

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. 4.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JANUARY 24, 1873

Whole No. 912.

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,

In Mink, Ermine, Grebe, Fitch, Astracian, Arctic Mink, &c.

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

SHAWLS,

MANTLES,

CLOUSES,

MUFFS,

TIES,

SCARFS,

DRESS GOODS,

TWEEDS,

FLANNELS,

SHIRTINGS,

BREAKFAST SHAWLS,

SOUTACCS,

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.

Inspection solicited.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

Fredericton, Nov. 1, 1872.

Albion House.

The Intelligencer.

PREMIUMS.

The Premium offer will positively cease at the end of this month!

In the time remaining of the month, all unpaid subscribers may square their accounts and start the year with paid up subscriptions, and get the premiums in the bargain.

Do not wait till the last week in the month to send your renewals, but send them at once. They will do us good, and you will feel better.

As the premiums now being given are the last we expect to offer in this way, those who have not secured them will do well to attend to it without delay. The engravings are really good ones; and all from whom we have heard are well pleased with them.

For new subscribers we are thankful to the friends who have interested themselves. Cannot we have many more during this month? Let the ministers and other friends of the paper make another effort.

By the first of February our books ought to show no figures under 1040—i.e., no subscribers not paid in advance for 1873. We are hoping. Shall we be disappointed?

THE LAND OF ISRAEL.

JOPPA.

On the evening of the 11th of March, we found ourselves upon the Austrian steamer at Port Said, at the mouth of the Suez Canal. Just as the sun sank beneath the blue waters of the Mediterranean, the machinery was put in motion, and our faces were turned toward the land of Israel. As the stars came out in their beauty, the deck was paced nervously, for we knew that before the sun should rise we would look upon the ancient hills of Judea. Turks and Greeks and Arabs and Syrians and Israelites and Christians were around us, all going up to Jerusalem, yet each one seemed absorbed in his own thoughts. The vision of the morning was anticipated with a beating heart, but at least, some of the party, far into the night, thoughts of Israel and Israel's wonderful land occupied us; and when we slept, the dreams that followed were like those of Jacob at Bethel, all golden.

The morning rose in beauty over the Judean hills, revealing to us the land we sought. The pilgrimage of eight thousand miles was accomplished, and with eager eyes we saw the ancient city of Joppa rising out of the sea, with the plains of Sharon extending far beyond.

Joppa, or Yapho, as the natives call it, presents a splendid view from the sea. Indeed, the finest view of it you obtain is from the deck of the steamer. It stands on a rather high bluff, with portions of the ancient wall in view, and only the larger buildings conspicuous, and really looks grand and imposing at the distance of a mile or two. The landing is romantic, but perilous. There is no harbor, simply an open roadstead, with a long reef of rugged rocks running parallel with the shore, with one or two openings through which the little Arab boats can run in to the land. These rocks are the fabled exposure of Andromeda to the wrath of the sea monster, from which she was delivered by the bravery of Perseus.

Chained to a rock she stood; young Perseus stay'd His rapid flight to woo the beautiful maid.

Ere we had let our anchor drop, half a mile from the shore, the rough sea was full of native boats, apparently leaping from wave to wave as they neared the ship; the boatmen were shouting and gesticulating as only Arab boatmen can shout and gesticulate, all anxious to hear a part of the debarkation. At length a large boat was lashed fast to the ship's side, and the ladder let down. The boat was rising and falling with the waves, and the only way of getting on board was to take advantage of the moment when the wave brought it up to the foot of the ladder and leap into the arms of the boatmen. Driving over the waves, and running in through the narrow channel, the boat grazed the land, and we stood upon the shore of the land of Promise—in Palestine at last, after the dream of a lifetime, and the toil of a long pilgrimage!

Joppa was once a place of great interest. It is a very ancient city. It appears in the sacred record in the account of the conquest under Joshua. It is the point to which the cedar rafts were brought from Tyre for the building of the temple, in the days of Solomon. There is no harbor now where rafts could be landed, yet there is a kind of lagoon north of the city that seems as though it had at one time formed a harbor. It was from this point Jonah embarked, as he set out on his ill-starred voyage, fleeing from his great life-work. Here, too, Peter the apostle sojournd for a time, restoring Tabitha to life, and seeing the wondrous vision of a net let down from heaven. The house of Simon the tanner is shown by the seaside. An old man is there ready to escort you to the flat roof of the house where Peter prayed and saw his wondrous vision. The blue waters of the Mediterranean wash the base of the house, and there are the remains of what appear to have been vats for tanning purposes.

The streets are narrow and dirty, and everything in the city is forbidding. The population is about five thousand. There are two schools for native children in the place; one is taught by Mrs. Hay, the mother of the American consul; the other by Miss Amott, a Scotch lady.

Joppa has witnessed many a scene of strife and blood. During the Roman wars more than eight thousand of its people perished. In 1188 its walls were destroyed by Saladin, with much slaughter. These were rebuilt by Richard of England, who was confined there by illness. It finally fell into the hands of the Turks, in whose possession it still remains. It has been sacked, since their possession, three different times; by the Arabs, in 1729; by the Mamelukes, in 1775, and by Napoleon in 1799. The latter occupation was accompanied by circumstances of cruelty, if not ab-

solute treachery. It is now dull and lifeless, with no evidences of prosperity.

Outside the city the surroundings are most beautiful and attractive. The orange and lemon groves are the glory of the whole country. Acres covered with trees laden with ripe fruit and odorous with blossoms, make the whole neighborhood beautiful. The Jaffa oranges are celebrated all over the east for their great size and the richness of their flavor. Around these orange and lemon groves are hedges of cactus of wonderful size and luxuriance. Some of these cacti are not less than twenty feet high, and so thick and strong, that neither man nor beast can force their way through. In their season they are laden with flowers, and yield a fruit that is held in estimation by the natives.

The plains of Sharon extend beyond the seacoast some ten or twelve miles, until they bring up at the foot of the mountains that run nearly north and south through the land. These plains are level and free from stones, and would be easily cultivated with proper labor and suitable utensils. As it is, very fair crops of wheat and barley are produced. Where the ground is not cultivated a great profusion of flowers grow everywhere. The rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley make the whole land glad, and help to redeem it from its desolate condition.—*Cor. of Interior.*

EVIDENCES OF SPIRITUAL LIFE.

In estimating the state of religion in a community or congregation, of necessity what is set down as testimony in favor of progress is to a large extent external in its nature. Purity of life, attendance on public worship, shewing a willingness to become members in full standing in the church or to work in some department of the church's operations, liberality to the cause of Christ, and such like signs, are what are usually enumerated. It is felt, and perhaps the feeling is right, that to detail personal religious experience is entering on somewhat dangerous ground. Perhaps the real reason is that we have little or no experience to detail. In fact, would we not be startled, perhaps alarmed, were we to come into contact with such experience as we read about sometimes? And if that be so, are we not drifting into scepticism or indifference? Either the experience that we read about is true in detail as having happened, or it is not. Supposing it be not true, that it is just imagination and nothing else, that the times that are past were in no way different from what they are now, or that these revelations that we read of as taking place elsewhere are nothing but physical excitement or fanaticism. If that be what we feel about it then scepticism creeps over us. If they be true experiences, then where are we now, what examples of such phenomena have we as happening within the circle of our acquaintance? Or, are we all spiritually dead now? Or if we be careless as to what the facts of the case are, then we are indifferent, and of necessity we must be in a bad state in the sight of God.

We heard some facts lately while in conversation with a minister who resides in these Provinces, facts that came under his own personal observation, and we feel that they are too important to be withheld from the public. We will not identify them so closely as to turn the ignorant and wondering gaze of the world too much on the locality where the centre of the facts lies.

There is a settlement of some dozen families or so, we forget the exact number, but it is a distinct settlement in which all that are grown up are communicants, and in every household is family worship kept up morning and evening with the utmost regularity. In the weekly district prayer-meeting every man is willing to take part when required. We confess we would like to see a few districts of that kind. We know no reason why professing Christians anywhere should be short of that, but experience in most localities does not reach to such attainments.

Not far from the same region there were three young men a few years ago, prominent in carrying on a young men's association and a prayer-meeting in connexion with the association. That work was much blessed in building up a new congregation in the place, one that new as it is and as yet without a pastor, is one of the strongest in our church. These three young men left the Provinces, they were separated for a time, some of them went their way to the Pacific coast and back again. In process of time they found themselves side by side in a manufacturing town of New England. They talked over the matter as to starting a prayer-meeting. There was no Presbyterian congregation in the town. They made inquiries as to whether there were any brethren in the faith in the neighborhood, they procured a place in which to assemble and started the prayer-meeting, they by-and-by asked the Rev. J. B. Dunn to preach there; and to-day, as the result of that effort, there is an organized congregation with a settled pastor in that town.

There was in the same neighborhood an aged man who was very careless and irreligious. He had a large family of sons and daughters who for intelligence in the faith of their fathers, and genuine piety and worth were distinguished above many. Several of the sons were honored office-bearers in the church. But the father was still obdurate. The minister when he went to the house could not see him, he kept out of the way. At length one day the minister called and the father for once was in. Sitting down he began to converse as usual with the family of the things that concern the King, when turning around he laid his hand on the old man's shoulder, and said, would he not like to feel as the others felt? The father broke down at once and bursting into tears he said that he would. From that day he showed himself to be a changed man. While strength permitted he never was absent from the ordinances of God's house, and now when growing infirmities compel him to remain at home he expresses deep regret that he did not come to the Lord's table while he was able. He told his minister the last time that he saw him to tell the congregation what he felt on that subject, that he had fully resolved to profess Christ publicly had he been able to come out on the

next occasion. The young and strong that now guiltily hold back might learn a lesson from that.

No, conversion and the experience of religion as we have read and heard of them are not mere imaginations, they are realities, and blessed be God that we have fresh evidence from time to time that they are so.—*Presbyterian Advocate.*

DONATIONS TO THE PARISHIONERS.

This is the season for donations to pastors. Made in the proper way, and the true spirit, and having substantial value, they may do great and peculiar good. They may prove the existence of sympathy and appreciation, which a minister needs not less than others, for he is thoroughly human. They may make benevolence mature into beneficence, and then it has real and practical value—it is feeling translated into fact,—a thought taking shape in a deed. They may help to take out a measure salary. They may supply some little luxury that ministers like to taste, and adds to the heart-wealth which otherwise could not be had. Their very spontaneity and unexpectedness render the gifts doubly valuable. They go beyond the mere contract. They come of free love, not of the formal bargain. Without at all ignoring the business bond, they tend to exalt the more generous of cemented hearts.

They are good and pleasant and serviceable things. They meet favorably on the parish, while they lighten the heart and lift up the faith of the pastor. If he is a true man,—as we suppose him to be,—they will not make him self-complacent, and presuming, and content with his work; but rather add to his humility and deference, and gratitude, and fidelity. He will be likely to become a better minister, while they become a better people, by the process.

But there is the other side to be thought of. The people would be equally cheered and helped by an occasional and perhaps unexpected donation from the pastor. Why not? They are as human as he. They have hearts. They love a wholesome appreciation. They know the worth of generosity, especially when they are blessed by it. Some of them have sore trials and heavy discouragements. A real gift, lying outside the circle of the business bargain and the routine of service, would often help them wonderfully,—help them all the more because it came unexpectedly, and from the impulse and effort of true love. Why should they not receive as well as give? And why should not the pastor know the real luxury of giving to them, if, according to his preaching, it is so great and peculiar?

Yes, it seems very fitting that a minister should make donations as well as receive them from his people. If he is in a position to appreciate special gifts from them, are they not in a position equally favorable to appreciate special gifts from him?

But what can he give? Not much money probably, for ministers rarely abound in it. Not barrels of flour, nor cords of wood, nor tons of coal, nor quarters of beef, nor firkins of butter, nor dresses of alpaca and silk, nor suits of broadcloth and tricot. These are not generally among his possessions, nor has he the wherewithal to buy them. He can only give of such as he has.

But he has choice things at his command,—quite as choice as greenbacks and groceries,—things that his people will prize quite as much as these. What are they? Well, a sermon out of the beaten track, fresh in its thought, abundant in its instruction, and full of the life which he has distilled into it from the very pulp of his brain and the juiciest portion of his heart; a practical lecture to the young, dealing wisely and lovingly with their special perils and their glorious opportunities; vivacious and soulful talk to the Sunday-school children, that makes them see the beauty of the gospel and look upon the pastor as a dear personal friend; some rich chapter out of experience or some vivid interpretation of Christ's words, which shall make every body feel the routine of the prayer-meeting and set all hearts throbbing with a unifying sympathy; some wise and adapted scheme of Christian work, that shall rally the flagging and stagnant energies of all classes and tend to make the church a hive of happy and fruitful industries; a face so radiant with the light of the Master's countenance, and a voice so saturated with the Master's sympathy,—caught by loving fellowship with Him,—that darkened homes brighten at his coming, and icy hearts melt in the summer which he brings;—these things, and such as these, are what may be gathered in the very sphere where the pastor lives, and they are such as any true-hearted people will prize even above gold and silver.

Is not this a good season to begin making these special donations? Is any true pastor unable to give something of this sort to his people,—something which will at once stir their appreciation, and cheer them in their work which is often hard and trying? Shall there not be many such exchanges of donations between the pulpit and the pews during the present season? We shall be glad to report the second class of donations as well as the first, and we believe they will be equally profitable.—*Star.*

THE PRAYER MEETING.

Who that loves the cause of the Saviour does not desire deeply and earnestly that this opening year may, more than any of its predecessors, be blessed in its prayer-meetings? These are the gatherings where live spiritual costs from off the altar of God are kindled. It is most desirable that these meetings be fully attended. But whether at them many or few be present, the promise of the Master's benediction and grace is sure. Here is the recent experience of one, which may prove an incentive to others:

As I entered the chapel, one evening, prepared to enjoy the prayer-meeting, I was surprised to find but six or eight present, and it was the time appointed for the meeting. Two ladies soon took their seats beside me. One remarked, "I guess we shall not have much of a meeting, so few are here." These words went to my heart; they seemed like a re-

proach to my Master. I said: "Can you not trust that promise, 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them?' Can we not have a precious meeting, if Jesus is with us? And, blessed be His name, He does not wait for great numbers to be gathered, before He comes to bless." Jesus always bestows upon us all that we are prepared to receive; and it with hearts full of love to Him, and with an earnest prayer for the blessed Spirit's presence, we go up to the house of prayer, we shall have a precious meeting, whether there be few or many.

NOW!

Standing a few days since, by the bedside of a man who was sinking in the agonies of Asiatic cholera, he turned his glassy eye upon me, and said, "A few hours more; a few hours more to prepare!" Thirty minutes after I met one of his neighbors hurrying through the streets towards the undertaker's. Poor J— was already in another world. How often had the unhappy man heard from my pulpit, "now is the accepted time." But never had I proclaimed that warning to him so earnestly as he did to me in that dying cry, "A few hours more; a few hours more!" And from a thousand deathbeds comes the same thrilling announcement every day. "Now is the accepted time," echoes in the ear of every living man. To the impenitent man the voice proclaims, now is the time to make your peace with God. To the minister of Christ it says, now is the time to press the religion of the gospel on every conscience. To the church members it says, now is the time for prayer and earnest labor, for mayhap the Judge standeth at the door!

"Seek religion now," was the advice of a young man to his brother in the State of M—, The one thus appealed to had been somewhat thoughtful, but strove to parry his convictions. That very night he had engaged to attend a dancing party, and before he set off, he solemnly promised the anxious brother, who was pleading with him, that "as soon as that ball was over he would attend to the salvation of his soul." He went. The saloon was thronged. The lights were blazing. The line was formed for the dance, the first sound of the viol arose on the air. He stepped forward, and reeled, and fell breathless on the floor. His "now" was in eternity, his soul was at the bar of God!

Impenitent reader! when and where has God assured you of the morrow? Who has guaranteed to you that door of mercy shall stand open another day? Who has promised you that the knocking monitor at your conscience should knock again?

"To-morrow is in another world," and lest your soul should be there before the sun sets again, flee, oh flee to the cross of Jesus now!—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler.*

CHURCH DEADHEADS.

Dr. Robinson, President of Brown University, has an idea the church is burdened with such characters. In his sermon, at the installation of Rev. Mr. Pentecost, Boston, he said: "If any man hangs to the Christian church as a dead head, and once a month or once in six months goes to the Lord's Supper, and then wonders if he is a Christian, I would say no, a thousand times no. To be a Christian is day by day, hour by hour, with one elevating thought, that the one inspiring, informing, all-controlling, all-subduing idea is to make Christ known to men." This certainly is the one great, legitimate work of every Christian, to hold up a present Christ to his fellow-men. This is to be done not in word only, but in deed. Words and professions are cheap, cost little and amount to less if not sustained by the life. Our Saviour was distinguished by self-denial, crossbearing and constancy. Here are tests which will show far better the character of our religion than mere pretensions. If we have not the same spirit we are not Christians. Here is the test. It has a meaning; and it will be well to appeal to it often—to measure our religion by it and see whether we are really Christians or only dead heads. There are many who solemnly promise God they will walk with his people, observe his ordinances and maintain a consistent Christian life, and then go away, neglect the church and break their covenant with each other, and their vow to God; and not unfrequently show an unkind resentful spirit, perfectly contrary to the spirit of Christ, and yet claim to be true Christians. Here is the test.

The Scriptural test is: "now if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." None of his? then not a Christian. Are any startled with the thought, we "are none of his"? It is a startling thought, and the great wonder is how persons can do as they do and be so easy about it, that they can under the most impressive circumstances, before men and angels, pledge their fidelity to God, to the church, and to the world, and then go away, throw off responsibility and deliberately violate these pledges. To treat men so, would be charged as falsehood and perjury, and yet how many there are who seem to be wholly indifferent to the vows of God they have taken upon themselves, or to the fact that as Christians they are expected to show any other than a selfish carnal spirit.

Of all the acts of cowardice, the meanest is that which leads us to abandon a good cause because it is weak, and join a bad cause because it is strong. The smitten deer is said to be avoided by the herd; it is the instinct of the brute; but, in the higher law, which reigns in the breast of mankind and woman-kind, you never saw the smitten snout abandoned by the mother. I have, in the great question of the day, educational and religious, in Scotland and in Ireland, cast in my lot with the minority, which, in due season, became the majority; and when I left any cause it was because it had waxed strong, and did not need my poor aid. We have to see to it that in the struggle of life, we stand by right, not by might, being sure that, in the end, the right shall have the might.—*Pres. McCosh.*

RANDOM READINGS.

As bees breed no poison, though they extract the deadliest juices, so the noble mind, though forced to drink the cup of misery, can yield but generous thoughts and noble deeds.

Look out professor of religion, lest in the great day you, who have thought your best earthly possessions too good for God, shall find that heaven, Christ and everlasting glory are too good for you.

A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on a slate: "What is prayer?" The little girl took the pencil and wrote the reply: "Prayer is the wish of the heart." So it is. Fine words and beautiful verses said to God do not make real prayer without the sincere wish of the heart.

Life is divided into three terms, that which was, which is, which will be. Let us learn from the past to profit by the present, and from the present to live for the future.

A missionary of the American Sunday School Union in Missouri found a country-seat having 100 inhabitants, in the midst of a thickly-peopled neighborhood, where only one sermon had been preached in six months, and that one by a native preacher who has the infirmity of swearing when he is angry.

If the Bible did not tell us Jesus was poor, I should have known it, from his own words. Who would have talked about putting pieces upon old garments, or about sweeping the house diligently, if he had not seen his mother doing it? So while I was busy over these things, and a hundred household works like them, I knew that he knew exactly all about them, and that made them sweet to me.

On the day of his death, in his eightieth year, Eliot, the 'Apostle to the Indians,' was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside. 'Why not rest from your labors now?' said a friend. 'Because,' replied the venerable man, 'I have prayed to God to render me useful in any sphere, and he has heard my prayer; for now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me still strong enough to teach this poor child its alphabet.'

The early makers of sun pictures found it comparatively easy to get impressions. The real difficulty was how to fix them, how to make them permanent. It is comparatively easy to impress a child. The Holy Spirit alone can fix the impression, and that teacher who is most thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Master, and of his Word, is most likely to fix truth in the memory, and to make lasting impressions for good.

If a man's whole life-object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted in his flight heaven-ward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, nor change its course for spire or tower? They are above all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.—*Rev. D. T. Talmage.*

Said a superintendent of one of his teachers, who for years had filled her place faithfully, but who was of the slow, moderate, order—"Yes, she is a good sort of soul, but plodding—too plodding. I like a little more dash in a teacher." "But how about her class?" "Oh! her class is always full, and I believe, almost all her scholars have been converted." And what more, O foolish man! dost thou require? Are teachers for ornament or for use? Beware how you undervalue these plain, practical, slow-going ones. They have their Master's work at heart, and in the end, the fruit of their labours will shame those ideal teachers, who are so much more to your liking.—*Sunday School Times.*

Two things a man commits to his servant's care," said one, "the child and the child's cup." It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say, at his master's return, "Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean, but the child is lost!" Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day. Lord, here is my body; I was very grateful for it; I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but as for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever. I took little care and thought about it.—*Flavel.*

What our religion should do.—The religion which we should desire, seek after and immediately obtain, is the one that goes into the family and keeps the husband from being spiteful when dinner is late, and keeps the wife from being late; keeps the wife from fretting when he tracks the new-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scrapper and the door-mat; keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant; amuses the children as well as instructs them; wins as well as governs; projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once beauty of the tender blossom, and the glory of the ripening fruit.

Slander.—Ever hear in mind that the tongue is an influential, unruly member, and carefully bridle it. O, how much trouble and damage has the tongue of the slanderer caused! Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of idle wind can take away a million of the seeds of a thistle, and do a work of mischief that the husbandman must labor long to undo, the floating particles being too fine to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious in their fruits. The slanderer knows that many a mind will catch up the plague and become poisoned by its insinuations, without ever seeking the antidote. No reputation can refute a sneer, nor any human skill prevent mischief. The slanderer's tongue, "set on fire of hell," will find in hell a meet recompense for its infernal doings.