

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Published every THURSDAY, by BARNES & Co., AT THEIR OFFICE, 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.

GRAND PRE SEMINARY, Wolfville, N. S. The above Institution will be re-opened on the 1st of August. Principal—M. S. Oliver, J. Emerson; Assistant—J. Hill, Esq., A. B.; Matron, Mrs. T. T. Brown; Committee of Management—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Dr. Crawley, Rev. S. W. Duffins, Dr. Truman, S. B. Keegan, W. J. Starns, Esq., and others. Extra charges for Drawing and French. Pupils furnish their own bedding, towels, and light.

LORLARD INSURANCE COMPANY, Capital \$1,000,000—All paid up and invested. Surplus in hand, 1st Aug., 1865, \$212,194. POLICIES issued at the lowest rates, payable in New Brunswick, with an option of participation in profits, and every information afforded on application to W. J. STARN, Agent, Prince as St., opposite Commercial Bank.

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LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, Fund paid up and invested, £3,212,943 5s. 1d. etc. Premiums received in Fire, 1864, £745,674 4s. Losses paid in Fire, 1864, £309,459. Premiums in Life, 1864, £1,141,197. Losses paid in Life, 1864, £141,197.

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LIFE DEPARTMENT. The amount of new Life Premiums received this year is by far the largest received in any similar period since the commencement of the business, and must far exceed the average of amount received by the most successful offices in the Kingdom. The number of policies issued in the year was 428, the sum insured £1,141,197, and the premium £12,364,244. These figures show a very rapid extension of business during the last year. This—

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The Christian Visitor.

THE OFFICE OF THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, Corner of Prince William and Church Streets, SAINT JOHN, N. B. REV. I. E. BILL, Editor and Proprietor. Address all Communications and Business Letters to the Editor, Box 194, St. John, N. B.

"Hold fast the form of sound words."—2d Timothy, i. 13.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1866.

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The Christian Visitor is emphatically a Newspaper for the Family. It furnishes its readers with the latest intelligence, RELIGIOUS AND SECULAR.

THE SILENT DEACON'S OPINION.

We republish the following sketch, originally written for these columns, fifteen months ago, by Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, of Newton, Mass., by the special request of more than one of our readers.

When the next summer comes, with its heat and dust, and languor, and the tired spirit, fainting by the way, cries out for the wings of a dove, go up to W—, among the hills made sacred to Nature, where the burry and anxiety of commerce are unknown, and the silent Sundays are never broken by the whizzing of machinery, or defiled by its smoke and steam. You will see no Newport belles, no Belmont equipages, nor will you be bidden to any "hops,"—they don't "hop" there—but you will be taken into a holy, calm rest, such as the pilgrim found in the chamber which was called "Peace." If you have toiled hard enough to deserve rest, you find it in W—; if not, you will seek it anywhere in vain.

It is the most silent place in the world; and were it not for the farmer turning his furrows, or casting in his seed, you might imagine yourself already where "Sundays never end." Perhaps it is only because Nature reigns with such calm dignity, and echoes back every sound so lovingly, that W— seems silent in comparison with other places.

Entering the neat, capacious church, fatherly and motherly faces meet your eye on every hand, and you will soon forget that you are a stranger. Yonder, in the square pew, sits Deacon Lee; you would know he was a deacon if he had not told you. Some men are born deacons what a pity! Deacon Lee was not a native of W—, but went there to till a farm left him by an aged relative some twenty years ago—about the time Deacon Bell died, leaving a sad void in the church and the parsonage—for he was a pillar in Zion, and a strong arm to the mind of the church united on the new-comer, who, by his solemnity, piety, and zeal, seemed created for the place. He was a man of few words, rarely ever talking; so that the boys called him at first "a grum old man." But they very soon changed their opinion; for he set apart a time of summer sweetenings and one of bell-pears for their express benefit, as they went to and from school, and surprised them by a fine swing, which he hung for them in his walnut grove. So the verdict of that and of each succeeding generation of boys was that, although the deacon never talked, he was a kind and genial man, and a lover of children. Every boy, for twenty years back, had been his shepherd, his watchman, or his assistant farmer; feeling it a high honor to hitch his horse on Sunday, or to drive his manure cart on Monday; and all because they saw, through the thick veil of reserve, the love that burned and glowed in his heart.

Deacon Lee's minister trusted in him, and the church felt her temporal affairs safe in his hands, and the world honored his stern consistency.

There was a serpent in Eden, and a Judas in that thrice-blessed band who walked and talked with our Redeemer on earth, and who saw his glory mingled with his humanity; why, then, need we wonder that one man, subtle and treacherous, hid himself in the calm verdure of W—, crawling out only to deceive God's people with a kiss, till ready to spring upon them with his poisoned fangs! Upright, faithful, and earnest as were the people, they were not proof against flattery and deception. There came among them one quite unused to their unostentatious way of serving God, and ambitious, as he said, "of seeing them make some stir in the world." We know from God's Word that "one sinner destroyeth much good," and yet we are often annoyed at the wide results of one man's evil work in the church. One may sow tares which a hundred cannot pluck out; and therefore, does it become God's children to stay the enemy in his first efforts.

He who aimed at the life of the gospel church in W— was "dead, while he had a name to live." He scorned many of the humble ones whose crown is waiting them on high. He hated the humbling doctrines of the Cross, and desired to see man glorified and exalted; he rebelled against the "iron bars" which he chose to call the bonds of love which separate God's chosen and obedient ones from the world that lieth in wickedness. He declared that the millennium could never dawn till all Christians were as one—by which he meant that, for the sake of union, right must yield to wrong—as if he were of the number who loved and longed for the appearing of Christ! He began stealthily to sow his poisonous seeds among the younger and weaker of the flock, and when he saw the first token of their taking root, he grew bold, and began to cast them in on the strong hills. But here he found resistance; the soil which had borne such rich harvests of grace repelled his seed from its bosom; and he came to the mad resolve to assail the deacon, and try how he would receive it. If he, with his pious zeal and influence, opened his bosom to it, the end was easily attained. The minister was not worthy of consideration in the matter—ministers are so readily put out of the way if they do not yield to ungodliness. If he proves a dead sentinel, he would not molest him; if alive and jealous of his Master's honor, one bullet would settle him forever.

In pursuance of his "liberal views" and his deep laid plan, our valiant reformer rode up, and fastened his horse before the unpretending dwelling of Deacon Lee. Unshaken into the next "keeping-room" to await his coming from the harvest-field, his restless spirit was almost awed by the silence which reigned there. The tall clock in the corner, with its ever-singing ship, ticked painfully loud; and even the buzzing of the few flies on the panes annoyed him. He suffered much the same oppression as those who wait long in a silent, darkened room, the coming of a minister to a funeral. He wished for, and then dreaded the good man, being not quite sure of a warm reception. He had just decided on a clandestine flight, when the door opened and the deacon entered, as calm and neat as if toil had never ruffled his spirits or soiled his garments. After the usual greetings, and a dead, awful pause, the visitor began—think of the wiles of Satan!—by lamenting the low state of religion, asking the good man why his church had enjoyed no revival for three or four years! What caused it for God's sake to visit Zion! He was far more deeply interested in the opening of a new stage road to the Summit, and in getting up stock in the projected hotel there.

"Now what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking. The deacon was not ready to give his opinion, and, after a little thought, frankly answered: "No, I don't."

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ROGER MASON'S FAITH.

(From the Watchman and Reflector.) A LESSON FOR SKEPTICS. (Concluded.)

Six months passed; it was midwinter, an evening after a great storm. "Guess they're having a pretty hard time over to Roger's," observed the man Thomas, as he took out the pails to milk the cows. "What!" cried Farmer Jackson, with a gleam of delight in his sharp old face, at "Roger Mason's" hard time! "They're out of wood, and out of flour too; and their potatoes have all been frozen; and Roger had all his pork stole, in the fall, you know. They can't get a cent to help themselves with, neither," added Thomas; "for Roger hasn't had any work to do since that Sunday you slipped off with the load of hay into the creek, you know."

The farmer never liked allusions to that subject; and he coughed and frowned, while Thomas went, secretly chucking and rattling his pails, to the cow yard. But the good news of Roger Mason's distress was a feast to the vindictive old man, which caused him soon to forget the sauce with which Thomas had mischievously seasoned it. "I declare!" said he, "I'll just walk over to Roger Mason's, and make some errand to call, just to ask him what he thinks now of Providence, without day's wages."

And the old man, cane in hand, and trowsers' legs tied down to keep the snow out of his boots, was soon knocking at the cottage-door. "Come in, Mr. Jackson," said Roger, smiling, as he opened the door.

"How d' do! How d' do!" said the farmer, gruffly as he entered. He glanced about the cold, desolate room, at the pale wife, (very much paler now,) and shivering, hungry children, and his hard heart was glad. "Do you remember what was done with my scoop-shovel, when you worked for me, Roger?" This was the crafty old man's fictitious errand.

"No, I don't," answered Roger. "But it wasn't lost; for I saw Thomas shoveling snow with it no more than two days ago." "Ha!—hem!—sure! Excuse me for troubling you, then. I'll go and call Thomas to an account. He—hem!" again coughed the old man. "How do you get along this winter, Roger?" holding the door open to let in the cold.

"I am frank to say we get along very poorly," said Roger, yet smiling still, with his sad, bleached face. "Ah! Providence don't pay, maybe, so well as that older sinner, Jackson!" laughed the old man. "What do you think now, hey?"

"I think that if we are only true to our faith, and serve the Lord with our hearts, all things will work together for our good, even poverty and the hunger of our children!" And as he spoke, in thrillingly earnest and deep tones, his fond arms encircled little Freddy and Lucy, and pressed them to his bosom; and down his quivering cheeks started unbidden tears.

The old man would have been touched by the scene, but that he persistently hardened his heart. "Well! I don't know but I might do something for you. But I am glad to learn you can get along so well without me. Providence will do something for you, no doubt, no doubt!" with grim sarcasm.

"I do most firmly believe it!" said Roger, with a fervent glow lighting up his face. "There is nothing in this world so certain as that God overrules all things. And He will not suffer His children to perish—through privations and the trial of our faith may be necessary for our good."

"Well, well! sweat it out! A fine faith! Better than honest day's wages from an old sinner like me. Ha! ha! Good evening, Roger; good evening!"

The old man stalked away, cutting curves in the snow banks, with the point of his cane. But, notwithstanding his triumph over poor Roger, a strangely uneasy feeling followed Farmer Jackson from the house. It kept him awake that night. It haunted him all the next day. Neither could he enjoy his ordinary comfortable rest the night ensuing.

"I wish Roger hadn't been so pesky independent! If he'd only just come a little, and asked my pardon, I'd have been glad to help him," he said to himself over and over again. "As it is—well, if he wants to try what Providence will do for him, it's his business to let him alone."

With this reflection he endeavored to soothe his conscience. But in vain. The pite wife, the starving children, the comfortless room, Roger's sublime patience and perfect integrity, were ever present to his mind, agitating him unaccountably.

"Why, what ails you, husband?" asked his wife, looking up from her work as he entered the kitchen. "What's gone wrong with you, lately? You're as nervous as you can be!"

THE CHOLERA.

We copy below, from the Christian Mirror, the recipe and course of treatment, communicated to that paper, of the well-known missionary, Dr. HAMLIN, who met with great success in his treatment of the cholera at Constantinople, during three different visitations of this epidemic to that city, viz., in 1848, 1855, and that of last year.

1st. Equal parts by measure of Laudanum, Spirits of Camphor, and Tincture of Rhabarb, 30 drops for an adult, on a lump of sugar will often check the diarrhea. But to prevent its return, care should always be taken to continue the medicine every four hours in diminishing doses, twenty-five, twenty, 15, 10, 9, when careful diet is all that will be needed.

In case the first dose does not stay the diarrhea, continue to give in increasing doses 35, 40, 45, 60, at every movement of the bowels. Large doses will produce no injury while the diarrhea lasts. When that is checked, then is the time for caution.

2nd. Mustard Poultice.—These should be applied to the pit of the stomach, and kept on till the surface is well reddened.

3d. The patient, however well he may feel, should rigidly observe perfect rest. To lie quietly on the back is one half the battle. In that position the enemy fires over you, but the moment you rise you are hit.

4th. But when the attack is more violent, and there is vomiting, or vomiting and purging, perhaps also cramps and colic pains, the following mixture is far more effective, and should always be resorted to. It consists of equal parts of Laudanum, Tincture of Capsicum, Tincture of Ginger, and Tincture of Cardamom seeds. Dose 30 to 40 drops, or half a teaspoonful in a little water, and to be increased according to the urgency of the case. In case the first dose should be ejected, the second, which should stand ready, should be given immediately after the spasm of vomiting has ceased.

To relieve the intense thirst, created in all advanced cases, there may be frequently given to wet the throat a spoonful of Gum Arabic water, or of Chamomile tea. "Sydenham's White Decoction may also be given both as a beverage and nourishment in small quantities frequently. Frequent gargling the throat and washing out the mouth will bring some relief.

CASES OF CHOLERA AND TREATMENT. Case 1st, 1848.—A strong, healthy servant woman aged about fifty years. She was nearly in the collapse state when I was called to her. The diarrhea was partially controlled by the use of Laudanum, hot applications and friction to the extremities. Vomiting, however, commenced, and a raging thirst tormented her from her right ginning. She complained of pain in her right side, which I did not then understand, nor did I know what to do for it. She bore up wonderfully against the disease for four or five days and died from incompetent treatment.

Case 2nd. A young man of 21 or 22, a gardener, of apparently strong constitution. He was attacked with violence, had been treated and abandoned in despair by a hydropath. Pulse hardly perceptible, thirst tormenting, extremities cold, purging and vomiting. I had attended a score of cases since No. 1, and had adopted a definite course. Gave mixture No. 2, or rather something very much like it, which I had received from an English physician of great experience in the cholera. Applied bags of hot salt to restore the heat, with friction, and water acidulated with a few drops of nitric acid for the thirst. He soon began to improve. But he drank too much, and brought on vomiting again. I learned from this case to be very cautious of all drinks. With great difficulty he came round again, complained of pain in his side; applied 16 leeches over the liver, gave for nourishment nothing but rice gruel, and then arrowroot with a teaspoonful of brandy in it. He recovered. I began, after this, in all cases to use mustard poultices largely and have always kept up the practice. It will generally save the necessity of leeching.

Case 3d, 1855.—A carpenter, an interperate man. The attack brought on by great exposure in a storm, and interperate drinking. I could do nothing with it, remedies were of no avail whatever, and he died before morning.

Case 4th. The mother of a family, about forty years of age. Gave mixture No. 1; that is, equal parts of Laudanum, Tinct. of Rhabarb, and Spirits of Camphor, beginning with 30 drops and increasing at every movement of the bowels 5 and at length 10 drops, until I saw it had no effect. It was one of the few instances in which this medicine failed. I then began with starch injections, 40 drops of Laudanum to about three table spoonfuls of boiled starch, increasing 5 drops each time. The diarrhea was only checked and made less frequent until the seventh injection, which continued a teaspoonful of Laudanum. This may

"God has heard our prayer!" exclaimed Mrs. Mason, clasping her baby to her heart. "Thank God! Thank God!"

"Thank God!" cried the old man, still trying to jeer—but it was hard work, with the tears of a melted heart blinding his eyes. "Thank me, woman! thank me!"

"Indeed, we thank you!" said Roger, wringing the old man's hand; "but God first; for it is the work of Providence, after all!"

"The work of Providence, you idiot!" demanded the old man, still wiping his eyes. "Truly it is!" said Roger. "God works by instruments; and we are often His instruments without knowing it; yes, we are sometimes His unwilling instruments!"

The hard old skeptic neither scoffed nor jeered. He looked earnestly at Roger a moment, and said, humbly, "You think so, Roger?"

"I know—I know," said Roger, "that you have been the agent of the very Providence you doubt in this!"

The old man hung his head; and the recollection of the singular influences that had overpowered him, and impelled him to this deed of charity, brought contrition and humility to his heart. "Well, well, Roger!" he murmured, raising his head, "we won't argue the subject. See, the children are happy! That's enough. And you, Roger, I respect your honesty, and shall be glad to have you work for me again, if you like. And I'll try to be more reasonable, and not quite so worldly in future!"

"It is worth all we have suffered, to hear you say this!" exclaimed Roger.

And it was worth far more to the old man to be able to say so much, with a sincere heart. For from that day, he was no longer a scoffer, and not long after gave evidence that he was an humble believer in Christ and the workings of a Divine Providence in the ways of men.

seem a dangerous practice, but so long as the diarrhea continues these powerful narcotics are carried off. As soon as it is stopped, be careful of large doses. The patient fell into the typhoid state and was very low for a few days. A faithful nurse attended her. She took nothing but camomile tea with sweet spirits of nitre, and arrowroot with a little brandy in it. The 6th day she began decidedly to be convalescent and recovered her health rapidly. She is still living in a quarter that has been twice invaded by the cholera without her being attacked.

Case 6th, 1865.—A gardener about sixty years of age. Pulse low, vomiting chiefly, hands and feet cold, restless, yet stupid and melancholy. Gave him mixture No. 2. Equal parts of Laudanum, Tinct. Capsicum, Tinct. Ginger, Tinct. Cardamom seeds, half a teaspoonful with a large mustard poultice upon the stomach and bottles of hot water to the feet. He recovered without any further medicines but could not return to his ordinary diet for some two or three weeks. He was strictly kept from drinking while his thirst prevailed, except in small doses of Gum water and camomile tea. He enjoyed rinsing and gargling his mouth with cold water in the highest degree. I did not hope for so speedy a recovery.

Case 6th, A Turkish Hamal—porter—one of these strong bearers of burdens for which Constantinople is famed. Mr. Washburne was called to him in the night, and found him violently attacked with vomiting and purging, with cold limbs and cramps. Large doses of mixture No. 2, mustard poultices, pure mustard, flour and vinegar with friction, succeeded after an hour and a half of tough fighting, in arresting the disease. He seemed entirely out of danger the next day and complained of nothing but thirst. His fellows kept him from drinking, but did not do what they were told to do to assuage his thirst. When they fell asleep he arose, went out to a fountain, and drank to his heart's content. It brought back his worse symptoms, and Mr. Washburne had great difficulty in arresting them the second time. When I saw him vomiting and purging had ceased, the pulse returned, but there was nervous prostration, great thirst, with fainting turns.

A teaspoonful of camphorated water every ten minutes benefited him decidedly, but when Mr. Washburne and I left him he refused to take it, it was so "burning bitter." Mr. Washburne proposed to try rubbing his spine with volatile liniment to relieve the nervous system. He had heard it recommended. We immediately obtained it, and Mr. Washburne set two men to apply it with a steady but not violent friction. In half an hour he fell asleep and slept twelve hours. He awoke weak but well. In a few weeks he was again strong as a giant.

The following cases are from many reported by Mr. Trowbridge, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M., who with Mr. Long, Missionary of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, attended hundreds of the sick in the late cholera campaign:

Case No. 1. Mardiras, a boy 14 years old—Armenian—was passing into the second stage of collapse when I first saw him; fever high, great internal heat, extremities cold, begged incessantly for water. Gave him mixture No. 1, mustard plasters to his feet and stomach, friction with rum constantly for some hours. Next morning found him better with a low fever. He recovered slowly but is now well.

No. 2. Sdepon—brother of the above—was seized violently when greatly exhausted with care of his brother. Gave No. 1, which he vomited immediately. Gave him quickly a second dose with a little brandy, and made him lie flat on his back. He retained this, vomiting and diarrhea ceased; in three days he was about his room.

No. 3. A Turkish "Viljoja" or teacher, aged 35, strong, in the prime of life—passing into the second stage of collapse. Mixture No. 1, mustard plasters, brandy and friction saved him. The muscles of his legs were cramped as in knots. A very marked case of the influence of medicine. We only gave him medicine once. Nearly a teaspoonful of No. 2.

No. 4. An Armenian boy aged 17, passing into second stage. Dr. Pratt, an experienced missionary physician saw him, thought there was little use in giving him medicine. Gave him a strong dose of mixture No. 2, table spoonful of brandy every twenty minutes until he rallied, mustard, friction, &c. Much to our surprise he recovered. Mr. Trowbridge also details many cases where recovery seemed to be secured, but fatal relapse was brought on by freely drinking cold water.—Others were made fatal by the insane love of bleeding which pervades this country.

THE INFIDELITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

Read what these spirits promise, and you will be shocked at their unblushing infidelity. "In connection with the alleged discovery of an artesian well at Chicago, in the United States, by means of Spiritualism, it is promised that 'on this spot' (near to the well) 'a great and magnificent temple will be reared to the Supreme Intelligence of the universe. Its portals will be ever open to the entire human family, where all, casting aside the old creeds, forms, and theories, may enter the vast halls and learn the eternal truths of God.'"

The pretensions of Spiritualism are alike detestable, whether it be an imposture, or whether we recognize it to be what the Apostle indicates as among the signs of the last times—the "giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils," literally, the teachings of demons. No doubt there is much imposture, but many are convinced that much is really effected by the supernatural agency of "familiar spirits"—"spirits of Python." As to its being an absolute imposture—the result of trick and ingenuity, which yet affirmed to be supernatural—a writer in All the Year Round remarks: "Where there are two or three tricksters there are half a dozen incredulous persons who believe in the imposture which they unwittingly practise upon others. Electro-biology was too tame to hold the attention of the public for any length of time. It became necessary to excite the interest of the credulous by more daring feats, just as the acrobat in the ring finds it necessary when the performance begins to flag, to increase the number of hoops through which he jumps, etc. Electro-biology was mundane, and within the bounds of physical probability. It now became an object to introduce a supra-mundane element, as they call it, and to present phenomena which would accord with a belief in the unseen world, while it would defy physical inquiry."

"When first introduced, Spiritualism presented itself in a very mild and modest form. It assumed to be very little more than a development of animal magnetism. The professors began by making tables turn, and when this became monotonous, they made them rap. The next thing was to declare that the raps were produced by spirits wishing to communicate with their friends on

There is often great power in the little word "No," but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it as resolutely as did the silent deacon.—Examiner and Chronicle.