

The Christian Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

Published every THURSDAY, by
BARNES & CO.,

Corner of Prince William and Church Streets,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

TERMS—Cash in Advance.
One Copy, for one year, \$3 00
Fifty Copies to one Address, \$1 50

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
affords an excellent medium for advertising.

New Series,
Vol. II., No. 35.

For the Christian Visitor.

MY OWN MOTHER.

The cold damp sod covers thee, my mother,
The thick dark trees weep sadly to and fro,
Hark! the dismal winds wail. I think they moan
Among the hollow tombs the cry of woe.

My own mother! come back again to earth,
In the depth of still midnight hear thy child's
cry.

Our cottage is desolate, and lonely our hearth,
The poor for the mean, the rich for thee sigh.

Come mother, and bathe my burning head,
Do smooth the dew-damp hair from off my brow.

Kiss my pale cheeks, wipe the tears I have shed,
Smile one old smile to cheer me now.

Very soon will the white snow cover this spot
From the eyes of thy sorrowing, motherless one;
Yes, in the cold world, she must cast her lot,
Without hope of meeting thee, when life's sands
are run.

Oh, Saviour divine, hear my agonizing cry,
Thou didst in midnight once pray alone,
I turn from the world, to the cross I now fly,
Return me my Saviour, and make me thine own.

The cold damp sod covers thee, my mother,
The thick dark trees weep sadly to and fro,
Hark! the dismal winds wail. I think they moan
The song of joy from a new-born soul.

For the Christian Visitor.

Mr. BARRON—The subject of this communication
is one which I feel should be approached
with some caution, and I now write because
I have for some time thought that the question
ought to be asked—What advantages do the
Baptist people of Nova Scotia and New Brun-
swick derive from their College at Horton and
the Schools in connection with it, and their Academy
at Fredericton? For one must confess
that I am unable to appreciate these institutions
as auxiliaries to our denomination, and cannot
see that we would not be as well, if not better,
off without them, and I believe that there are
many others who think as I do. To avoid mis-
apprehension, I will here state that I have not a
word to say against the character or efficiency of
either of those places of learning; on the contrary,
I believe, as schools, that they are as good
as any that exist in the Province. Nor do I in-
tend to attack the characters of the Principals of
these Institutions, or any of the teachers under
them, for I know that they are highly educated,
and very good men, and deserve commendation
for their learning and virtues.

If these our Institutions are intended for the
general education of the Baptist people of these
Provinces, they fall far short of that object, as
not over one Baptist family out of a hundred can
afford to patronize them, and a large majority of
the few families that can afford to do so, can edu-
cate their children as well, and at less expense,
at home. If they are intended to propagate
Baptist principles, in addition to proselytism
being wrong, neither of the Principals of these
Institutions is reputed to be purely Baptist in
sentiment, and some of the teachers in the schools
of Acadia College are not even nominally Baptist.
If they are intended to educate, or in other words
to make Baptist ministers, they are wrong in
principle, as the education required for the min-
istry cannot be obtained from men, and no human
preparation can fit a man for a place in the min-
istry, or add to his efficiency as a minister, unless
he is especially ordained by the Supreme Being
for that purpose.

It may be said these Institutions are beneficial
to the places in which they are located. I answer
that it is admitted by all that they cannot exist
unless supported by the whole denomination, and
that even with that support they are almost bank-
rupt, or to use a milder term, hopelessly in debt;
and it cannot be right to call upon the whole de-
nomination to support schools that can only be-
nefit particular localities.

Another objection to our Academy at Fredericton
is that it receives State aid. The fact that the
principle of State aid has always existed in
New Brunswick does not make it right, nor
would the equal distribution of the amount grant-
ed to denominations according to their numbers,
make it right. It is wrong, simply because it is
against Baptist principles, always admitted and
thoroughly understood. There are also other
reasons why the reception of such aid by a religious
denomination is wrong. First, it is an acquiescence
in the principle of receiving State aid to
educate ministers, and help to propagate sectarian
principles purposes for which public money
should never be expended. Secondly, a denomina-
tion receiving it cannot object to similar aid
being granted to another denomination, unscrupulous
or even anti-Christian in its tenets.

Suppose that a grant was made by our Legis-
lature to the Universalists, Unitarians, or Mor-
mons, or the Roman Catholics, Episcopalians,
Presbyterians, Methodists, or Baptists, or any of
them, in a position to object, each of them re-
ceiving a similar grant. Thirdly, such aid as
is now given prevents the equal distribution of the
public money among the people. If the money
expended for education was allowed to reach the
people in the ordinary way, that is, through the
medium of the Common Schools, the distribution
could be just and equitable. As it now is, that
part of the public money given to the places of
learning of religious bodies, is divided without
any reference to the numbers of the population
included in those bodies, and is too often given
to denominations as a reward for political parti-
anship.

The mere pittance which the Baptist denomina-
tion receives makes it a *participans criminis* to a
political wrong, and prevents the Baptist popu-
lation of the Province from receiving their propo-
rtion of the public money, which they would do if
the system of giving grants to denominations for
educational purposes were done away with, and
the whole amount now appropriated for that pur-
pose applied to the Common Schools. In the
last place, such aid to a denomination takes from
the whole body and goes to a particular locality,
and the benefits derived from such Colleges and
Academies are felt but little beyond the places
in which they are located. Take as an instance,
our Academy at Fredericton: it may have a student
from Woodstock, another from Rescouche,
and a third from Moncton, but the majority of
the scholars are from the immediate vicinity,
and the benefits derived from it will always be
felt by the people of Fredericton and the im-
mediate vicinity, and will derive the chief benefit from it.

I make these remarks because I desire to ex-
press what I believe to be the opinions of a ma-
jority of the Baptist people of the Province of
New Brunswick. If I am mistaken in this, or if
I am wrong in my conclusions, no person is more
open to conviction or more willing to be set right.
Yours, &c. BAPTIST,
Dorchester, August 23d, 1864.

From the Morning Star.

PREL. FAIRFIELD'S LETTERS.

Paris—the Emperor and Empress, what they cost—The
Palace—The Emperor, the State Carriages.

Paris, France, April 26th, 1864.

I have now spent two Sabbaths in this gay
city. But we must keep the time carefully in
order to know such a fact; for there is very little
to indicate it in anything that you see in the
streets. It is a mile and a half from the Hotel
de Louvre to the American chapel; and in going
by one route and returning by another I saw
little difference between that day and others.

Hotels, groceries, drinking saloons, provision
stores, drug stores, variety stores, toy shops,
clothing stores, dry goods stores, and mechanic
shops are open as well. The saddler I saw at his
bench; the shoemaker was pounding upon his
lapstone, and the blacksmith upon his anvil;
carts were hauling gravel, and sand and stone,
and men were at work upon buildings, hammer-
ing and laying up stone, putting on paint and
plumbing boards, just as if there were no Sabbath.

And those who were not at their regular business
seemed to be driving on the Champs Elysees, go-
ing to the horse races, which occur regularly in
the great park on that day. The garden of the
Tuilleries was full of sporting men, women and
children. On other days the theatre is open only
in the evening, I believe; but on Sunday in the
daytime as well. It is a day of little less busi-
ness, and of considerable more frolic and dissipa-
tion, than any other in the week.

The Emperor and Empress and their boy were
at the races. So I am told; I didn't see them
there. I did see His Majesty, however, a few
days ago. This is an easy thing for him to do
almost every day, and his equipage usually dis-
tinguishes him, so that there is no difficulty in
knowing that it is Napoleon III. when you meet
him. His horses are fine; and in general there
is no city that I have visited that has so many
and so good horses as this. Napoleon has a
"bar" full—ninety-six, I believe, is the exact
number. Some for horseback, some for harness,
some for the hunt; some for the honor due them
in consideration of past services and perils. Of
the latter is Buckingham, which the Emperor
rode at Magenta; Ajax, which was his charger
at Solferino; but I must not detain you with a
description of the Emperor's stables. I have a
little passion, you know, for good horses; and I
am not sure that the horses of Paris are not
among its most respectable inhabitants.

And now that I have alluded to the Emperor
it occurs to me to speak of the liberal way in
which the people supply him with the means of a
comfortable livelihood. And certainly they do
not intend that family cares shall tax him
heavily, when they provide him with the follow-
ing: a grand almoner, two others not so grand,
a vicar-general, four chaplains, an ecclesiastical
master of ceremonies, a grand marshal and four
prefects of the palace, a governor of the Tuilleries,
Louvre and Elysee, a governor of St. Cloud,
a grand chamberlain, eleven other chamberlains,
a private secretary, a grand equerry, fourteen
other equeries, a grand valet, and seven other
officers of the chase, a grand master of ceremonies
and six assistant masters, two treasurers,
twenty-five physicians and surgeons, a minister of
the military household, an adjutant general, six-
teen aid-de-camps, and other minor officers." All
these are provided and paid at public expense,
to attend to all necessary matters, and to relieve
His Majesty of every care except those of his
imperial office—such as helping the Pope to keep
down the Italians, Maximilian to govern the
Mexicans; and calling a grand council of nations
to reorganize the kingdoms of Europe!

And the Emperor, too, must be provided with
a few helps at public expense, such as "a lady of
honor and twelve ladies of the palace; a lady
reader, three chamberlains and two equeries;"
and the little Prince must have a governess and
two assistant governesses!

And then to meet the Emperor's private ex-
penses—for he must have something to eat, and
something to drink, and something wherewithal
to be clothed; and so also must the Empress;
for least of all must she be subjected to the mortifi-
cation of having "nothing to wear"—to meet
these little necessary expenses they allow him the
pittance of five million of dollars a year! Just
two hundred times the salary of our President;
and about five times as much as we pay to all our
Congressmen and United States Senators!

One would think that he might be able upon
such a salary to live comfortably! And having
beside his wife one child—saying nothing of those
which His Majesty does not recognize, and which,
perhaps, he would not know if he should see
them—it would naturally be supposed that three
persons might be maintained without difficulty.
But the Prince Imperial should suffer for
anything, or lack for means to buy him pocket
knives, pop guns or fire crackers, the government
generously votes the little fellow a small sum of
pocket money besides what is allowed to the
father—namely \$300,000 a year!—or a little over
\$800 a day!—being twelve times the sum which
we pay to our Republican President.

It is certainly to be hoped that the French
people are "well-to-do" in the world, so that they
can afford this luxury of an Emperor, who shall
tell them what to write, or print, or speak in
public, and when and where they may do it—and all
for so meagre a sum!

And then there are ten members of the Em-
peror's Cabinet, each with a salary of \$20,000 a
year. But that is a mere trifle; for all of them
together have only two thirds as much as is grant-
ed to the little boy who was eight years old on
the 18th day of last month.

Passing from the Imperial family to the accom-
modations which are furnished them, it will be
remembered that His Majesty does not have to
pay house rent! He has—I know not how many
palaces. I have seen six; he may have others
still; I am a stranger here. And they are of
ample size for a larger family than the Emperor's.
It is a half hour's walk to walk through any
one of them, judging from those which I have
visited in detail.

The Palace at Versailles is not now occupied
by the Imperial family during any portion of the
year. The building and grounds are in a style of
great magnificence, and they ought to be when
it is remembered that Louis XIV., who first con-
ceived the idea of establishing a royal residence
here, expended two hundred millions of dollars
upon the work. In the latter part of the last cen-
tury the buildings were stripped of everything
movable, and abandoned. Louis XVIII. subse-
quently spent more than a million of dollars in
repairing, and Louis Philippe three millions. The

palace is now occupied simply as a gallery of
paintings—historical and biographical. The
paintings are only to be measured by miles in
length and by acres in extent. "The historical
paintings represent the great battles, military and
naval, which have illustrated the arms of France
from the earliest periods." So says the guide.
But history may be written with little impartiality;
and it may be painted with just as little. "Paint
me as I am," said Cromwell; but only Bible his-
tory is faithful to this injunction. It can scarcely
be expected of a mere human hand that it shall
either write or paint according to the whole truth.
Here, for example, are many beautiful paintings
illustrating the life and genius and conquests of
Napoleon; but when you look for a representa-
tion of the two most important events of that life,
they are not here. "The divorce of Josephine"
and the "Battle of Waterloo" have not been
hung up at Versailles!

There are many portraits of distinguished men
of all countries, besides France. Washington is
well painted in a fine picture of the siege of York-
town; and in two other pictures he appears life
size; but one of them is not so good. Franklin,
and Webster, and Clay, and Calhoun, and War-
ren, and Hancock, are all here; and all the Pres-
idents of the United States except Pierce and
Buchanan, I think. The omission is discredit-
able to the French not to us. But La Fayette
I did not see. The day of his coronation has
not yet come. And while they have Queen Vic-
toria and Prince Albert, and King William, and
George III. and IV., they have not the Duke of
Wellington. But the French say, "Waterloo
must be wiped out!" And they take no pains to
remember it, or its conquering hero. The pic-
ture of Napoleon fleeing and leaving his hat be-
hind, and being subsequently caught in person, is
not yet painted for this historical gallery, "illus-
trating the arms of France!" Perhaps the guide
book means by "illustrate," "to render illustri-
ous." If so, that may explain the omission. But
I must give the gallery credit—seeing that this is
a Catholic power—for having a very fine portrait
of the Great Reformer—Martin Luther. Luther,
however, was a German, and was never called to
fight his battles in France; that may account for
it. Calvin was a Frenchman, and for his Protestan-
tism was driven from his country and com-
pelled to take refuge in Switzerland. His por-
trait I did not see at Versailles.

But scrupulous impartiality is not to be exact-
ed of galleries more than of libraries; and that
at Versailles is worth several long visits in-
stead of one that was confined to three hours.

"A little way from this is the "Grand Trion-
phal," built by Louis XIV. for Madame de Maintenon.
Louis Philippe occupied it. And it was a favorite
resort for the First Napoleon. Its equipments
are royal, of course; but the finest things in it
are some vases and a large basin of malachite.
This beautiful stone is found chiefly in the domi-
nions of the Russian Emperor; and he has made
present of articles manufactured from it to the
various kingdoms. This central basin is one of
them. A vase of magnificent proportions I saw
in Berlin; and I have seen others in Austria and
Italy. I have never wondered that the Reformer,
when he would give us an idea of heaven in the
use of some material symbol that should picture
to us its splendor, spoke of its twelve foundations
of precious stones. "Two days ago I visited the
Mineralogical Museum of Paris; and I am not
sure that it is not the finest exhibition in France.
As I looked upon its specimens of agate, and
chalcodony, and beryl, and amethyst, I thought
of the new Jerusalem, and it seemed to me that
of all material things that I should choose to see
in it, there was nothing that I would choose before
these. There are "sermons in stones," and more
beautiful and impressive ones than ever fell from
uninspired human lips. Had the beloved Apostle
been familiar with this gorgeous malachite, I am
not sure that he would have worked it in some-
where in building that magnificent city. But I
am quite content; for I know of some of his pre-
cious stones that I should want to leave left out.
Adjoining the "Grand Trionphal" is a building
where the State carriages are kept. There are
seven of them. The largest and most incompar-
ably splendid weighs 26,000 pounds, the exhibi-
tor told us. He did not know its cost—more
than many thousand dollars, I presume. It is
well nigh covered with gold, and its richness of
decoration could scarcely be surpassed. It was
built in 1825 for the coronation of Charles X.,
and has been re-gilt and newly decorated for the
use of Napoleon III. It is lined with crimson
velvet, embroidered in gold. One of the remain-
ing six bore the present Empress on the occasion
of her marriage, and the Prince to his baptism.
Another was used by Napoleon when First Con-
sul; and the remaining four all belonged to him.
One of them carried Josephine to hear the terrible
sentence of her divorce. It should forever-
more be devoted only to some equally accursed
use!

Beyond this building is the little Trionphal; less
palatial than the other, but not less interesting.
In the grounds adjoining is built a little Swiss
village—nestling among the trees, and looking
as home-like as an easily be imagined. This
was the place of amusement of Marie Antoinette.
The grounds connected with these Imperial
buildings at Versailles are extensive, and laid out
in most enchanting style. Taste and luxury have
their home here; and a pleasant spring-day can
scarcely be passed, more agreeably anywhere in
France than in this beautiful spot. I say "in
France," and it is so written purposely. Many
persons would leave out these two words from
my sentence. I heard the remark so often made
that Paris was the most pleasant and interesting
city in the world, that I concluded soon after
coming to Europe to defer my visit here until I
had seen other places of less interest, and thus
avoid the "inverted climax," which is always to
be eschewed. I have done so; but I can scarcely
agree with the majority in placing Paris at the
head of the list. In truth, I am compelled to
confess to a little disappointment. When I read
the remark of Henry Ward Beecher, "I was glad
to see Paris, and gladder still to leave it," I said,
"That is one of Beecher's moods; he sees every-
thing in the light of his own feelings; he didn't
happen to enjoy himself, that's all." But my
present experience could not be better expressed
than he has done it. There have been few places
that I was so glad to reach. There has scarcely
been one that I shall be so glad to leave. The
moral and religious atmosphere is heavy; and
although there are many things of interest to be
seen, yet to be compelled to breathe carbonic
acid gas while you look at beautiful pictures and
palaces, and collections in natural history, is to
say the least, rather oppressive. Paris is showy,
but my present impression is that there is far
more in London to interest me than there is here.
If I do not find it so when I go there to spend
another week, I will acknowledge my mistake
with great cheerfulness. I expect to stay here
several days yet, and to fill them up industriously.
I shall then be able to make a farther re-
port.

RELATIONS OF THE PASTOR TO THE SAB-
BATH SCHOOL.

There is truth, if not the whole truth, in Dr.
Tung's position on this subject. The pastor of a
church is a natural, perpetual, *ex-officio* super-
intendent of its Sabbath-school. Few pastors,
indeed, have the physical strength, even where
they have every other qualification, to go through
the details of actual supervision as Dr. Tung
does. Yet every pastor, who is wise, will keep
himself in constant living contact with his school.
He should be in it some portion of the time every
Sabbath. He need not burden himself with the
care of minute supervision. But he should know
every teacher, and if possible every scholar. He
should know what is going on in the school, what
they are studying, what hymns they sing, what
they are doing in the way of benevolence. He
should every Sabbath catch fire from the warm
young hearts there assembled, and let his own
heart give back an answering glow. He should
move in and out among the classes in kindly
and genial sympathy, giving and catching sunshine
by his presence. A half-hour so spent by the
pastor is better preparation for the pulpit than
studying points of elocution in his chamber, or
practising posture or gesticulation before his
mirror.

That in which preaching usually is most defi-
cient is want of sympathy between the speaker
and his hearers. There is often an awful im-
passible gulf between the pulpit and the pew.
The familiar intercourse of the school-room helps
to bridge over this gulf. The teacher and the
children, who form no inconsiderable part of the
congregation, feel that the speaker in that distant
pulpit is not so far off, after all. He is the same
kind friend who has just given them a cordial
greeting, a pleasant smile, a warm pressure of
the hand. His words came to them as a fresh coin-
age from the heart.

This is not all. The effect is still more marked
upon the speaker. The preacher cannot help
being warmed up with his solemn message, when
delivering it to those among whom he has just
been mingling in love and familiar intercourse.
Not only is the minister's heart warmed and set
aglow for the actual delivery of his sermon, but
the school furnishes him with a perennial source
of subjects of discourse. There are two volumes
in which the minister finds his text. One is in
the leaves of his Bible, the other is in the hearts
of his people. No portion of his people open
their hearts with so warm and ready a sympathy
as those in the Sabbath School. There the prac-
ticed eye of the wise and thoughtful pastor sees
what truths most need present illustration and
support, what errors need to be refuted, what in-
fluences are to be resisted, what mining is to be
counterminded, when the promises, when the warn-
ings of the gospel are to be pressed. The school
is to him the unerring pulse by which the life of
the great congregation may be read, and its spir-
itual wants predicted.

I have never known a Sabbath School, in which
the pastor thus regularly identified himself with
its general life and movement, which did not
yield abundant fruits in the way of conversions
and additions to the church. It is hardly possi-
ble, in the nature of things, that preaching under
such circumstances can be without fruit. The
school furnishes the sunshine and the rain, under
whose genial influences the soil is best prepared
and the seed most surely germinates.—*Hart's*
"Thoughts on Sabbath Schools."

NO CHURCH SHOULD DRIFT.

If the members of any local church were im-
pressed with the idea of accomplishing some
great object through the church, they would feel
the need of frequent consultation and prayer.
Church and conference meetings would be as
deeply interesting and exciting as are the meet-
ings of stock companies and business gatherings.
And are there not definite and important objects
and exciting enterprises enough to be kept before
the church? Aside from the personal benefit
which the members are to receive, see what work
God has committed to local churches! Churches
are organized for the enlightening and purifying
of the people among which they are planted.
They are designed to secure the right observance
of the Sabbath; the suppression of intemperance,
licentiousness, and every form of vice and wicked-
ness. They are to feel that this work is com-
mitted to them, is dependent upon them, and
that help is to be expected from no other quarter.
The church is the true temperance society,
moral reform society, and agency for the removal
of every obstacle to the conversion of souls
and the honor of God's name and word. Public
meetings should be originated by them, and every
instrumentality set in motion by which the people
which come in by the various forms of corrup-
tion and vice. To carry on such efforts in the
midst of all the opposition and discouragement
which will naturally arise, will be found difficult
enough. Church consultation and prayer will be
a felt necessity. All the wisdom, strength, cour-
age, and experience which can be had will be
earnestly sought. Opposition, difficulties, dan-
gers, sacrifices, will band the members together,
and excite a glow of mutual love and helpfulness
such as will go far towards supplying an inex-
haustible fountain of joy and happiness.

If pastors and officers would not have church
meetings dull and thin, they should provide good
and feasible objects which will call out the inter-
ests and energies of the members. They should
never allow the church to drift on the dreary sea
of chance and feeling, for they will be now be-
calmed and then carried away by tides and winds
of worldliness. The vessel is not built and
launched merely to be kept from shore and kept
aloft. The church is a life-boat, which must
anxiously gather a freight of shipwrecked souls
and bear away for the safe port with all direct-
ness and energy. And when we consider how
much work in a community God has for the local
church to do, to save that community from cor-
ruption, how much that will be done by no others,
it surely cannot be difficult to devise plans for
the full and deeply interested occupation of the
followers of Jesus. Often it will be found that
direct efforts for a revival of religion are the sur-
est overthrow of vice and error. But sometimes
there are obstacles in the community which re-
quire a concentrated effort to remove before truth
and appeal will take effect. And it is always
necessary that the local church should be the
light and the salt of the place where it is planted.
Let no church sink down into a state of indiffer-
ence or discouragement in regard to the interest
of the community. It owes perpetuity and pros-
perity demand that it be a fountain of life and
salvation.—*Boston Recorder.*

THE PREACHING THAT CONVERTS THE
SOUL.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto
me"—John xii. 32. Other preaching may please,
amuse, and entertain; but the LOVE OF CHRIST
attracts, astonishes, draws, breaks, melts, subdues,
and changes the heart. St. Paul knew this, and
determined to preach "Jesus Christ and him cruci-
fied."

In the light of his dying Saviour's cross, the
sinner sees and feels "the exceeding sinfulness of
sin," the height and depth of the love of Christ,
and cries—

"Alas, and did my Saviour die,
And did my sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

There, and only there, he beholds his sin atoned
for; his guilt cancelled, the law magnified, jus-
tice satisfied, God glorified—"just in justifying
the ungodly who believe in Jesus." There he is
conquered, disarmed, won by the Love of Christ.
In a moment the prayer of faith ascends, the
tears of penitence fall, regeneration of heart is
effected, consecration of himself to God is made.
"I am the Lord's"—he becomes a new creature
in Christ Jesus.

What made the preaching of Waugh, and Hill,
and Burder, and Whitefield, and Wesley so effi-
cient to the conversion of souls, but that the
love of Christ was the burden of the theme! They
glorified Christ in their preaching, and the Holy
Spirit glorified their preaching in the conver-
sion of multitudes now with them "before the
throne of God and the Lamb."

Never shall I forget seeing the late and good
Rowland Hill, of London, now in the city of God,
preaching in a market-town in England on its
market-day. Like the apostle Paul standing on
the steps at Athens, Mr. Hill was mounted, in
the midst of the market-place, in a lumber wagon
of a farmer from the country, a man standing at
his back holding up an umbrella to protect his
head from the rays of the summer sun. I can
yet see him as he then and there stood and
preached for upwards of an hour, the love of
Christ to the thousands gathered around him.
What volume of voice, what reverence, what
emotion of heart, what earnestness, what tears
were his! Not an inch of the high-born gentle-
man, his ripe scholarship, his far-spread fame, or
any one thing that was Rowland Hill's, could be
seen, but only the "radiant glories of the Crucif-
ied One," in the "greatness of his love to man."

To see such another sight, and hear such an-
other sermon, I would go far. O, that our pulpits
all may be filled by men possessing the spirit of
Hill, and his mantle fall on the ministry of the
gospel throughout the land and world.—*Am.*
Messenger.

ANECDOTES OF DR. BEECHER.

An agreeable little sequel to the autobiography
of Rev. Lyman Beecher is contained in the
Congregational Quarterly for July, in the "Sketches
and Recollections of the Old Clergyman," con-
tributed by C. E. Stowe, at Hartford. Here is
one of the anecdotes:—

Beecher's simplicity, buoyancy, and impertur-
bable good humor disarmed opposition when he
came in personal contact with an opponent. An
old woodsawyer whom we will call W., a rough,
strong, shrewd man, who belonged to a rival sect,
was violently prejudiced against the doctor, espe-
cially on account of his total abstinence prin-
ciple. He had never seen him, and would not
hear him preach. This man had a large lot of
wood to saw opposite to the doctor's house. The
doctor depended upon constant manual labor for
keeping up his own health; and in Boston, where
he could not enjoy the luxury of a garden to dig
in, he was often puzzled to find means to keep
himself in good working order. The consequence
was that he sawed all the wood for his own large
family, and often finding that too little, would
be the privilege of saving at the wood-pile of a
neighbor. He was fastidious in the care of his
wood-saw, having it always at hand in his study,
half concealed among minutes of councils, in-
complete magazines and sermons, and the setting
of his saw was often accomplished while he set-
tled nice points of theology with his boys, or
took counsel with his brother ministers.

Looking out of his study window one day,
when his own wood-pile was reduced to a dis-
couraging state of order—every stick sawed and
split—he saw with envy, the pile of old W., in
the street. Forthwith he seized his saw, and
soon proved to his brother sawyer that he was no
mean hand at the craft.

Nodding his head significantly at the opposite
house, W. said—

"You live there?"

"Yes."

"Work for the old man?"

"Yes."

"What sort of an old fellow is he?"

"Oh, pretty much like the rest of us.
Good enough man to work for."

"Tough old chap, ain't he?"

"Gress so, to them that try to chaw him
up."

So the conversation went on till the wood went
so fast with the new comer that W. exclaimed—

"First rate saw that of yours!"

This touched the Doctor in a tender point.
He had set that saw as carefully as the articles
of his creed—every tooth was critically adjusted,
and so he gave a smile of triumph.

"I say," said W. "where can I get a saw like
that?"

"I don't know, unless you buy mine."

"Will you trade? What do you ask?"

"I don't know. I'll think about it. Call
at the house to-morrow, and I'll tell you."

The next day the old man knocked, and met
the Doctor at the door, fresh from the hands of
his wife, with his coat brushed and his cravat
tied, going out to pastoral duty.

W. gave a start of surprise.

"Oh," said the Doctor, "you're the man that
wanted to buy my saw. Well, you shall have it
for nothing—only let me have some of your wood
to saw when you work on my street."

W. said that he then felt as if he wanted to
crawl into an anchor-hole.

HIS MANUSCRIPT.

His habits of composition were peculiar. His
nature was so active that as soon as he had writ-
ten a sentence which pleased him he had an ir-
resistible desire to read it to somebody. Many
a time has he rushed into the dining-room where
Aunt Esther was washing dishes—"Here, Esther,
hear this." Aunt Esther, with martyr-like pa-
tience, would stand, towel in one hand, and an
unwiped plate in the other (for he must have her
undivided attention), till he had read his para-
graph, and trotted back to his study again. It
sometimes seemed as if he would never get a sen-
tence done. He would write and rewrite, erase
and interline, tear up and begin anew, scratch
out and scribble in almost endlessly. In the
latter part of his life this habit became morbid,
and actually shut him out from the possibility of pub-

lishing his own writings. It was the torment of
printers, both by the delay of his manuscript and
by the condition in which they found it when
they got it. One of his daughters said there
were three rules by which she could always read
her father's writing, to wit—1. If there is a letter
crossed, it isn't a *l*. 2. If there is a letter
dotted, it isn't a *t*. 3. If there is a capital letter,
it isn't at the beginning of a word.

At Lane Seminary he lived more than two
miles from the city. One time after the printers
had been on tenterhooks forty-eight hours for
their copy, he hastily finished his manuscript in
his study, crushed it into the crown of his hat
that lay nearest to him, clapped another hat on
his head, drove down to the city, rushed up to
the printing office, and snatched off his hat.
"Here's your copy—l'm, l'm—well, if it isn