

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. 2X.—No. 16.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1873

Whole No. 1004.

HOUSEHOLD AND STAPLE

GOODS,

FOR SPRING, 1873.

MILLER & EDGEcombe,

ALBION HOUSE,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

Respectfully invite Purchasers of

Dry Goods,

When in Fredericton, to call in and have a look through their stock, which will be found to be the Largest, Newest, and Cheapest Stock to be found in the City.

We are now offering a very large Stock of

HOUSEHOLD AND STAPLE GOODS

at the lowest Market rates.

WHITE COTTON SHEETINGS,

GREY COTTON SHEETINGS,

DENMARK TABLE CLOTHS,

TABLE LINENS,

TICKINGS,

OSNABURGS,

TOWELS, DIAPERS,

NAPKINS, DOYLEYS,

OIL STAIR COVERING,

LINEN STAIR COVERING,

DAMASKS,

MOORENS,

200 PIECES CHOICE PRINTS,

100 PIECES GREY COTTON,

ALWAYS ON HAND

SAINT JOHN COTTON WARPS,

In all colors and numbers.

We buy our goods direct from the European Markets, and sell them at the Lowest Living Price, and at One Price, not giving one person an advantage over another, which we believe to be the only fair way of doing business.

MILLER & EDGEcombe,

Fredricton, March 7, 1873.

THOMAS LOGAN

Is now showing an excellent stock of seasonable goods, comprising:

White & Grey Cottons,

White & Grey Sheetings,

PILLOW COTTONS,

LINEN SHEETINGS,

TABLE DAMASKS,

TABLE CLOTHS,

Napkins,

Doyleys,

Towels and Towelling,

Quilts and Toilet Covers.

WHITE and COLORED

Knitting Cotton!

AND

ANGOLA YARN.

Patch Work, Turkey Red, Yellow and Green Cambrics.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredricton, March 28, 1873.

The Intelligencer.

A RAMBLE ON THE SHORES OF THE GALILEE.

BY REV. S. GRAVES, D.D.

We were accustomed to rise at six o'clock, and were often in the saddle before sunrise, or just as the mountain-tops were aflame, or the gorges which lay open to the east were rosy and glorious in the first beams of the sun.

The twilight in Palestine, both morning and evening, is wonderfully short, and this may account for the seeming discrepancy, of which skeptics are not slow to make mention, regarding the time of the resurrection of our Lord; or rather at which the women were at the sepulchre. Our record is that the women came "while it was yet dark," another that they were there at the rising of the sun. Now there was probably not fifteen, nor perhaps ten minutes between the two mentioned times. While in Jerusalem, I went one morning to the "house-top," while it was yet dark, and watched the dawn purple on the mountains of Moab, and was surprised to see the sun so quickly appear.

On the morning of the 5th of November, we were not behind our usual time, for that night we were to camp by the Sea of the Galilee, and we felt the excitement and glow of the coming experience. Leaving the camp we broke into a gallop over the plain which still stretched its broad arms of fertile soil for miles before us. The southern end of it was covered by a growth of herbs sometimes reaching above our heads, as we rode through it. It was, I am confident, the mustard spoken of in the Scripture. Its seed, which was very small, and has the taste of aniseed, is sown in the fields of the Galilee, and it grows up, and is lodged in their branches. Two hours brought us to the end of the plain, and our way lay over the shoulder of a mountain, which sweeps down from the highlands of Naphthali, around the north end of the Sea of Galilee. It is a bare and broken mass of rock, with a zigzag path which it seemed impossible to pass over without peril to our horses' legs. I was behind, when the foremost of our party, nearly half a mile ahead, on reaching the top of this ridge, shouted out, "The Galilee, the Galilee!" I was not expecting it for an hour yet. My first impulse was to put my horse into a gallop, but this could not be done; and then I did not want to. What a rush of thought came over me! In ten minutes I shall behold that sea made hallowed by the memories and sacred by a presence, which have enshrined it in the heart of the Christian world forever! Was I dreaming, or was I really awake and in Palestine? My horse dropped into a slow walk, and as I approached the crest of the hill, I held my umbrella over my eyes. There was only one time that I could look upon that scene, I wanted to reserve it; to keep it in my power, to indulge a few moments longer the luxury of anticipation, before the luxury of realization. When I was a little past the top, I raised the umbrella, and the vision was full before me! The whole breadth and nearly the whole length of the lake was in view. It lay without a ripple, a mirror of heaven in its frame-work of hills. It was full eight hundred, perhaps a thousand feet above it, and though at the distance of two or three miles, it seemed quite at my feet, reflecting the light, fleecy clouds that floated above it, and the Gadarene mountains beyond, whose deep gorges were softened by their distance and darkened by depths.

Apart from its associations, the sea of Galilee is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. It lacks foliage and verdure, it is true, at this season of the year; it lacks the wildness mingled with the softness and grace of some of the Scotch and Swiss lakes. But the contrast of its deep, blue waters with the brown and ochre mountains that stand around it; the variety in outline of its shores, here rising abruptly a thousand feet, here sloping gently away, here rolling upward like receding waves, and here with a grassy reach of glen, lost in a dark gorge beyond, and here again, with a white edge of sand and pebbles, swelling back with a plain, mottled with clumps of thorn and alders, now in bloom, where,

"Thro' the summer night
These Moslems rest and bright
Spread their soft bosoms o'er;"
—as thus beheld it presents a scene of chaste and sober beauty, of calm and tender repose that once hardly meets with elsewhere.

We lunched within the walls of an old castle of Crusaders, fast falling to ruins; and then struck off, quite to the disgust, and sorely against the will of our Dragoman, Diobes, who was determined to take us to Safed and not to Capernaum, where, he said, there "was nothing but a mass of old stones,"—to the left, through fields destitute of even a path, and full of "the stones of emptiness;" and after an hour and a half of the most tortuous and dangerous riding, reached the *Tell Hinn*, which most modern scholars fix as the site of Capernaum. It is on the shore of the sea, near the north-western end, a mile or two from the place where the Jordan enters; and is an utter waste. Two hovels, made of the ancient stones and covered with brush and straw, and a kind of stable for sheep and goats in the foundation of what had once been a large and imposing structure, were the only habitations. The whole scene was a perfect desolation. Two or three filthy, shivering-looking Arabs, stealthily gliding about in the distance, seemed to make the "desolation doubly desolate."

This, I believe, is the true site of Capernaum, and this one ruin of fallen and broken columns is believed by Lieut. Wilson, as stated in his recent survey, to be the Synagogue which the pious Centurion built for the Jews; to which allusion is made in Luke, vii, 5: "For he loved our nation and hath built us a synagogue," or as it is in the Greek, "the synagogue;" the article showing that it was some marked and noted building.

I examined these most interesting remains with all the care that a burning sun and the brief hour of two allotted me, would allow of. I found eleven base columns *in situ*, and three

others out of their original places. These measured at the top nearly three feet in diameter, and the columns that once stood upon them were two feet four inches in diameter. The ornamental architrave which these pillars supported, and which was lying about in fragments, was three feet in height. The brown stone which composed the sides was twenty inches in thickness. The building was in the Corinthian order, and the workmanship very creditable, though not of the highest style; the coarseness of the material would hardly admit of this. The exact form of this edifice, it was difficult to make out, but the fragments of it covered nearly the third of an acre, and further excavations, I am sure, would reveal something of far greater interest.

Was this the veritable synagogue in which Jesus taught,—where he restored the man with the withered hand? If so, there is no more interesting ruin in all Palestine or the world. The order of architecture, the style of workmanship, is that which prevailed among the Romans at this period; and the antiquity of the ruins cannot, I think, be less than the beginning of our era.

Here was the home of Jesus during the three years and more of his public life. Here he lived, a man among men. Where I was standing he had stood. Over these desolations, where once were busy streets and thronged crowds, he had walked. Here by the shore he had rambled, and perhaps upon these very pebbles his foot had stepped! How near to me it brought the Blessed One.

To the north, a couple of miles or so, is a small plain, the delta of the Jordan; on which were situated, most likely, the cities of Bethsaida and Chorazin. There is hardly a vestige to identify them. As we read the solemn denunciations of the rejected Saviour, recorded in Matthew ch. 23, 24, uttered upon these three cities, could anything be more impressive than the scene around us!

About three o'clock, p.m., we left this most interesting spot, and took our way northward, along the shore of the lake. It was a most perfect day. Soft, fleecy clouds were here and there floating in the sky. The air was cooled by the coming evening. There was not a sound but the dull clang of our horses' hoofs on the rocky path. Not a sail on all the lake, nor a figure of life was to be seen, through all the ride to our tenting ground, but here and there scattered flocks of sheep and goats. That ride and that home I shall never forget. My eager eyes took in every feature of the scene and daguerrotypist to my mind, in lines and colors that will never be effaced. My heart went up in thankfulness to God that he had allowed me this great joy, which I had so long and so ardently desired.

We found our camp pitched at Ain et Ting, the Fountain of the Fig Tree; or, as the place is more commonly called,—Khan Miniglo. Before reaching this, we passed Fountain of Tabiga; or, as it has often been called, the Fountain of Capernaum, a fountain second in size only to the chief fountain of the Jordan. Here were once situated extensive mills and tanneries, as the name signifies, and the remains of an old aqueduct, cut in places through the solid rock, show that the waters from this fountain were anciently used to irrigate the plain beyond.

The place of our encampment was upon the first green spot that I had seen in Palestine. The water which flowed from the spring near by had made an half-acre of as bright and velvety lawn as you ever saw. Here I lay for an hour, and saw the sunlight leave the sea and climb the mountains on the other shore and linger on the brow of Hermon far away to the north. The lake is about four miles across at this point. Nearly opposite us is "a desert place," with a valley,—the opening of the gorge, and even now we can see that it is grassy. Isn't that the place where the five thousand were fed? The multitude could easily, when they saw Christ and his disciples departing by ship, have gone across the north end of the sea; and if the wind had been contrary, or even light, have followed him on foot and got their feast. And isn't that the mountain to which he retired to pray? and half way between here and there, on the darkening waters, may we not almost fix the spot where Christ came "walking on the waters," on that tempestuous night, and first terrified and then so gladdened the hearts of his disciples? Ay! and doesn't he walk on the waters now, when they beat round and darkly about the sea? and may not the eye of faith discern the bright form, and the ear catch the sweet accents: "It is I, be not afraid?"

I took my Testament and read the 14th chapter of Matthew, and the whole scene came before me.

We bathed in the lake. The water was delightfully warm, and the swim was as refreshing to the body as the scenes and memories were to the soul.

Our camping-ground was upon the north edge of a plain which extends along the sea for some six miles, and falls back into it, perhaps half that distance. This is the ancient and famous "Land of Gennesaret," on which the old city of "Chinnereth" may have stood, and those fragments about "Khan Miniglo" may, as Dr. Thompson believes, do mark it still. This plain is exceedingly fertile, and when watered by the great fountain of Tabiga, must have been a very garden, and crowded with life. Here upon this little spot our Saviour spent the most of those three and a half years of his wonderful life. Here he taught; here he wrought his miracles; here he formed; along this shore he chose his apostles; here he appeared to them after the resurrection. Here, more than any other spot on earth, was lived that life which has ever since been lifting up the world to the life of God.

We are lingering, I fear, too long upon it. But how can we leave it to visit it never again, save in the bright, sweet memories of the passing years?

We broke camp, and rode along the beach for the whole length of the plain, stopping to cut a cane from a group of clenders which grew at the water's edge. At the other end of the plain is the little village of Mejdol, the ancient Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene. It is reduced to a group of wretched

hovels. A large heap of stones, once a house, is pointed out as her home. A single palm tree lifts its leafy head above the ruin and squalor below. This is the only place of habitation on the plain of Gennesaret.—*Standard.*

DEAL KINDLY.

Kindness is one of the noblest elements of a manly character. It may, from natural temperament, be possessed in different degrees by different individuals; but it is still capable of immense cultivation. It should be directed, intensified, and in a noble sense originated by a proper understanding of relation. It should be the dictate of the higher sensibilities and the outgrowth of the inner and holier man. While it should not prevent the discharge of any of the severer duties of life, it must give character to the manner of their performance. And as it thus throws its softening influence over every action of life, it is to be controlled by a principle of certain obligation to God.

To deal kindly we should understand the nature and something of the feeling of the proposed object; and, although savoring of selfishness, we should know its influence upon our own happiness and destiny. How many have contracted unkind habits because of a lack of thought, and steadily pursued those habits in life only for the lack of a few, though it may be chastening, reflections? Who has measured the extent of the influence of an unkind action? or who can tell of the thousand sensibilities of the soul stirred in sorrow by an unkind word?

How great the number of those who turn coldly away from the illiterate and poor, never pausing to think of the sorrows that rise in the poor man's bosom. The delicate and thin-skinned maiden is hurriedly passed by the richly-attired woman, and not a thought comes over her of the bereavement, the poverty, and the heart-aching of the discouraged one who is left to tread manfully behind her. The young man of care or of thought to-day has beheld with inattention the shivering lad who wandered by his window in search of some employment in which to earn a scanty crust of bread. The hurried traveler has to-day refused to listen to the urgent pleading of the ragged boy who for an hour has stood at the railway station, begging for a few pennies with which to purchase a loaf of bread to carry into a poverty-stricken chamber to a poor widowed dying mother. Strange that our hearts should be so narrow; strange that we should pass upon the field of life one upon whom our kindest blessings should abide. But do you say that kindness will cost you anxiety, time, and money? Grant that it may; it will give you a character of inestimable value, and throw upon your life the blessing of God, and the blessing and prayers of many true, noble, and pious, but poverty-stricken pilgrims,—souls that shall glow around the throne of God forever.

But look to the immediate associations of daily life. How often there, where nothing but kindness would be intended if the mind were thoughtful, carelessness or indifference leaves severe and sorrowing memories. We should have thought, and used care to be kind. Think not that it is useless or will cost too greatly. It has been beautifully said in poetic strain:—

"Kind words can never die."

And upon the other side, who does not know that a chord of the heart unkindly touched to sadness may never lose its effects upon the life of the sufferer? Death most often chill the heart to icy coldness before it can cease to feel the pangs that have long rent it to its centre,—pangs made keen and bitter by the power of an unkind word. Remember often how we are all travelling downward to the tomb, and deal gently, and use with those over whose graves you may be left weeping when the flowers of another summer shall have put forth their bloom.—*Rev. J. W. Holt.*

THE MISPLACED SWITCH.

The misplaced switch has become a most dangerous enemy to travellers. Several railroad accidents have recently occurred, destroying human lives, which are attributed to a switch misplaced by some person, to the jury unknown. This misplaced switch has assumed a prominence in railroad fatalities, equalled only by that insanity which juries are led to believe causes all our enormous crimes. And if these railroad verdicts have any meaning, it is this: that people are insane who travel on railroads; for switches are uncontrollable, and no person can be held responsible for turning the train to destruction. Of course no one is to blame, except the traveller who commits himself to such chances.

In the course of life, men are sometimes switched off the direct road, quite as mysteriously. Running at such a preposterous speed that they attract our attention, or admiration, we hear of them suddenly thrown into disgrace, and their character utterly wrecked. They have been unfaithful to a trust; have perjured themselves before the public or the jury; have sinned against society; have backslidden from the church. A misplaced switch has suddenly thrown them into ruin. We are surprised and mortified at the sufferer. Juries will decide that he is insane.

But if we look back carefully into the early history of that character, now wrecked, it will be easy to satisfy ourselves that the switch was not misplaced by an unknown cause. The words of the Apostle remain true,—*"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."* As the moral character of a man is formed in early life, so will it develop in his later years. The position which calls for the elements of his character into exercise. Every man who is morally destroyed must destroy himself. The thing reaped is the thing sown. A dissolute and reckless youth, although it be concealed under the garments of respectability, is sure to be followed by a miserable and premature grave. When a young man begins to still the admonitions of conscience, he begins to misplace the switch that may throw him off the track. When conscience admonishes him the next time, his resistance to it is more easy; and if he continues in the same course,—sowing the seedlings of conscience as he goes on,—his whole moral nature will, at last, become callous to every divine impression.

However prosperous and attractive his course may now be, there is any doubt where it will end? If there comes not a direct interference by Divine Providence, he will surely run upon the open switch arranged in his path, not by an unknown cause, but by those sinful harvests which he has sown in his own character.

It must be remembered that the agency which destroys a man's soul is not any decree of God against it; not any darkness or pitfall placed by the Creator in our path; not any open switch arranged by the Father for our destruction. It is simply the bad seed we ourselves have sown, which, left to its own vegetating powers, yields naturally a harvest of its own kind.

The superintendent of a railroad, who has a conscientious appreciation of his duties, organizes and disciplines his road so thoroughly that the switches are constantly watched, are properly locked and fastened at the proper moment. No known or unknown person can turn his trains off from the track. And so it is with every one who is careful to keep a good conscience. No misplaced switch lies in his course. He reaches the end of his journey in safety, enjoying the reward of a life well spent.—*N. Y. Observer.*

GO NOW.

There is a great difference in invitations. Some are purely formal: "Come and see me." "When shall I come?" "Oh, almost any time when I feel convenient." These are merely complimentary, and some are insincere. We can almost always tell. If the asker is in earnest, the voice, the tone, the look, show unmistakably the loving desire, the earnest intent. And then how easy it is to go; or rather, how hard it is to refuse.

What I heard a little while ago illustrates. A lady calling on a sick friend, said, on coming in, "I was coming over to see you after meeting this noon, but Mrs. R. met me and asked me to go home with her. I said 'some time I will.' But she just took right hold of me and said, 'No, I want you to go now; and you know when anybody takes right hold of you and wants you to go now, you can hardly get away.'"

"Ah, thought I at once, what an exact and beautiful illustration of the way in which Jesus invites sinners. He is urgent, lovingly urgent, and urgent that they should go now, just now. It is not with the blessed Saviour a matter of indifference or ceremony or flattery. It is thoroughly sincere, thoroughly in earnest. 'All is ready; my oxen and my fattings are killed; come.' He is grieving that any sinner should answer flippantly or evasively, and turn away with an unmeaning and an unfelt 'sometime.' The preparation for you, dear friend, is too costly, the invitation is too sincere, the love too true and too precious for you to say that. Many a prodigal Esau, many a trembling Felix, many a sorrowful but money-loving or praise-loving inquirer, has said that dreadful 'sometimes' to his utter and eternal undoing.

Just as touchingly does my illustration show what spirit and in what manner we who are Christ's should invite the unconverted to go to Jesus. Never as a thing that must be done to satisfy conscience, to keep up consistency. Never as an unwelcome duty of which we would gladly be relieved. Never as a thing which must be done to keep up appearances religiously, as calls must be made and invitations given (as some feel) to keep up appearances socially. Oh, no; but as far from this as possible. Let us go to them as Philip went for Nathaniel, Andrew went for his brother Simon: "We have found the Christ, come, let us show Him to you." Let us go as the Samaritan woman went eagerly for her fellow-townsmen: "Come and see a man that told me all that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" No backwardness, no formality, no coldness, here. Let us, in like manner, go to our impatient neighbours and friends, seeing that we really love them, and let us take right hold of them, and let us say to them, with a loving urgency that can take no denial, "Come with me to Jesus, and come now."—*Addison Ballard, D. D.*

MEN WANTED TO WINDWARD.

One day, says a writer, it was my lot to be with a large party of excursionists returning from Martha's Vineyard. After leaving the city among the trees, the breeze freshened, so that in the early evening air, shawls and overcoats were handy and ready with those of blood or those ill-disposed to action, the weather or rail commenced to be an uncomfortable place. Many sought the warmer regions of the lee, where, sheltered by the steam drum and engine-house, they could keep quiet, and feel tolerably easy. With nothing to trouble them but the roll of the boat, they were quite content that the weather side should be occupied by their more robust companions. What if the steamer did heel over, from such a one-sided arrangement. What if one paddled did sink so deep that the "back water" neutralized much of the engine's power, and the other rose so far that its rim scarcely touched the sea? What if the vessel did steer badly, and her speed decreased a third? They were comfortable, and the boat would get in some time.

Presently an order came from the wheel-house: "Please move to the other side of the boat; she will not mind her helm; men wanted to windward."

How many there are in the Church who are on the lee side of the ship, under the do-nothing rail, trying to warm by others' fires, instead of getting a good healthy glow of the Spirit by Christian work.

There is Brother Speechless. He is at all of the meetings of the Church, God bless him for that. He never intrudes on a quiet meeting; he is silent as a tombstone. He always sits in one place, his round head pillowed against a soft place in the post, his eyes closed. From opening to closing prayer he sits; indeed that is his part. Occasionally one eye opens to see that all goes right, but his principal business is to sit. He is under the lee

Then there is Brother Tardy. He says it is too warm to get to the earlier part of the meetings during the week. It's meeting time before it's fairly dark; he likes to come in the cool of the evening, that is to say, he works in his vegetable garden as long as he can see, then goes to service because there is no longer sufficient light to hoe. He takes part *sometimes*, and speaks of his great sacrifices. He is on the lee-side, though not quite down to the rail.

Brother Stay-at-home has not been at a social meeting since last May. He has been invited, but he is so tired when night comes; not so much so, however, but he can find his way to the lecture, the lodge, the caucus, or the ice-cream saloon. It is hard work to swing hammer and saw all day, and at night it is wearying to rest the arm on the back of the seats. If a hen-coop is to be built, that can be attended to of course, that is a deed of necessity. So Brother Stay-at-home stretches his aching limbs so far over the easy-rail that some sudden motion of the ship may pitch him overboard. In the meantime the Church moves slow, can only apply half its power to advantage, and the pastor finds it difficult to steer such a one-sided craft.

"Men wanted to windward," cries the Captain of our Salvation. You, reader, work, get up just the man. Wake up, go to work, get over on the labouring side. Not a man can be spared; every hand is needed to windward, that the Gospel ship may be in perfect trim against storms of the devil. "It is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand; let us, therefore, cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

HELPS FOR S. WORKERS.

There is reason to fear that the good old habit of committing Scripture passages to memory is falling into disuse in many Sabbath-schools. Let teachers require from each member of their class the recitation of at least the most important verses in every lesson. No child can learn too much of God's word, or learn it too early. And it is not enough to give the substance of the passages in a blundering manner. Let the teacher insist on the very words. Fill the children's hearts full of the living words of God which are able to make them wise unto salvation.—*S. S. Times.*

Think about Them.—The Sunday School Work touches upon one of the most important secrets of success in the work of instructing children in the following paragraph:

The teacher of limited knowledge and of ordinary talents, who, with a warm Christian heart, takes a personal interest in each scholar, will succeed where one of great learning and remarkable gifts without this personal attachment of his pupils, would completely fail. On this point, Dr. Huxley, of England, says:—"Great abilities are not nearly so valuable as these. Pupils must not be allowed to leave the Sunday-school with the feeling that the teacher will think no more of them till next Sunday. They must be led to know that teacher is interested in their welfare, and that he will not fail to pray that his instructions may be blessed."

Fidelity Rewarded.—The subjoined extract from *The Dial* shows how great a work may be accomplished by earnest, prayerful effort, even at the gates of death:—

A Sabbath school teacher had taught a class of boys for years. At last his health failed him, and he must die, the thought of leaving his large class of boys unconverted, and about to enter into manhood, was more than he could bear. He told a Christian brother of his anxiety. The very wholesome advice was given: "Ask the Lord to convert them, and go while your strength remains, and tell each one your anxiety, and pray with them and try to lead them on, and he will surely answer your prayer." The advice was followed. A carriage was procured, and he went and found each at his home. Again and again were the visits repeated, and one by one did the young men give their hearts to the Saviour until, on the day in which the faithful teacher passed to his rest, he sent for the last one, who at his dying bed received the Saviour. And then, surrounded by such a class, so blessed through his labors, he passed to the life beyond. This large class of now Christian young men stood at the dividing waters and saw their teacher depart. They saw the magnitude and reality of the life beyond, amid the eternal years, and love as the crowning glory of that life, and they strive to bless the world with true lives and faithful labors.

RANDOM READINGS.

Do not think any sin trivial; remember it will have everlasting consequences.

MANY an honest, good man impairs his usefulness by going out to do battle with great evils with an equipment entirely unsuited either to his own capacity, or to the effect he seeks to accomplish, or both.

MR. SPURGEON has been heard to say "I receive about forty children a year into my church, and about two are excommunicated every year, always adults. I have never had occasion to excommunicate a child."

NOTHING teaches patience like a garden. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slow but regularly progressive.

WHEN thou perceivest inquietness to come, commend thyself to God, and resolve to do nothing at all of that which thy desire demands, until that disquiet be entirely passed, unless it be something that cannot be deferred, and then thou must by some gentle and quiet means stop the current of thy affection, tempering and moderating it as much as possible; and then do that which is required, not according to thy desire, but according to reason.—*De Sales.*