

The Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1875.

Editor and Proprietor.

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The Intelligencer.

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THE GOSSIPING WOMAN.

BY MRS. MATTIE E. HOLDEN.

"There are women and women," says the trite French proverb, and a simple infection puts the width of difference between two words that mean the same thing. There are women pure as dew and true as sunshine, whose life is as the exhalation of flowers. To come from their presence is like leaving a garden of spices at dew-fall; our thoughts, like garments, are perfumed with the aroma of gentle influences towards all that is holy and good.

Such women live mignonette, rose, balm! God has sent them upon earth as a foretaste of what heaven's companionship shall be. There are faulty little women who flit through life like a capricious breeze. We love them, we would they were vexed with them every day. They do a thousand imprudences, they break through trellis walls of conventionality, like nodding roses through a fence, and bluish, and glimmer, and glint about the dusty highways, rude prey, alas! to spoiling touch and thieving hands.

There are impetuous women, bubbling through life, scolding, sparkling, boisterous, but we would not miss the sunshine of their presence any more than we would lose the bobolinks out of June, or the frost from December's breath. There are women made of dough whom it takes fires of adversity to bake. There are aggressive women who launch their peculiar views at you as the porcupine casts its futile quill. There are delicate women, too frail to rear their own babies, or meet one of life's earnest duties, yet who can pet poodles, read novels, and eat dainties forever, and call it living. And there is the woman with whom we deal to-day—the gossiping woman. Of this species there are two classes—the cannibal and the kittenish. The one invites you to her feast of sweet morsels, as a Feejee Islander would conduct you to his banquet, with this only exception, where the woman destroys character and reputation, the savage contented himself with the annihilation of perishable flesh. See how she picks her dainty bits to pieces. She fingers riparian as one severs chicken-bones—nip, nip—daintily, with airy ticks and nods, until there is nothing left but what shall be cast to the dogs. Young girls and young women, the most for the most part her own sex furnish best victims. She gloats over revelations that bring the bitterness of death to a shrinking soul. She burrows into a forgotten past and brings forth recollections of young love, and of long-repentant deeds. She looks at giddy madcap youth, as a spider watches flies. All the silliness, the coquetry, and the irrepressible spirit of young girls is set down as irremediable depravity. She forgets that rivers must first be riotous brooks, that youthful shoulders never yet bore any young heads, and many a life that but for her she might have reached serene and beautiful consummation, has gone astray in mad despair, and been lost forever. Tell me that such women shall enter the Christian heaven, and the poor, ignorant, flesh and blood eater be left out. What is it to pick human bones to what is to bite and tear the immortal soul to pieces!

The kittenish scandalmonger is no less fatal although far less formidable. She is friendly and chatty and sweet; but, somehow, wherever she goes she leaves every body on edge. Life-long friends find themselves antagonistic after she has left them. She confides with each the other's failings; but her sweetest sympathy leaves a sting; and there is ever-widening rupture where she has pretended to heal. Her very championship is worse in its effect than other people's blame. There seems volumes of unrevealed history when she says, "Oh, my dear, don't think such and such a thing of so and so." Things may seem queer; but be charitable; you know I detest gossip—but "and that" "but" is bigger than all the nice things that went before it.

She is full of officious service, and if she is middle-aged, is generally an active church-member; cries copiously over sermons, and is fond of attending funerals. Indeed, you will always find both classes on hand there; and as they return from the grave they have been known to remark: "I don't think Mr. B. was as good as he looked. I could not help poor thing! I guess it's as well she died when she did." A favorite expression with each class is, "I told you so!" They are addicted to prophetic remarks, and aggravating rolls of the head. They have fingers which always find the sore places, and they carry needle points to insinuate between the joints of your closest armor.

But it is not always the malicious word that makes mischief. How many of us by thoughtless look or speech carry ruin into struggling lives! Unthinking cattle that we are, we go browsing about, trampling daisies and sowing seeds of evil.

Ah, it is easier to preach sermons than to pick berries in July. It is more difficult to reduce theory to practice than to gather grapes from bean vines. We have such noble creeds, but I think that angel who records rather than creeds must trace the scroll with pitying smile. We reprove, each one of us, in others the very faults that make our own lives unlovely. Oh for a world where charity shall be greater than all! Don't tell me of "golden streets" and "pearly gates" and "palméd saints" that shall make up my heaven. Tell me rather of a land where there shall be no wrangling, no fighting with sharp tongues for weapons, no gossip, and no fellow creature judgments.

I think there are people who, if they carry into heaven a particle of earthly nature, will stop at the hallways to look for a spot or wrinkle in their fellow angels' garment. Let us learn a sweeter charity, a grander silence, Humanity is at best a fever-racked patient,

and the great Physician alone can heal. Though we search earth's records with care, there is no perfect man—surely none. While time endures there must be folly and sin and crime. If we are better than others, let us seek to cover rather than expose their shortcomings.

Drape detourment with the snowy mantle of love, and where we cannot save, keep silent. Satan has no abler second than who walks the earth with cruel eyes that pry for hidden things—with feet that run on unfriendly errands, with fingers that seek sore places, with tongue that blackens and defames, and heart that broods poisonous speech and wily innuendo, and her name is Gossip—Christ, Union.

CHRISTIAN FINANCE.

KEEP A BALANCE ON HAND.

"He that provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel" is a text generally accepted by the world; the out as well as the in giving it their hearty concurrence. For one to knowingly permit others to suffer for his want of industry, care, and forethought is a sin that the wicked cannot and will not overlook. Profanity, vulgarity, and conduct approximating criminality are regarded as more acceptable and praiseworthy. Financial integrity serves as a valuable depot of supplies, and if only partially stocked, but at all times accessible and never in danger even of being destroyed, will prove of the greatest value; if it be neglected, however, and its empty condition learned, ruin will become almost inevitable.

Boggs has grown negligent, and is in arrears; he has failed to pay or satisfy his grocer, shoemaker, butcher, and doctor. Whenever he meets them, which is not often, for he is already an artful dodger, they argue and plead for the amount of their bills. His creditors one and all meet frequently to grumblingly resolve that in the future he shall go without sugar, patches, pork, and pills, and form themselves into a committee of the whole to especially object to all his good qualities and magnify his bad. Now if there is a member of a manufacturing company, it comes in for its part of abuse, and the entire establishment suffers; and if he be a member of a Church, it falls heir to no inconsiderable quantity of criticism for not teaching him to pay his debts as well as to make long prayers.

In cities where your next door neighbor can die and be buried and you not be aware of it, the "financial conduct" of the members of a Church does not become known; but in the country and villages—where a touch cannot be exerted without serving as a theme for much talk, and where, through the interminable chain of gossip, which is one of business is everybody's business—it plays in the Church an important part and does much to honor or injure Christ's cause.

"Why do you not attend church?" was asked a merchant residing within a stone's throw of the building. "Your Church," he answered, "has cost me for years for the paint first used upon its walls; to my demands for pay no attention has been paid, and I cannot associate with a body that I would be unwilling to credit." The result was not only the injury following a breach of faith, but the loss of a liberal subscription. For four years I have known a Church that is much worse off now than it was when I first entered its doors. During this time it has had several ministers, numerous revivals, and, in all, about twenty converts. The ministers have failed to receive their hire, the revivals have been served, the income of physicians, and all of the converts have backslidden; and the cause of this sad but true history is plainly traceable to the evil bickering and insinuations of three or four leading members, caused by the Church being involved not more than once in the matter of the Sunday school.

When a Church has but a mere handful of members, and they make themselves objectionable; if one denies a neighbor justice, if another acts the leech, if another only preaches on his Christianity with his Sunday clothes, if another makes it her duty to sneer at all things, and another perseveringly labors to reveal the skeleton of every family, if all are serving the devil instead of God, the duty of its members is manifest. A mighty mass of sinners would it take for such a young society it is vitally necessary that Christians should be made to feel that they must render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, and unto God that which is God's.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

One of our present most useful missionaries in a foreign land was one of the children in a poor family in Southern Indiana, thirty years ago—too poor to buy books, and too few books to enjoy any settlement to enjoy Sunday-school instruction. I induced the father to take the Western, and the mother to take the Repository. Years passed. That boy graduated at the Asbury University, several years ago, and has gone to preach Christ to the heathen. He has often said that the influence of these papers had more to do in the developments which have placed him where he is, than any other one agency.

One of the most useful professors in one of our Western Universities was a country boy living in a cabin on my first circuit. I had lost sight of him—of, indeed, I could be said to have ever had sight of him, for he was a mere child when I knew him—and the opportunities of intimacy on such circuits as we had thirty-five years ago were not favorable to remembering the children. But recently meeting him, after more than thirty years, I was surprised to learn that he remembered me, that he remembered "a word fitly spoken," which inflamed his young heart. I induced his father to take the Western for the first time. That boy's ambition was aroused by that paper; he graduated with honor and was a useful man. It was the Advocate, not the preaching, that did this.

During the last summer I had occasion to visit extensively from house to house in one of our best rural districts. I had little idea of the destination of the people as I looked on the neighborhood in which I was engaged in a "sweeping revival," resulting in an accession of nearly two hundred to the Church. In that whole society, only four Advocates are taken. As a result, very few of those two hundred now attend church at all, and the difference is such that the pastor, last Conference, seriously considered the propriety of abandoning the appointment entirely. I may be a fanatic on the paper question, but I believe that the very first thing a pastor should do, in country or city, is to receive membership, young or old, by letter or on probation, to see that they have one or more of our Church periodicals at their command.—Rev. T. A. Goodwin, in New York Advocate.

UNIVERSALISM.

If Universalism is true, why should the sorrow-stricken one live on, when by taking a few grains of poison he might be landed in a region of unbounded happiness and felicity. He will as surely execute his most tremendous threatnings as perform his largest promises.

If the doctrine of Universal salvation be true, then the Bible ought to read, "Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to Heaven, and every body goes there; straight is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to hell, and you can't find it if you try."

A Universalist minister was once relating to his little son, the story of "The Babes in the Wood," when the boy asked what became of the poor little children.

"They went to Heaven," was the answer.

"He went to Heaven, too?"

"But father," he asked, with a child's anxiety, "won't he kill them again?"

This simple and most natural query proved one of God's chosen arrows to the man's heart, and swept away at a breath whole volumes of sophistry, with which he had fortified his belief. He was led into the true light.

If a criminal were justly condemned to a severe punishment, and should contemptuously and fiercely reproach the prince, by whose authority he was condemned, could it be expected there should be a mitigation of the sentence? I know it is true, and with the reasonable mind that the righteous judge of the world will reverse or mitigate the sentence against the damned, who blaspheme his majesty and justice? And if they were as omnipotent to effect as they are malicious to desire, would they destroy his being.

A certain New England farmer had, it seems, been attending the preaching of the Universalists. The doctrine suited his case exactly, and he determined to embrace it. He went home and went to work. Soon after, having "yoked his oxen," and gone to his field, he resumed his quiet plowing. His employment favored thought. As he jogged on he began to talk to himself, so earnest was his inward debating. As he was passing near the fence, by the wayside, a neighbor, though unseen, was passing by, within hearing, when the plowman was distinctly heard to pronounce, with great vehemence and earnest gesticulation, the following words: "I've made up my mind, and then, after a pause, and with much less vehemence, and more deliberation, he added: 'But I'd give them oxen if I was smart.'"

Some Universalists, about to dedicate a church, invited the vocalists of the village to furnish music for the occasion. One gentleman said he could not sing, but would provide the hymns, however. The following was the hymn, but it was found a little too suitable:

Sinners! Christ at last will have you—
He no wrath on you will lower—
But his boundless love will save you;
In your sins, by wondrous power;
If able, it is able,
Pray no more.

Never pray for life eternal;
This you cannot fail to see;
With the Church, into everlasting punishment,
Heaven the abode of all will be.
O, be joyful, O, be joyful,
Heaven is free.

Free for all of every nation,
Every character and clime,
All receive a full salvation,
Though like Nero's be their crime.
Happy Pharaoh, blessed Judas,
Heaven is thine.

Sing, sing, grace is all extended,
O, 'twill save a world from fall—
Good and bad in one are blended—
Herod, Hottentot, Paine and Paul,
Happy Mixard, saint and villain,
Saved are all.

A venerable minister as he preached a sermon on the subject of everlasting punishment. On the next day, it was agreed among some thoughtless young men, that one of them should go to him, and endeavor to draw him into a dispute, with the design of making a jest of him, and of his doctrine. The wag minister went, was introduced into the minister's study, and commenced the conversation by saying:

"I believe there is a small dispute between you and me, sir, and I thought I would call this morning and try to settle it."

"How about repentance? How about getting into the ark of the city of refuge before repentance?" My friend, let me ask you, what is repentance? It is, right about face! I think these soldiers understand that expression. Some one has said that every one is born with his back to God, and that conversion turns him round. If you want to be converted, and want to repent, I will tell you what you should do. Just get out of Satan's service, and get into the Lord's. Leave your old friends, and unite yourselves with God's people. To-morrow, if nothing happens, I expect to go to Liverpool. If, when I am in the train, my friend Mr. Shipton says, "Moody, you are going in the wrong train. That train is going to Edinburgh," I shall get out of that train and get into the one going to Liverpool. Repentance is getting out of one train and getting into another. You are on the wrong train; you are in the broad path that taketh you down to the pit of hell. Get out of it to-night. Right about face! Who will turn his feet towards God? "Turn ye, for why will you die?" In the Old Testament the word is "repent." "Turn ye, for why will you die, O house of Israel?"—Mr. Moody.

AND YE FATHERS.

It can never be too strongly insisted upon the mind that nothing releases a parent from his duties towards his child. No waywardness, no disobedience, no rebellion, no profligacy, can ever justify a parent in casting a son or daughter off with a shilling, or daughters being forbidden their father's house; and, without any exception, such cases are proof that of whatever sins the children may have been guilty, the father is even more guilty. No person can commit against society so great a crime as a father commits who is thus false to the trust which he himself has imposed—who thus thrusts off from himself the soul which he called into being.

A father should be governed by no other motive but his child's best interests, and a child's best interests can never be served by anything but his father's constant and loving care. If a child is so bad that his influence is feared on the other children, a separation between them may be effected. If it is feared that money bestowed on him will be for his injury, provision may be made against that in a variety of ways. But when a father, in a fit of anger, or as a reward for ill-doing, disinherits or refuses to see his child, he commits a crime, which the laws, indeed, do not recognize, but whose guilt it would take many a legal century to outweigh.

There should be absolutely no limit to parental forgiveness.

The door should always be open for the repentant son or daughter; the father should have loving eyes, that see while the prodigal yet a great way off, and there should ever be a remembrance of the mercy shown by God to those who in strict justice might never be permitted to see his face.

IN A NAPKIN.

Talents, opportunities, graces, are wrapped and laid away. Immense quantities of capital are hidden that ought to be in active service. The moment faith flags, napkins are in use, just as money is concealed when commercial confidence is shaken. Talents are sensitive to the least wavering of faith. The confidence of the world is the empty purse in which the contribution boxes feel it, mission boards suffer from it, ministers are starved, churches decline, missionaries driven from the field, gospel engines blocked by it. There is talent, money, power, enough in Zion to convert the world, and find room for more timid, stammering tongues more stammerous, ignorance more ignorant, indifference more indifferent. "When the light becomes darkness, how great is that darkness!" If we have one talent the only safe way is to use it. By using, it is sure to become two, and the two will grow to four, and the four to eight. "To him that hath shall be given." The very worst thing to do is to wrap our talents in a napkin.

There is a story of a Scotch soldier who was arrested for treasonable practices; the charge being brought by his comrades, that he had been seen to be carrying a bag, as they supposed; he held communication with the enemy. His answer that he went to pray, seemed to them so improbable that they only ridiculed it.

Brought before his superior officer he gave the same explanation of his absence.

"You say you go to pray; you can pray then?" said the officer.

"Yes Sir."

"Well, you never needed to pray in your life more than you do now," was the reply, "so get down on your knees and let us hear you pray."

The soldier knelt down and poured out his heart to God in such earnest applications that the officer was convinced that he was no traitor, and allowed him to go in peace. His Father who had seen in secret rewarded him openly.

It is related that "in a certain community, a youth who had been reared a Roman Catholic had been converted in a revival."

As was the custom he was quickly called upon to take part in public prayer, in which he proved to be very proficient. His old companions were amazed, and went to the purpose of hearing him. At last an idea struck one of them. "I know," he said, "how it is that"—prays so well; he practices in private."

This practicing in private is the secret of a great deal of the success of men who have power with God. He who only prays publicly, brings little blessings to his own or others' souls. But he who dwells at the mercy seat, and comes often to the throne of grace, who practices in private and holds intimate communion with the Lord, will come forth from his closet, fragrant with the anointing of the Holy One, and will only partake of God's blessing himself, but will also bless and comfort others in their weakness and tears.—The Christian.

An English clergyman, in a recent lecture on Congregational Psalmody, gave some amusing instances of the incongruities that used to occur by the awkward divisions in repetition lines. For instance, "Love thee better than before," was divided "Love thee bet- ter." "Send down salvation," became "My poor pol-"; "We'll catch the fleeting hour," was sung, "We'll catch the fle-"; "And take thy pilgrim home," became "And take thy pil-"; "And in the pious he delights," was sung "And in the pi-and in the pie-"; "Send down salvation from on high" became "Send down sal-"; A soprano in one case sang, "O for a man," and the chorus responded "O for a mansion in the skies." In one case the soprano modestly sang "Teach me to kiss"; the alto took up the strain "Teach me to kiss," while the bass rendered it quite prosaic by singing "Teach me to kiss the rod."

TURN YE.

I can imagine one man down there says, "How about repentance? How about getting into the ark of the city of refuge before repentance?" My friend, let me ask you, what is repentance? It is, right about face! I think these soldiers understand that expression. Some one has said that every one is born with his back to God, and that conversion turns him round. If you want to be converted, and want to repent, I will tell you what you should do. Just get out of Satan's service, and get into the Lord's. Leave your old friends, and unite yourselves with God's people. To-morrow, if nothing happens, I expect to go to Liverpool. If, when I am in the train, my friend Mr. Shipton says, "Moody, you are going in the wrong train. That train is going to Edinburgh," I shall get out of that train and get into the one going to Liverpool. Repentance is getting out of one train and getting into another. You are on the wrong train; you are in the broad path that taketh you down to the pit of hell. Get out of it to-night. Right about face! Who will turn his feet towards God? "Turn ye, for why will you die?" In the Old Testament the word is "repent." "Turn ye, for why will you die, O house of Israel?"—Mr. Moody.

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DYING WORDS OF PIOUS WOMEN.

Dying testimonies of rare beauty have fallen from the lips of pious women, and if less famous than those of eminent reformers and divines, they are not less worthy as witnesses of the power of religion to impart comfort and triumph at the hour of dissolution. Pious women as well as worthy men have, when nearing the heavenly portal, been filled with exultation and triumph, have seen transporting prospects from the Delectable Mountains, and have heard the music of celestial harps. They have walked in Beulah, leaning on the arm of their Beloved, and their souls, amid the wreck of mortality, have been refreshed and exhilarated by the fragrance and glory of a heavenly atmosphere. "Oh, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying. "My God, I come flying to thee!" said Lady Alice Lucy. Lady Hastings said, "Oh, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!"

Beautiful the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans: "I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly." No poetry, said the visions of blessedness that died and adorned her fancy, and made her waking hours more delightful than those even that were given to temporary repose. Similar was the experience of Mrs. Rowe. She said, with tears of joy, "I have known not she had felt such happiness in all her life. Hannah Moore's last words were, 'Welcome, joy!'"

"Oh, sweet, sweet dying!" said Mrs. Talbot, of Reading. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorey, "it is the pleasantest thing imaginable." "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb," said Grace Bennett, one of the early Methodists. "I shall go to my Father this night," said Lady Huntington. The dying injunction of the mother of Wesley was, "Children, when I'm gone sing a song of praise to God!"

Said Lady Margaret Stewart, forewarning her children of dissolution, "I tell you that when you are gone down, you are to sing, 'I will arise and never go down!'" She testified, "I have many times besought the Lord that death might be no surprise to me; neither is it. And I have sought that I might not be terrible to others in dying." The sun sunk low in the west, and its rays lighted up the hill-tops; she sank to rest amid holy ejaculations and in great elevation of soul.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN POMPEII.

One of the most interesting features of the excavations in this buried city is the discovery of many homely domestic articles, of which we have counterparts. It is astonishing how many things in common use now were in use then. Here you will see almost every kitchen utensil, portable cooking stoves, jelly cake and butter molds in the imitation of birds and flowers, pots, kettles, crocks, dishes, cups and saucers, spoons, knives and forks, dipper, skimmers, saucepans, frying pans, lamps, stands, flesh-hooks, braziers for charcoal. In a word, pretty much every kitchen, dining-room, or chamber article found in modern use entered into the economy of the daily life of Roman antiquity. All the articles of a lady's toilet, including jewelry of all kinds, gold and silver ornaments, corals and precious stones, were found in the houses of Pompeii. Taken from the retail shops were steel-yard, balances, weights and measures. From a doctor's office were recovered a full set of surgical instruments, including "pulling" forceps, tooth-picks, and trepan for drilling holes in the skull. There is a number of shoemaker, tailor, carpenter, and blacksmith tools, and, indeed, implements of almost every present mechanical operation. Taken altogether, the collection of articles taken from the dead city is a surprising revelation to every one, showing that the ancients invented and perfected ten thousand implements and articles of common life which we still use with little improvement thereon, and without giving them credit for.

TO YOURS MEN.—Learn a trade or get into a business, and go at it with a determination that defies failure, and you will succeed. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work to be