

# The 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.

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 12, 1874.

Whole No. 1064.

## NEW GOODS

## The Intelligencer.

### Fall and Winter.

Thomas Logan,

FREDERICTON,

Has now opened a large and well assorted stock of

## Dry Goods,

SUITABLE to the wants of Purchasers, which he offers at such prices as will defy competition.

DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS,

Flannels, Blankets, Tweeds,

COTTONS, PRINTS, OSNABURGS,

and every description of

COTTON AND WOOLLEN GOODS,

## Carpets

AND DAMASKS CURTAIN.

## Ladies' Furs

IN MINK, ERMINE, GREBE, FITCH, ALASKA ELLINE, MUSQUASH, &c.

A FEW PAIRS OF

## Men's Fur Gloves.

Good Goods and Fair Prices.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1873.

## ALBION HOUSE,

FREDERICTON, N. B.

SEPTEMBER 19th, 1873.

## NEW FALL GOODS

Per Steamships "LADY DARLING," "SIDON-

IAN," "AUSTRALIAN," and "ISMAILIA."

INDIA-BENGALE.

## MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

BEG to announce that they have received by the above Steamships a large importation of

STAPLE AND FANCY

## Dry Goods,

For the Fall and Winter Trade. Now ready for inspection.

DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,

Shawls, Tweeds,

Cloth Jackets, Grey & White Cottons,

Car Muffs, Felt Skirts,

and Collars, &c. Yarns, &c.

## CAMP BLANKETING.

Grey & White Blankets,

## BLACK GOODS.

ALPACAS, MERINOS, CRAPE CLOTHS, PERSIAN CORDS, SATENE CLOTH, &c.

All at our usual Low Prices.

Balance of STOCK by following Steamers.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

FREDERICTON, Oct 3, 1874.

### CALIFORNIA—DIGGER INDIANS.

In the May number of the *American Missionary* is a letter from Miss M. K. Colburn, giving an account of a wonderful revival of religion among the Indians of Round Valley Reservation, Cal., where she is now laboring. She says: "During the past six weeks, the Lord has done great things for us. Eight hundred from the various tribes have become Christians, including seven chiefs. Meetings are thronged and nightly songs of praise and prayer ascend from the lips of these new-born souls. It is fifteen months since I entered the Indian service. My experience among the Indians has been a most interesting one. I have witnessed such an outpouring of the Spirit and such an ingathering of souls as now, and these trophies are plucked from the lowest class of humanity—the California Digger Indians."

### THE RELIGION OF CHINA—TAUIM.

BY J. P. NEWMAN, D. D.

Lao-tseu, the founder of the Taoistic faith, was the contemporary of Confucius, and so celebrated for his wisdom that Confucius visited him for the comparison of religious views, but the interview proved unsatisfactory. Lao-tseu was a cynic, the Zeno of China. He upbraided Confucius for his ambition in collecting many disciples and in seeking after official position, and declared that such conduct was more likely to nourish pride than to cherish the love of virtue and Christianity. He was not only a materialist, but in creed a rationalist and materialist. He incarnated and deified reason. He recommended retirement and contemplation as the most effectual means for purifying our spiritual nature, for the annihilation of the material passions, and for our final return to the Supreme Reason. Since his death his disciples have adorned him as a god, whom they style "The Great Supreme Venerable Ruler; the origin of primary matter, the root of heaven and earth, the occupier of infinite space, the commencement of all things; further back than the utmost stretch of numbers can reach—who created the universe." To add to his fame, they declare his birth miraculous, which occurred after eighty-one years of gestation, and when born his hair and eyebrows were white from age, whence he was called Lao-tseu, "Old Boy." And to increase their power over a superstitious people, they have added to this simple, rationalist creed, alchemy and astrology, by which they pretend to possess the elixir of perpetual youth, and to determine the events and changes in the history of man and nations. Their temples are grand, and their worship not unlike that of the Buddhists. Let us enter their temple at Wanchang and observe its peculiarities. It is called "The Temple of a Thousand Springs." It consists of four structures, rising and receding, one above the other, in a line, and each with its own altar. The first is the "Old Boy," with white hair and beard, and on either side are attendants who communicate his instructions to mankind; in the second is the god who dwells in the North Star, and is the inspiration of astrological predictions; in the third is the god representing Heaven, Earth, and Man; in the fourth is the image of Yuhwang, or the "Pearly Emperor," by whom all acts of worship are paid to the Supreme Lao-tseu. In a lateral chapel is the gorgeous image of Quanyin, the "goddess of mercy," with a thousand hands, to indicate that her mercy reaches everywhere. She is the supposed saviour of the mariner and the giver of children. Upon her altar were many votive offerings; before her shrine were many devotees; some were there to return thanks for the gift of a child, others to implore aid for the recovery of the sick, and others to seek for their children's souls, to excite the childless to worship at her altars.

The Taoist priests claim to be the special representatives of the gods who control the invisible world. According to their teaching, there is an exact correspondence between the visible and invisible worlds as to vice and virtue, misery and happiness; and to impose the more effectually upon the people they have their Temple of Horrors, in which is a representation of the final judgment, and of the vicissitudes of the wicked. At the entrance of each corridor is the grim messenger of death, robed in white and of awful countenance; at his feet was one poor fellow, overcome by the fear of death, whose face was the perfection of horror, who was pleading to induce him to delay his coming. Beyond each section of the temple, and seated upon a throne of judgment, was the judge, in the person of the dreaded mandarin. Around him were the officers of his court, and policemen leading criminals to judgment; at his feet were demons, each with the head of some beast, and whose office it was to torment and condemn. Upon the wall was the "Calamity Mirror," into which the criminal looked, and therein saw his fate. Each image was life-sized, and the countenance expressed the horror of the soul. Having received their sentences, the condemned were undergoing their different kinds of punishments. One was wearing the cruel caque; the eyes of another were being put out; the heart of a third was being taken from the breast; some were bound to the "Fire Pillar," while others were being burned in the "Hell of Sighs," from which the condemned looked toward his home for the last time, and was then thrown upon the "Hill of Knives," to be pierced to death. Some were receiving the bastinado; others were in a caldron of boiling oil; others the magic flames. There was the "Grindstone Hell," and demons were holding the victim by the feet till the body was crushed. In another direction was the "Rice Mortar," wherein the condemned were being pounded by demons; beyond it was the "Hell of Blood," wherein the sufferers were freezing in the greatest torture; farther on was a victim being "cut into a thousand pieces for slandering the deities." As the Taoist teach the doctrine of transmigration, the process is here represented. The "Inevitable Bridge" spans the awful gulch over which all must pass to enter life again; if they fall from it, there is no hope; if they pass over it safely, they are transformed into some animal—a woman into a cat, a man into a pig. Near it is a wayside inn, wherein sit the religious who give to each victim a cup of Lethian tea, the effects of which represents the unconsciousness of transmigration.

In keeping with these horrid scenes, is the fact that the Taoist priests assume to be the mediators of all communications with the spirits of the dead; and hence their offices are invoked in acts of ancestral worship, which is every where observed in China. The object of all Chinese worship is temporal good and exemption from calamity. The people are taught to believe two worlds, one of light, which is China, and one of darkness, wherein men live after death; that the wants of the

departed are the same as they were in this life; that all such wants must be supplied by surviving relatives and friends; that the dead can see the living, and may return to reward or afflict their relatives, according as they have provided or neglected to provide for the comforts of those in the spirit land. They are taught that the various tribes have become Christians, including seven chiefs. Meetings are thronged and nightly songs of praise and prayer ascend from the lips of these new-born souls. It is fifteen months since I entered the Indian service. My experience among the Indians has been a most interesting one. I have witnessed such an outpouring of the Spirit and such an ingathering of souls as now, and these trophies are plucked from the lowest class of humanity—the California Digger Indians."

What is wanted is a fixed standard for one scale of the balances, in order to measure the variable in the other. We submit that the religious standard can be the only invariable, and the others must be weighed by that. On the contrary, it is the worldly one which has the preference. If a person says, "I cannot do this or that, without sacrificing my religious service," that determines, perhaps, the question. For instance, a clergyman is asked to go on a pleasure party. He says, "No, I have a service on that day." And the excuse is accepted as valid. Or he may say, "I cannot join such and such parties, they are unbecomingly vulgar." This is good reason also—even in the eyes of the world. In these cases the permanence of the religious obligation puts aside the other. But this is what the person does not in all cases say. On the contrary, the world is, "I cannot attend daily prayers any longer; my visiting and my practicing, or my business, take up so much time." When once the matter shall come to be regarded from the right point of view—putting the world last instead of first—many things will soon adjust themselves.—Churchman.

### CHRISTIAN ZOOPHYTES.

BY JESSE CLEMENT.

In his stirring little work on "Life in Earnest," James Hamilton compares a certain class of people to the sea-anemone, whose monotonous life consists largely in twirling its feelers, floating in the tide or folding itself in its foot-stalk, when the tide recedes, awaiting that tide's return. This author sees a striking resemblance between this zoophyte and the man whose days float over one another, leaving him to vegetate in the same spot, with no high aims, no attempts at a forward movement. Unhappily, the comparison is happy. Men, contented to fasten themselves to the rock of inactivity, simply diving, now and then for periwinkles, are not even every Christian church. Too sluggish to move themselves, when the tide of religious excitement goes down, they sink too, fold their arms, double themselves up, and become spiritually as numb as a mud-turtle trunk in the tenderest part by a gymnast. It matters not how high the tide is, or how near the foreshore of Christianity the zoophyte is to the altar, he gathers no inspiration. He floats in silence. Without inward emotion, he is moved only as the waves of salvation beat against him—against, and not through him. He is like an engine boiler full of cold water; he may freeze, but he cannot explode.

I know many zoophytes, but will speak of only one, Deacon A. He was not always one. Twenty years ago, when he was chosen Deacon, he thought of others besides himself and his own household, and not only had bread for the hungry, when they sought him, but he sought them in the by-ways of poverty. He could also tell his experience, and sometimes with slight variations in the language and length. As his wealth increased, he became miserly. At length he could not afford to take a religious paper. He never read or thought much, and the older he grew the less he read, and the less he thought, except of the possibility of "coming to wait." He has lost his interest in his poor neighbors, and in domestic and foreign missions. I do not think he can tell whether Rangoon is in Burma, or Burma is in Rangoon. He has forgotten almost everything except how to reckon the interest on the many notes which he holds. He is now sixty, and has no experience to tell. His religious feelings are drawn in; he has shriveled up, and is as dry as a member even of the church. He has been six months ago. Dropping the figure, this man, still known as Deacon A., can earn six dollars a day at the anvil, but cannot strike a blow for Christ hard enough to wound a flea.

Christians, having done all things, are commanded to "stand," but a zoophyte is too lazy for that; he squats. As Falstaff stood up for his king in the heat of battle, so your zoophyte stands up for Jesus by hiding. The swelling tide is the grave of his courage. Reader, are you lapsing into the zoophyte state? Have you nothing but a superannuated, stale experience to base your hopes of salvation on? Have you nothing new to tell, no fresh hopes, springing up like a perennial spring and fruiting your heart? Do you find none who need a cup of cold water, none who are weary of the heat of the day, no fish, do you live so entirely in the reality of the aggrandizement, in short, so meanly, that you are ashamed to tell your old experience and invite sinners to Christ? If this is your condition, it will not take you long to become a full-grown zoophyte.—Ez.

### A WORD TO THE CHURCHES.

Be kind to your pastor. Aside from family relation, there is none more intimate and kind, and beautiful than that which a true minister of Christ sustains to his people. Such a man carries in his thought and in his affection every member of his parish with all the solicitude of a father, or of an elder brother. It would doubtless surprise many a member even of the church, to know how much he is in the mind of his pastor, how constantly the subject of his prayer, the object of his silent and unappreciated ministry. No parent could rejoice more in the prosperity of a child, or grieve more because of its troubles, than the pastor can for the advancement even of the early interest and happiness of brother or sister, or seek more earnestly, when defeat and sorrow come, to recover and console, than he, who in the providence of God is put over us in the ministry.

There are two comparisons made by the Scriptures, which indicate somewhat the nature of this relation of pastor to people. He is a watchman and an under shepherd. As a watchman from his position he is to make provision against evil, and to make timely the watchman on the walls of Zion is forewarned of danger, from which, otherwise we should not have escaped. And yet it may be that we have not appreciated it. As a shepherd he has fed us, guided us, and protected us, and yet, though it has been so largely at the sacrifice of himself, he is wearing out of his own energies, to say nothing of impoverishment of his earthly interests, how often we take his ministry as one of the fixed facts of life, with little recognition of its cost? For our attitude to the giver of all good in the ministry of the Gospel, too often is like our attitude to Him in those laws of nature by which comes to us our daily bread. But such would not be the case if we were more thoughtful. Many churches, in the enjoyment of a faithful ministry, living one year after year, fulfilling with promptness all their financial obligations, and yet failing of that appreciation of the pastor, which, in a hundred little ways of kindness and delicacy and generosity, may be known; while many other churches keep the pastor constantly embarrassed by a meagre salary.

### RELIGIOUS AND OTHER DUTIES.

The question is asked, "What religious duties can I add to my other ones?" It is asked, "What other duties can I take up without rejecting my religious ones?" Without the answer coming to us in any practical difference perhaps, the moral difference of this way of regarding it would be of very great import. For it would tend to meet that great encroachment which the world is striving for. It would help to answer those questions which are so perplexing to my religious ones, who are so perplexed. The abstract being a perfectly plain one—it being perfectly satisfactory that in such and such a practice there is no harm, in itself considered—the real difficulty often lies in the conflict between this and some other duty.

If we have sown unto you spiritual things, will ye also reap of the same? "Well," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance, that the verse that caught my eye was the only one I ever learned while at the Sunday-school! It is, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest.' He began to inquire who 'me' was, and the pious sergeant, like Philip of old, spoke to him of Jesus. From this period a manifest change was observable in his conduct. Not long after the regiment was engaged in battle; when the conflict was over the sergeant went over the field of blood, and discovered his late pupil lying dead under a tree! The Bible was opened at the passage now quoted on which he had reposed his dying head, and his sacred pages were soaked through with his blood.

If then, we are blessed to-day, any of us, with a faithful pastor, let us study not only how we can lighten his labour, but also how we can show to him our appreciation of it. For all with whom we have dealings, he alone it is who seeks no personal or sordid profit out of his relations to us. How many readers of the *Advocate* there are, who with the same spirit with which they would appreciate the watchful care of a brother, may make some little return to their pastor, which shall cause him to feel that he is not forgotten, and that his labors are not unappreciated. As we said in the beginning, so we say in conclusion, be kind to your pastor.—*Winn's Advocate*.

### DOES PRAYER MOVE GOD?

If the benefit of prayer is only in a reflex influence on the petitioner, one might as well pray to an idol, if it be only clothed by the imagination with all excellences, as to the Almighty God. It is said that a susceptibility of being moved by entreaty, presupposes a limitation of God's knowledge or love, as if He were not as prepared to bless us before we pray as afterwards? In reply, does not the entreaty of the child move the parent, who knows not only the extent of the child's wants, but knows no bounds to his love for the child? To answer the heartfelt pleading of the offspring, the simple pouring forth of their emotions when under any pressure, by a direct communication of assurance; to bestow a desired gift, or something better, which the superior wisdom of the parent may see—this is not only human, but God-like. The very pleading draws the heart.

But is there not more than an organic connection between the heart of God and the hearts of His supplicating children, as between the branch and the vine? Does not God have specific, voluntary acts of mind manifested in acts of power, through both physical and mental instruments, in answer to the entreaties of His weak, distressed offspring? Is man better than his Maker, that he should exercise these powers for mercy, and his Maker use them not? Is he better than He that formed him, that he can have a province for these acts of love without interfering with fixed laws, and his Maker have no such province? We were not in the image of our Creator. Are we not always moved to voluntary action by the importunity of those dependent upon us? Whence did we receive this mental aptitude?

The theory of some persons upon the subject of prayer makes God a slave to law—a mere machine. Has not the Law-maker power to suspend law, if need be? If not, what is His ability above that of his subjects? Besides, man finds out what he calls "neutralizers" and "modifiers" of laws—even the laws of nature. Chemists can so understand this. Is there less knowledge in heaven?

An incident in my childhood illustrates the subject to my own mind. Thirty-five years ago, when living in the State of Maine, we were somewhat annoyed by being "burnt out." Once, when my father had gone through the woods a mile, to see a sick neighbor, the fires from a distant "clearing" came raging through the woods, and came so near that smoke and sparks of fire met us at every breath. My mother, burying us in her arms, cried, "O God, save us from this! O God, save us from this! O God, save us from this!" and she hushed us in our crying. We sat under her wing as frightened birds, as the sparks flew by the windows, and the smoke into our very eyes.

Though the time seemed very long and gloomy, we felt safe for we had heard our mother's prayer, and we had the faith of little children; and I think she had the same. At length we heard large drops of rain on the roof; and the power of the destroyer was "laid" for the time. Near midnight our father returned, and said, with great emotion, "It is a miracle that we met again. At one time I gave up all for lost. In my attempt to get through to save you, I was all surrounded by fire before I knew it; and had not a neighbor set fire to this 'felled piece' just as he did, so that it changed the wind, we should all have been consumed." The settlers had learned by observation that by building opposite fire counter currents of air are raised. My parents both said that it was God who put it into the heart of their neighbor to set his opposite fire just at that time; and mother said the shower came down out of almost a clear sky, for the sun was out all red with smoke, a few minutes before it, and shone a few minutes afterwards.

Now, I can see, in the light of "modern science," that the shower, too, was in answer to prayer. See the case of Joshua, who, to discomfit his foes, apostrophized the sun and moon, that he might have light until he got the victory. Instead of stopping the course of the universe, God gave him a refracting atmosphere, by which the sun's rays were given back after he had gone beyond the horizon, until the moon got so high as to serve them in place of the sun. His object was accomplished. He had light throughout the twenty-four hours. The honest people, who were willing to give the glory where it belonged, and knowing nothing of scientific technicalities, believed simply that the sun and moon were so moved, and easily it was done by setting man, or angel, to do something that should make just that atmosphere. If any one believes our world is fatherless, and we are carried on by machinery, let him be silent; for in speaking he arrogates to himself more than he allows his Maker.—*Herald*.

### A DYING MOTHER'S LAST REQUEST.

A soldier, who had been expelled from a Sunday-school when a boy, went to serve in India, leaving behind him a pious and affectionate mother. Some time after, a pious sergeant who was about to join the regiment to which the youth belonged, called on the old woman, and found her the subject of his affection, and confined to her bed. He stated the object of his visit, and the old woman said she had only one boon to bestow, and only one request to make to her rebellious son: "He was a Bible; the request, that to which the youth belonged, waited on the world read at least one verse each day. When the sergeant arrived in India, he made known to him his mother's last request, and said: 'I am the bearer of the last gift and the last wish of your poor mother.'"

"What?" said he, "is she dead, then?" "She was not," replied the sergeant, "when I left England, but I think there cannot be any doubt that she is dead before this." "Here," said he, "is a Bible (giving it to him) which your mother has sent you, and which she has only one request to make of you, and that is, that for her sake you will read one verse a day at least."

"O," said he, "if it is only one verse, here

goes." He opened the Bible—he looked—he named it. "Well," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance, that the verse that caught my eye was the only one I ever learned while at the Sunday-school! It is, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavily laden, and I will give you rest.' He began to inquire who 'me' was, and the pious sergeant, like Philip of old, spoke to him of Jesus. From this period a manifest change was observable in his conduct. Not long after the regiment was engaged in battle; when the conflict was over the sergeant went over the field of blood, and discovered his late pupil lying dead under a tree! The Bible was opened at the passage now quoted on which he had reposed his dying head, and his sacred pages were soaked through with his blood.

### RANDOM READINGS.

THERE ARE TWO KINDS OF MERCIES—mercies in hand and mercies in hope. God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

CONSTANT application overcomes the greatest difficulties.

THE TEARS of our misery often prevent our eyes from seeing the mercy close at hand.

A GOOD conscience is the habitation of Christ, the temple of the Holy Ghost, the place of delight, and the standing Sabbath of the saints.

WHEN LIFE seems rather dreary, and you begin to think your lot is a hard one, just break forth in singing. The first line will come hard, perhaps, but the second will be easier.

GEORGE MACDONALD says: "One thing is clear to me, that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness."

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS are among the most precious blessings of the Christian's present lot; patience and submission to God's holy will, and thus brought out and strengthened, and he is eminently glorified.

MR. ARNOLD hit it when he made his remarkable about boys that professed their sentimental admiration of virtue: "I have seen enough of boys that loved God. Commend me now to boys that not only love God, but hate the devil!"

MANY PEOPLE offer their prayers just as poor, shipwrecked voyagers send off their messages. They never look for an answer. They are in great doubt whether they will ever be received. And it would seem a wonderful thing, indeed, if such prayers were answered.

TO MAKE or sell ardent spirits for common use, as is asked as to make and sell poisons for the same purpose. The blood of murdered souls will be required at their hands.—*Judge Douglass*.

I CHALLENGE any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet for the sake of gain, continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher*.

THE tears of most men dated from some vacant hour. There is a salient poem, in which the devil is represented as fasting for men, and fitting his bait to the taste and business of his prey; but the idler, he said, gave him no trouble, as he bit the naked hook.

ON! it is a glorious fact, that prayers are not answered. The poor, broken-hearted sinner, climbing up to his neighbor, beside his knee, but can only utter his wailing in the language of sighs and tears. Lo! that groan has made all the harps of heaven thrill with music; that tear has been caught by God, and put into the lacrymatory of heaven, to be perpetually preserved. The suppliant, whose fears prevent his words, will be well understood by the Most High.

ARE YOU a sunny Christian? You have a right to be. The Bible sparkles with promises. It is full of sweet hopes. It is as comforting as a mother's voice can be, in all your sorrows. Where do the unconverted get the idea that there is gloom? Is it not too often suggested by the tone of Christian people—the want of brightness and bloom about their daily living? Let us commend our inheritance by wearing joyfully our signs of hardship.

Is a minister, through the blessing of God, would be powerful. The poor, broken-hearted sinner, climbing up to his neighbor, beside his knee, but can only utter his wailing in the language of sighs and tears. Lo! that groan has made all the harps of heaven thrill with music; that tear has been caught by God, and put into the lacrymatory of heaven, to be perpetually preserved. The suppliant, whose fears prevent his words, will be well understood by the Most High.

WE WANT a religion that bears heavily, not only on the "exceeding sinfulness of sin," but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing. A religion that banishes small measures from the stalls, pebbles from the baskets, clay from the paper, and from the sugar-chiefy from coffee, alum from bread, and water from the milk-cans.

It is stated that fifteen out of every forty-one who have died in Connecticut during the past five years, were drunkards! And yet bar-rooms are multiplying everywhere; our youths are going into them, some in the meshes of a net they cannot escape from. Is there nothing to be done? Are we Christians, to sit down and contemplate this evil, and yet do nothing to prevent it?

PRAYER is the wealth of poverty, the refuge of the weak, the strength of weakness, the light of darkness. It is the oratory that gives power to the pulpit; it is the hand that strikes down Satan, and breaks the fetters of sin; it turns the scales of fate more than the edge of the sword, the craft of statesmen, or the weight of sceptics; it has arrested the wing of time from turned aside, the scythe of death, and discharged heaven's flaming and darkest cloud in a shower of blessings.—*Guthrie*.

HOW HE GOT A NEW TESTAMENT.—The Rev. John Brown, when a poor shepherd boy, conceived the idea of learning Latin and Greek, and having procured a few old books, actually acquired the books, while tending his cattle on the hills. On one occasion he went to Edinburgh, plaided and barfoot, walked into a bookseller's store, and asked for a Greek Testament. "What are you going to do with a Greek Testament?" said the bookseller. "Read it," was the prompt reply. "Read it?" said the bookseller, with a smile; "ye may read for nothing if ye'll read it." Taking the book, he quietly read off a few verses, and gave the translation; on which, he was permitted to carry off the Greek Testament in triumph.

A young bookbinder observed a neighbor poring wisely over a newspaper, whereupon he addressed him thus: "Julius, what are you looking at dat paper for? You can't read?" "Go away," cried the other indignantly. "guess I can read; I's big enough for dat." "Big enough?" retorted the other scornfully; "dat ain't nuffin. A cow's big 'nuff to catch flies, but she can't."