

# The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

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## Be Men.

More than men you cannot be; and if you are less, your own nature will never forgive you. To be men is both your first duty and your first privilege. It would comfort your guardian angels, it would satisfy God, to see you men. The great reason why you are discontented with your position and circumstances is that you are not men in your circumstances. Were the single purpose and aim of your soul to become men, you would inherit sovereign authority from the brotherhood of Christ, you would have confidence towards God. Hell would tremble at your presence, and the first of the holy angels would feel themselves honoured in being your servants.

II.—Some quit themselves very respectably, with admirable dignity and ease, yet scarcely like men:—more like a well-bred, well-fledged race of princely manikins. Were there a show of them, there are few signs on earth so well worth seeing, but weighed in the balances of humanity, they are found wanting. To be the pink and aristocracy of man-kind is a very great distinction, but to be man is a divine distinction.

III.—A number, whose name is legion, quit themselves like tradesmen, trade being the master and man the servant,—trade my lord, and man my lord's valet. The wonder is how trade has acquired its supremacy. How could man come to be so deluded as to neglect himself, for the sake of minding trade? Trade is not more important than man, but man is infinitely more important than trade. Man may gain silver and gold, houses and lands, and lose spirituality, truth, and simplicity. Is not this losing by trade? He may gain the world, by trading, and lose himself. Is not this losing by trade? Much trash acquired, but the man lost!—who can estimate the loss involved in that man's gain? This is a trading world, but since man is the trader, he should be careful so to use trade as to become more than a man thereby. He should never sell himself to the low method of trade, for by so doing he makes himself lower. If sacrifice must be made, what man, in his senses, would not rather sacrifice trade to high-toned humanity, than his high-toned humanity to trade? Where is the profit of gaining in pocket and losing in soul?—Does he not lose his labour, who gets money to put into a bag that hath holes? Safe his own immortal nature is the only safe bag into which gains can be put. Profit in trade is lawful, but as man derives his profit from his brother man, he must make a conscience of profit, or his profit will be at the expense of his own humanity. To undersell a neighbor in an article which already pays too small a profit is dishonest. The man who is guilty of the practice not only plots a design against the trade of his neighbours, but damages the character of trade in general. He means to get on thereby, but he takes out a stone from the building of his own character. Diligence and manly skill in the management of business are commendable, but all trickery ennobles the trader more than it will do the public.

Be men! Beware of the tyranny of trade. Beware of its hold on your spirit. Let it be very much without you, that, when you have done with it, it may not leave its mark on you. Are you haunted with the idea of making your fortune by trade?—hunt the idea out of your soul. Make to yourself the fortune of the wisest, broadest, noblest, bravest humanity that you can. Be men! Do you envy those who are rapidly out shining you in worldly circumstances and splendour?—Envy them not. Compare the outside wages of slavish devotion to the world, and the essential wealth and glory of a divine humanity.

IV.—Some quit themselves as upgrown children, never as men. Their souls are never delivered from their tutors and governors. Their educational prejudices cleave to them through life. They never violate the limits within which they were taught to think. Under the authority and to the extent of their leading strings they can go, but no further. They regard freedom not as the "perfect law," but as lawlessness. They are mendaces:—men they never become.

V.—Some are little more than the parrots of their newspaper editor. From him they receive week by week the direction, substance, and measure of their thoughts. Before he has spoken they have no opinion; when he has spoken their opinions are coined, and immediately put into free circulation.

VI.—Others quit themselves as religious machines, or as the parrots of the church, or their minister. Very unalterable machines they are; or if parrots, very pious parrots. Their knowledge of God, of their own souls, and of the truths of revelation, is not their knowledge. The traditions which they have received to hold, relieve them from the difficulty of acquiring a personal faith. When they speak, they speak from tradition, and not from their understanding. With all their getting, they get not understanding, but the verdict of other men's understandings, when they hear Christ, or a Christlike man, whom the truth has made free, they stumble because he speaks, not in the words of their tradition, but in the words which the fresh living spirit of to-day teaches. Under a truly human, unfettered liberty of speech, they know not their own doctrines. Christ certainly speaks with great force and authority,

but then he speaks not as their Scribes and Pharisees speak.

VII.—If you are in England, you will find multitudes on multitudes who quit themselves as Englishmen, before you meet with a dozen who know not what it is to be men. The height of their ambition is to be Englishmen. England is their greatest idea. In body and soul, in feeling, thought, and speech, the "freemen of England" are the slaves of their idol. Warm fires burn in all England, but cold water flows all round England, and shuts her in within herself. Men who are warmly sympathetic with themselves, but unsympathetic towards foreigners, may be Englishmen indeed, but they are not men. If Russians, Germans, Frenchmen, Americans, Scotchmen, Englishmen, could give their humanity a high and sovereign dominion over their nationality, they would become true brothers, with a strong treaty of peace grounded in their spirits and flowing in their blood. But so long as high and sovereign dominion is given to nationality over humanity, brotherhood will be talked about, and peace-treaties made, but the grand central law of brotherhood and peace will be distinct still.

VIII.—The want of the times, the want of the whole world, is men. When will the age of men come? The age of men would be the gospel of the grace of God to all mankind. For nothing less than the descent of the Divine humanity into human souls will make men. The crown of all the ages has been seen in vision; and it cometh; yes, and it will come; in which the dominion, glory, and kingdom of the whole world are to be given to "One like the Son of Man." All people, nations, and languages, living and dead, and distracted, shall serve Him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed. The age of true Humanity is the golden age to come. "Come Lord Jesus."

IX.—How refreshing it would be even to find a small company of men! I do not even mean patriotic men, but men. Patriotic men of one nation will rise up against the patriotic men of another nation. Between patriotic men there will be wars and rumours of wars; but let the nations of the world be come men, and wars shall cease unto the end of the earth. In unity there is no war. Oh for men!—men, not held by custom, nor influenced by the votes of millions nor cowed by words, nor coloured by that, nor shut up within the other, but men. It would do your eyes good to see them, it would do your lungs good to hear them, it would do your lungs good to breathe in their atmosphere, it would do your understanding good to be inspired with their freedom, it would do your heart good to rest in their broad charity. God's commandment is exceeding broad, and it is one.—Be ye men! for to be men is to be in his own image and likeness.

X.—Man has unknown powers; but Samson is gone to sleep in the lap of Delilah. Worldly ease and pleasure have made a prey of him. His true manhood is quiescent, fallen into a deep sleep. His divine strength is gone. He is sold into captivity to his own inclinations, and they, Philistines as they are, have put out his eyes and made him a slave in their mill. It is strange, it is passing strange, that man's little world-nature should be able to captivate his great eternity-nature. It is the woman prevailing over Samson, a man a thousand times stronger than herself. The world, having subjugated the divine powers of man, is served by one who is greater than a thousand such worlds.

O men! men! you can imagine the strong man asleep in the lap of the fair Philistine. But can you imagine your own sleep in the lap of this plausible tempting world? More delusive than sleep is that world-wakefulness in which the man sleeps. Physically and psychically the man is awake, but spiritually he is in a deep sleep. His world-powers are acute and active, but his God-breathed nature is sunk into profound stupor. The man is there, but he is not himself. The true human power is not in him, the true human wisdom is not in him, the true human purpose is not in him. He is the world's and not God's. Till he become God's he cannot be a man.

O men! men! will you not cry to be delivered from this wretched inanity? Read the first chapter of Genesis, and ask God to make you men once more—masters of all devils and of the world, friends and fellows of angels, sons of God—men! Resolve to be real men, insist upon being real. You know not to what posts God will call you, when He finds you real men. There would come to be enough of majesty and authority about your person and presence to confound a whole city full of unreal men.

XI.—Be real men, and the Kingdom of Truth will espouse you. Mighty powers will not only express themselves in your words and works, but bide themselves in your silence. Be real men, and even your solitude will be waited upon with scenes greater than all the theatres of Europe ever represented or can represent. The eye of the world hath not seen, nor hath the ear heard, nor hath the world's heart conceived, what "the Spirit of Truth" will reveal to you. Men carry so much greater shows in themselves, they go not to the world's shows. Manikins go because they are manikins, and not men. Be real men, and a sublime object will become a necessity to you. You will not be able to sell your soul for a mess of pottage. The solar system, with a baptism awaiting it in

tenfold stellar brilliance and magnetic influence, might sooner be diverted from its course than you be tempted to make this world's money, place, or pleasure, your end.—The world-god will find that he must make the most of his art with others, he would lose his time with you. The Almighty of Man, as it is in Christ, he knows, and if you become the real men of Christ, and in Christ, he will know you too, and no more think of making you his prey than of trying another battle with Michael and his angels. "Jesus I know, and Paul I know." The one only calling of all real men is an eternity of free devotion to their king and country;—God is their king, the universe their country. Delight enough, honour enough, without their seeking, wait upon them, and will wait.

XII.—"Quit you like men." The grand purpose of moral life is to make the end.—If you use wisely and well the years of your brief night-time in nature, what an end you may yet make! What a character! What an inheritance! You cannot make the end at the end. The end will be made then.—The work of the past is in you, in your being and character. You cannot enter upon eternity with any other humanity than time has formed. The night is far spent, the day is at hand, the Great Day. "It is high time to awake out of sleep." The formative time is shortening, the time for the manifestation of what is formed is nearing. The formative process is far advanced. Death is the soul's birth, when what has been formed in secret will be shown openly.

See to it, that death, which will bring final night to your flesh, be the opening of day to your soul. Christ is the glory of God, or Essential Day; hide Him within you, and look to the day of your death for the rising of your sun. The life of the flesh is only possible on the condition that the glory of the Eternal Kingdom is strongly shut out. The wholeness of nature is the eclipse of glory. With the ruin of nature dawns the Day of days.

## Progress of the Mutiny in India.

STATE OF DELHI AFTER THE MUTINY.

A native at Delhi writes, after the mutineers had established themselves in that city, thus:—

"The mutineers were preceded on their first arrival by ten or twelve troopers, who, on entering the Rajghat gate of the city, assured everybody that they had come not to trouble or injure the city people in any way, but only to kill the European gentlemen, of whom they had resolved to leave none alive. On this news reaching the ears of the gentlemen they left their respective offices and fled. The mutineers killed all they could catch. Some got hidden among the houses. The greater part rushed to the magazine and closed the gate. About three in the afternoon the mutineers fired a shell from the magazine, which killed and wounded a vast number of the crowd. The report shook the houses as if a magazine had exploded.

"About ten at night two (putlans) troops of artillery arrived from Meerut and entered the city, and fired a Royal salute of twenty-one guns. Afterwards the troopers proceeded to the military cantonment (about a mile and a half outside the city), killed a great number of the officers, and their wives and children, and set fire to the houses.

"All the vagabonds of the city have joined the mutineers and are ravaging the city.

"The next day, about three in the afternoon, the empire was proclaimed under the King of Delhi, and the Imperial flag hoisted at the Ko walee (chief police station). The King's chief police officer arrived; with him all-horse and foot, and killed all the rest of Europeans they met or found. Then guns were fired as a salute. The old chief of police fled. The macebearers stood aloof.—Thousands of rupees' worth of things were pillaged until twelve o'clock in the night.

"There is now no ruler in the city and no order. Every one has to defend his house. An attack was made on the house of the great banker, Mugnoo Ram, but he had assembled so many defenders, that after much fighting the attack was unsuccessful.—Other bankers (names not mentioned) were pillaged.

"The Delhi Bank was entirely pillaged. In short, within these two days hundreds of thousands of rupees' worth of property has been destroyed or stolen. No one can venture out of his house. The King's officers have the control. The mutineers roam about the city, seeking it on every side.

"The post is stopped. The electric telegraph wires have been cut. News is closed on all sides.

"There is not a European face to be seen. Where have they gone, or how many have been killed? Hundreds of corpses are lying under the magazine. The burners of the dead wander about to recognise the looked-for faces and give them funeral rites. I don't know whether I shall live to see the end of all this. Hundreds of wealthy men have become beggars; hundreds of vagabonds have become men of wealth. When an heir to the city arises then the public market will be re-opened and order be restored. For these two days thousands have remained fasting, such of the sepoy as are left unpillaged being closed."

## A LADY'S ACCOUNT OF THE DELHI MASSACRE.

A lady writing from her place of retreat in Umbellah says:—

"We can hardly ourselves believe how we escaped. The way in which poor helpless men, women and children were slaughtered without a moment's warning is most dreadful. We were surrounded on the morning of the 11th of May (baby's birthday) by a party of mutineers from Meerut. One of our regiments (the 54th native infantry), with half of the native artillery, was immediately sent to guard the approaches to the city; but the mutineers succeeded in crossing the river (the city being open on that side), and in cutting the bridge of boats, and when once in the city, they spared nothing that came in their way, and the sepoy of our regiments very soon joined them, and turned against and killed their own officers. The Brigade-Major (Captain Nicolls) sent his carriage to me, told me to go to his house at once. I had no time to take anything, but awoke baby from her sleep, and we were driven about from place to place in the hot sun for some hours. All the ladies were kept behind a guard of guns, with the remaining companies of regiments that had not been sent to the city gates. We were for several hours in a guard room, and the gentlemen outside were in readiness to defend, while many of us were assisting to load the guns and do what else they could. About six o'clock in the evening the order was given to retreat. We got into Captain Nicoll's carriage, and put in as many others as we could, and drove one pair of horses for fifty miles, expecting every minute to be pursued and killed; and we were told a regiment had left Umballah and was cutting up whatever came in its way, so that unless we turned off the road we could not escape.— [They were evidently on their way to Umballah, via Kurnaul.] This induced some of us to go off to Meerut; but we did not know what to do, as there was danger there. However the report proved false, and we arrived safe at Kurnaul next morning. Here we were told that we must leave at once; but I felt so exhausted and ill, that I could not stir further, so that half our party went on and the rest remained till evening. We left Kurnaul at about nine o'clock, as we could not get horses sooner, and it was with the greatest difficulty we managed to get on at all, I—being obliged to threaten to shoot any one who refused to give us assistance. When we arrived at Thwanessur (a dawk station on the Umballah road) we halted for a couple of hours' sleep, and to get a change of conveyances. We stopped with the Assistant Commissioner; but before we had rested two hours we were alarmed by being told that a regiment of sepoy was come to attack us. We had to fly from the house, and hide as best we could under the bushes, &c., in the garden; and I kept dear baby in my own arms the whole time until morning, when Europeans were seen, and the cause of alarm proved to be a regiment of irregular Cavalry marching to Umballah. We could get no conveyances to go on with until the afternoon, when we left for Umballah at about six o'clock in a cart drawn by coolies. Our party consisted of about ten, and we met with great difficulty on the road, for the natives were so unwilling to assist us. We arrived at Umballah on the morning of the 14th, at about eight o'clock, quite fatigued and worn out, for dear baby never left me since we left Delhi. We leave this to-morrow evening (the 20th) for Kussowlee, where there is a guard of Europeans, and where, we hear, all the ladies from Simla and elsewhere have collected. No one was able to save any of their property at Delhi; every one was obliged to fly with nothing but the clothes they had on their backs. The amount of bloodshed was enormous—no a soul wearing a European garb in the city was saved. Mr. and Miss Jennings (the chaplain and his daughter, who was engaged to be married shortly) were killed, and also Mr. Hubbard (the Chu-ch Missionary). Altogether about 100 were massacred, and I do not think more than forty or fifty were saved, but the exact number is not known."

## ESCAPES FROM DELHI.

An officer, now happily in safety at Kurnaul, thus describes his miraculous escape from death at Delhi:—

"I placed my little boy in charge of some friends who took him away in their carriage in safety to Meerut. I then placed Fanny and our doctor's wife in a buggy, and directed them to go as quickly as possible to Kurnaul. Our doctor, who was severely wounded, accompanied them in his gharrie, but unfortunately they were all robbed on the road, and everything taken from them, their gharrie and buggy being broken to pieces and the horses stolen. More about them after. After seeing them off I hastened to our Quarter Guard, where I rallied the men of my own companies, Nos. 3 and 5, and they promised to stand by me. I proposed to the commanding officer to call them together, but he would not permit me to do so. Of course, with this order I could do nothing. By degrees I and Ensign—were left to ourselves in the Quarter Guard, when we agreed together to ride away with our colours to a place of security. The sepoy, however, refused to allow us to take them.—then left me alone and has not since been heard of. Last of all I persuaded the sepoy to let me take the regimental colour, and I took it, but on calling for my groom I found he had bolted with my horse. You may

imagine my horror at this. I went back into the Quarter Guard and replaced the colour, but on again coming out a trooper dismounted and took a deliberate shot at me, but missing his aim, I walked up to him and blew his brains out. Another man was then taking aim at me, when he was bayoneted by a sepoy of my company. The firing then became general, and I was compelled to run the gauntlet across the parade-ground, and escaped unhurt miraculously, three bullets having passed through my hat, and one through the skirt of my coat. The whole of the houses in cantonments were burnt. Having gone as far as my weak state of health would permit, and, being exhausted, I took refuge in a garden under some bushes. About half an hour after, a band of robbers, looking out for plunder, detected me, robbed me of my rings, &c., and only left me my flannel waistcoat and socks. They then tore off the sleeve of my shirt, and with it attempted to strangle me. Imagine the intense agony I must have been in! They left me for dead, as I had become senseless. About one hour after I came to, and managed to stagger on about a mile without shoes, where I secreted myself in a hut until daybreak, when I resumed my weary journey, and, after travelling about twelve miles, the latter part of which was in the boiling sun, without anything on my head, arrived at Aleepore. I managed to beg a little water, some bread, and a few old native clothes to cover my nakedness, but was refused shelter. Again I went on and on through the ploughed fields, barefooted, fearing to keep the road, on account of the robbers, and, after being turned from several villages, came to a village where the headman, much against the wishes of his labourers, offered to secrete me. This offer I accepted, and I remained with him for five days.

A second time I was forced to flee to the fields and hide myself, as about fifty of the mutinous sepoy came and searched the village for Europeans, but, after lying the whole day in the sun, my generous friend, the zemindar, came and fetched me. On the morning of the sixth day, a man came in and gave me such information that I was confident that Fanny, the poor doctor, and his wife were within six or seven miles off. I once more gained the high road, and, after making inquiries, found that those I was seeking for had been travelling on foot at night, and were about ten miles a-head of me. With my feet swollen and in blisters I journeyed on, and at last, to my extreme joy, overtook them. After having been several times stripped and searched by the robbers, they had been taken care of by a Ranee Mungla Dabee for two days.—They, poor helpless creatures, like myself had been robbed of all they possessed; the ladies, with the exception of a petticoat and shift, and the poor wounded doctor had his clothes left him, as the blood had so saturated them that they were deemed useless to them. The ladies also had experienced the most distressing and horrible insults. On the evening of the same day we resumed our march, but as poor Wood was so weak, we only managed to accomplish about three miles, when we put up in a village for the night. The villagers treated us very kindly, gave us quantities of milk, bread, and dhal, and charpas to lie on. As soon as the moon rose and we had had about four hours' sleep we again went on our road; but this time we were more fortunate, as some men offered to carry the doctor in a bed. By this means we got on more quickly, and by the evening we had walked about twenty miles, and put up in a village where the people were very kind indeed, and in the morning conducted us safely on horses, mules, and donkeys, to a place called Lurawlee, about thirty miles from Kurnaul. Here was a police station, and we immediately sent on a man on horse-back to Kurnaul to send us a carriage and cavalry escort, which was immediately done; and I thank God we arrived here safe on the night of the 20th. Everything I possessed in the world has, of course, either been burnt in my house or stolen; and I have nothing left to myself and wife and child but the clothes we stand in, which have been made up here."

A youth, an ensign in one of the mutinous regiments, thus relates his escape:—

"I must have been about five o'clock in the afternoon, when, all of a sudden, the sepoy who were with us in the Main Guard, and on whom we had been depending to defend us in every direction; a most awful scene as you may imagine, then ensued—people running in every possible way to try and escape. I, as luck would have it, with a few other fellows, ran up a kind of slope that leads to the officers' quarters, and thence, amid a storm of bullets to one of the embrasures of the bastion. It is perfectly miraculous how I escaped being hit; no end of poor fellows were knocked down all about, and all too by their men; it is really awful to think of it.—However, on arriving at the embrasure, all at once the idea occurred to me of jumping down into the ditch from the rampart (one would have thought it madness at any other time), and so try and get out by scaling the opposite side; but, just as I was in the act of doing so, I heard screams from a lot of unfortunate women, who were in the officers' quarters, imploring for help. I immediately, with a few other fellows, who, like me, were going to escape the same way, ran back to them, and, though the attempt appeared hopeless, we determined to see if we could not take them with us. Some of them, poor creatures, were wounded with bullets; however, we made a rope with handkerchiefs, and some of us jump-

ing down first into the ditch caught them as they drooped, to break the fall. Then came the difficulty of dragging them up the opposite bank; however, we succeeded, after half an hour's labour, in getting them up; and why no sepoy came and shot every one of us while getting across all this time is a perfect mystery. The murdering was going on below all this time and nothing could have been easier than for two or three of them to come to the rampart and shoot down every one of us. However, as I say, we somehow got over, and expecting to be pursued every minute, we bent our steps to a house that was on the banks of the river. This we reached in safety, and, getting something to eat and drink from the servants (their master, young Metcalf, had fled in the morning), stopped their till dark, and then, seeing the whole of three cantonments on fire, and as it were a regular battle raging in that direction, we ran down to the river-side, and made the best of our way along its banks in an opposite direction. It would be too long, my very dearest sister, to tell you of how for three days and nights we wandered in the jungles, sometimes fed and sometimes robbed by the villagers, till at length, wearied and footsore, with shreds of clothes on our backs, we arrived at a village where they put us into a hut and fed us for four days, and moreover took a note from us into Meerut, whence an escort of cavalry was sent out, and we were brought safely in here.

"We started from Delhi with five ladies and four officers besides myself, but afterwards in our wanderings fell in with two sergeants' wives and two little children, with two more officers and a merchant, so, altogether on coming into Meerut, we were a body of seventeen souls. Oh, great Heaven, to think of the privations we endured, and the narrow escapes we had! We used to ford streams at night, and then walk on slowly in our dripping clothes, lying down to rest every half-hour; for you must remember that some of the ladies were wounded, and all so fatigued and worn out that they could scarcely move. Of course, had we been by ourselves we would have made a dash for Meerut at once, which is about forty miles from Delhi, but, having these unfortunate women with us, what could we do? Sometimes we heard villagers combining to murder us, and the whole time were in dread of being pursued and killed by some of the mutineers from Delhi. At one time, when we were attacked by the villagers and robbed of everything we possessed, had we not had them with us we would have fought for it, and sold our lives dearly, instead of quietly giving up our arms as we did—for you must know we had a few blunt swords among us, with one double-barrelled gun. I send you a short account of the insurrection, from which you will see that a great many people escaped to Kurnaul and Umballah, among them the major of my regiment; but, alas! I fear we are the only ones saved."

## Statistics for Tobacco Chewers.

The Country Gentlemen makes the following curious calculations in regard to the amount of tobacco consumed. They may well startle the most inveterate lover of the weed. "There are probably at least three million very thorough and energetic chewers in the United States. If one tobacco chewer consumes in fifty years two thousand dollars worth of tobacco, then the three million will use in the same time the handy little sum of six thousand million dollars, the annual interest of which would be four hundred and twenty million, and the interest each second would be thirteen dollars.

The number of rail-cars or ships that the tobacco would load, we will leave to some of our younger readers; but will merely state that according to the estimated quantity of saliva ejected by each tobacco chewer, the whole amount discharged by the three million Americans, would be a hundred million hog-heads. This would be more than enough to fill the Erie Canal its whole length three times; or a similar canal more than a thousand miles long. Engineer Barrett ascertained that about twenty million cubic feet of water poured over the great falls of Niagara every minute; yet enormous as is this amount, the estimated quantity of American tobacco saliva would keep this great cataract in full action for more than two-thirds of an hour!

If the Yankees were compelled to manufacture all this from their mouths by means of a poisonous and bitter weed, it would no doubt be regarded as a tyranny infinitely worse than any ever exercised by George the Third, or any modern European despot.

## A Word to Young Men.

If you wish for a clear mind, strong muscles, and quiet nerves, for long life and power prolonged unto old age, avoid all drinks but water, and mild infusions of that fluid; shun tobacco and opium, and everything else that disturbs the normal state of the system; rely upon nutritious food and mild diluent drinks, of which water is the basis, and you will need nothing beyond these things, except rest, and the due moral regulation of all your powers, to give you long, happy, and useful lives, and a serene evening at the close.—Prof. Sulliman.

The most splendid talents, and the most mighty eloquence, and the most devoted diligence, will be utterly inefficient, except the unction be brought down from heaven by frequent and fervent supplication.—Bridges.

\* Extracted from "Quiet Hours," by the Rev. John Paul.