

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. 11.

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The Intelligencer.

THE COST OF CONVERTING A HEATHEN.

Some ingenious disbelievers in Christian missions have estimated that the cost of converting a heathen is much beyond his value. Judged by their arithmetic, missionary labor fails to pay, and the scheme of converting the whole world is a piece of romance. Mr. Bayard Taylor, when he came from India, pronounced this opinion upon missions there; and the same way of speaking of them in general is common among *Saturday Reviewers*, and other sceptical critics, great and small.

When it is considered that the sceptics are themselves descendants of heathen, and that they owe to the conversion of their ancestors the place they hold in the midst of Christian civilization, the objection is decidedly cool. The Germanic races were brought over to Christianity at the cost of heroic toils, but the work has paid well ever since. Our immediate ancestors of the more northern part of Europe were taken in hand by Charlemagne, who converted with fire and sword, doubtless to the damage of the exchequer. The Danes, Jutlanders, and Northmen were the toughest subjects that missionaries ever tried—in fact, carried havoc all over Southern Europe, but in time yielded to Christian civilization, and have carried it forward to what we see it to be now. Missions to them have been decidedly profitable, of which fact we are ourselves living witnesses.

Modern Christian missions are conducted under advantages not known to the early propagators of the faith in Central and Northern Europe. They are about eighty years old, and yet we have seen one entire people—the inhabitants of Madagascar—Christianized, and disciples won, and Christian institutions established all over heathendom. Lord Lawrence, the late Governor-General of India, bears this testimony to the value of Christian labor among the people over whom he was ruler:—

"Bearing in mind that general missionary effort in India dates from 1813, and that even now missionaries are sent forth in such inadequate numbers that, with few exceptions, only the large towns and centres have been occupied (some of them with a single missionary), it was scarcely to be expected that in the course of sixty years the idols of India would be utterly abolished; the wonder rather is that already there are so many unmistakable indications that Hinduism is fast losing its hold upon the affections of the people. It is very difficult to estimate the effects of moral, and still less of spiritual work. Those of material operations are palpable to even superficial observation. Not so in the other case. One must look deeply, one must understand the people subject to such influence before it is possible to estimate the effects which have been produced on their minds and characters. The number of actual converts to Christianity in India, including Burma and Ceylon, is not insignificant. By the latest returns, which are trustworthy, their numbers do not fall much short of 300,000. But these numbers do not by any means give an adequate estimate of the results of missionary labor. There are thousands of persons scattered over India who, from the knowledge which they have acquired, either directly or indirectly, from the dissemination of Christian truth, of Christian principles, have lost all belief in Hinduism and Mohammedanism, and are in their conduct influenced by higher motives, who yet far to make an open profession of the change in them, lest they should be looked on as outcasts and lepers by their own people. Such social circumstances must go on influencing converts until the time comes when their numbers are sufficiently large to enable them to stand forth and show their faith without ruin to their position in life."

When the source of this testimony is considered, it ought to be deemed sufficient to silence every cavil. The results of modern Christian missions appear to us to be stupendous. Suppose this work prolonged for a century more, with ever-increasing resources, what may we not expect?

MADE A MAN OF HIM.

There was a great revival in Suffield, Conn. Dr. Hale's wife was converted, and the doctor also indulged a hope. Both asked membership in the Baptist church. There was but one objection: the doctor kept a grocery and drug store, and sold liquor also. His partner had no conscience about it; he had, but lacked resolution and independence to obey his convictions. That was his weakness in all matters, and made him a tool of others, a creature of circumstance. The church would not receive a rumrunner; he disliked to be rejected. What could he do? Leave his business? Sacrifice his large stock of liquors? Risk all for Christ? Such heroic action was too high for him. His nature, his business, his pocket, his habits, were against it. He wished to be saved, desired to be a Christian, but never dreamed of such sacrifices. The seed was in a stony ground, and bade fair to wither.

He proposed a compromise. Just like him! Just like thousands of others! They keep back part of the price. He would sell out the stock on hand, and buy no more. The church was satisfied. Satan laughed. He liked double-minded professors. The doctor's plan just suited him. The judgment of the deacons suited him. All was working as he desired. But the pastor spurned the compromise, and refused to baptize such a rumrunner. That spoiled the nice arrangement. The pastor's name was Ives. Let him be canonized. He would give the doctor his cow, his horse; he would share his last loaf with him, if the latter became poor for Christ's sake; but he would not baptize him until he was totally purged from the rum traffic.

This was a moral shock to the church and to the doctor, but from the right direction. It caused great thinking, deep feeling, some discussion. The doctor was aroused; his whole nature was stirred; new thoughts and feelings broke into his soul. Christianity,

duty, life, appeared to him in a new, a higher, brighter light. He accepted the new revelation. He gave the pastor his hand; his soul burst the snare of compromise; with a will he made the sacrifice of rum and his business, and stood erect for Christ.

The people were surprised, the pastor delighted, the doctor calm and exultant. He was baptized, and emphatically entered upon his new life. He was a new man, and from that time developed new and nobler powers; excelled his former self in all manly qualities; took a high position in society; became a leader in all good works; a counsellor, a friend and helper to the weak and troubled. He found other business, prospered, and was happy. By the integrity and courage of his pastor he was born again. He was before but half converted; he had not laid all upon the altar; but this test brought him to the Saviour's feet.

There are thousands in the church, mere pigmies, weak worldly, vacillating, because they at the outset shrink from the demands of duty. Christ's way seems hard and exacting, and they choose a compromise, and are trying to serve God and mammon. Could they be brought to a square, unreserved consecration, a choice of Christ at the loss of all things, it would bless them as it did Doctor Hale.

The test may have been offered and dodged. It is always offered in some form, but many decline it, and are, therefore, weak and wicked. How many seek first the kingdom of heaven, prefer Christ to any and all other things, sacrifice property, pleasure, honor, for the Gospel? The entirely consecrated in the church are few, compromisers are many. The whole tone of religious life needs to be elevated, a general heart-searching is demanded; more enthusiasm and singleness of purpose are essential to the development of talent, deliverance from sin, and success in converting the world. Who is ready to give up all for Christ? Who will forsake all that he has, and use all his powers and means in the service of the Lord.—*Bible Lesson.*

MEMOIR OF DR. KITTO.

John Kitto was born in Plymouth, England, Dec. 4, 1804.—His father was a common laborer, in humble circumstances. Being addicted to intemperance, his family was subjected to poverty and mortification. His son John was consequently removed to the house of his maternal grandfather, where he was tenderly cared for and instructed. Very early he manifested a desire for knowledge, and sought the society of those who would entertain him with stories or loan him books.

In his grandfather's library he found a family Bible, containing many pictorial illustrations of scenes in sacred history, which afforded him much pleasure, and induced him to read the Scriptures. The course of an eventful life is not, unfortunately, shaped by some single incident, in the experience of childhood. In the case of Kitto it is very evident that there was a connection between his interest in the old family Bible, with its pictures and his subsequent fondness for Biblical studies.

When he was ten years old he was brought back to his parental home; his father, a journeyman mason, required John to assist him. In the mean time he improved every leisure moment in reading such books as he could find or borrow. While other boys were at play he was reading.

At the age of twelve, young Kitto suffered an injury which cast a disheartening cloud over his future prospects. He was engaged in carrying slates to the roof of a house, which his father was repairing, when, stepping from the ladder to the roof his foot slipped, and he fell to the pavement below. For two weeks there seemed but little hope of his recovery. At the expiration of this time, he opened his eyes, and consciousness returned. His first thoughts were directed to his books, his mind reverting to the subject with which it was occupied at the time of the casualty, and, on inquiring for a book which he had been reading, just before he fell, he heard no answer. "Why do you not speak?" he asked with some impatience. The painful infirmity was given to him, in writing, that he was deaf.

The fact of his deafness, depressing as it was and unlifting him, as it did, he resorted to a variety of resources and expedients for earning small sums of money, which he expended in the purchase of good books. But his scanty earnings were not sufficient for such books as he now craved, and for procuring food and clothing, which his parents in their poverty, could no longer provide for him. Consequently, the poor deaf boy was sent to the poor house. This stern, humiliating necessity seemed intolerable to his noble and sensitive spirit. After a while, however, he became resigned to this hard lot, and conducted himself in a manner that won the sympathy and kindness of the overseer, and, although, required to work sixteen or eighteen hours a day, he redeemed time from sleep, for the pursuit of knowledge.

The promising abilities of this unfortunate youth were at last brought to the notice of several gentlemen of Plymouth, who in 1823 removed him from the poor-house, and procured for him the position of sub-librarian in the Plymouth Public Library. He now found himself on the upward career of successful literary culture and achievement. In 1827 he received from the Church Missionary Society the appointment of lay missionary. In this capacity he sailed for the Island of Malta. As a missionary company was about to be sent to Bagdad, he readily accepted an invitation to join the cause. While residing in that city it was visited by the plague, the terrible ravages of which swept off more than one-half of the inhabitants in two months. His connection with his mission continued a number of years.

On returning to England, he settled near London, and engaged in literary pursuits. His first book was a book of travels in the East. He soon commenced his great work, the *Pictorial Bible*. His "Pictorial History of Palestine" followed. Then came the "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature," in two volumes, or "Daily Bible Illustrations," in two series, or

four volumes each; and lastly, his "Illustrated History of the Bible," in one large, handsome volume. This crowning work is written in a condensed form, comprising all the useful knowledge written in his others, and is designed for family and Sabbath school use. All his great works being thus reduced to the price of one volume, it is enjoying a far greater circulation than that of any previous production. His works, as a whole, have greatly enriched the department of Biblical Literature, and have been regarded as the most valuable helps in the explanation and illustration of the Sacred Scriptures. Their acknowledged value has secured for them a wide circulation among Bible students, both in Europe and our own country.

His intense and unremitting application to literary labors, impaired his health so that he was compelled to suspend his labors and take measures for recruiting his over-taxed constitution. He visited Germany for this purpose, but without any benefit, and after this rapidly declined, and died at Goslar near Stuttgart. In this death England lost her greatest Biblical scholar.

His wife has furnished a beautiful record of his last days, which shows that his end was peace.

SALVATION BY PREACHING.

Men of large worldly wisdom often disparage the power of the pulpit. They give it a place among the educational forces of the age, but assign it a rank subordinate to the press and the school. It once held, they confess, a much higher place, but the changes in modern society have lessened its importance.

Active and energetic Christians, not infrequently, join in this disparagement. They look on the minister as the official leader and organizer of the working forces of the church; but the visible and inherent power for effecting great results lies in the Sabbath School, and the social agencies of the church. The pulpit is important to draw together and hold an congregation, but the power to move and win them to a religious life springs less from the sermons than the prayer-meetings, or from personal influence.

But it is a serious misfortune for the church of Christ, when ministers themselves assent to this popular unbelief in the power of the pulpit, and assign to it an inferior place among the working forces of the church. We were surprised and grieved that so many of the pastors, at their recent meeting, endorsed his opinion. They confessed that they had been more useful out of the pulpit than in it; and had men to Christ in the prayer-meeting and by personal influence, rather than by preaching. They did not look for great results from their sermons, but aimed by other agencies, and by watchfulness and fidelity, in daily life, to build up the church and save sinners.

We think it a calamity for the church, when pastors, either thoughtlessly or deliberately, adopt such a view. It involves an essential sacrifice of power, for it is inverting Christ's law, and depreciating a force which he made supreme and permanent. The preaching of a gospel seemed foolishness to many, in an early age, but it was the divine method of salvation then and now, unto them that believe. Christ has appointed ministers, as his ambassadors to win a rebellious world to loyalty. Their first duty is to *preach the word*, in season and out of season, and to expect the demonstration of the Spirit to make the word effective for awakening, convicting and saving men.

It was the preaching of the Pentecost that was followed by three thousand conversions. It was the preaching of the Apostles that gathered believers at Antioch and Caesarea and Corinth and Philippi. By preaching, Chrysostom and Augustine, the Gregories and Ambrose won the Pagan world to the Christian faith, and confirmed believers in a devout life. By preaching Luther and Knox moved the multitudes in the Reformation, and Whitefield and the Wesleys put new life into the slumbering churches of the last century. In the great revivals of our day, God often honors simple sermons to the awakening of scores of careless hearers. A single sermon of Dr. Stow, in a time of acute excitement, led to the conversion of a hundred souls.

Preaching is God's chosen method of saving men. He honors his own appointment, and it is not wise for Christians, and especially for ministers, to depreciate it. Other agencies are good, and worthy of honor, but highest and mightiest of all is the preaching of the word. It carries with it divine forces; it holds the supernatural might of the Holy Spirit. Apostles and reformers have tested its power, and found it adequate for their utmost needs. No human agencies can be substitutes for the word. To the end of time he will save men by the foolishness of preaching, when ministers feel that they are ambassadors of God, and speak not with words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth. If the pulpit has lost any of its old power, and sermons accomplish small results, it is through loss of faith. God has not changed, nor his truth, nor his method, but according to our faith, we are weak or strong.

THE LAND OF ISRAEL.

FROM RETHEL TO ENDORE.

The road is full of stones along here. I always carry a small jar of water to drink on the way. The muleteer has it slung on the side of his mule. He has just run against a stone and broken it. When I was here last year, with an English party, the muleteer broke two bottles of wine while passing the same place, but there is no danger of my having any such loss with this party, for they are of temperance men, and drink no spirit at all.

We are now near the northern boundary of Benjamin, and on each side of the road are large groves of fig-trees. Some of them look like the twisted columns of the mosque at Jerusalem; no doubt the people got the idea of making twisted marble columns from these trees.

A great many olive trees on each side of the road are here, making it cool and pleasant

travelling, yet it gives it a gloomy look. Every one we meet is armed with either gun, knife, sword or club. It would be a grand place to rob people. The name of it is *Elin el Homariyeh*, which means "Robbers' Fountains."

As we go on the valley becomes more fertile. I shall have to gallop on and overtake four of the party that have gone ahead; if not they will pass the path that leads to Shiloah. A place of great interest though there is not much to be seen. It shows the fulfillment of God's Word (Jeremiah vii. 9-14). That this is the place, we have ample proof from the Bible; and historians, such as Josephus, Jerome, and others, plainly show.

We now ride through plowed fields on our way to the road called the "King's Highway." An old man is following us begging for *bachkash*. I asked him how old he was. He said, "My lord, I am very old." But I ask, "how old?" He says, "How should I know? I am a farmer." We thought we would lunch here, but the well was dry, and we will have to go on to our own ruined khan. The road being good, we take a gallop.

We take lunch under a fine, old oak. The trunk is seventeen feet in circumference, and the limbs shade the ground fifty-five feet one way and sixty the other. An Arab told me the tree was a *Noby*, which means "prophet."

We have come up a steep high hill by a zig-zag road. The top of Mount Hermon can be seen from this place; also the eastern end of Elal and Gerizim. We are now on a fertile plain, and are galloping to Jacob's Well.

We pitch our tents at Nabulus. We had quite a race to Jacob's Well with an Austrian prince, wife and party, and beat them quite a distance. We also visited Joseph's Tomb, which is near the well.

We rode through town, and found it quite a flourishing place. Murray says there are 8,000 inhabitants. But a man who was born here, educated in England, and sent back by the Baptist Union Mission as a missionary (Rev. E. Kary), says there are 18,000 inhabitants. We had the pleasure of his company at supper to-night.

The prince's party have their tents pitched close to ours. There is another tent close to us, belonging to a young man from New York by the name of Morse. He is travelling with a native school-teacher, who can speak English. He is going on the other side of the Jordan to-morrow. Mr. El Kary has employed an escort from the governor to go with him. This is a great place for dogs, and they are determined that the whole town shall know they are alive.

Nabulus, no doubt, stands on the site of the ancient city of Shechem (Genesis xxxiii. 18).

Leaving Nabulus we go down the valley. Mr. El Kary accompanied us. He and one other of our party went up to Mount Elal. On our way back Mr. El Kary pointed out what is supposed to be the spot where Jotham stood when he pronounced the curse upon Abimelech (Judges ix. 7-21). Nabulus is well watered, and pleasantly situated on a watershed between Gerizim and Elal; the valley descends east and west from the village, so that the water runs each way. On the east so that the water runs each way. On the east is a large olive grove; on the west are some olive trees, and quite a lot of most all kinds of fruit trees. In following this valley for one hour on our way to Samaria, we passed quite a number of old ruined mills, and pieces of walls of an ancient aqueduct, that, no doubt, was used to convey water to the mills.

We have left the valley, and are climbing the hill toward the north. The Mediterranean Sea is in sight from here, also the hills of Samaria. Since we left Nabulus, one of the party has written a letter on horseback, home, and succeeded very well.

The most of this hill is cultivated amongst the stone pillars. Quite a number of stone pillars can be seen down in the valley (Micah i. 6), and in many places we actually saw the foundations of ancient buildings that once stood on the hills of Samaria. I have read to-day a great many passages of Scripture which refer to the history of Samaria, its prosperity and destruction.

We have passed a little village called Burka. Here the muleteer thinks I have taken the wrong road, and asked me if I were going to Jeba. But we shall go by the left in order to visit Dothan. We are now at En Gannan. After we had our lunch to-day, we saw the Austrian prince and his party in a cross road on a full run, trying to get ahead of us. We spurred our horses into a gallop, and beat them. They followed behind us for some time, then started on a run again. I turned out and let them pass, but four of our party kept ahead of them for a short time. Mr. D. kept ahead of them some time after the others stopped, and when he let them pass him, they crowded over the Americans to think they had beat them. This he could not stand. He said if I would take the lead, we would try them on a fair footing, for we were crossing a plain about four miles long. I told him to come ahead, and in about five minutes after I gave him the word, we were in the road ahead of them, and kept ahead until we came to Dothan. There we stopped to see the place, and they went on. We pitched our tents on the southern plain of Esdraelan, near a little village called Jephin.

It has a beautiful situation, but like most of the eastern towns, it has narrow and filthy lanes and streets. It has about 1,000 inhabitants. There is a very nice little pool of water in it. It comes from a fountain in the hills. Towards the last I sent to the governor for some guards, and he sent two soldiers. Both are sound asleep. I have tried to wake one of them up. I might as well have tried to move a tree.

Some one is coming. I challenge, and am answered "me." "Who is me?" "Me." "Always me. I find it is a woman come to take away the horses' dung. No need to be scarce that they burn all the dung they can get." We are now tenting near a small village called Debarid, supposed to be on the site of Debarah. It is at the foot of Mount Tabor; has 150 inhabitants, a dirty, ragged, and filthy set.

We have spent the most of the day very pleasantly, and time passed very fast. We

passed Mt. Gilboa; visited Jezreel; then a fountain, perhaps the one where Gideon's 300 men lapped water. From there we went to Shunem, the place where the Shunemite woman built the little room for the prophet. It is a miserable place now. We took our lunch there under some lemon trees. From there we went to Nain. Saw some tombs cut in the side of the mountain. There are about a dozen families living in little corners of the ruins. From there to Endor, the same place no doubt, where the witch lived.—*Cor. of Intelligencer.*

RANDOM READINGS.

THE LATE HON. R. B. CRANSTON, of Newport, R. I., left by his will \$75,000 to those poor people of that city "who are too honest to steal, and too proud to beg."

WHEN men are called into the Christian life, they do not come in as experts and veterans; they come in as recruits, to be drilled, and all their campaign lies before them. The victory of our faith is gained step by step; and the great personal epochs in our history are those in which the good principle, after severe conflict, gains ascendancy over the evil that is in us.

GOD'S CHILD.—"Do you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sunday school scholar. "I do not know," he answered; "I only know that once my Saviour was a great way off and I could not see him. Now he is near, and I love to do things, and love not to do things, for his sake, like as I do for my father and my mother's sake." Here, indeed, was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.

OUR DAILY TRIALS.—The trials which befall us are the very trials which we need. The little daily exhortations of temperately heal themselves, but when the pain lasts, they have an errand to accomplish, and they accomplish it. These, as well as greater sufferings, are ordered. They must be submitted to with patience, resignation, and meekness; and if they enable us to see ourselves, and gain a victory over our pride, they are of great value. Instead of vain and impotent wishes to fly with them, or the circumstances which occasion them, it is the part of manly virtue to bear and forbear, and by grace to wax stronger and stronger.

THE BIBLE.—Blessed be God that there is one thing thoroughly supernatural, supernatural, in this world; something which stands out from, and above, the laws of human nature; something visible and audible to link us with Him whose face we see not and whose voice we hear not. What a blank would there be here if only this one fragment of the Divine, now venerable, both with wisdom and age, were to disappear from the midst of us; or, what is the same thing, the discovery were to be made that this ancient volume is not the unearthly thing which men have deemed it, but, at the highest estimate, a mere fragment from the great block of human thought,—perhaps, according to another thought, a mere relic of superstition. There is but one Book, and we shall one day know this, when that which is human shall pass away (like the mists from some lofty peak), and leave that which is divine to stand out and shine out alone in its unhidden grandeur.—*Loratus Bonar, D. D.*

A LIFE SERMON.—Every Christian should have the feeling of the apostle, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." But what should every man and woman mount the pulpit to declare the truth? No. A pulpit is only a formal convenience, and out of it, as well as in it, we can declare the unsearchable riches of Christ. By their business, by their pleasure, talk, laugh, and contentment, men and women can make themselves messengers of good. A life is to be of itself a sermon in reproof of sin and praise of the Master.

If you have affliction in your home, it is a lesson to you, unless you fail to improve it. To those who are exercised thereby, it always comes as a help, and none can afford to do without it. And if God does not send it to your own fireside, he means that you shall cross the threshold of your neighbor and find it there. "Weep with them that weep." It is a sad misfortune to live a long life unchastened and unsoftened by the discipline of God.

Nothing makes so solemn an impression, and bears down with such a tremendous weight on the consciences of sinners, as to see a Christian, Christ-like, bearing affronts and injuries with the patience of a lamb.

EXTRAORDINARY RESULT OF KINDNESS.—A servant of the Rev. Rowland Hill suddenly died, and his master preached his funeral sermon to a numerous audience, in the course of which he mentioned the following anecdote: Many persons present were acquainted with the deceased, and have had it in their power to observe his character and conduct. They can bear witness that I speak the truth, when I have proved himself a perfectly sober, honest, industrious and religious man, faithfully performing, as far as lay in his power, the duties of his station in life, and serving God with constancy and zeal; and yet this man this very man, who was so virtuous and pious man, was once a robber on the highway. More than thirty years ago, he stopped one on the highway, and demanded my money. Not at all intimidated, I argued with him. "I asked him what could induce him to pursue so iniquitous a course of life." "I have been a coachman, sir," said he, "but am now out of a place, and not being able to get a character, can get no employment, and am therefore obliged to resort to this means of gaining a subsistence." I desired him to call upon me; he promised he would, and kept his word. I talked further with him, and offered to take him into my service. He consented; and ever since he has served me faithfully, and not me only, but he has faithfully served his God. And instead of having finished his life in a public ignominious manner, with a depraved and hardened mind, as he probably would soon have done, he has died in peace, rejoicing in hope, and prepared, we trust, for the society of just men made perfect.