared unto Simon!"

Another instance of the same kind, as exemplified their secular life, may be found in the great fair which is held annually at Nijni-Novgorod. During the greater part of the year the place is as deserted and silent as the grave, and long months pass by in monotonous loneliness and quiet, until the time of this meeting approaches. Then the city—a transient one—of booths and boats and tents appears as if by magic, and awakens suddenly into all the noisy life and bustle of a crowded mart.

A motley and clamorous crowd wends its way hither from lands thousands of leagues away. From the dreary wastes of Siberia, the wilds of Tartary, the sunny shores and blooming islands of the Archipelago, from the bazaar of Egypt, from Persia, and the Celestial Empire, the travellers come to this great centre of barter and traffic. They fill the air with their incongruous noises. Among the ringing of bells—which the Russians especially delight in—you hear a myriad of tongues and dialects; the unmusical Chinese, the consonantal and vigorous Russian, the melodious Greek, the dreamy accents of uncivilized races, and the savage dialects of the human tides that surge and flow around the boats and tents, you may mark almost every diversity of European type and Oriental physiognomy, side by side with the pure Greek lineaments and the swarthy Tartar.

But these buyers and sellers come and go swiftly as flying shadows. In eight weeks the fair is over, and all are gone. Not a footstep, not a sound, along the banks of the river, remains to remind us of the variety of races and lands so lately represented here.

And as yet the whole nation seems to be in a state of social fusion, in which one influence and some swiftly crowds upon another, and the permanent form is not gained. Perhaps its interest is only the greater for that reason, for it is but rarely that in these modern days we are allowed to see a great country in its very process of growth—to watch the steps of its development.—*Christian Union.*

## RANDOM READINGS.

WHEN SOME of his free-thinking friends reproached Goethe for wasting his time over the Bible, the poet responded: "I am convinced the Bible becomes more beautiful the more one understands it."

REV. GEORGE GLEFFILLAN, of Dundee, in a public address at Glasgow, stated his belief that the church of the future would have "a short creed, the main article of which would be Christ; free will its financial basis; love its genius; and everlasting progress its motto."

TO ALL THOSE who are cast down and suffering, I say, There is a God that is sorry for you. The same compassion that led Jesus Christ to give his life for those who were piercing him with the spear, lives and reigns in the bosom of God. And if men turn you away, if men disown you, if you are cast out from among your fellows, God thinks of you, and will succor you.—*Becher.*

"LOOK UP! LOOK UP!"—"Look up!" thundered the captain of a vessel, as his boy grew giddy while gazing from the topmast. "Look up!" The boy looked up, and returned in safety. Young man, look up, and, with God's blessing, you will succeed. Never look down and despair. Leave dangers unheeded for, and push on. If you falter, you will lose. Do the right, and put your trust in God.

ON HOW MANY prayer-meetings are ruined, because the pastor or some of the more experienced brethren give such symmetry and completeness to their individual contributions that nobody else dares lay another stone besides them. The true prayer-meeting talker is the man who brings half a dozen to their feet, instead of the man who (however earnest and profound himself) manages to silence every one around him—the man, to use a Western expression, whom nobody can tie to.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

Gifts of the Poor.—A missionary at Kalamash, a little town on Molaki, one of the Sandwich Islands, describing his monthly meetings, reports that there were seldom less than a hundred persons present. "Most of those who attended," he added, "have during the past year been in the habit of contributing, for benevolent purposes, one stick of wood each per month. And I can assure you that it is no uninteresting sight to see men, women and sometimes children, bringing their humble offerings on their shoulders from the distance of one, two, or more miles. The men go into the mountains, and get the sticks, both for themselves and their wives, but the latter bring and present their own. Though the people are superlatively poor, yet their contributions in one year in this way will amount to not far from five pounds."

SABBATH PIETY.—Here is a bit of spicy suggestion from some anonymous source:

"There is a mystery about this effect of the Sabbath on piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter; Sabbath cold colder, and rain wetter than that of any other day. For the same measure of heat or cold or rain on a week day will not keep a man from his usual business. We need a Sabbath Almanac, calculated for our churches, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian to expose himself on the Sabbath by going to the house of God. Such an Almanac would enable pastors and superintendents of Sabbath schools to know whom they could depend on in church, Sabbath school and prayer-meeting. I have recently been examining microscopic views of the different snow-flakes, a hundred or so of them. I would suggest to our curious savans an examination of Sabbath snow, to see if it has a peculiarly sharp and injurious crystal."

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE!—Lot's wife had many privileges, but she perished. Lot's wife had a godly husband, but she perished. Lot's wife had been warned by God, but she perished. Lot's wife saw her danger, but she perished. Lot's wife was led by the angels out of Sodom, but she perished. Lot's wife looked round, and she was damned for the look. She lingered when she should have made haste, and God left her. Mercy drew her, but she grieved Mercy, and Mercy forsook her. Where Mercy left her, Justice found her, and Destruction seized her. She loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and God gave her her bad love to the full. The Lord took her out of Sodom, but she took Sodom, out of Sodom, with her. "Let me get a last look at my idol," and she got a last look with a vengeance. "She is joined to her idols," said the jealous God; "let her alone!" and she was left terribly alone: she became a pillar of salt. Sodom was more to her than her daughters, her husband, her soul, or God. In judgment she was wedded to her evil choice. She entered eternity in fellowship with those that "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire."—*Christian Banner.*

BREAKING IN ON THE HALF HOUR.—Rev. D. L. Moody hits a real evil in this paragraph:

"Should a teacher be disturbed during a lesson?" No more than you disturb a minister when he is preaching; not a bit. I was in one of our schools in Indiana some time ago, whose superintendent's wife had a class of thirty or forty young ladies; and I saw that in thirty-five minutes she had to teach the lesson, she was disturbed seven times. Now, I consider it a great failure to have these interruptions. The librarian came up and whispered to her, and took her attention away from the class; and that took the attention of the whole class. Then the assistant librarian

came up, and it was not long before the superintendent came up, and the assistant superintendent came up, and then the secretary came. I kept account, and I think it was seven times that she was thus interrupted. I would like to know how these ministers would get along if some one would come up and ask a question in the midst of the sermon. Suppose the minister had studied all the week on his sermon, and is just making his application, and some deacon should come up and say, "Did you give that notice for the Wednesday evening meeting?" They would take that deacon, and put him out of the church. But I would as soon disturb a minister in the midst of his sermon as a teacher in the midst of his lesson.

ARE MINISTERS' SONS AND DEACONS' DAUGHTERS worse than those of others. Is not the prominence of these children the cause of the flippant saying?

"In Connecticut," said the Rev. H. W. Beecher, on a public occasion, "there were 930 children over fifteen years of age, of ministers and deacons, only 20 of whom turned out badly. In Massachusetts, out of 433 families of ministers and deacons, there were 1,598 children over fifteen years, and only 20 ever became dissipated. Here we have 40 out of 2,535 children—just two and a half per cent. of the whole number. "I will ask any business man if he would not be glad, oftentimes, if his losses were not greater than this, and a half per cent? I undertake to say that no business has ever been so safe as that of raising deacons' and ministers' children in New England." We derive another corroboration of our position from Dr. Sprague's invaluable collection of clerical biographies. A hundred clergymen may be taken out of his volumes, at random, and it will be found that, of this first hundred, one hundred sons became also ministers. Of the remainder, the largest proportion rose to eminence in other professions or avocations. Can the same be said of any other body or one hundred men taken at random from other walks of life? As to the daughters of clergymen, it has been remarked by a keen observer that it is a passport to the highest places, and a guarantee of respectability and worth, both in Great Britain and America, to say of any lady, "She was the daughter of a clergyman."

PLAINNESS OF SPEECH.—In the Edinburgh Weekly Review, we find some anecdotes relating to the Rev. William Anderson, D. D., more than fifty years pastor of the John Street United Presbyterian Church, of Glasgow, who died a few weeks since. He was one of the most eminent and beloved ministers of that city.

He was once expounding the 15th Psalm, and had come to the word usury.—"He putteth not his money to usury." "Does that mean," he asked, "taking ten per cent, or more?" Not entirely. It means also the spirit in which the ten per cent is taken. There was once in this church a poor widow, and she wanted twenty pounds to begin a small shop. Having no friends, she came to me, her minister. And I happened to know a man—not of this church—who could advance the money to the poor widow. So we went to this man—the widow and I—and the man said he would be happy to help the widow. And he drew out a bill for £20, and the widow signed it, and I signed it, too. Then he put the signed paper in his desk and took out the money and gave it to the widow. But the widow counting it, said: "Sir, there are only £15 here." "It is all right," said the man; that is the interest I charge." And, as we had no redress, we came away. But the widow prospered. And she brought the £20 to me, and I took it myself to the office of the man who lent it, and I said to him, "Sir, there is the £20 from the widow." And he said, "Here is the paper you signed, and if you know any other poor widow, I will be happy to help her in the same way." I said to him: "You help the widow! Sir, you have robbed this widow, and you will be damned! And, my friends, I kept my eye upon that man. And before six months were over God smote him, and he died." We can still recall, after many years, the eerie creep of soul with which we listened to the closing sentences, and the vivid glimpse we got of a divine retribution falling suddenly on a bad man.

IT HAS BEEN ascertained that a young man at twenty, who is strictly temperate, his before him as his average of life, forty-four years and two months. On the other hand, the young man of the same age who poisons his system by drink, can look for an average of life, only fifteen years and six months.

A PARDON LOCKED UP.—Hugh Stowell says:—"In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the seashore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old, gray, ruined tower, covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hanged one of the best governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made on his behalf, and a pardon was sent; but that fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged. His name is still honored by the many; and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory, to the music of the spinning-wheel. We must feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man who, having the pardon for his fellow-creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point his finger to most of us, and say: "Thou art the man! Thou hast a pardon in thine hands to save thy fellow-creature, not from temporal, but from eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designated for all. Thou has enjoyed it thyself; but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?"

The United States American Bible Society has issued its 35th report, and has during the last year circulated 1,107,727 copies of the scriptures, and in 55 years 27,080,098.