

The Dominion

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."—Peter.

Editor and Proprietor.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1874.

Whole No. 1059.

ALBION HOUSE,
FREDERICTON, N. B.
SEPTEMBER 190, 1874.

NEW FALL GOODS
Per Steamships "LADY DARLING," "SIDONIAN," "AUSTRIAN," and "ISMAILIA."

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,
BROKER AND ANNOUNCER.

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We will send the INTELLIGENCER to any subscriber FROM THE PRESENT TIME (i. e., from the time the money is received), TO THE END OF THIS YEAR (December 31st, 1874), FOR ONE DOLLAR!

THE BIBLE IN SIBERIA.

BY REV. WM. H. BIRWELL.
Some years since an effort was made quite incidental and providential to supply some of the destitute population of Eastern Siberia with the Bible—a country twenty times as large as the empire of France. The first effort was eminently successful and gratifying, and excited much interest among the friends of the Bible cause. Two efforts have been made under the auspices of the American Bible Society, which made the grants of supply. Siberia, as is well known, is a far-off land with a cold, inhospitable climate, and a kind of penal settlement for political offenders against the Imperial government of Russia.

I have recently received from Siberia some particulars of the second effort, which may be of interest to the friends of Bible distribution. A brief notice of the origin of these efforts, may add interest to the story, and promote a better understanding of the facts. The origin of the effort was on this wise—and much of the interest arises from the distance and the providential circumstances. A few summers since, I made an excursion into the interior of Russia to recover impaired health. On my way I passed through Poland, soon after an armed revolt had been made against the Russian government. A large number of Polish officers and soldiers had been taken prisoners of war and sentenced to imprisonment in the interior of Russia. They had left home and native country, wives and children, to see them no more. They had begun their march. I heard of them in St. Petersburg, and again in Moscow. Extending my tour to at length overlook and visit them, in the prison of the Kremlin fortress at Nijni Novgorod, on the Volga, a thousand miles beyond St. Petersburg. My sympathies in their behalf were rekindled and stimulated by the Polish troubles I had seen in Europe from the fall of Warsaw in 1831. With some difficulty I gained access to the fortress and prison, which were crowded with the iron bars of the prisoners, who were held by chains around their ankles, the harsh clanking of which filled my ears. All this because they had loved their homes and their country too well. They were patriots, not criminals. They were soon to begin their long, toilsome march of four thousand miles linked in pairs by their wrists to a chain a hundred feet long, to prevent their escape.

It would be hard to ask what is to cheer and console these poor fellows in their dreary exile. I confess to a feeling of deeper and sadder interest for them than for all the prisoners I ever saw. To me, the Bible suggested the best source of consolation they could have. But how could the Bible be sent to them? Pastors of churches in Moscow could not return that he did not believe there were six Bibles in all Siberia, and he had been there and was told what I knew before, that the introduction of books was against the law of the Russian Empire, as I had seen the Hon. Robert G. Walker, ex-secretary of the United States, at Nijni Novgorod, who had been stripped of every book he had, though returned to him afterwards.

The only practicable way of access to Siberia is by the Amoor river, 17,000 miles from New York. On my return, I found by dint of inquiry, and a long and weary journey, that a year to Siberia, from Boston to Nicolavsky, on the Amoor. The American Bible Society made the grant I asked for, in the modern Russian language, and the vessel, belonging to the late Mr. Boardman, of Boston, took the supply free of charge. The American consular agent at Nicolavsky, received the grant of Russ Testaments for gratuitous distribution, which was against the law. But the Governor sent a copy to the Archbishop of the Amoor Provinces, 1,500 miles up the Amoor, for his inspection and approval. At the end of three months official permission was received to the great joy of the officers and people.

Major Paul Anosoff, the civil governor, took an active part in the distribution, which was done officially in diplomatic form. The naval school, the common school, and the prisons were promptly supplied; the officers, civil, military and navy, purchased about sixty copies. Many copies were given to the soldiers of the Russian army at that post, and soon the supply was exhausted, and a new event in Siberia. The people were heard to say it was a shame their own government did not send them the Word of God, but left it for the good people of America to do it, for which they felt grateful. They begged for more.

The American Bible Society at my request made a second and much larger grant; but it has required three or four years to obtain the particulars of the second effort, which have just reached me, and which, as I am personally responsible, seemed due to that noble Society of the Bible cause. After a long delay, the cases containing the second grant reached Nicolavsky on the Amoor. But in the meantime many changes had taken place in the civil and ecclesiastical administration of the sea coast and Amoor provinces. The noble Archbishop Kookinets, of large liberal views, had been promoted and appointed to the high position of Metropolitan Archbishop of the Russian Empire at Moscow. He had taken a deep interest in the circulation of the first grant. Major Paul Anosoff who had done so much, had been called to St. Petersburg, the High Priest of Nicolavsky had also gone, and the Governor was absent. The new Archbishop's residence was at Blagovitchinsk, the capital of the Amoor Provinces, 1,500 miles up the Amoor, and his official permission was required before any sale or distribution of the Russ Testaments could be made. This and other hindrances consumed about a year, on account of the difficulty of communication in the winter. But a considerable number have been sold and distributed at Nicolavsky to the destitute inhabitants.

Blagovitchinsk is the capital of the Amoor Provinces and the residence of the new Archbishop. The region is quite populous, and is directly opposite the large Chinese town of Tagoon on the Amoor. As Blagovitchinsk had been well supplied, the aid of Col. Alexander Podoschinski was obtained. He is a personal friend of the Archbishop, and his brother is the Governor of the Province. A large portion of the grant was sent to him for sale and distribution. He has already disposed of many copies, and is doing good work. Much confidence is expressed in his return to his fidelity in the gratuitous distribution to deserving persons.

The American Bible Society, at my suggestion, sent out three handsome copies of the English Bible; one for the Archbishop, one for the Civil Governor, and one for the Admiral, who is a Lutheran, and speaks English perfectly, as do other officials. The Bibles were cordially received with many thanks. Another portion of the grant will be put in circulation at Petropavsk. The merchant at that port is from Boston, and a personal friend, and extensively acquainted in Russia.

The Amoor River is navigable for two thousand miles by steamer, and up a branch five hundred miles further towards Moscow. The Russian Government, it is said, is about to extend a railroad from Novgorod on the Volga, into Siberia, to connect with the Amoor river. This adds interest to any effort to supply the destitute with the Bible over that colossal empire of sixty-millions of people, over a region extending nine thousand miles.

Every family should have a good religious newspaper.

WORK FOR REVIVAL TIMES.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.
A genuine revival season in a church ought not to be only a season of harvest, but a time for fresh sowing, watering, grafting, pruning, and practical work of every description. Under the fresh glow of the Spirit's presence and the Spirit's power, Christians can do, and are ready to do, a hundred things which go undone in times of general lethargy. Grant that these things of lethargy ought never to occur—that they are simply a disgrace to the Christian name. Very true; but when a church is aroused, then every wise pastor ought to get at the most possible outcome of work, prayer, and benevolent giving from his flock.

A revival season is a good time to plant new vines, and to organize new enterprises. For example, mission schools, or new chapels for the poor or tract efforts, or cottage prayer-meetings, or sewing circles, or mission bands ought to be born into being. People will give more liberally of their money. Selfishness locks Christian's purses during the dreary days of spiritual declension. Christ gets the key again, when the times of refreshing come. For the formidable job of building a new chapel down to the smaller matter of buying new hymnbooks for a prayer-meeting, it holds true that the time for "striking" is when the "iron is hot." If many church members will persist in the wretched habit of giving to their Lord only periodically, then let us, at such periods of revival, get every dollar from them that we possibly can. Learning the luxury of giving, perhaps they will keep it at it afterwards.

A revival season brings in many new converts. If they are not trained to speak, pray, and work immediately, they are likely to remain tongue-tied and silent for years. Every new born soul—of sufficient years to do anything—should be set at something to keep it busy for Christ. It is better to have some rash and raw efforts from young beginners than to allow them to settle down into "disorderly" habits. When the first began operations he murdered the King in English, and disturbed the dignity of some prayer meetings. But to-day he is shaking Edinburgh and all Scotland with the most powerful work since the days of Whitfield! Let us encourage "zealotry." The raw recruit may soon make the best soldier.

A revival season is the time for organizing personal efforts with the unconverted. Elders, deacons, teachers, and all active Christians should take under their individual charge one or more impatient persons to be visited and labored with. The selection should be wisely made. Mr. A.—may not yet be the right man to visit Mr. B.—for square pegs do not comfortably fit round holes. But Brother C.—may have done Mr. B.—a previous kindness; so let him be sent. We do not get one quarter of the personal labor for souls out of our laymen and women that we ought to have. No method has ever been more productive of solid results in my own church than this one of detailing Christians to labor with unconverted friends or neighbors.

Some revival movements seem to die out for want of material to work upon. They veer the moral labor. It is a blessed thing to reach the moral labor, the reputable, the church-going sinners, and to lead them to Jesus. But it is a more needful thing—yes, and a more Christ-like thing to reach the neglected, the vicious, the drunken and the degraded. The great revival of 1853 stopped too soon; it stopped short of the drinking den, the gambling rooms, and the vicious classes of our towns. It hardly touched them at all. If we want deep and wide results we must strike deep and reach out widely. The revival now in progress in Lafayette-avenue church has been the means of reforming and converting several men who have been quite too familiar with the intoxicating glass. We propose to push the work, and hope for happy results. It is an old story, but one that Christianity reaches the easy cases, and too often leaves the hard cases untouched. The only way to silence such scoffs is to bring Christ's gospel where it is most needed.

Other things might be said under the prophetic head of work for revival seasons. But brevity is never more called for than in these times of refreshing from the Lord. Short prayers, short appeals, and short articles are demanded. The earnest occasion of life, the emergencies always tend to condense us.

Ministers should always be anxious to introduce good religious reading into the families of their charges.

Private Prayers.
The largest part of the Christian's prayers will always be in private. Prayers will be a dialogue with his heavenly Father. If his religion is not so, he may distrust his sincerity. If it be not more than public, more hidden than open—his prayers in his closet, in his studies in his walks, are not far from constant and certain. His prayers in company and at church,—he ought to doubt whether he prays to be seen of men rather than to be seen and heard of God. Secret prayer is the fountain of all other prayer. Whether it is a habit of private communion with God there will be no earnestness in public prayer. It will be formal, dry, and consisting in endless repetitions of the customary phrases. The life of religion in the soul consists in habitual communion with God, in gratitude, in supplication, in the thought of God, in the "Only One." This habit of inner life must be maintained in its fullness by constant prayer, and thus it will flow out into all the acts of public devotion and active goodness. But when this inner life stagnates, then the outward acts of devotion become formal and dead, and the man is like a hollow at the heart, which still may maintain an outward, languid show of life; like an olive tree dead at the root, which still may bear "two or three berries in the top of the uppermost branches thereof."

Secret prayer is the sign and the food of this inner life; its sign, for this life is love, and where love exists it will express itself. If the heart loves God, it will commune with him; it will habitually turn to him, as the heliotepe to the king of day; it will lean on him in dependence, trust and confidence. Its food for such communion is the soul to receive new life flowing into it from God; and prayer is the door through which the bread and wine of the soul are brought in.

One great advantage of private or individual prayer is its freedom of form; another, its greater intimacy with God, and its more intimate communion with him. Its form is free. It may be mental or oral, it may be only the unexpressed desire of the soul, or it may be a verbal utterance of wants and needs. It may be "The burden of sighs," "The upward glance of an eye," "The silent prayer of the heart," "The earnest cry of the soul," "The fervent prayer of the tongue," "The joyful shout of the heart," "The sweet, attractive kind of grace," which such intercourse leads behind it on the features.

Ministers are always anxious to keep their people informed of the progress of Christianity throughout the world. How can they do so well as by introducing a religious newspaper into the homes of their people?

Unconscious Grossness.
To one who has never thought of it with some care, it is really astonishing how much of the comfort of life depends upon the way in which its duties are performed. It is not only upon that way itself, but so to speak, upon the way of the way. We mean to say that the difference between daily happiness and the reverse, often resides in tones and looks and gestures, quite as largely as in the feeling of the heart, and in the words of the mouth. It is by no means as true that either speech or its intonations and accompaniments, truly renders what is actual in existent thought and emotion. That is supposed to be the rule; but, if it be a rule, it is a rule of a most delicate and delicate nature. Children and fools are said to be "in the wrong" in the meaning that, in the one case from inexperience, and in the other from incapacity, small constraint is put upon the impulses; and what is in the mind is blurted out, without regard to consequences. But the world is thick with such a wet blanket upon love as moroseness of addition to its promptings to constraint upon feeling, and restraint upon utterance, the way of it is apt to coarsen and render sluggish that sensitive and quick connection between being and seeming with which life begins. Some are always in a state of partial paralysis in this regard; they may converse tolerably and feel vividly, with almost nothing in the gleam of the eye, the quaver of the throat, the quiver of the lip, or the agitation of the frame, to tell with what swift speed the soul is whirling within. . . . Nothing puts such a wet blanket upon love as moroseness of manner. And few have any idea how much family happiness is daily compromised and countermanded, by what we have taken leave to call "unconscious grossness."

Of course there is plenty—a terrible surplus—of more than the ordinary amount of the oncoming of the Millennium will perhaps make itself manifest, within doors, as much in the grateful and novel increase of obedience to that sweet commandment: "Be kindly affectionate one to another, with brotherly love," as in any other manner. We call it a surplus, because it is not the ordinary amount of relative influence on the comfort of human life, to be courteous. But, after all, we doubt whether more of the grateful flavor is not taken out of daily existence by unconscious grossness, than by any other one thing. And this because it enters into the lives of persons who would be horror-stricken with themselves at indulging in any fit of spleen or wholer. We heard once of a family which threatened the most serious consequences, which proceeded to sorrowful lengths, which proved, in the end, to have been wholly due to this cause. The sensitive wife, from her husband's blunt words and ways—he in a mood unconscious of the fact—imagined that he had ceased to love her; herself herself morose—which made him suspect the same thing of her—and so it went from bad to worse.

The moral of it all is, as the moral of all

most everything in this world is apt to be: "Mind the little things." Take great pains to talk and act at least as kindly to others as you feel toward them; and then, where Christian principle orders the feeling, there will be plenty of sunshine in the life, and there will be no end of many happy homes.—Congregationalist.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE."
Notoriously, but swiftly, the locomotive approaches the crossing. It is well to look out for its coming. It is well to be ready. It will be too late if you wait till you are started by the whistle to find yourself too near to retreat or avoid collision. "Time and tide wait for no man," neither does the locomotive. It cares neither for rank nor age. The reckless wayfarer who may choose to be in its way will be crushed by its power. Hence the warning in large letters, put on each railway crossing, "Look out for the locomotive."

Temptation to sin is like the locomotive. It has its line of direction. It crosses our pathway every day, and if it comes into collision with us, nothing but the grace of God can save us from serious injury, if not death. Hence, the Lord Jesus has set up over all the crossings on the pathway of human life, "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." That is, look out for the coming of temptation, and pray for grace to remain in some place of safety till the danger is past. Never, in your spiritual journey, approach the place where some temptation will certainly meet you, until it has passed by before you.

You have seen the self-confident driver approach very near the passing train, when a sudden fright or loss of self control, his hitherable right horse dashes him into the very arms of death. You attribute this misfortune to a want of reflection and judgment. But is not that man guilty of more serious folly and want of reflection, who, trusting in his own strength, tampers with some alluring sin, permits it to display all its gay and rich colorings before his eyes, and listens to its flattering suggestions, without a thought of danger? Is it not often the case that such a man loses his self-control and is suddenly and unexpectedly led into the commission of the very sin with which he has been dallying? In the one instance physical death is the result—a death which may not be the loss of the body, but the loss of the soul, and the harm is inflicted on the human soul, and, too often, eternal death.

The boy that sips the leavings in the glass that has just held the liquor that has robbed his father of his reason, and sent him to his home a reeling maniac, is standing in the way of the destructive locomotive which threatens some day to cross his pathway, and crush him beneath its wheels. Over this crossing God has kindly placed the words of warning, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it, lest you be tempted by it, and pass away." So, when a young man calls for his first glass, and partakes of the social wine cup, he is standing too near the crossing; he is exposing himself to the charms of temptation, and in an evil hour, when unconscious of his danger, he is tempted by it, and passes away.

What a little girl may do.
A young girl of scarcely eleven summers old, who had given her heart to the Lord, and had been received into the membership of the church, overheard her mother and some friends one day, speaking of a work in which they were engaged among the female convicts in the prison of the city, in which they resided. This set her to think upon the question, What she could do for the Lord? She determined to go down to the prison on the male side of the prison, and see what she could accomplish.

There she was drawn especially to one prisoner. He had received a college education. He was a godless and regardless man, and was under sentence for participation in a very serious crime. Yet she went and spoke with him—first asking God to help and bless her—and he received her in a very pleasant manner. She spoke to him about Jesus and his salvation in the simple language of unquestioning faith and tender affection, and in a spirit of kindness. He listened, and was affected by her words. "Why," said he, "I cannot understand this; if a grown-up person should talk to me as you do, I think I would insult or rebel them, but because you are a little girl I can take it from you."

He asked her to come again and see him. She went again, and again, until a very close bond of union was formed between them, and she led him to the Lord. He was slow to admit his conversion at the first, for he distrusted himself, and he did not wish to be among those who try to deceive the chaplain; that they may make a gain of godliness—but he lived out the Christian life; and when, on the

occasion of his father's paying a visit to him, he incidentally and unconsciously let out the fact of his conversion, there was such a weeping between them as when Joseph made himself known to the brothers who had so cruelly wronged him.—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

"I MUST HAVE A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER."
So says a subscriber of the Congregationalist. And he gives the following reasons:
1. Because such a paper, rightly conducted, is a public institution of great value, exerting a happy influence upon all the varied important interests of society, and I am bound to do my part in sustaining such an institution.
2. Because my own religious growth as a Christian, is materially promoted by such a paper. My religion waxes or wanes in dimness or power in proportion to the clear or dim views I have of the great things of the Kingdom of God. Next to my Bible, my paper increases the clearness and extent of my spiritual vision, giving light and expelling darkness by its never-ceasing supply of facts and appeals, which are sunshine and shower to the spiritual verdure of my soul.
3. Because I want a good commentary on the Bible. My religious paper furnishes it, often by direct expositions, by items of religious biography, strikingly illustrative of Bible truth, by constantly recurring events of divine providence equally illustrative, by narratives of revivals, conversions, progress of missions at home and abroad, all showing the power of the Gospel, and explanatory of God's word.
4. Because I want to be a strong man, armed for defending truth and destroying error. Political partisans about me are familiar with all the facts and arguments which sustain their distinctive views, and are ever ready and able to assault or defend. I want a singular kind of ability and facility in sustaining the truth and in advancing the cause of my Master. My religious paper furnishes me with a power of offence which is invaluable. It is as if a new arsenal of spiritual weapons was opened and offered to me every week.
5. My family needs to have just such a fountain of religious instruction and influence as is opened in it every week, by such a periodical. The variety I find there, meets the cases and wants of old and young, male and female, ministering to the welfare of the entire circle.
6. My neighbor needs my paper. He will not take care for himself, as he ought to. But he shall not escape. He shall have a look at mine. For when it has walked into my dwelling and stayed long enough to scatter blessings on all sides, it walks up street or down street, or over the way, to scatter them further, or take wings, by the mail, and does good a thousand miles away.

THE WAY TO THE ALMSHOUSE.
One bitter cold evening not many weeks since, as I was hurrying along an unrequited road in a quiet town not far from the city, I was accosted by a weak, quivering voice saying, "Sir, will you please tell me if this is the road to the almshouse?" It was some time before I distinguished in the darkness the obscure form of a man on the opposite side of the road. I gave the desired information to the best of my ability; but the melancholy tone of that voice has often returned to my memory with painful surmises of the life of him who uttered it. He may have been one of those pitiful specimens of sinful humanity thrown out from our great city. A sad wreck from the vast ocean of iniquity and crime, or he may have outgrown his usefulness, and, losing his friends and relatives by death, with old age and loss of property, had drifted backwards and downwards to the uttermost depths of poverty, till at last no shelter on earth was accessible for him but the almshouse.

Perhaps that sad, pleading voice had sounded the whole gamut of human joys; and from lips of words to a fond mother had spoken tender words of love to eager, listening ears, and repeated with glad rapture the first words of his own children. But now those joys are all gone. Young vigor, hope, and the cheerful heart of bread and shelter for his grief-stricken heart and bowed head, is forced to seek aid from cold public charity. And

THE DIVINE BENEDICTION.—Suppose that early in this year, that the whole world had bent itself in supplication to the Infinite Ruler of the universe, from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, from the humility of conscious dependence, and lifting up from every zone the prayer, "Forsake us not this year, great Benefactor, but bless us in our helplessness, from the treasury of thy goodness!" And suppose that, after such a verbal petition, there had been found the bounties of vegetable and animal food—how surprising would the miraculous mercy have seemed! But how much more surprising and inspiring is the real wonder than such a shower of mercies—the step by which we are used frequently to visit you, that is, the step to the people of God! But what is it heard of for their good?" asking him whether he thought his broken leg was so. He answered meekly, that he made no question but it was. And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially released from the Houghton through crowds of people, expressing the utmost joy, and blessing God for his deliverance.

THE SABBATH.—The ruin of multitudes has begun with a desecration of the Sabbath. They were in the sanctuary but a part of the day, then not at all—then real novels and political papers at home, then rode out, or spent the day in some saloon, or in the company with the unprincipled and dissipated, then drank, gamed and revelled, then leaped over the bounds of honesty, defrauded or stole, and then—but you know the rest. And this is the downward career of thousands—these the steps by which they descended from virtue, respectability and comfort, to corruption, disgrace and destruction. "But for the violation of the Sabbath," confessed the pirate Gibbs, "I might have been a good and happy man."

MAXIMS FOR WORKING MEN.—Work hard or at drilling rocks, for instance, if your employer never visits you, then he frequently does. He will know of your faithfulness when he pays for the drills. The man is always most honored who is most excellent in what he undertakes. It is better to saw wood well than to plead law poorly.

"BE THOU FAITHFUL."—Be a devoted, upright, straightforward, uncompromising, outspoken Christian. Don't be ashamed of Jesus, or of His cause. If men oppose you, or scorn you, or evil entreat you, and thus strive to discourage or turn you aside, pray for them, and go right on. If you are willing to be like Christ, you will have to encounter the same contradictions of sinners against yourself, the same reproach, the same rejection. But you must like Him, with an incorruptible and unswerving devotion to the right, regardless of the scorn and reproach of an ungodly world, go right on, looking up to God for strength. A little while, and all this opposition and violence will cease, and if you abide faithful, you will not fall of your reward. Soon you will be where sin and persecution will not trouble you, and in heaven you will not be sorry of your sacrifices, your courageous resistance of wrong, your sufferings for Jesus' sake. "Be ye steadfast and immovable."

"This looking forward to enjoyment don't pay. From what I know of it, I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night. The only way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. They buy them to be happy while he is making his mark, or he will cease to miss his enjoyment when he has gained what he has signed for."

STRONG BELIEVERS.
Luther was a tower of strength because his whole trust was in the Lord. Baxter was a burning flame because he lived hard by the mercy-seat, whereas the glory dwelt between the cherubim. Whitefield was "the voice of one crying in the wilderness" because, like John, his cry was, "Behold the Lamb of God!" Chalmers foamed like a catarrh because the deep rapids came rushing down upon him from the everlasting mountains. Hall's words were molten in the furnace where his faith was tried with fire. These were great preachers because they were strong believers; and they were strong believers because they loved the truth, kept their hearts with all diligence, and walked in the light of heaven. Their age is in which such preachers would not have power.—Electric Review.

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RANDOM READINGS.

The long head is never headdress. NEVER were any of the saints so sufficiently armed that the devil hath not found some part or other unfenced, even in the best.

Let amusements fill up the chinks of your existence, and the great spaces thereof. Let your pleasures be those that need not cause a single blush on an ingenious conscience. WHEN life seems rather dreary, and you begin to think your lot is a hard one, just break forth into singing. The first line will come hard, perhaps, but the second will be easier. There is no better antidote for low spirits, is it astonishing how quickly the evil spirits of malice, anger, gloominess or discontent, flee before that of song? Refreshing this, we will fulfil the command, making melody in our hearts to the Lord.

A very learned judge was once asked what he would do if a man owed him ten pounds and refused to pay. His reply was worth remembering by those who are quick to take offence, and begin a quarrel. He said: "Rather than bring an action against him, with its costs and uncertainty, I would give him a receipt in full of all demands; yes, and I would give him five pounds over to cover all possible expenses." That was his conclusion after extensive observation on the matter of going to law.

ALL FOR GOOD.—When Bernard Gilpin was on his way to London, to be tried before the Romish party, he broke his leg by a fall, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The person in whose custody he was took occasion to visit upon him an observation, he used frequently to utter, which he repeated to the people of God! But what is it heard of for their good?" asking him whether he thought his broken leg was so. He answered meekly, that he made no question but it was. And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially released from the Houghton through crowds of people, expressing the utmost joy, and blessing God for his deliverance.

THE DIVINE BENEDICTION.—Suppose that early in this year, that the whole world had bent itself in supplication to the Infinite Ruler of the universe, from the Arctic Circle to the Equator, from the humility of conscious dependence, and lifting up from every zone the prayer, "Forsake us not this year, great Benefactor, but bless us in our helplessness, from the treasury of thy goodness!" And suppose that, after such a verbal petition, there had been found the bounties of vegetable and animal food—how surprising would the miraculous mercy have seemed! But how much more surprising and inspiring is the real wonder than such a shower of mercies—the step by which we are used frequently to visit you, that is, the step to the people of God! But what is it heard of for their good?" asking him whether he thought his broken leg was so. He answered meekly, that he made no question but it was. And so it proved; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died. Being thus providentially released from the Houghton through crowds of people, expressing the utmost joy, and blessing God for his deliverance.

THE SABBATH.—The ruin of multitudes has begun with a desecration of the Sabbath. They were in the sanctuary but a part of the day, then not at all—then real novels and political papers at home, then rode out, or spent the day in some saloon, or in the company with the unprincipled and dissipated, then drank, gamed and revelled, then leaped over the bounds of honesty, defrauded or stole, and then—but you know the rest. And this is the downward career of thousands—these the steps by which they descended from virtue, respectability and comfort, to corruption, disgrace and destruction. "But for the violation of the Sabbath," confessed the pirate Gibbs, "I might have been a good and happy man."

MAXIMS FOR WORKING MEN.—Work hard or at drilling rocks, for instance, if your employer never visits you, then he frequently does. He will know of your faithfulness when he pays for the drills. The man is always most honored who is most excellent in what he undertakes. It is better to saw wood well than to plead law poorly.

"BE THOU FAITHFUL."—Be a devoted, upright, straightforward, uncompromising, outspoken Christian. Don't be ashamed of Jesus, or of His cause. If men oppose you, or scorn you, or evil entreat you, and thus strive to discourage or turn you aside, pray for them, and go right on. If you are willing to be like Christ, you will have to encounter the same contradictions of sinners against yourself, the same reproach, the same rejection. But you must like Him, with an incorruptible and unswerving devotion to the right, regardless of the scorn and reproach of an ungodly world, go right on, looking up to God for strength. A little while, and all this opposition and violence will cease, and if you abide faithful, you will not fall of your reward. Soon you will be where sin and persecution will not trouble you, and in heaven you will not be sorry of your sacrifices, your courageous resistance of wrong, your sufferings for Jesus' sake. "Be ye steadfast and immovable."