The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD, "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."--Peter. Editor and Proprietor.

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The Intelligencer.

AROUND THE DEAD SEA—DHIBAN AND KERAK.

BY THE REV. H. B. RIDGAWAY, D.D.

On our way to Dhiban, Dibon, the Hamideh guide, Sheik Weban, practiced a little ruse upon us. Instead of taking us directly to D., he led us to his encampment, and then insisted we must all alight and eat with him. We positively declined for want of time, but he persisted and prevailed. Some of us got down and went into his tent. It is made of goat's hair-cloth woven by the Bedouin, propped up by sticks. The Sheik has his seat at one end, and above him hang his gun, sword and other effects. Coffee in a little metal pot was at once brought—strong, black and hot. We were about rising to go, when he pressed us to remain, and pretty soon two dishes were brought. A small one for the Sheiks and Howadjis and a large one for all the Bedouin. We were obliged to put our hands in with the Sheik and help ourselves, or violate all hospitality. I did so a little gingerly. The dish was mutton and rice boiled together. The meat was sour, but the rice was very palatable. The fun was to see the men eat. Their dish was 2½ feet in diameter. A dozen or more crowded around it, stuck their hands into it, and crammed them full into their mouths. They kept at it until satisfied, and then what was left was taken out to the *women*. Here, too, I saw the ubiquitous hand mill, and what interested me more, the churning of butter. The cream is placed in a goat's skin, and one end of the skin is tied to a post; the woman holds the other end, and jams the skin together against the post until the butter comes.

Dibon is mentioned as one of the stations of Israel on entering Moab. It fell to the lot of Reuben, but was afterwards absorbed by Moab, and became one of the high places and a strong city. Jeremiah predicted its downfall. "Thou daughter that dost inhabit Dibon, come down from thy glory and sit in thirst, for the spoiler of Moab shall come upon thee, and he shall destroy thy strongholds." It is now a mass of broken stones, with here and there an arch standing, and the outlines of cisterns and some houses. Its chief importance latterly is from the discovery in 1808 of the famous Moabite stone—a block of black basalt 3½ feet by 2 feet, on which Misha, king of Moab, has inscribed some of the annals of his kingdom. This stone was an object of so much contention among the Hamideh about its ownership that its was broken in the contest. I saw the man in Jerusalem who broke it. This stone is valuable for its correspondence in its records to the chronicles of Israel.

From Dhiban we made the Wady Mojib, the valley of the river Arnon which constituted the border between old Moab and Israel. In the distance we could see the site of Aroer, the border town. After riding through this land of Gad and Reuben from Es Salt to the Arnon I could not wonder at the request of Reuben, Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh, to have it allotted to them for inheritance. As far as the eye could reach, it seems, even under Arab neglect, a very productive country. It took us three hours to cross the Wady Mojib—a broad, deep valley. The river, a good sized stream, flows in its bed 1,800 feet below the plain. On the sides of the Mount the path winds along by the old Roman road, the blocks and mile stones of which could frequently be seen.

Mount Shehan is the first bold point south of the River Arnon. From the top we could see Mount Hermon, Mount Carmel, Jerusalem, and the whole range of Palestine hills. The Dead Sea and all Moab lay at our feet, and far away southward the Mountains of Edom. At the base of the mountain we were met by the son of Mejalibee, governor of Kerak, who was well mounted on a blooded bay mare. His father, Sheik of Kerak, had only the day before left on a visit to the Beni Sakk'rs. The young Sheik said we were welcome to Kerak to go where we pleased. He then led off toward Kerak, and our company followed. The plain was smooth and beautiful, dotted over by the camps of the Keraks, who spend the summer months in tents, grazing their flocks or cultivating the soil.

We first made Beit el Kurm, where are the remains of a large temple, the four walls still standing from 12 to 20 feet above ground. It faces the east, and near by we saw a stone on which was carved a human head with beams shooting from it and flowing locks. Pursuing the old Roman road, a slight depression brought us into the midst of Ar or Rabbath-Moab (Acropolis), where are ruins more extensive than any we had seen except Rab-Ammor. Several columns with Corinthian capitals, the relics of a theatre, two immense cisterns, etc., showing that here was once a powerful city. It may have been the capital of Moab, judging from its frequent mention in the Bible. Through it or the territory adjacent Israel was to pass and cross the Arnon and smite Sihon, king of the Amorites. It is also prominently named in the prophetic denunciation of Isaiah. The first sight of Kerak was after gaining the brow of the high hill immediately south of it. The hill upon which it stands is a little lower than the adjoining hills, runs out like a huge shoulder, with a deep depression where it joins the main mountains, and on all other sides is separated from them by very deep and precipitous valleys. Its appearance from the first approach is that of a position made for defence. The town covers the whole hill, with its formidable (once so) castles at either end. The houses look like one unbroken flat mass, while the two castles rise in sombre majesty, imparting a most warlike and impregnable appearance. At one time the only way to enter the city was through a hole in the rock on which it stands; but latterly a pathway has been cut on its southern side, and by it we urged our horses to the top, and filing through the narrow, dirty streets till we found our little tents at the foot of the castle of Bybars. We were in Kerak, into which the Sultan of Turkey has never yet been able to throw troops: which boasts that it has never been captured in its history—it having starved out the soldiers of Ibrahim, Pasha of Egypt, when they had possession of its great castle. The question now was, would we ever *get out?* The sequel reminded me of the shows at Niagara Falls. "Gentlemen, nothing to come in." You walk in, but when you would walk out you are met with, "Fifty cents to go out, gentlemen." Our camp was surrounded by dirty, lean, hungry-looking Arabs, who would have liked nothing better than a wink from their shick to strip us of every available rag. The word of hospitality from the Bedouin is as strong as adamant, and no subject of the Mejalibee could touch us while guests of Kerak. From the perch where we were to roost for the night the grandest sort of a picture lay before us. The sides of the mountains terraced with gardens, the deep gorge running down toward the Dead Sea, and Jerusalem visible, as from so many other points in Moab. The whole scene of mountain and glen was bathed in a gorgeous sunset, which served not a little to relieve the mind amid the material and moral desolation around.

Kerak has been a stronghold from the beginning of its existence—figuring prominently in history as a strategic point. Even Joab in his conquest of Moab, did not destroy it as he did the other cities of the district; "only in Kir-haraseth left they the stones thereof; howbeit the slingers went about it and smote it. And when the king of Moab saw that the battle was too sore for him, he took with him seven hundred men that drew swords to break through even unto the king of Edom; but they could not. Then he took his eldest son, that should have reigned in his stead, and offered him for a burnt offering upon the wall. And there was great indignation against Israel, and they departed from him and returned to their own land." 2 Kings, iii. 25, 26, 27. There the crusaders entrenched themselves, building the enormous and powerful castle on the southeast angle of the hill. Enough of this work remains to show its size and character. It covers acres, exceeding in dimensions the noted Heidelberg castle, though not so perfectly preserved. No attention is paid by the Bedouin to its keeping; the beautiful chapel, thirty years ago, was in good order; but now scarcely a line of its beauty, except the general form, can be traced. Our Greek guide told us that the masonry is fifteen stories high, with solid casemates on many of them. I counted in one unbroken row, eighteen casemates, and could see where they had extended; but the wall was now thrown down. Tristram tells us: "It was built by Falco, a predecessor of Raynald of Chatillon, about A. D. 1131, and strengthened under the auspices of Godfrey, of Boulogne; in 1183, it baffled the attacks of Saladin." When the Turks get a garrison into the town, they will likely rebuild this castle.

Beyond the castle, there is little of interest in Kerak. In this, it falls far below Petra. Except as part of a tour, it is not worth while to go far out of one's way to see it. There is one old church fallen to ruins, of the crusade period. One great Christian church—a hideously ugly affair—is maintained, and there are a few Greek families who, in refinement, are not much above their Moslem neighbours.

ARE YOU A LAODICEAN?

Better be "cold." It is more consistent. It will do less harm. Less will be expected of you. You will be more accessible to the heat-bringing power. You will not be open to the stinging rebukes, "Physician, heal thyself." "What do you more than others?" "Did not I see thee in the garden with him?"

There was no lukewarmness in Christ's holy soul, when, to the request of the sacred three, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" He responded, "Here am I; send me;" and as he neared the "habitable parts of the earth," where he was to find a cradle and a cross, exultingly exclaimed, "Lo, I come!"

There was no lukewarmness in the Holy Father, when his fathomless love prompted the mission of mercy.

There is no lukewarmness in the Holy Ghost, when he leaves a holy heaven to enter an unholy heart. No lukewarmness in holy angels, whose pinions are ever poised for embassies from the throne.

Why shouldst thou be lukewarm, when there is a burning earnestness above, below, about thee?

"This soul of thine, God's wondrous breath,
It keeps two worlds in strife;
Hell moves from beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life."

On every side of you is wide-awakedness. Our men of science are wide-awake. Our men of business are wide-awake. Earthly enterprises, where there is the least chance of a remunerative return, secure eager investors. What earnestness on 'change, at the market, in the gold room! Are the bulls and the bears lukewarm?

Recall that memorable Friday, when fortunes were won and lost, and characters were made and marred, and let the old slander of Hosea's days never be bandied about again—"The *spiritual* man is mad"—or our modern Paul be charged with craziness.

The earnestness of the adherents of error is enough to crimson our cheeks. It is not long since thirty young Jesuits (imitating the men of the Solemn League and Covenant, nigh three centuries ago) opened a vein in their arms, and dipping their pens in their own blood, wrote a letter to their superior, announcing their willingness to go wherever he was pleased to send them.

"We need men of hot hearts to tell of the love of Jesus," was the appeal sent home by some Chinese converts, the other day. This is what the church needs—what the world needs—"men of hot hearts."

"I would ye were hot," is the Master's cry.

If we are to succeed, we must be on fire about it. Dr. Arnot, of Edinburgh, tells of his being at a railway station one day; and, wearied of waiting for the train to move, he asked one of the men what the trouble was. "Is there a want of water?"

"Plenty of water, sir," was the prompt reply, but it's no' *bilin'.*"

That's the trouble with the church to-day. There's abundance of machinery—the engine is all in order, the train is made up, the men are at their posts—"there's plenty of water, but its's no' bilin'." The great motive power is wanting. We need to keep up the fuel of sound doctrine; not shavings of sentiment, which may make a big blaze, only to go out as quick; but the solid logs of fundamental truth—CHUNKS, if you will.

But we need more *the fire*—to be baptized with the Holy Ghost as with fire.

"Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening power:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that will kindle oars."

"Christ formed in us, dwelling in our hearts by faith," that will do it.

"Deeper, deeper, and you will find the Emperor," cried one of the scarred veterans of Napoleon's Guard, as the surgeon, probing a deep wound with his lancet, had got very near the heart. Can we, who profess to be soldiers of a grander army, and a more illustrious commander, say the same? A whole burnt offering; a living sacrifice; a thorough, whole-hearted service; a soul with the zeal of our Father's house consuming it, and the love of Christ constraining it; *this*, THIS is what we want.

Let us throw our hearts, then, into "the great battle of God Almighty."

The heart of the Captain of salvation is in it all the time. Though his body be on the throne, his soul is on the battlefield. When the heart of the Prince of Bannockburn was being borne in an urn into Jerusalem, the noble Douglas, with the brave escort who accompanied it, were assailed by the infidel Turk. Almost overborne by the swarming hordes, the little band of heroes reeled, when their leader threw the casket which contained the precious treasure into the midst of the enemy. It roused the flagging spirits of his men. They fought with redoubled energy for the heart of their dead king, and their enemies did lick the dust. Not the heart of a dead, but of the living, King, is with us. And we, rather than those who claim it, have the best right to the title, "Brethren and Sisters of the Sacred Heart."

Let us be stimulated by the thought, that the heart of the living, loving Christ is here, "in the world's great field of battle."

"Oh! who would not a companion be,
In this the lordlier chivalry?
Uprouse ye, then, brave brother band,
With honest heart and working hand.
We are but few—toil-tried, yet true;
And hearts beat high to dare and do.
Oh! there be those who ache to see
The day-dawn of our victory.
Work, brothers, work—work hand and brain,
We'll win the Golden Age again."

—*The Morning.*

A STRIKING CONVERSION.

I had the privilege of dedicating a beautiful country church in my State, in a neighbourhood surrounded almost entirely with infidels. The preacher directed my attention to a tall, manly, vigorous man in the congregation, and said he would give me his history when the service was over. He was, it seems, a violent, passionate, close-fisted man. Not a solitary farthing could anybody get out of him for the salvation of souls or for the elevation of humanity. He went to the altar a few months ago, said the minister, and gave his heart to Jesus. The infidels in the community said, "Wait a little while—touch his pocket, and you will see where his religion is." "Presently," continued my friend, "I came to him with my subscription paper, and spoke of the difficulties and embarrassments under which we laboured in the neighbourhood for the want of a church." "Well," said the man, "let us build a house." "What will you give?" inquired the preacher. "Fifty dollars," was the prompt reply, and the minister passed through the community with the subscription paper, at the head of which was this amount, written in the gentleman's hand writing, which surprised everybody. A few days afterward the most trying circumstance of his life occurred. His dear wife trembled for him. "O my husband!" she exclaimed, "don't go." His reply was, "I must go; my duty calls me there; I am perfectly cool and collected. I shall become excited, but I will not say a word or do a thing out of the way." He passed through the fiery ordeal without the least taint of anger upon him. The community then said, "Surely there is something in this; you have reached his pocket, you have conquered his anger, and you have subdued the man. There is power in this gospel of Christ." A few weeks after my visit there, I received the sad intelligence that that gentleman had been buried. He had gone out into the forest, and, unfortunately, a tree fell upon him and crushed him to the earth, and yet did not entirely destroy him. They carried him to the house, and sent for a physician and the minister. He calmly asked for the Bible, and read in a clear voice a chapter in John's gospel. After shutting the Bible, he closed his hands upon his breast, "and such a prayer," said my ministerial brother, "I never heard from mortal lips, for his wife, his children, for his pastor, for the church, and for his infidel friends." In a moment or two after saying amen, he closed his eyes, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. The infidels said, "There is something in religion." A few weeks since I met with that good pastor again. I inquired about his infidel neighbours, and he replied, "All of them but one are happily converted to God."—*Bishop Bowman.*

FAULT FINDING.

A few weeks ago, at a Sunday school concert, there was a report made of the funds collected for the missionary cause, giving in detail the different modes by which the money was raised for the outspread of the glorious gospel among a benighted people. The children had earned the several amounts contributed by them in many different ways; but the most striking and significant of all the report, was *twenty-five cents* earned by some little girl for "minding her own business."

In this age of fault-finding, when mankind is never satisfied with the innumerable blessings of an indulgent heaven, it would be like the labours of the Sisyphus, to find many who would do the work of this little child for so small a compensation. And while the money so secured has gone on its heavenly mission, rescuing as it may some soul from the impending doom of eternal death, the manner of earning it suggests a lesson that is full of wisdom—a principle that is highly commendable, and wreaths a crown for those who earn it, more to be admired than the "boast of heraldry" and the "pomp of power." It is a principle that should be impressed upon the heart of every one; yea, written in characters that will be imperishable through all the annals of time.

Fault-finding is a growing evil that takes hold fast and firm upon the heart, and is productive of many of the ills which stain the character of man with crimes. It is the seed from which emanates much wickedness, and is often the germ from which grows the inhumanity of man to man, which "makes countless thousands mourn." It is also the origin of that foul blot—the gnawing cancer in the character of man—*gossiping and slander*, which is a curse as blighting and as damning as sin to virtue, and as cruel as the ingratitude of a thankless child.

Some people are habitual fault-finders—habitual until it becomes second nature. In all their associations with mankind, they seek only to find out the wrongs and misdeeds of life, but never look for virtue; they can hold the mirror before another with a perfect though contemptible complacency, but dare not stand before it; they can read to others the hand-writing upon the wall, but they never learn the high and noble sentiment to which the finger of justice ever points with an accuracy as true as the needle to its star. *Know thyself!* They can relish with a gusto that is worthy of a better cause, and with an appetite as ravenous as the glutton his food, the defaming of a fellow man, but never learn to "feel another's woe." Thus they continue to find fault, to complain, to "mind other people's business, and leave off their own," until their hearts become but the receptacles of slander, and their mouths but the outlets of false and evil reports. Then, as the spirit of fault-finding is productive of many resources of evil, and is to the heart as the tares sown among the good seed, so are its influences the cause of untold woe and ruinous results. Slander as cruel and remorseless as the beast to his prey, thinks not, stops not, till it satisfies the cravings of its wicked and hellish appetite, and often drives its victims, in the madness of despair, to a life of shame, and a grave of infamy and everlasting woe. That any one is so perfect as to be faultless, no one will dare assert; nay, in the history of the world it has been written but once, and never will be recorded again, the words—"I find no fault in this man." Then, when an associate, a fellow-man, or an erring brother, falls short of the duty of man to man, and of man to his God (and who does not?) is it not better, is it not more in accordance with the teachings of that God who went about "doing good," and whose throne is founded upon mercy and love, to admonish and forgive than to revile and slander? Yea, envy, anger, malice, and hatred would be banished from among us, and fair, open-handed justice, that now sits aloof, with dismantled scales, would return and dwell again in the habitations of men. Mankind would rejoice as did the shepherds of Judea, when, from the archways of heaven, the angels sang:

"On earth, peace and good will toward man!"

"O, slanderer! remember that man is accountable to God, and not to man, for the misdeeds of life; though you may be weighed and adjusted in your own contracted scales of justice; yet every one must stand in judgment "before Jehovah's awful throne," and unending will be the woe, when

"The soul rises to God, not to dwell,
But hears its doom and sinks to hell."

—*Exchange.*

HEIRS TOGETHER OF THE GRACE OF LIFE.

If a man goes into a business transaction that he dare not tell his wife of, you may depend that he is on the way either to bankruptcy or moral ruin. There may be some things which he does not wish to trouble his wife with; but if he dares not tell her, he is on the road to discomfiture. On the other hand, the husband ought to sympathize with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman that could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day, around the stable or the table, or in the nursey or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hand. Four eyes to watch for the danger. Four shoulders on which to carry the trials.

It is a sad thing, when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a sad thing for a pianist, when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a sad thing when a wife is not suited, unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." As far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him.

There are a good many trains from earth to destruction. They start at all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains—they go very slowly and heavily; and there are the accommodation trains, going on towards destruction, and they stop very often, and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train—Satan is the stoker, and Death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout, and a wail, and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: first, those who have nothing to do; second, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or proud to do it.—*Talmage.*

A WEEK WITH THE AGED.

Monday afternoon I attended the funeral of a member of my church who had reached his seventy-seventh year. From the funeral services I went to the couch of a sick woman who had come to her ninety-first year, and leaving her, called upon five others, all over fourscore and four years, and all on the same street, and within a stone's-throw of each other. My appetite for the society of old people was quickened by what I had tasted, and I said, "Why should I stop here? Are there not other old people in town, and should I not seek out some of them?"

The result of my week with the aged was, that I visited twenty who were over seventy-six. Eighteen of these were over eighty, seven over eighty-five, and five had passed ninety. The sum of their ages was 1,723 years, and the average a fraction over 86. Of the eighteen who had numbered eighty years or more, twelve were connected with some branch of the Christian church. Of the remaining six, three gave evidence of that hope in Jesus which holds like an anchor, and of that peace which is like a river. The week which was commenced with a funeral closed with a death, or rather a translation.

Some of the peculiarities of these old people interested me, and their infirmities instructed, admonished me. I shall be as old as they, and perhaps more infirm, if I live as long. One old man who had a strong love of companionship, though he was quite deaf, and entirely blind, said to me, "The world isn't as good as it was when I was young. Ministers ain't as good. I don't know but they preach as well, but they don't visit as much." And yet his pastor had made him twenty-six calls during the preceding twelve months. The trouble was with his memory. That was not as good as it was when he was young. And his excellent wife, ninety-two, thought the people were not as good as they used to be. "I can remember when a man's word was as good as his bond, but it isn't so now." She did not remember that every man's word then was not as as good as his bond, nor think that there are some men whose word is just as good as any man's was then.

The two brothers were both very hard of hearing. One, I was not sure, caught anything of what I said, except the word *Jesus*. Both were self-distrustful, yet resting on the rock. The younger, eighty-three, said: "If I could only know my sins are forgiven, I should be ready to die. But there," pointing to his elder brother, on the other side of the room, "there is a man perfectly prepared. I never knew him do a dishonest thing. He has a great many times injured himself lest he might wrong somebody else." Passing across to the elder, eighty-eight, and trying to communicate with him by signs, "Oh, how I love that man," pointing to the younger. "Nobody can tell what he has been to me. He is a good man, if there is one in this world." Then I felt "how good and how pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity."

A woman in her ninetieth year, who was entirely blind, but who could hear very well, when my name was mentioned, said she was very glad to see me. Her memory was clear and retentive of occurrences in her childhood and earlier womanhood.

These scenes gave me a deeper sense of the preciousness of the Christian hope for the aged, and of the privilege of bearing to them a flower, a smile, a word of sympathy in the Master's name. They also impressed me anew with the discomforts of old age without religion. Such people are seldom at ease. Something seems wrong in everything. A screw is loose, or a joint weak, or a spring broken almost everywhere.

A patriarchal gentleman in his eightieth year, and a bachelor, thought we had too many schools in town. "Didn't have but one when I was a boy, and only one schoolhouse, except the townhouse." The difficulty was with the children, for whom he had no liking. There were too many of them. "They say every generation grows wiser. 'Taint so. They ain't nearly as wise as they used to be."

"Do you go to church anywhere?"

"No. I stay at home Sundays, and read."

"Were your parents church-going people?"

"No."

Some of this class dislike ministers. One of them frankly said to me, "I don't believe ministers are any better than other men."

"I don't, either, than some men," I replied.

"I don't think they are as good."

"Nor I, some of them."

Another said, "I do not believe in a personal God, as you do."

"I am sorry, for you miss the love of a good friend and a great Father, which you need here and hereafter."

"I don't know about the future, whether anybody exists there or not."

"I do; but if there is only a chance that it may be as the Bible teaches, it is wise to be on the safe side."

"I don't know about that."

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good who are accustomed to do evil."—*Prof. E. A. Lawrence, in Christian Weekly.*

UGLY AS SIN.

"You are 'round here, ugly, and cross, and homely," said an eccentric preacher, at a meeting, to a certain woman, who did not seem to participate in the enjoyment of the occasion as fully as he thought was proper.

"I don't know as I am to blame for being homely," said the woman.

"Yes, you be; you look well enough when you have got the grace of God in your heart;" was the prompt response.

Sin, in prospect, looks very charming and pleasurable. Sin, in reality, is full of evil and ugliness; and many a face which God made fair and beautiful, is so marred by sin that it is hideous to behold. Passion, rage, pride, envy, ingratitude, discontent, and lust, all mar the beauty of the human face divine, and degrade their victim from his high and glorious estate, until in his very looks he is earthly, sensual, and devilish. And on the other hand, many a repulsive and sensual face has been purified, ennobled, and transfigured by the peace of God, which richly dwells within the redeemed and sanctified soul.

Dr. Budington related to a friend, that a young woman once came to see him about joining the church. He asked her what made her first think of wanting to become a Christian. She said it was because she found she was growing so ugly. She found that the bad tempers that she was giving way to were making ugly marks upon her face. She was afraid to think what this would grow to by and by. This led her to think what a dreadful thing sin must be. Then she prayed to Jesus Christ to take away her sin, and make her a Christian.

This young woman was right. What she said was true. There is nothing that will help to make us look ugly sooner than giving way to bad temper; and any unconverted person who will look himself, his character, his history, and his condition, squarely and honestly in the face, will desire to be a Christian. Whether he beholds his natural face in a glass, or recalls his personal experience by memory's magic power, or looks into the perfect law of liberty and recognizes there his real condition, his wretchedness, his sin, and his need,—if he is honest and candid, he will desire that help and deliverance which only Christ can give, to rescue him from the degrading thraldom of sin and iniquity.

"Ugly as sin!" O, how much sweet beauty sin has banished from the earth; how much ugliness it has brought in. And how much of loveliness sin has banished from our own faces;—and what has it brought to us instead? O, to be free from its defacing and defiling power, that we may receive "beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning," and shine in the light and joy of Him who is "fairer than the sons of men," and whose lips are full of grace.

THE NEW SCRIPTURES.

ACCORDING TO TYNDALL, HUXLEY, SPENCER, AND DARWIN.

The *Cincinnati Commercial* publishes the following, which is rather the best satire we have seen on Extreme Evolutionism:

"1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos, and evolved protoplasm.

"2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.

"3. And the unknowable said, 'Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.'

"4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.

"5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm by accretion and absorption, produced the organic cell.

"6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene; and protogene begat eozoon, and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.

"7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

"8. And earthly atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

"9. And animalcule in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

"10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca, and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.

"11. Now these are the generation of the heigher vertebrata, in the cosmic period, that the Unknowable evoluted the bipedal mammalia.

"12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.

"13. Out of the ascinian came the amphibian and begat the pentadactyle; by inheritance and selection produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadæ in all their tribes.

"14. And out of the simiadæ the lemur prevailed above his fellows and produced the plalytrhine monkey.

"15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee evoluted the what-is it.

"16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod, and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

"17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.

"18. The homusulus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the tarragen—these are the generations of primeval man.

"19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

"20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous; for the weakest died, and the strongest grew and multiplied.

"21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

"22. For, behold the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

"And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

"24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish, and secured the survival of the fittest."

HOW AN AFFLICTED MAN GOT RELIEF.

It has for a long time been observed, that there are certain well-to-do people—not church members—not opposers to religion—who attend religious worship quite regularly; and yet who do not hold themselves bound to pay anything for the support of the pastor. At their houses they are very generous—so generous, that it is sometimes really difficult to believe that they are as stingy and niggardly as they are. The pastor, in visiting them, is sure to receive a cordial reception and a good dinner. Moreover, when he leaves, he receives some good things for his wife and children.

But it will sometimes happen, that such persons get quite unhappy. They love to move about in society, and to give at least an indirect endorsement to whatever is right.

It is impossible for them, therefore, not to hear occasionally something about the need of money, to make up the pastor's salary. The collector, in passing round amongst the people, invites their aid, which, nevertheless, they fail to afford, sometimes by a square refusal, and sometimes by saying, they have "not yet made up their minds what they ought to do." Of course they are unhappy, very unhappy. How could they be otherwise? They know their duty, but they will not do it. They see what others do. They feel a constant reproof—a constant sense of guilt. Particular cases of this kind are sometimes developed. I have such a case of a man now dead, which I will state.

A Mr. Brandreth of ——, with his family had for some months had no opportunity of displaying their generosity towards their pastor in their usual way, in their house, and at their table. Visiting the sick, attending funerals, and his Sabbath preparations, had absorbed all his time. They began to neglect the sanctuary. When seen out amongst the people they betrayed great disquietude. The pastor was apprised of these facts. He knew them all. He took the first spare moment he could to call on the family. They were very glad to see him. When about to leave, he was told by Mr. B., that he had some very excellent potatoes, and "would send him a half bushel to-morrow." They were accordingly sent. The next Sabbath, the family were all out to meeting, and were in their happiest mood. What could have produced so marked a change? The secret soon came out; one of the family told it to a neighbor. "They had felt so bad for months, in not having done any thing for the minister, that they were thinking they should be obliged to leave the meeting. But now they were relieved. He had made them a call, and they had squared matters all up."

So it turned out, that parting with half a bushel of potatoes lifted all the burdens from the hearts of this family! They could now meet the people, and look any of them in the face. Dear reader, don't be surprised. This family present a striking example of an inflexible law. They had grown up in the *habit of doing so and so* for the pastor. They had failed to conform, in the instance stated, to that habit. That violation had produced *pain*, though the habit was a bad one; the violation of some bad habits, in this respect, being the same as the violation of some good habits. But can the pain, which the violation of a bad habit produces, *be of the nature of penitence?* Nay, verily.—*Ed.*

DEATH LOSING ITS TERRORS.—A few weeks since, a youth of eighteen, son of a clergyman in the west of England, went out on the beach for a ramble in search of seaweeds. Pursuing his walk, unconscious of all but his immediate object, he at length discovered that the tide had flowed in, and he was inclosed between the cliffs and the advancing waters. Taking out his pocket Bible, he wrote on the fly-leaf, as follows: "In danger—surrounded by water; if help does not speedily arrive, I must be drowned. But Jesus, to whom I gave myself five years ago, is with me. I am perfectly happy. May He bless and comfort my beloved parents, and bring my dear little brothers and sisters to Himself, so that we may all meet in heaven." The body of the dear lad was discovered next day, and the Bible was taken from the pocket of his coat.

Small and steady gains give competence, with tranquility of mind.