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.

RECENT SPEECHES BY THE POPE.

The utterances of a person whom more than a hundred millions of the human race regard as infallible, deserve the attention of all who study the "signs of the times." About the middle of last month a magnificent demonstration took place in the grand halls of the Vatican Palace and in St. Peter's Cathedral. A delegation of 400 Germans presented an address to the Pope. The 15th of June was the 30th anniversary of Pio Nono's election, creation and coronation. Hence the great show got up in honor of the occasion. Hundreds kissed the foot of "His Holiness." Addressing the Cardinals the Pope spoke to the following effect.:

"They were all in a kind of slavery, but at the same time this position, which itself could not do other than inspire sad thoughts, did not prevent them from consecrating themselves with increased alacrity to the service of the church. It was, therefore, opportune that he should remind them of the example of Tobias. Carried into slavery, the good Israelite did not abandon himself to idle grief, but, acting with energy, aided his brethren in every way. 'Now, this is what we also are doing. You give counsels in the congregations and I with you.' There were many, the Pope said, who were of good heart, but who fainted beneath the weight of this continuous and calculated persecution. There were others who would reconcile Christ with Belial. These had need of enlightenment in order that they might remember that the night and the day cannot advance in two parallel lines. The night was night, and the day was day. But the day of liberty and consolation came for Tobias. Sennacherib was killed by his own sons, and Tobias was able to return to his tribe, and, let them remark, not only free to his tribe, but to all those rich possessions which were his before he was carried off from his country. They might be assured that the Church must triumph and the revolution perish. The fathers would kill the sons, the sons would kill their fathers, and all those born of the revolution would devour each other."

A Jesuit Address was presented to the Pope, which bursts as follows:

"'Rome from her Seven Hills invokes thee, Oh Michael, Prince of the Angels, guardian of the Vatican Arx. To Thee, Rome, with grief deep buried in her heart, appeals, that the Lernean Hydra which has caused her so many disasters, and threatens disasters still greater, may be driven by these to the nethermost depths of hell, or the day will never dawn upon her fraught with the joy she deserves.'"

To a delegation of Roman nobles the Pope addressed himself as follows:

"'While you, beloved children, rejoice in this anniversary which marks an epoch in this long Pontificate, it is probable that our adversaries rejoice also, in as much as the first lustrum of their unjust usurpation of Rome, the capital of Catholicity, has passed. But while our joy is based upon the firm foundation of justice, theirs, on the contrary, rests upon a slippery support, that of unjust aggression, and here I may be permitted for our common instruction to remind you of certain events from which it is clearly seen what are the judgments of God upon those who are unfavorable to the Holy See, and still more upon those who are against it. No one certainly has forgotten that this land, which belongs to the Church, was for several years guarded, protected, and guaranteed by two of the Catholic Powers. I do not know if political or other reasons induced those Powers one after the other to abandon us to the mercies of the fiercest enemies, the fact is they did abandon us. But when they had left the Holy See these two powers, one after the other, had to sustain the weight of the hand of God upon them. First, they made war upon each other, and then each became subjected to those terrible evils and humiliations which all know, and which we have all lamented. And what more? To that same Prince they call the Sultan, who had also assumed the part of persecutor of the Church in the East, taking upon himself the protection of a handful of schismatics,—what happened? Alas! you have all read in these days. That poor, wretched Sovereign lost, at the same time, his life and his throne, from which he was thrust with the same facility with which a master puts a miserable servant out of doors. Certainly, if I continued to place before you examples of the judgments upon the oppressors and usurpers of the Church, I could not easily end the long list. A few days ago Italy celebrated the centenary of the Lombard League, and what was that celebration? It was the memory of the end of a sacrilegious Emperor and the triumph of the Holy Roman See. On the one side a powerful, unjust usurper, and on the other a Pontiff, Alexander III., firm and constant in always upholding the rights of the Church. I will not speak of the fearful punishment with which God has especially stricken, now one, now another, of the impious sectarians, dying in terror and fright, abandoned to the power of infernal darkness. I will limit myself to one fact that occurred in this same Rome. Is it not true that one of the leaders of the Italian Revolution (the allusion was to Rattazzi), being at the point of death, sought for a priest to receive his last sighs? One was found, but it was useless, for the emissaries of Satan made, as one might say, a barricade around his bed, and the minister of God could not enter, "when there was need he should be called." And in the meantime! In the meantime the sick man died. Would to God that even he could have said, with true penitence in his heart, "*Nunc reminiscor malorum quæ feci in Jerusalem.*"

These are astonishing sentiments to be uttered by one who professes to be a follower of the Lord Jesus. Note the *gusto* with which the speaker prophesies the killing of fathers by sons and sons by fathers. The *Times*, after indicating the mellow wisdom which might be expected from a man of the Pope's years, proceeds:

"If Pius the Ninth has failed to use his opportunity in this spirit, the world will be willing to attribute it in great measure to the pressure of his position, rather than to the personal errors of a naturally genial character. But, whatever the explanation, the failure is lamentable; and the reports of the Pope's speeches exhibit a temper still absorbed, to a degree which would have been hardly credible, in the narrowest interests and the vulgarest animosities of the prevalent ecclesiastical struggle. These utterances are all full of lamentations over the loss of temporal possessions, of maledictions, not merely against foes, but against all who have failed to be sufficiently stanch to the Pope's cause, of insults over the graves of dead Statesmen and Monarchs, with an apparent unconsciousness that there is any other interest in the world but that of the temporal power of the Papacy. To the Cardinals, the Pope, as will be seen by the letter we publish this morning from Rome, began by lamenting that "we are all in a kind of slavery"—a proposition strangely illustrated by the public denunciations he proceeded to scatter about him, and by the perfect freedom with which the deputations and other ceremonies of this occasion have been conducted. But he proceeded to come at once to the point. He referred the Cardinals to the great example of Tobias, who maintained his hope and energy in his slavery. A day of liberty and consolation at length dawned for this eminent personage. "Sennacherib "was killed by his sons, and Tobias was able "to return to his tribe; and, *let them remark, "not only free to his tribe, but to all those rich "possessions which were his before he was car-"ried off from his country.*" The latter is evidently the great point in which the Cardinals are to derive encouragement from the example of Tobias; but there seems something not less significant in the Pope's reference to the murder of Sennacherib. The Pope proceeds to predict the future in a strain of prophetic exultation, in which he rises, it may be supposed, to the loftiest height of his visions. "The Church must "triumph and the Revolution perish. *The "Fathers will kill the sons and the sons will "kill their fathers, and all those born of the "Revolution will devour each other.*" To this mild and Christian tone the Pope returned in his interview with the German Pilgrims. Echoing their denunciations of the "Satanic war" now raging against morals, "he spoke of Antiochus and his end, and in "a firm voice uttered some terrible compari-"sons." In other words, he seems to threaten the German Emperor with the loathsome death of the ferocious persecutor of the Jews. His generalities of malediction are painful enough; but the Pope could not be content without pointing the Divine judgments against individuals. He recalled the scene of Rattazzi's deathbed, and bade his hearers take warning from the fact that a statesman who had robbed the Church had to die at last without a Priest, "barricaded," as it were by his unbelieving friends. He points to the disasters of his friends in France and Austria in recent wars, and attributes them to the desertion of the cause of the temporal power. But the wildest of all these interpretations of the decrees of Providence remains to be stated. The Pope could even dwell upon the painful circumstances of the deposition and death of the unhappy Sultan Abdul Aziz, and could drag this into the catalogue of Divine vindication of the Papacy. What, it may well be asked, had Abdul Aziz to do with the Pope's ecclesiastical quarrel? There is a miserable dispute between two rival sects of Armenian Christians, and Abdul Aziz took the side of those who claim independence from the Roman See. For this, according to Pope Pius IX., the Divine judgment descended on the Sultan's head, and it was the Pope and his Armenian supporters whose rights were vindicated in the late tragedy on the Bosphorus.

We are not sure that we are within the limits of reverence in so much as quoting this unchristian language. But the most lamentable part of the matter is that it should be possible for such malevolent and selfish perversions of historical events to pass current, under the highest sanction, on one of the great festivals and anniversaries of the Roman Catholic world. If the head of the Western Church cast his eye towards the East at all, might he not see something more than a quarrel between Armenian ecclesiastics in that protentous upheaval of long dormant Christian populations which is now the anxiety of all Europe? Could he find no thought or interest for that advance of the Christian upon the Mohammedan world which, in some respects, seems the most significant event of the century? It is, however, all of a piece with similar instances of narrowness and selfishness, which strikes us less because we are too familiar with them. To Roman Catholic official authorities the vast movement of thought which marks the modern world, which is partly resuscitating, partly reorganizing old hearts, but which is everywhere reanimating mental and spiritual energy, appears as nothing but a wicked rebellion against Papal authority and a conspiracy to deprive the Pope and his Cardinals of their "rich possessions." On these possessions their eyes are as eagerly fixed as, according to the Pope, were these of his famous example, Tobias; and he can contemplate with calmness, and even exultation, any amount of slaughter, and even family and intestine bloodshed, provided it only restores those "rich possessions."

What more bitter satire could be pronounced upon the proceedings of the Vatican Council on the 18th July, 1870, and these speeches of the Pope in June, 1876! Folly and superstition are self-rebuked. Surely intelligent and cultivated English speaking Roman Catholics will feel here a fresh shock to their faith.—*Presbyterian Witness.*

THE KING AND HIS DAUGHTER.

George III. had fifteen children. His favorite was the Princess Amelia. In her early days she was a gay, light-hearted girl; but as she grew older she became affectionate and reflective, yielding to the deeper sentiments of her emotional nature, and making herself the companion of the king in his decline. She once told her experience of life in two fair stanzas, that have been preserved:

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung,
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain,
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,
When sickness shook my trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could sing and dance no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me."

In 1810 she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness, but her sublime confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world.

The old king lingered by her bedside, her affectionate watcher and nurse. They talked together daily of Christ, of redemption, and of the joys of heaven. "The only hope of the sinner is in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel this hope my daughter? Does it sustain you?" "Nothing," says an English clergyman who witnessed these interviews, "can be more striking than the sight of the king, aged and nearly blind, bending over the couch on which the princess lies, and speaking to her of salvation through Christ as a matter far more interesting than the most significant pomps of royalty."

As she grew weaker, he caused the physician to make a statement of her condition every hour. When he found her sinking, the old dejection and gloom began to overcast his mind again. He felt, like Lear, that he had one true heart to love him for himself alone. This love was more precious to him than crowns and thrones. The world offered nothing to him so sweet as her affection. She was his Cordelia. One gloomy day a messenger came to the king's room to announce that Amelia had breathed her last. It was too much for the king; reason began to waver and soon took its flight. "This was caused by poor Amelia," he was heard saying, as the shadows deepened and the dreamy winter of age came stealing on.—*Selected.*

THE CITY OF JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem was founded in the year of the world 2023, by the royal priest Melchisedech. He called it Salem, which signifies "peace." Fifty years after its foundation it was taken by the Jebusites; then it was called Jerusalem which signifies "vision of peace." After the birth of Christ, when Jerusalem became the residence of a Roman Procurator, the prophetic words, "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh came," were fulfilled.

In the year 1187 Jerusalem was conquered by the illustrious Saladin. On the decline of Saladin's kingdom, Jerusalem passed through various revolutions, and at length, in 1317, was swallowed up in the Turkish empire. The present population of Jerusalem is about eighteen thousand. There are eight thousand Jews, six thousand Mohammedans, and about four thousand Christians of different sects. The most sacred places in the City are the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and Mosque of Omar, where Solomon's Temple stood.

It is estimated that France, Russia, Austria, and the Porte have entered into a convention to repair the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and thus pacifically settle a question which has been a source of uneasiness to the Christian powers for the last thirty years.

The history of this Church is identified with that of Christian Europe; the rights of nations and sects to participate in its privileges have been debated at the cannon's mouth, and the sword's point, and it is not unlikely that it may yet furnish matter for the serious consideration or angry discussion of ambitious European States, whose interests may seem to them to demand the occupation or control of the eastern coast of the Mediterranean.

The Russians have completed the erecton of their magnificent establishment in the vicinity of Mount Akra, containing a residence and official bureau for their Consul, a residence for their Bishop, a hospice for Russian pilgrims, and a large and tastefully built chapel. Other buildings of more or less pretentious architectural taste are in process of erection in Jerusalem. The Hospice for indigent Jews known as the Montefore Hospice, but really erected by funds bequeathed for that purpose by the late Judah Touro of New Orleans, is an important addition to the institutions of the City.

The value of land and house rent in and about Jerusalem has risen about five-fold within the last ten years. Christians can now hold real estate in their own name; but such property is unsafe, except in the cities.

The cultivation of farms is unprofitable, owing to the incursions of the Bedouin Arabs, and for the same reason life is insecure at even a short distance from the City. The fellahin (peasants) who cultivate wheat, barley, etc., are oppressed by the exactions of government and by other advantages taken out of their poverty by the factors who purchase of them. It is folly to think of improving their condition until a government strong enough to keep the Beduoins in check is instituted. They acknowledge no rulers but their own Sheikhs, who are constantly at war with each other, thus keeping the whole country in an unsettled state. The mountains surrounding Jerusalem are inhabited by a fierce race of Arabs, living by rapine and plunder, frequently descending on the high road to pillage the caravans and travellers who are unattended by a strong escort; while the local government is entirely impotent to prevent them.

The historical associations connected with the City of Jerusalem, and the various objects around are deeply interesting to the Jews and even to the Mohammedans, how much more to the heart of the true believer?

What a multitude of wonderful events have taken place on that spot; what an influence has proceeded from it, affecting the opinions and destinies of individuals and the world, for time and for eternity? The glory of Jerusalem has indeed departed from her ancient high estate as the splendid metropolis of the Jewish commonwealth and of the whole Christian world, the beloved of nations, and the joy of the whole earth," she has sunk into the neglected capital of a petty Turkish province.

The cup of wrath and desolation from the Almighty has been poured out upon her to the dregs, and she sits sad and solitary in sorrow and in the dust.

The Saviour "Beheld the city and wept over it, saying, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least, in this thy day, the things which belong, but now they are hid from thine eyes." He wept at the calamities and the doom which were then coming upon the city, and which now for almost eighteen centuries have bound her heavily to the ground. That which our Lord wept over in prospect, we now see in the terrible reality.—*L. L. Murad in Church Union.*

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

It is "eternal redemption," that is provided for us by the God-man Redeemer. So the Gospel or good news concerning this is called "everlasting." And to this the Apostle Peter refers when, contrasting the withering grass with the enduring word, he says:—"But the word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which, by the Gospel, is preached unto you." (1 Peter i. 25.)

It is not the Gospel of one age, but the Gospel of every age—everlasting. It is not the Gospel of the past age, nor of the present age, nor of the age to come, but the Gospel of all ages—everlasting.

It is not a Gospel whose good news ebbs and flows, darkens and brightens, alternately. It abides the same—for it is good news of the grace of Him with whom there is no variableness, who is the same yesterday, to-day, forever. Our changes cannot affect the Gospel just as they cannot affect Him, or make him less loving, less gracious, less forgiving.

It is the Gospel that will carry us through the gloom and weariness of our pilgrimage, even to the end; it is a Gospel that will abide with us through eternity; for it is the everlasting Gospel, and all its blessings are, like itself, "everlasting." Everlasting life is the sure portion of the believer.

UNREADY.

BY THE HON. FELIX R. BRUNOT, PITTSBURG.

I am hammering at the anvil
I am holding at the plow;
O Death! I hear your summons,
But I cannot heed it now;
Know you not that stocks are rising?
See you not I'm pushing on—
Buying, building, scheming, thriving?
Half my life-work not yet done.

Day by day the spikes are driven,
Day by day the rails go down;
When the work and worry's ended,
Mine the riches and renown;
Then—but waiting for the grasping—
Civic honors loom before;
I must win them—when I wear them,
Death, I'll drop the laboring oar.

No! I cannot heed your summons;
See you not I've work to do?
When my threescore years are over,
Then, O Death, I'll think of you;
Then, I'll listen to your calling,
Rid my soul of every load;
Gird me ready for the journey,
Trim my lamps, and mark the road.

Lightly, then, I'll reach the river,
Stoutly breast the rolling tide,—
Oh! give time, to face the Judgment,
Waiting on the other side!
When—ah! how your bony fingers,
Strain my heart-strings, chill my brow—
Death! O grasp me not so tightly—
Wait, until—* * * * *

Death answers—Now!

* * * * * * *

Grant, O God, may I be ready
When Thy messenger shall come,
Though the iron still be shapeless,
Though the plough be in the loam;
Whatsoe'er my earthly losses,
Whatsoe'er life's blessing be;
May my triumphs and my crosses,
Bring me nearer, Lord, to Thee.

Thou canst make the awful summons
Angels' whispers to mine ear;
Chilling blood and breaking heartstrings
Thrills of joy, it thou art near!
Waiting, working, praying, hoping,
While the shadows creep apace;
Clinging *to* Thee—resting *on* Thee,
Death is but Thy crowning grace.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN A WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

Do you know what it is to look for a piece of paper that is worth something to you, and which has by accident been thrown in the waste-paper basket?

I have many a time had to make such a weary search; and how glad I have been to find the lost piece, or perhaps the torn bits of it, one after another, which had to be carefully pasted together again.

Now I am going to tell you what a Mohammedan once found in his waste-paper basket.

Not far from Agra, in the northwest of India, lies a large town called Bhurtpoor, and there lived a man who belonged to the sect of the false prophet Mohammed, and in whose heart a secret longing was awakened after something, he scarce knew what. What he sought was a way to free his soul from the burden of sin that oppressed him. He had no friend that could help him; certainly they often said to him, "Allah, Akbar!" "God is great"; but that did not make him any happier. One advised him, indeed, to do something very hard, which should cause him great pain; or to make a pilgrimage, by which he would be sure of salvation. But he felt sure that all his own works could not save his soul from sin.

At last he began to pray to God. His constant prayer was "O, God, show me Thy truth!"

One day there came into his hands a heap of waste-paper, and he was going to use it to wrap up drugs for a hospital in which he was employed. As he sat there, using one piece of paper after another in his work, his eyes fell on a sentence on a stray leaf. Here were words that seemed to promise an answer to that which had filled his mind so long. He looked for more of the leaves, and read them eagerly.

"What can this be," said he to himself, "but God's answer to my prayer? Strange I should find these very words in this heap of paper!"

He searched further and further, and at length found all the scattered leaves forming a tract, entitled, "Din-i-happi;" that is, "What is the True Religion?"

He felt sure it was sent by God. This tract directed him to the Bible; he tried to get one, but there was not one in his language to be had in Bhurtpoor. He went to the missionary at Agra, who had just received a supply of newly printed Bibles; one of these he bought, and read carefully, and by degrees light dawned on his soul, showing him that the Lord Jesus, who said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," was also himself the way, the truth, and the life.

SIGHT OF THE JORDAN.

We were advancing toward a little wood of balm and tamarind trees, which, to my great astonishment, I saw rising from the midst of a sterile soil. All at once the Bethlemites stopped, and showed me with their hands, at the bottom of a ravine, something I had not perceived. Without being able to say what it was, I got a glimpse of something like a kind of sand moving over the motionless soil. I approached this singular object, and saw a yellow stream, which I had difficulty in distinguishing from the sand on its two banks. It was down deep below the surface, and slowly rolled along a thick wave—it was the Jordan.

I had seen the great rivers of America, with the pleasure which solitude and nature inspire; I had visited the Tiber with eagerness, and sought with as much ardor the Eurotas and Cephysus; but I cannot describe what I felt at the sight of the Jordan. Not only did that stream recall an antiquity that was famous, and one of the greatest names that the most beautiful poetry had ever entrusted to the memory of man, but its banks offered to me as well the scene of the miracles of our religion. Judea is the only country upon earth that retraces to the traveller the souvenir of human affairs and of the things of heaven, and which causes to arise from the very depths of the soul, by his commingling, a sentiment and thoughts which no other spot can inspire.—*French of Chateaubriand.*

A clergyman observing a poor man by the roadside, breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark, "Ah John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees," was the reply.

HEBREW WOMEN.

Who does not think of Deborah, prophetess, poetess, and warlike chieftainess, who could awaken the dormant spirit of her people and lead them triumphantly to the battle? "She is," to borrow the eloquent words of Dean Stanley, "the magnificent impersonation of the spirit of the Jewish people and of Jewish life. On the coins of the Roman empire, Judea is represented as a woman, seated under a palm tree, captive and weeping. It is the contrast of that figure which will best place before us the character and call of Deborah. It is the same Judean palm under whose shadow she sits, not with downcast eyes, and folded hands, and extinguished hopes, but with all the fire of faith and energy, eager for the battle, confident of the victory. Hers is the one voice of inspiration (in the full sense of the word) that breaks out in the book of Judges. . . . Hers is the prophetic word that gives an utterance and a sanction to the thoughts of freedom, of independence, and of natural unity, such as they had never had before in the world, and have rarely had since." The very possibility of the existence of a Deborah speaks trumpet-tongued for the moral and mental worth of Hebrew women.

We may surmise that Deborah's heroic mantle fell, after the lapse of centuries, upon the shoulders of Judith, for in this second avenger of her people's wrongs we find the same patriotic zeal, the same independent action, coupled, it is true, with more questionable attributes. The cruelty to enemies which obscures the lustre of both characters, and which we often find in those hearts whose patriotism beats loudest, we, must, in justice, remember, the reflex shadow cast by their intense love of race and country—a sentiment common among all young nations, and which only faded before the more perfect light of civilization. Even in Esther, the gentler and more delicately-drawn queen of Ahasuerus, the Hebrew myrtle, blossoming on an Asiatic court of barbarous pomp, we find patriotism and self-forgetting courage darkened by an act of revenge and cruelty.

Courage and grandeur of character seem to have reached their acme in the story of the noble mother whose story is told in the Book of the Maccabees. Almost without a parallel in history is the Jewish woman, whose very name has fallen into oblivion, but who will ever be remembered as the heroic mother of seven heroic sons. This woman united the faith of Deborah with the bravery and devotion of Judith, and was, in truth, the forerunner of that great and holy army of martyrs, which, seen through the dim mist of ages, stands forth in colossal proportion, exciting in us the profoundest feelings of admiration and of awe. The author of the Book of the Maccabees tells her story in one short chapter. The Jews were under Syrian rule, the hardest, the cruelest they had yet suffered, and Antiochus Epiphanes was the tyrant who, in resolving to annihilate the Jewish faith, gave it fresh life and strength. The monarch insisted upon enforcing his decrees, which the Jews obstinately resisted, and day after day the most horrible scenes were enacted. A mother and her seven sons were called upon to eat unlawful meat, and having indignantly refused to obey, were brought before Antiochus. The mother, we are told, was "marvellous above all, and worthy of honorable memory." As one of her sons after another was subjected to tortures, varied with fiendish ingenuity, each was upheld in his last moments of agony by the heroic woman, until the youngest alone survived. Antiochus, thinking it a disgrace to be thus baffled, promised the youth honor and riches if he would forswear the Jewish faith, and bade the mother counsel her son to yield to his persuasion. But the lion-hearted woman laughed the tyrant to scorn, and bursting forth in her own Hebrew tongue, said to her son, "Fear not this tormentor, but being worthy of thy brothers, take thy death, that I may receive thee again in mercy." Bereft of all her children, the mother at last without a murmur, herself suffered death for her faith.—*Constance de Rothschild, in New Quarterly Review.*

THE HOUSE OF SIMON.

An order was recently issued by the Sultan for removing the old walls and dismantling the fortifications at Jaffa. In cutting a gate through a water battery at an angle of the sea wall, built by Vespasian, and directly in front of the reputed house of Simon the tanner, they came upon three oval-shaped tanner's vats, hewn out of the natural rock and lined with Roman cement, down very near the sea, and similar in every respect to those in use eighteen centuries ago. There is also a fresh water spring flowing from the cliff close by, long known as the town spring.

The discovery, at least, proves that the house on the rocky bluff above, and from which steps lead down to the vats, must have belonged to some tanner, and, as it is not likely more than one of that trade would be living in so small a place as Jaffa, this, in all probability, is the identical spot where the house of Simon stood, with whom Peter was sojourning when he saw his wonderful vision, and received the servants of Cornelius, who came all the way from Cæsarea to have the apostle visit their master in that city. A cedar beam was also found under a section of the wall, deeply imbedded in the sand, showing that this was the very port where Solomon landed the timber for his grand temple on Moriah.

It is not heathens, or those who rejected the Bible, with whom our Lord had to contend, but those who believed themselves to be God's chosen people and the custodians of his Word. Had they comprehended the meaning of the Bible they would have known the Lord; but by regarding their established interpretations of the law and the prophets—their creeds, thoroughly orthodox, they were so blinded that the Lord's miraculous appearing in the world, his explanation of the Scriptures, and their fulfilment by him, and his wonderful works of love, all failed to convince them of their errors. It is indeed remarkable that he was only persecuted, (except when a babe), and at last crucified by and through those who believed they had eternal life in the very Word which testified of his coming as the Son of God. And men are even now just as liable as then to commit the same fatal error. To escape this sorrowful fate the mind must be kept open to conviction, without any hankering after new things, but with a love for the truth which develops a desire to know it for the sake of living and doing what he commands, who is the truth, and who alone is God. Such a love of the truth shuts out every selfish wish, and enables a person to study the Word of God with no other desire than therein, through the light of heaven, to learn to know God and his precepts to man.—*Mount Joy Herald.*

Little drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

READ YOUR BIBLE DAILY.

The celebrated painter, Benjamin Robert Hayden, gave the following admirable advice to his son, at a very critical time of his life: "You are quite right to read history—make yourself master of the histories of Greece and Rome. The English people are in many respects not unlike the Athenians without their acts, and like the Romans without their profligacy. Read your Bible daily. There is no more interesting book in the world, and it is becoming more necessary to read it and study it, because I already perceive a tendency among our scientific men in all their pride of knowledge and what they call discovery, to set the Bible aside as an Oriental legend. Do not believe them. The Mosaic account of the creation is the most simple and the most natural, and will be found, you may rely on it, confirmed by science when science has got down to the real facts. Generalization, founded on our present knowledge of the laws of nature, is the very thing which our present acquaintance with those laws does not justify. I am convinced that no thoroughly established and settled theory will be found to contradict the truths revealed in the Bible. But you are too young yet for me to enter further on the subject. I only tell you of it to put you on your guard. You will find many men, old and grown up men, who will laugh at the Bible. Don't believe them. Mathematics are all very well—but the differential calculus, my dear boy, can never prove or disprove the existence of God. Read your Bible, do your duty, and leave the rest with God."

THE DEVIL AND BILLY BRAY'S 'TATURS.

I was goin' to tell the story that I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said:

"Friends, last week I was a diggin' up my 'taturs It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. An' while I was a diggin' the devil come to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'

"'I should reckon he do,' I says.

"'Well, I don't,' says the tempter in a minute.

"If I'd thought about it I shouldn't ha' listened to him, for his 'pinions ben't worth the leastest bit o' notice.

"'I don't,' says he, 'and I tell 'ee what for; if your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you as pretty yield o' 'taturs,' so much as ever you do want, and ever so many of 'em, and every one of 'em as big as your fist. For it ben't no trouble for your Father to do anything; and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you he would, too.'

"O' course I wasn't goin' to let him talk o' my Father like that, so I turned round upon him. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me a talkin' like this here? If I ben't mistaken, I know you, sir, and I know my Father, too. And to think o' *your* comin' a sayin' *he* don't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'! An' I am sorry to add, that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as ever as any poor wretch could; and all you gave me was nothing but rags to my back, and a wretched home, an' an achin' head—an' *no* 'taturs—and the fear o' hell fire to finish up with. And here's my dear Father in heaven; I've been a poor servant of his, off and on, for thirty years. And he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full o' joy, and a lovely suit o' white as'll never wear out; and he says that he will make a king o' me before He've done, and that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him forever and ever. And now *you* come up here a talkin' like that!

"Bless 'e, my dear friends, he went off in a minute, like as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good-mornin.'"

TO-DAY.—If all who are convinced that they ought to obey Christ would do it, and do it now, millions would be converted in a day. The duty is confessed, but not done. God says, "Now is the accepted time;" men wait for a "more convenient season." They even object to prompt, present, decided submission on the plea of deliberation. But what is deliberation in such a case? When one is convinced that he ought to obey the Lord, how long is it necessary to wait in order to deliberate? If satisfied that a thing is right, what objection can be urged to doing it at once? Is it ever wrong to do right? Can duty be done too quickly? The duty of loyalty to Christ is the highest, most sacred, solemn, and weighty that can rest upon the conscience of man, if it is a duty at all. Is it prudent to delay it? Is it honorable? Is it reasonable? Is it safe? The only manly course for any person, is to act up to convictions sharply, promptly. The moment we know our duty we should do it. That is the wise and right thing? Any other course is evasive, unreasonable, wrong, and perilous. Those who believe they ought to serve God, should do it to-day.

RANDOM READINGS.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he himself must certainly pass.

We should embrace those opportunities of doing good that surround us daily, before we seek others.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy" coat, even though you are in company with a rich one and richly attired.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than seek knowledge under false pretences.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonesty by whomsoever exhibited.

He that follows the Lord fully, will find that goodness and mercy follow him continually. For daily wants he will find daily grace.

Christ is our life; think then of Christ. He came to suffer, but also to be glorified; to be despised, but to be exalted also; to die, but to rise again. If the labor alarm thee, see its reward.

Sir Walter Raleigh one day asking a favor from Queen Elizabeth, the latter said to him:

"Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?"

To which he replied:

"When your Majesty leaves off giving."

So let us ever be asking from God, who is ever giving, and ever willing to give.