

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. GEO. W. DAY, Printer. SAINT JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1857. VOL. X.—NO. 50

DRUNKENNESS.

Of all the crimes which degrade and curse humanity, drunkenness may be regarded as the chief. It is a sin against nature and nature's God, against friends on earth and friends in heaven, every vein, sine w, muscle, and nerve of man's physical frame is violated by it. It curses his head, his ears, his face, his eyes, his nose, his mouth, his tongue, his body, his arms, his hands, his legs, his feet, in a word his whole animal frame work. It acts also as a blighting curse upon the happiness of all social affections and relationships. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, husband, wife, lover and friend are all drowned by its tyrannic sway to lives of poverty, disgrace and despair. If it stopped here it would not be so bad, but it goes on to curse the conscience, the reason, the judgment, the understanding, the will, the affections and in the issue to damn eternally the soul.

Whoever has read the sentence of excommunication as uttered by the Roman Catholic Church against heretics must have been impressed with the terror of its maledictions, but if these were all real they could scarcely equal in their results the withering curses that fall with tremendous energy upon the poor inebriate. This matter has been brought with great vividness to our minds by reading the remarkable production below from the pen of Arch Bishop Walsh. The picture which he draws is frightful to look upon, but it is true to life.

No class of people under the heavens have suffered more, the world over, from the sin of drunkenness than the Roman Catholics. Well does Bishop Walsh know this, hence his faithful description of the evil, but strange to say, from no section of the people has the doctrine of prohibition met with more deadly opposition than from this sect. Bishops, Priests and laity have given it their most determined hostility; their pulpits, altars, press and dram-shops have all united in their anathemas against it as a deadly foe to the liberties and interests of humanity. So it was in New Brunswick, when the prohibitory law was upon the statute book, and so it is the world over. Only for the opposition of the Catholics, prohibition in New Brunswick would have been a perfect triumph, and the law would have remained upon our statute books as a safe-guard around our homes and our domestic altars against the intrusions of the demonaical influences of the intoxicating cup. Strange consistency thus to bring out the poor drunkard, and hold him up to the execration of heaven, earth and hell, and yet uphold the man who has made him such.

But read what the Bishop says. It has appeared in several prints, we extract it from the *Telegraph*, and shall be glad to see it copied by the press the world over, that it may be read by Catholics, Protestants, and every body. Here it is.—Ed.

The Accursed Race of Drunkards.

BY THE MOST REV. DR. WALSH, ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX, N. S.

Having, on former occasions, denounced the monster vice of intemperance from scriptural and religious sources, we will now consider this soul-destroying habit in its own odious nature and dreadful consequences. It is a monster of such frightful mien, that to be hated, need but to be seen. It is a vice which pre-eminently brutalizes and degrades, and we feel that to give even a faint description of the beastly drunkard will be a nauseous and revolting task. It is impossible to make it otherwise, and the loathing and disgust which it will produce, may serve to rouse the drunken man himself from his prostrate condition. When the pagans of ancient Greece wanted to inspire their children with horror for the vice of drunkenness, they intoxicated their slaves, and then exhibited them, in all the hideous and repulsive features of maddening intemperance. If we hold the mirror up to nature, and show vice his own image, perhaps the drunkard himself, from the contemplation of the picture, at some lucid interval, may stand aghast, and renounce his accursed habit before it be too late.—Man, says the Psalmist, has been compared to the beasts which have no reason, and he has been made like to them. Never was the likeness more complete between man and the brute beast, than when the latter is intoxicated. Nay, when a comparison is instituted, it is all in favor of the beast. A beast, without reason, more truly fulfils the ends of his creation, than the drunkard who has been made after the image of God. The one has never received reason; the other has almost destroyed the precious gift. The beast follows his natural instinct; the drunkard smother's his soul in the fumes of intemperance, and extinguishes his soul in draughts of poison. The beast drinks to satisfy the wants of nature; the drunkard to gratify one of the lowest of the animal appetites. The beast will generally stop when his thirst is appeased; the man will continue to gulf

down, long after, he has been unable to distinguish what he is swallowing, or even to derive an animal gratification from the act. It is therefore, in some respect, an injustice to the brute creation to compare them to a drunken man. There are however, various qualities in the beast, which are to him naturally in the drunkard; and indeed, the transposition of the man into the beast, is so complete and so general, that there is hardly any attribute of the beast, on animal nature with which the drunkard is not invested. In fact there are various kinds of drunkards which remind you of different beasts. The ass, the dog, the sheep, the calf, the ape, the sow, the wolf, the tiger, laughing hyena, &c., each has its human representative in the drunkard. The stupidity of the ass, the barking of the dog, the silliness of the sheep, the helpless bleating of the calf, the hideous grimaces of the ape, may all be witnessed in turn. The howl of the wolf, the bloody spring of the tiger, the malicious grin of the hyena, are all to be found in the drunken type. In our streets, in our squares, in our houses, on our public roads, by land and by sea, we have roaring lions, creeping serpents, blubbery sea-calves, weeping crocodiles, rapacious foxes, devouring porcupines, a sopping whale, and belching bulls. The same drunkard set will, in the course of an hour, exhibit specimens of half-a-dozen birds, beasts and fishes, so that he is in appearance, as well as in fact, the greatest monster in creation, a LUSUS NATUREE at which nature herself stands aghast. Take the most filthy, heinous, and repulsive thing in creation, and compare it with the drunkard, and it gains by the comparison.

Look at a drunkard at home, or in public, and you will blush for our common humanity. He was made by God a little less than the angel; he has degraded himself much lower than the brute. He was established in glory and honor; he has sunk into ignominy and disgrace. The tavern is his temple, his prayers are blasphemous, his belly is his God. In the midst of his infernal orgies he barks, he shouts, he roars, he screams, he bellows, he stamps, he kicks, he strikes, he knows, he tears, he snorts, he grunts, he yawns, he hiccups. Vengeance, hatred, blasphemy, and bestial obscenity, are on his serpent, sly tongue, his eyes are fiery and bloodshot, his ears are stunned. His hair is a bundle of hissing serpents, his teeth chatter and rattle like ivory in a dice-box, his hands are palsied; a mud-pool is a pure fountain compared with his mephitic stomach, his knees totter, and his legs refuse to support his bloated carcass.—The drunkard tramples on all the laws of nature, as well as all the precepts of God. He robs, he steals, he cheats; he breaks his word, he violates his promise, he betrays his secret which was confided to him. He has no honor, no principle, no spirit of independence, no regard for truth, no respect for modesty, theft and sacrilege, adultery and murder, he commits without any remorse whatever. He is a wicked husband, an ungrateful child, a cruel father, a false friend, a troublesome neighbor, a social pest. At home he is a raging lion; when he appears in public a mid-ly devil, vomiting fire and flame. He is always in excitement, his nerves are on the rack, his thoughts are scattered, his memory is weak, his will is vacillating, his judgment is obscured, his understanding is impaired. The drunkard is exposed to a thousand dangers from which the sober man is secure. Every time that he drinks to excess, he is in peril of his life, his property, his liberty, or his reputation. He may be seen, by hundreds, and to be seen is to be despised. He may commit many crimes for which he is amenable to justice. He becomes an easy prey to the robber, the villain, and the thief. He makes a ruinous purchase, his pockets are rifled, his valuables are stolen, he is sometimes even stripped of his clothes. Then he falls from his horse and breaks his neck, or fractures his skull; he tumbles into a river and is drowned, he falls into a dyke and is suffocated. His eyes swim, the earth reels, surrounding objects are in motion, he staggers from one side to the other, he describes all manner of geometrical figures on the highway; he creeps like a serpent, and grasps the earth for support, he advances like a crab, and continues to walk backwards whilst he is making the most violent efforts to go forward. No arabesque is more intricate, no Cretan labyrinth more tortuous than his zig-zag path. He falls upon his skull, and his brains are dashed out, or upon his face, and he is smothered, or upon his side and he perishes from the inclemency of the weather. And if he escapes death, after having wooed him in so many forms, who can describe the agony of his returning consciousness, or the trembling of his delirium? Hideous spectres surround him, frightful apparitions appal him, terrific and mysterious whispers curdle his blood; the demon of intemperance, to whom he has sold his body and soul, exults over his departing victim, and all the lamps of hell are, as it were, summoned to mock his agony, and to tell him in the language of the damned, that the reign of mercy is passed away and that hope is no more! The consequence is natural. He cuts his throat, he pierces his heart, he hangs himself, or blows out his brains. But, before he executes this, vengeance of heaven upon himself, he will frequently murder his wife, dispatch his child, or set fire to his house. If he is not prematurely cut off by a sudden accident, or a blow or a wound, he is sure to hasten his end by the insidious poison which he daily imbibes. That spungy throat of his

eries out like the horse leech, give, give and is never satisfied. That scorched pallet has lost all savor, and more powerful stimulants must be mingled with the hellish liquid, in order to arouse for a moment the jaded sense. No foul shaft in a coal mine is more explosive than that bottomless pit—the drunkard's stomach. The heated blood is propelled through the swelling veins with increased speed, and the very marrow is frying in his bones. He exposes himself to a long catalogue of excruciating and fatal diseases. He leads a dying life, he endures a lingering martyrdom, and whether by apoplexy, or dropsy, or consumption, or fever, death is sure to clutch his wretched victim. So true is the old proverb, that the throat has killed more than the sword—so true would be the epithet upon almost each of the accursed race of drunkards—Here lies a self-murderer!

Dr. Livingstone's Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.

The fame of Dr. Livingstone preceded the publication of this volume, which will largely add to his well-earned reputation. On his arrival in England after an absence of sixteen years passed in danger in the pursuit of the noblest objects, he was honoured with a special meeting of welcome by the Royal Geographical Society. He received a similar mark of attention and an equally cordial greeting from the directors of the London Missionary Society; and publicly announced his intention of communicating to the world a narrative of his adventures, investigations, and discoveries. He has redeemed his promise in a manner that will elicit universal admiration. Though modestly disclaiming all literary pretensions, Dr. Livingstone has displayed the capabilities of an accomplished writer—his style being clear and vigorous, and free from all meritorious decoration.—But the great charm of the book, which imparts to it an enduring interest, is the novelty of the materials of which it is composed. He has penetrated into regions on which the foot of the white man had never trod; and beheld flowing rivers where only sandy deserts were supposed to exist. Races of men with whom no European had communicated, have been his friends, companions, and disciples. His voice has not been a voice crying in the wilderness, with none to heed its sound; for he has planted the seeds of the Gospel in the interior of Africa, and been the pioneer of a new commercial enterprise. The extent of service that he has rendered to civilization cannot be appreciated in our days. Years may elapse before the good work he has commenced will bear its fruits; but he is not the less entitled to the warm gratitude of his contemporaries; and when the fullness of the harvest is gathered in, in a future age, monuments will be erected to his memory. If commerce will avail itself of the opportunities he has afforded, slavery will disappear from the whole of Africa, and a new market will be opened to us for the supply of cotton unspolled by the degradation and torture of the negro. We consider this work of such novelty and importance, both as regards the narrative and the illustrations, as (by consent of the publisher) to transfer to our pages eight of the scenes of vivid interest which Dr. Livingstone has pictured; and to quote with these engravings his life-like descriptions.

Before entering upon the details of his volume, it will gratify our readers if we give a slight sketch of this benefactor of mankind. He is a native of Scotland, descended from a respectable, though not opulent, line of ancestors; one of whom, on his death-bed, called his children around him, and said, that having carefully searched through the traditions of his family, he could not discover a dishonest man among their forefathers. He parted from them with these words, "Be honest." The father of Dr. Livingstone was a farmer in Ulva; but the expense of a large family induced him to remove to the Blantyre cotton-factory, near Glasgow. There his son was placed as a weaver at ten years of age; but attended a school where he was taught Latin. At nineteen he became a cotton-spinner, and his wages enabled him to attend the Medical, Greek, and Divinity classes at Glasgow, where he was subsequently admitted an associate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. He joined the London Missionary Society, of which he highly approved, it being founded on wholly unsectarian principles. To use his own words, "It sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterians, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ, to the heathen. It was his intention to have gone to China, but he was prevented by the opinion war." Embarking for Africa in 1840, after a voyage of three months, he reached Cape Town, whence he started for the interior, travelling round Algoa Bay. From 1840 to 1856 he devoted his time to medical and missionary labours, without cost to the inhabitants. Shortly after his arrival in Africa he determined to obtain a general knowledge of the languages, and especially of that spoken by the Bechuans, called Bakwains, and to make himself acquainted with their laws and customs, their habits and modes of thinking, for which purpose he secluded himself for six months from European society. In 1843 he removed to the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, selecting as a site of a missionary station, and there his first perilous adventure occurred. The lions of the neighbourhood not

earth Peace, good will toward Men."

only attacked, the cattle pens by night, but the herds in the open day. It is known that, if one in a troop of these animals is killed, the whole quail that part of the country. The Doctor determined personally to assist the people in making war against the common enemy; and the native leader of the party was the schoolmaster, named Mchewe.—The encounter, in which Dr. Livingstone narrowly escaped from death is thus related:—

THE MISSIONARY'S ESCAPE FROM THE LION.

Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growing horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. This shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe who see all the operation but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shock annihilated fear, and allowed a sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and, if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death.—Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed towards Mchewe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and attacking Mchewe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear a lion while he was biting Mchewe. He left Mchewe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at this moment the bulls he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few minutes, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatia on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass; which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm. A wound from this animal's tooth resembles a gun shot wound; it is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and pains are felt periodically ever afterwards. I had on a tartan jacket on the occasion, and I believe that it wiped off all the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in this affray have both suffered from the peculiar pain, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in the limb. The man whose shoulder was wounded showed me his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of inquirers.

The chief of the tribe called Bechuans or Bakwains was named Sechele. He was a very remarkable man, and had embraced Christianity. His father had been murdered by his own people while Sechele was yet a child. The friends of the family invited Sechele, the chief of Makolo's, to renounce them, which he did, and the usurper was put to death. Sechele afterwards married the daughters of his three under-chiefs, and thus secured the allegiance of his tribe, but he became a polygamist before he was a Christian. When Dr. Livingstone made his acquaintance, Sechele's authority was fully recognized; and as it was the custom of the country when any new subject was introduced to interrogate the proponent of it, of that privilege Sechele availed himself. He asked the teacher if his forefathers knew of a future judgment, and he answered in the affirmative, beginning as described the scenes of the great white throne, and Him who shall sit on it, from whose face the heaven and the earth shall flee away; "on which the chief said, "You startle me; I have no more strength in me; but my forefathers were living at the same time yours were, and how is it that they did not send them word about these terrible things sooner? They all passed away into darkness without knowing whether they were going." Sechele was an apt scholar, studied diligently, and soon acquired knowledge; but he had a low opinion of the moral power of truth over his tribe, and proposed to flog them into Christianity with whips of rhinoceros hide, saying that they ought to be only too happy to embrace Christianity at his command. For three years he made a consistent profession of his faith, but he stated to part with his three wives, deeming it ungrateful, as he owed his power to their fathers. At length he made up his mind firmly, made them presents, and sent them to their parents, "with an intimation that he had no fault to find with them, but that in parting with them he wished to follow the will of God." He and his children were baptized. The relations of the wives opposed the new religion, and both the attendance at school and church became greatly diminished. A very curious dialogue then follows between our missionary and a rain-doctor, which arose from the continued drought. We are next introduced to a hunting scene, which we have illustrated by two Engravings.

The first is descriptive of the chase, where the hunters are seen driving into the hopo or trap; in the second the beasts are entrapped, and in their confusion and terror fall an easy prey to their pursuers:—

THE HOPO OR TRAP FOR DRIVING GAME.

The hopo consists of two hedges in the form of the letter V, which are very high and thick near the angle. Instead of the hedges being joined there, they are made to form a lane of about fifty yards in length, at the extremity of which a pit is formed, six or eight feet deep, and about twelve or fifteen in breadth and length. Trunks of trees are laid round the margins of the pit, and more especially over that nearest the lane where the animals are expected to leap in, and over that farthest from the lane where it is supposed they will attempt to escape almost impossible. The whole is carefully decked with short green rushes, making the pit like a concealed pitfall. As the hedges are frequently about a mile long, and about as much apart at their extremities, a tripe making a circle three or four miles round the country adjacent to the opening, and gradually closing up, are almost sure to inclose a large body of game. Driving it up with shouts to the narrow part of the hopo, men secreted there throw their javelins into the affrighted herds, and on the animals rush to the opening presented at the converging hedges, and into the pit; till that is full of a living mass. Some escape by running over the hedges, as a Smithfield market dog does over the sheep's backs. It is a frightful scene. The men, wild with excitement, spear the lovely animals with mad delight; others of the poor creatures, borne down by the weight of their dead and dying companions, every now and then make the whole mass heave in their smothering agonies.

The account given of the Boers of the Cashun mountains, otherwise named "Magaliesberg," is highly unfavourable; but we are cautioned not to confound them with the Cape colonists, nor to imagine that Boer is synonymous with our wool-bearer; the term, as used in Africa, simply means farmer. These people are hostile to missions, as preaching the doctrine of human liberty, and object to English law, which places black and white men on terms of perfect equality. Among them are English deserters and men of desperate character. Whenever they gain the ascendancy they reduce the natives into bondage, considering that good government will always enforce compulsory labor. They are descended from Dutch and French Huguenot ancestors, claim to be among the chosen, and insist that the heathen are their inheritance, regarding the coloured race as black property. In 1852 the Boers made war on the Bakwains; killed many of the adults, and carried off two hundred of our school children into slavery. In this foray Dr. Livingstone's house was plundered; his stock of medicines smashed, leaves were torn out of the books in his library, and all his furniture and clothing sold at public auction to defray the cost of this predatory expedition. Our missionary has traced this outrage up to its true source. "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country."

Our traveller then proceeded to the Kalahari desert, of which he gives an interesting description, minutely noticing plants and animals as he approached its confines. "Nor is it a useless tract of country as its name denotes. Accompanied by Messrs. Oswell and Murray, Dr. Livingstone started for the unknown region on the 1st of June, 1849. All round Serodit the country is perfectly flat and composed of soft white sand. The sky is cloudless. A bright sunlight glares over the whole scene, and the clumps of trees and bushes are so uniform in size and appearance that no one can be distinguished from the other. It is a remarkable fact that the elands, a beautiful variety of antelopes, fed round the travellers where water was inaccessible to them.—[Illustrated News.

What will Ruin Children.

To have parents exercise partiality. This practice is lamentably prevalent. The first-born, the only son or daughter, the beauty or wit of a household, is too commonly set apart, Joseph-like. To be frequently put out of temper. A child ought always to be spared, as far as possible, all just cause of irritation, and never to be punished for wrong doing by taunts, cuffs, and ridicule. To be suffered to go uncorrected to-day for the very thing for which chastisement was inflicted yesterday. With as much reason might a watch which should be wound backwards half the time, be expected to run well, as a child thus trained, become possessed of an estimable character. To be corrected for accidental faults with the same severity as if they were those of intention. The child who does all when he meant to do well, merits pity, not upbraidings. The disappointment at his young projector, attendant on the failure of any little enterprise, is of itself sufficient punishment, even were the result brought about by carelessness. To add more, is as cruel as it is hurtful. To be made to feel that they were only burdens. Parents who give a child, to understand that he is burdensome to them, need not be surprised should they, one day, be given to understand that they are burdensome to him. They should bear with childhood, in view of their own second childhood.

A Mother's Counsel.

Forty years ago a mother stood on the green hills of Vermont, holding by the right hand a son a dozen years old, mad with the love of the sea. And, as she stood by the garden gate on a sunny morning, she said, "Edwin they tell me—for I never saw the ocean—that the great temptation of the seaman's life is drink." I gave her the promise, and I went the broad globe over—Caucasia, the Mediterranean, San Francisco, the Cape of Good Hope, the North Pole, and the South—I saw them all in forty years, and I never saw a glass filled with sparkling liquor that my mother's form by the green gate, on the green hill side of Vermont, did not rise before me, and to-day, at the age of sixty, my lips are innocent of the taste of liquor.

English Correspondence.

Letter from Rev. C. Spurgeon.

PARISH PRIEST VERSUS LORD BISHOP.

It will be remembered that a series of services was held in Exeter Hall, during the Summer, by clergyman of the Episcopal Church, specially intended for the benefit of working men. So successful was the effort in the estimation of its promoters, that they had projected another course of services under the sanction of the Bishop of London, in the same place and for the same object. The announcements were made, and the preachers appointed, and the plan was about to be carried into execution, when up starts an opponent, and puts his veto on the whole proceeding. Who is this opponent?

Surely he must be some infidel opposer of Christ and his Gospel, who desires to throw every impediment in the way of the religious instruction of the masses. No. Guess again. Surely it cannot be some narrow-minded Nonconformist who has prevailed to "close the doors of Exeter Hall against faithful ministers of Christ, because he fears lest the influence of his own denomination should be impaired by these efforts? No; nothing of the kind. A the opponent of this praiseworthy enterprise is himself a clergyman, in the diocese of London, and injustice would scarcely be done to him, if it be added, that he thinks himself in the only true and legitimate line of apostolical succession. A model successor, shall we say, of the Apostle Paul, for instance, who declared that he is rejoiced and would rejoice; because in every way Christ was preached.

The following notice, which made its appearance on the Saturday before, the Sunday on which the services were to have commenced, will explain the postponement. "Exeter Hall services for the working classes (under the sanction of the Bishop of London). The service fixed for Sunday, the 8th instant, will not take place. The Rev. A. G. Edouart, incumbent of the parish, has, by a notice served yesterday, forbidden the services. Until the legal question shall have been decided, the Committee will therefore suspend the course."

"SHAFESBURY, Chairman."

In the daily papers is published a letter addressed to the Bishop of London by the aforesaid Rev. A. G. Edouart, incumbent of St. Michael's, Strand, in which parish Exeter Hall is situated. The purport of this letter is, that he is advised by counsel that to him belongs the legal right of forbidding the holding of any religious services in his parish, and in the present instance he intends to exercise that right. He, therefore, notifies his ecclesiastical superior, that he does not assent to any service being conducted within his parish, except by himself, or curate, or by the Bishop solely as his diocesan. No reason is assigned for such an extraordinary course, but he expresses his own conviction that the previous experiment was a complete failure. It appears with regard to the first course, that he gave his consent—a reluctant consent—as he affirms; but probably he was not asked the second time; because the sanction of the Bishop of London himself had been secured. Although the Rev. Incumbent (how suggestive sometimes is a name) deprecates a trial of the issue in the law courts because of the expense, the public notice of the Committee plainly intimates that they intend to ascertain what the law is on the point. In the meantime the working people may go elsewhere for instruction, or perish in their ignorance.

ECCLESIASTICAL DOMINATION RESISTED.

At Oxford the University and the city are at open war, the latter having refused any longer to take an oath of fealty, which the former, in accordance with long established custom, requires by way of asserting its ecclesiastical supremacy. The University says it will not dispense with it; The Corporation has passed a unanimous vote that it will not take it, and so the matter stands. Any attempt on the part of the University to enforce its demands will simply cause it to be laughed at—the whole thing is obsolete, and thus, one by one, these bits of ecclesiastical domination must drop into contempt.

THE SAINT AND HIS SAVIOUR.

The above is the title of a book recently published by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. The following remarks upon it are copied from a religious periodical. "There is profound truth in the great substance of his Mr. Spurgeon's teaching. It comes from the heart, and it goes to the heart.—Therefore the people hear him gladly; and they feel that he believes what he says, and