VOL. XIII.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Visitor. EPITOME OF PROF O. S. FOWLER'S DIS GIOUS NATURE, AS TAUGHT BY PHRE-NOLOGY AND PHYSIOLOGY.

BY HIMSELF.

(Continued.)

But where are we to find the mental and moral nature of man's mind so expounded as to show just what it does teach respecting these matters? In the sciences of Phrenology and Physiology, they cover the entire nature of man. Therefore, if the human mind of man is framed with reference to a Grd, immortality, &c., these sciences of that nature will disclose that adaptation, and Phrenology most, for it unfolds the entire mental and moral constitution of the human mind, and thereby answers these great questions scientifically, and therefore reliably, and our present stand point presupposes that this science is both true, and its discoveri :, as far as made, reliable Not that we have yet discovered the whole of Phrenology, any more than the whole of Astronomy, or Chemistry, or any other natural truth, for all truth, like its Author, is infinite, but that enough is now established to proclaim all its fundamental doctrines and teachings. Then, what religious doctrines and practices does Phrenology teach and enjoin?

First and fundamentally, the bassilar principle

MAN IS A MORAL AND A RELIGIOUS BEING, and on this wise. In scanning his Phrenology, we find a large portion of it devoted to certain moral and religious emotions.

This proves that his mind is constituted in part of certain primal faculties which create certain moral and religious affections. And this proves that there lies back, in the primitive construction of the universe, those first principles of ethics which are to these faculties what the Phrenological faculty of "calculation" is to mathematics : of "Locality" to space; of "Causality" to causation; of " Time" to nature's ordinance of periodicity; of " Form" to her institute of configuration; of "Tune" to that of the musical octavo; of sight to her optical laws; of appetite, to her eating arrangement, and of each and all the Phrenological faculties to that natural ordinance to which each is adapted, and adapts man.

Then, since the most absolute possible proof that man is a seeing, a walking, or a breathing being, &c., is the fact that he has certain organs and faculties for seeing, walking, breathing, &c., so the phrenological fact that he has certain primal moral and religious organs and faculties becomes the highest possible demonstration that he is a moral and religious being.

And this fact furnishes precisely the same de monstration that certain moral and religious first principles or entities exist in the economies of nature, to which these moral faculties are adapted, and adapts man, just as " calculation" in man is adapted to nature's numerical relations. Tune to her musical, reason to her philosophical, amativeness to her sexual, inhabitiveness to her domicilitory, and each of the other phrenological to each of her same other institutes of nature. In short, what proof could be stronger of any truth than this existence of moral faculties in man, is of the fact of certain corresponding moral and religious attributes as constituting a part and parcel of nature herself.

Then does not this prove that religion is as much an exact science as mathematics f Or thus:

Every department of nature is governed by first laws. These laws render the part they govern scientific; that is reduce its operations to absolute certainty. Of course the existence of these moral attributes in man, and therefore in nature, proves that this moral department of nature, has its first laws also, and is therefore a certain science; for what renders mathematics, or optics, or gravity, or anything else a fixed certainty but they being governed by these laws. In short, whatever laws govern thereby becomes scientific

Therefore, since a religious entity exists, forms a part of nature, and has i's first laws, these laws render this religious entity a certain ccience, by imparting uniformity to its manifestations.

There is, therefore, no more need of those housand and one religious creeds than for as many mathematical, or optical, or chemical creeds. Nor are they any more justifiable; and they presuppose corresponding imperfections and errors, as the different medical creeds do of mediine, or a like number of chemical creeds would

Then let not individual believers or churches arrogate to themselves either perfection, or even superiority over others, because others, equally intelligent, hon est, and confident, entertain diff ferent and opposite doctrines. And let this reinforce that christian charity, that " live and but live, that " to his own master he standeth or falleth," so fully enjoined by its founder. And the

more intolerant, the less christianity, always. Moreover, these moral faculties not only prov the existence of religious truth, but they also teach that truth-proclaim its doctrines and duties. As man to nature's numerical, alimentary, and other truths, and also teacher them; so man's moral nature both proves the fact that nature has like-

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK.

also teaches a true system of ethics and moral away we go to the Pamfili Doria -the loveliest, practices. Not that they are not also taught in which the taste and wealth of former generations the Bible, but that each and all human beings, have left as pleasure grounds to the present hathough " having not the law, are a law unto them- bitants of Rome. selves, their own consciences accuing or excusing one another." As the instructive workings of grounds, which rise just a little out of Rome, just the eye teach both the laws and facts of optics, so man's moral faculties likewise instinctively teach him nuture's religious "theory and practice."

And the fact that all have more or less of each faculty, both leaves all "without excuse." and faculty, both leaves all "without excuse," and

the third cardinal doctrine established by Phre- in the air-old St. Peter's with great round boom nology, and on this wise: As we rise from the dying into complaining echoes, and a thousand soles of our feet to the crowns of our heads, at every inch of our ascending progress we meet mess and vague clashings against each other with organs whose functions are more and still and now again that sullen, muffled, gigantic pulse more important, in exact proportion as these or- of the old maestro comes in, as of some power gans are located higher and still higher up. Thus feet perform the menial service of the body, and the midst of a great lawn, and with one's nerves hence are located lowest down. Yet rising to the all swaying and pervaded by sweet rockings organs in the lower part of the body proper, we and undulations of bell tones, looks out from find their functions to be as much more important under an avenue of gnarled ilex at Rome. Rome! as their location is above that of the feet; for wheras feet are indeed very handy articles, yet we it even now that the shadow of an awful prophecy can live without them, but can neither live long rests on her, that all the miseries, cruelties, and without these visceral organs, nor well with them crimes which have been accomplished here for in a dormant state. Yet even these are less im- clouds to some mighty fate, awful and sublime, portant than heart and lungs, which, located in worthy her weird history? There is a dread old the very top of the body proper, perform its most book that has words in it of some seven-hilled important function—their perpetual action being city, that come strangely over our mind.

"For she saith in her heart, I sit a queen and indispensable to life, and their cessation causing am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Thereinstant death, which that of the lower organs fore shall her plagues come upon her in one day,

stituting the very crowning structure of man, puts angel took up a stone like a mill-stone, and cast forth his very crowning function, namely, the it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall mental,-that to subserve which all the others, the great city of Babylon be thrown down, and and even universal life and nature, were shall be found no more at all. And the voice of all the confusions of this world h therto have been

portion of this brain must needs put forth the any more in thee, and the sound of a mill-stone very crowning function even of this mind itportion of this brain must needs put forth the

And so it does; for men's religion contro it leads. This principle alone can account for all by thy sorceries were all the nations deceived." the abominations of the heathen, and even the errors and vagaries of Christendom. But that they are incorporated into their religion, even tering will, like one man trying to breast the slide they, low as they are, would revolt at many of of an avalanche when its time to slide has come their piously perpetrated horrors, such as burn-though the avalanche be heavy, and hanging ing widows on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands, killing their own children, willingly torturing themselves, &c., &c. I know personally the Mormon elders. Pratt, Rigdon, and others: knew Joe and Hiram Smith, and examined their heads; found, especially in Pratt, a high moral full of more fervent prayers than now-prayers and a decidedly superior Phrenology. Yet these Mormons maintain doctrines most revolting, and do deeds the most utterly damnable perpetrated on earth—such, for example, as that " the earth and all therein belongs to the Lord and his children the Mormons, they being his only children; therefore whatever any Mormon wants, is his by divine right; that if he wants another's horse, money, or even wife, he has a prior, a Godbestowed right to either or all, and even to kill him in order to get them; the this killing this enems of God is "doing God's service" for enemy of God is "doing God's service," &c., Protestant Church educated a few sons for Rome &c. Indeed, the worst savages on earth do not she would have missed some of her strongest debegin to perpetrate deeds as utterly diabolical as do these accursed Mormons; all because these dan nable doctrines are incorporated in their re-

ligious creed. (To be continued.)

> From the Independent. SUNDAY IN ROME.

BY MES. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

SUNDAY in Rome is a day full of the most pe culiar feelings, which roll and brocd in one's soul as the clouds roll and brood when filling with

There are said to be three hundred and sixty five churches in Rome—one for every day of the year—and the air is full of vibrations and beiltowers. From the great overshadowing tabernacle of St. Peter's, down through the church of many a saint and angel, in every elevation, in every street and lane of the city, is rolling the tide of aspiration, and ascending the voice of chant and hymn, at shrines of soin's and martyrs, saturated with the incense of hundreds of years. A small English chapel, and a small Ameri assembly meeting in a room of a palice, are the only exceptions to the universal saint-worship. Both, of course, have the Church of England ser vice—and by the side of its gaudy and bedizene relative, how clear and pure and cleanly cut com forth its prayers and chants and hymns, softene but not overgrown with the green moss of cen-turies of association, bearing us back to Ambrose and Chrysostom, to Paul and David. I much prefer, however, our eliminated American form to the pure English one. To repeat the Lord's prayer five times successively in one morning's worship, savors rather too much of the vain repetition to prevent which it was given—too much like those monotonous chants in which, in the same sounds a thousand and a thousand times

As the afternoon shadows began to lengthen to-day, we felt a yearning to leave the old city and go to some green, flowery, mossy place, where the freshness of nature should bring us near to

wise her moral and religious department, and one longs for it as a child for its mother. So

the chills that fill the seemingly sunny air, whilalso requires all not only to be religious, but also flowers are blowing by thousands under our teet. to have a right religion, and therefore be alike in docurine and practice; that is, to see "eye to eye lilac, rosy, and golden tints which come out as and force to form." the sun sinks westward. There is in the air a THE SUPREMACY OF MAN'S MORAL NATURE, is soft and dreamy clamor of bells-a conversation plaintive silver tongues of lesser bells replying, disdaining to complain, yet muffled and saddened. One stands by an old sculptured altar in Rome the mystery-Rome the strange enchantress, gorgeous, sullen, gloomy, yet sublime. Is two thousand years are rolling up like storm

death and mourning and sorrow, and she But the brain, located s ill higher up, and con- shall be utterly burned with fire-for strong is ters will be heard no more at all in thee, and no By parity of reasoning, therefore, the upper craftsman of whatsoever craft he be shall be found light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee. and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee-for thy them, and pur blind, they follow whithersoever merchants were the great men of the earth, and

Woe to those who are born to uphold old institutions in an age of prophetic crisis !- they struggle confusedly and feebly with an overmasonly by a breath, yet men are walking up and down and speculating when it may f ll. Pio in danger, because there is threatened a landslide which may carry off the rub ish of ages and probably never was that old gorgeous temple that God would preserve what they call the Church, and what to us of the other half of the world looks like anything but a Church. The darkness- from pressed, discouraged, weary, and starving hearts, go up prayers against this Church

fenders in these days.

But all this time we forgot, what is surely bet ter to remember, the flowers at our feet. "Flowers of all hue" Milton sung, and w think his lovely descriptions of the flowery mea dows of Eden must have come to him while wan-dering in these lovely villas. Anemones are rising round us in this lawn looking like dwarf -purple and lilac-fading to pale rose deepning to crimson and maroon light straw color-pure white and white dashed with crmiso -a perfect flower carnival; and every body seem sauntering out to pick them. Forgotten is Rome -forgotten Popes, cardinals, red carriage violet stockings-forgot emperors and kings-forgot bitter religious discussions and religiou differences—every body is looking for anemones and violets. Youder down you green bank, you see the bright uniform red of two French soldiers -they have found a treasure, a knot of rare

white violets,-large, cool and fragrant,-ind they are gathering in haste. Here an Italian noble, with a choice anemone in his button-hole, is stretching and reaching after others, and his wife and children are busy in the same pursuit. People meet each other and tell where the finest orchidæ grow, and where the yiole's are the sweetest and have the long-

stems, and where they have found the most bri Cross with us this lawn, and as you walk you stoop every moment, beguiled by some rarer flower. Now look down this long green slope The grass is striped with the pillered shadow of high stone pines, which wear their flat round high stone pines, which wear their flat round crowns of velvet green up so high in the blue air, that they seem to cast no shadow below-like elevated natures that live so near up to God's ht that they never overshad w other per ols's happiness. Quaint and old are these pines, and with a sort of peculiar gran ing a flat roof of green up so high in the sir where birds hold their courts and where the drop down songs as from some unknown green sky cities above the reach of the marksman—above the bustle and sorrows of the world. They throw you down a specimen song—a drop of silver, a fragment of gay heartedness, to tell you how quiet and comfortable it is to live in a stone pine seventy feet up in the air, and not trouble

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1860.

a chef-d'ænvre of arrangement. Behind every dark last year's leaf is pushing the new shoot of the present, with tiny baby leaves cut of tenderest golden green. But besides embracing trees it wanders everywhere over the ground interlaceing with myrtle and violets and green arnica leaves. Now comes a fountain falling from the mouth of some strange old sculptured monster, whose shaggy brows are grown green with moss nd maidenhair. The water glides over mossy rocks, and trakles into a sculptured basin spotted here and there with vivid mosses, and fringed with fern .

There are in these grounds fountains of all shapes and sizes, from the most mythological and ornate combinations of tritons and river-gods down to these little sequestered ones that you stumble on by yourself where the sculpture is so moss-grown that you half wonder whether it isn't nature herself trying her hand in some new way rather than a work of art. This queer mystical fern-grown monster that gurgles and babbles, and see us to be easting down into his basin below a sort of crystalline s liloquy-perhaps he does belong to that old river-god tribe that express their ideas not as we do by words but by ejaculations offern leaves and a oist succulent upsp ingings of flags and grasses, and tender passions of violets and purple. He dreams maidenhair, and his respirations go on through the green tubes of mosses; and now I fancy I see him winking one of his fringed stone eyelids at me, as if to tell me that I am all right about him, and so make me welcome to shake hands with him through a bunch of ferns, and in one eternal now. And if you say he loves

what not, that we gather to remember him by.
I understand Hawthorne's last book, which all the world here is longing for, and cannot see has in it, as quoted in "The Atheneum," a glorification of the Villa Borghes -- but to us there is no place uniting all the idvilic charms of scenery and association like this Villa Pamfil Whose is heart-sore or weary, let him come here and wander alone up its breezy slopes, down its grassy side hills; let him pace the avenue of itex that looks out at St. Peter's, or feed the great cool silvery swans that sail in the basins where the fountains fall, and he will find himself torgetting all troubles of this mortal life in a mingled dream of nature and art, where man's works seem to have been so taken up and fraternized of God's that they make a most sweet harmony together, and seem to say that but the discords by which the great Musician prepares for a final and triumphant burst of

For who that spends a tranquil Sabbath after noon here, and sees the soldier laying off his heavy belinet and giving himself innocently to look for violets—the citizen joining with his children to feed the swans—the varied parties, English, French, and American, who yet scarcely seem to break the dreamy solitude of these grounds, and who meet each other with kindy salutation, as if the loveliness of nature made them one :- who sees all this, and does not long for the day yet to be revealed on earth when the long agony of ages shall be over-when that new state of society shall be organized which John saw descending from God out of heaven-when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and God himself shall dwell with them and be their G of? That prayer which we breathe so ignerantly, " Thy kingdom come"by which the Pope understands one thing and Italy another, and which both unite in offering-when will God fulfil it and show what it is

We drove from the Pamfili at eventide, hands full of sprays of ivy, each lovelier than the other, green arrow-heads of arnica, and anemones of as many dyes as were the clouds behind the silvery Appenings at that moment Home by the Janiculum, San Pietro in Mount Orvio, where to the tune of the great fountain that ever dashes there, we stood meditating the wide panorams of Rome below. A fragment of a rainbow shimmered over the Alban hitls, and all below was golden,-towers, temple, and even gloomy cypress,-and the distant Campagna sweeping off in many-colored bands of tints, like an Illinois prairie. Then home, by the great courts of St. Peter's, through the columnade of which we saw the spray of the fountains like rosy columns in the sunset-by Castle St. Angelo, whose old grim walls smiled yellow in the light -while, as we rode under, we saw its parapets fringed with helmeted heads of French soldiers,

On our return, the report net us from some of our party who had been to vespers in Trinita di Monte, that they had overheard on the steps of the church as they came out, that the expected revolution had already broken out in Naples, and the King was driven away. We discussed and wondered over our tea whether this Sybiline leaf was a true one or not; but since then have concluded that it was only one of those ru mors which show where a people's heart is, and whither hopes are tending. A thousand such are con-tanily is people's mouths, and meet one

It is astonishing to note the change which the pervading presence of the present movement in Italy makes in Kome. One might as well mark off a square of land in a forest in a storm and say, here the whirlwind shall not blow, and here there shall fall no rain, as try to keep Rome still while the Romagna is alive with the triumphant power of a popular vote. One can feel it in the streets, in the eyes of the people, in their gait—one can read it in the affiches upon the walls. It is true that the "Poman Question" is not to be found at the book-stores, but "Considerations upon the Roman Question, the minds of a populace who feel themselves called upon to think and to decide. The "Tears of St. Peter's" is another production which we have frequently seen placarded upon walls,

SPURGEON'S IGEMS.

Some persons say they cannot bear to be an hour in solutude; they have got nothing to do, nothing tothink about. No Christian will ever talk so, surely; for if I can but give him one word to think of—Christ -let him spell that over forever; let me give him the word Jesus, and only les him try to think it over, and he shall find that an hour is naught, and that eternity is not half enough to ulter our glorious Savior's praise.

When God sends rain upon the Church, he sends showers of blessings." There are some ministers who think, that if there is a shower on their Church, God will send a shower of work. Yes, but if he does, he will send to shower of comfort. Others will think that God will send a shower of Gospel truth. Yes, but if he sands that, he will send a shower of gosple. holiness. For all God's blessings go together They are like the sweet sister graces that danced hand in hand. God sends showers of blessings. If he gives comforting grace, he will also give converting grace; if he makes the trumpet blow for the bankrupt sinner, he will also make it sound a shout of joy for the sinner that is pardoned and forgiven. He will send us powers of blessings."

Do you not know that God is an eternal selfexisting Being; that to say he loves now, is, in fact, to say he always did love, since with God there is no past, and can be no future. What we call past, present, and future, he wraps vou now, you say he loved yesterday; he loved in the past eternity; and he will love forever; for now with God is past, present, and future.

They that go forth to fight, boasting that they can do it, shall return with their banners trailed in the dust, and with their armor stained with defeat; for God will not go forth with the man who goeth forth on his own strength.

Let your mind rove upon the great doctrines of the Godhead; consider the existence of God from before the foundation of the world ; behold Him who is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty; let your soul comprehend as much as it can of the Infinite, and grasp as much as it can of the Eternal, and I am sure, if you have minds at all, they will shrink with awe. tell archangel bows himself before his Master's throne; and we shall cast ourselves into the lowest dust when we feel what base what insignificant specks we are when compared with our all adorable Creator.

Faith is the gift of God. Does my natural father love me because he fed me, and because he clothed me? Nay, he clothed and fed me because he loved me, but his love was prior to his gift. His gifts did not draw his love to me because he loved me before he gave them. And if any man says "God loves me breause I can do this or that for him." he talks ponsense. Peace is the flowing of the brook, but joy is the dashing of the cataract when the brook is filled, bursts its banks, and rushes down the

God's Holy Spirit and man's sin cannot live together peaceably; they may both be in the same heart, but they cannot both reign there, nor can they both be quiet there; for "the Spirit lusteth against the flesh, and the flesh lusteth against the Spirit;" they cannot rest, but there will be a perpetual warring in the soul, so that the Christian will have to cry, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But in due time. the Spirit will drive out all sin, and will present us blameless before the throne of his

Majesty with exceeding great joy.

Warn the boatman before he enters the current and then, if he is swept down the rapids, he destroys himselt. Warn the man before he drinks the cup of poison, tell him it is deadly; and then, if he drinks it, his death lies at his own door. And so, let us warn you before you depart this life; let us preach to you while as yet your bones are full of marrow, and the sinews of your joints are not loosed.

SPURGEON.-Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, after a tour upon the Continent of two months, has returned to his duties in London, and, resumed his labors at Exeter Hall. During his travels he preached in the Cathedral at Geneva, and, conidly reposing and gazing in the face of the trary to the Baptist mode of addressing a con-beautiful sky. gentleman ascended the pulpit dressed in full cononicals. So great was the anxiety to hear him that some came as many as 200 miles for the purpose.

> In a letter written from Geneva to "The Watchman and Reflector" he says:

"It was my delightful privilego to address a large assembly of the believers of Geneva on Monday evening, at the house of that eminent servant of Christ, M. Merle D'Aubigne. his particular request I gave an outline of the religious movement in England, and endeavored to stir up the minds of the brethren to seek more earnestly the evangelization of their city and neighborhood. There were present, among many others whose names I cannot just now recall, those revered and faithful brethren, D'Aubigne, Gaussen. Cæsar Malan, Frederick Monod, and Pasteur Bard. It was good to be there, for all was love, fervency, and prayer-

NO FALSE COIN, AFTER ALL.

"A man passes for what he is worth. Very advertised in large letters, is just as atirring to idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything-that he can do it better than and which suggests to the populace that there any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledge is trouble in the camp above. Other controveris frouble in the camp accept, show that full of judgment-days, and into every assemblage ment of that fact by all persons. The world is that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of Three years ago, when we were here, Ro.ne boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, Three years ago, when we were here, Rone seemed to us a wide, old, sluggish lagoon, reflecting in its somber, placid mirrors only the pyramids and tombs and sphinxes of a past age—answering only to the cry of cormorant and bittern. One forgot that there was an outer. God.

"Incense is an abomination unto me," is a text which often occurs to us apropos of these churches with their stiffing air—and the smell of the ground is something so full of hope and life, that shoots, every one of which you stop to admire as the right! Amen!

In Paris, trom a wax model expressly for world, a ninetcenth century, with railroad lamps world, a ninetcenth century, with railroad lamps world, a ninetcenth century, with railroad lamps which often occurs to us apropos of these churches where the ivy winds up every tree, sending up those beautifully arranged, closely elinging young ground is something so full of hope and life, that shoots, every one of which you stop to admire as the right! Amen!

In Paris, from a wax model expressly for world, a ninetcenth century, with railroad lamps with a better world, a ninetcenth century, with railroad lamps and they were not only very become dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and prethose beautifully arranged, closely elinging young the restrict of his strength, speed, and temper. A. In Paris, from a wax model expressly for world, a ninetcenth century, with railroad lamps which often occurs to us apropos of these churches where the ivy winds up every tree, sending up the strength and they were not only very become where the ivy winds up every tree, sending up the strength and they were not only very become where the ivy winds up every tree, sending up the strength and they were not only very become where the ivy winds up every tree, sending up the strength and they were not only very become where the ivy winds up every tree, sending up the strength and they were not only very become the complete. The strength and they were not only very become the strength and they were not only very become the strength. The strength and they were not only very become the strength and they were not only very become the strength and they were not only very become the strength and they were not only very become the strength and they were not only very become the streng

BEECHER'S LIFE THOUGHTS.

To the end of the world the word garden shall be sweeter than the flower or fruit should make it; for the Son of God; the fairest thing that ever grew was planted there and sprang from there in

There is no such preaching as the experience which a man gives who has just realized the sinfulness of his soul: I often hear myself outpreached by some new convert who can hardly put words together. Some say experimental preaching is shallow. Shallow! It is deep as the soul of God.

Ever since the time of Christ, the divine Helmsman has been steering the world straight towards the lighthouse of love.

A true preacher is God's mint. God heats his heart till the truth flows like molten gold, and his utterance is prepared, as dies are to stamp on the coin what God has cut in him. But thousands of preachers are only exchange brokers, who run between bank and customer to carry old coin back and forth for commercial uses. There is need for these too, only lower down.

Men think God is destroying them because he is tuning them. The violinist screws up the key till the tense cord sounds the concert pinch; but it is not to break it, but to use it tunefully, that he stretches the string upon the musical rack.

There is much contention among men whether thought or feeling is the better; but feeling is the bow, and thought the arrow, and every good archer must have both. Alone, one is as helpless as the other. The head gives artillery the heart, powder. The one aims and the other

Many men affect to despise fear, and in preaching resent any appeal to it; but not to fear where there is occasion, is as great a weakness as to fear unduly, without reason; God planted fear in the soul as truly as he planted hope or courage. Fear is a kind of bell, or gong, which rings the mind intoquick life and avoidance upon the approach of danger. It is the soul's signal for

Look not alone for your relations in your own house or in your own sphere. The blood of Christ is stronger for relationship than blood of father or mother. Look above you. All there are yours. Go down even to the bottom of society. All below are judgment-day brothers; and God eternity :s on them and you alike.

When the fruit is yet green, the stem holds tightly to the bough; but when it is ripe, it falls with the first wind. So hold on tightly to your plans in life until God shows you that they are ripe—that they have accomplished their purpose and then let them go; let them go without a

When once the filial feeling is breathed into the heart, the soul cannot be terrified by augustness, or justice or any form of divine grandeur for then, to such an one, all the attributes of Goo are but so many arms stretched abroad through he universe, together and to press to his boson those whom he loves. The greater he is, the gladder are we, so that he be our Fatner still,

But, if one consciously turns away from God, or fears him, the nubler and grander the repre-sentation be, more terrible is his conception of the divine Adversary that from upon him. The God whom love beholds, rises upon the horizon like mountains which carry summer up their sides to the very top; but that sternly just God whom sinners fear, stands cold against the sky, like Mont Blane; and from his icy sides, the soul, quickly sliding, plunges headleng down to unrecalled destruction.

THE DRUSES AND THE MARONITES .- " Great

Massacre of Christians" is the startling announcement which stares us in the face in capital letters as we open our newspapers each morning ; while column after column is ozcupied with horrifying accounts of the cold-blooded murders of " Christians" in Syria. Some readers are no doubt astonished to find that there are so many Christians in Syria to be murdered, and not without reason. Lebanon, once the sanatorium of Palestine, whose cedars and whose streams yielded King Solomon such delight, is now the abode of various wild and lawless tribes, the chief of whom are the Druses and the Maronites- the former are bastard Mohammedans, and the latter bastard Christians. If, said Dr. Sandwith of Kars, at a meeting held the other day, these Eastern tribes are Christians then we are not Christians. The Druses are commonly said to owe their religion to the mad Caliph Hakem, and they seem to have built a Mohammedan superstructure upon the ruins of Egyptian and Persian superstitions. The Maronites derive their name from a monk of the sixth century, and they have become so thoroughly corrupt that they only retain their title of Christian at all by virtue of an alliance with Rome, whose schemes they subserve. In practice there is not a whit to choose between Druse and Maronite. There are other " Christians" scattered over Syria-French Jesuits. who have, within the last few years, multiplied their establisments by favor of the Maronites, who for many years have been accustomed to look to France for help and protection; followers of the Greek Church, under the protection of Russia; and lastly, the American missionaries Russia; and lastly, the American missionaries and their little flocks of converts, who are the only real Christians in the country. From a report of the Turkish Missions Aid Society just published, we see that the American ished, we see that the Americans have missionary stations in Syria, most of them lying in the district immediately affected by the present disturbances.—Patriot.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT .- One of the pretties nents ever paid to Nova Scotia, was by everything well, but impresses every body her dignity, suavity, and kindness of mann She wore at the Ball a dress trimmed with M lowers, our national emblem, and a headdr of the same. The flowers were main Paris, from a wax model expressly

BU SHOUTH