The Protector.

AND CHRISTIAN WITNESS.—A FAMILY JOURNAL

"RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION: BUT SIN IS A REPROACH TO ANY PEOPLE."—Prov. xiv 34.

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The Protector and Christian Witness,

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NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The Mails for New Brunswick, Canada and the United States, on and after the 1st June, will be made up and forwarded, *via* Shediac, every *Tuesday* and *Friday* morning at 10 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, *via* Pictou, every *Monday* and *Thursday* evening at 5 o'clock.

For Newfoundland every *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock

For England and Bermuda every alternate *Monday* evening at 5 o'clock, viz—

Monday evening, June 14th		Monday evening, September 16th	
" " " 28th		" " " 20th	
" " July 12th		" " October 4th	
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" " " 23d		" " " 15th	
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THOMAS OWEN, P. M G.

General Post Office, May 27, 1858.

MIND OF JESUS.

FORGIVENESS OF INJURIES.

"*Then said Jesus, Father forgive them; for they know not what they do.*"—Luke, xxiii. 34.

Many a death struggle has been made to save a friend. A dying Saviour gathers up his expiring breath to plead for his foes! At the climax of His own woe, and of human ingratitude—man forsaken, and God-deserted—His faltering voice mingles with the shout of His murderers,—"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do! Had the faithless Peter been there, could he have wondered at the reply to a former question,—"Lord, how often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him,—till seven times?" Jesus said unto him, "I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but Until seventy times seven." (Matt. xviii. 21.)

Superiority to insult and ignominy, with some, proceeds from a callous and indifferent temperament,—a cold, phlegmatic, stoical insensibility, alike to kindness or unkindness. It was not so with Jesus. The tender sensibilities of His holy nature rendered Him keenly sensible to ingratitude and injury, whether this was manifested in the malice of undisguised enmity, or the treachery of trusted friendship. Perhaps to a noble nature the latter of these is the more deeply wounding. Many are inclined to forgive an open and unmasked antagonist, who are not so willing to forget or forgive heartless faithlessness, or unrequited love. But see, too, in this respect, the conduct of the blessed Redeemer!—Mark how He deals with His own disciples who had basely forsaken Him and fled, and that, too, in the hour He most needed their sympathy! No sooner does He rise from the dead than He hastens to disarm their fears and to assure them of an unaltered and unalterable affection. "Go tell *my brethren*," is the first message He sends; "*Peace be unto you.*" is the salutation at the first meeting; "*Children!*" is the word with which he greets them on the shores of Tiberias. Even Joseph, (the Old Testament type and pattern of generous forgiveness,) when he makes himself known to his brethren, recalls the bitter thought, "Whom ye sold into Egypt." The true Joseph, when *He* reveals Himself to His disciples, buries in oblivion the memory of by-gone faithlessness. He *meets* them with a benediction. He *leaves* them at His ascension with the same—"He lifted up his hands and blessed them!"

Reader! follow in all this the spirit of your Lord and Master. In rising from the study of His holy example, seek to feel that with you there shall be no such name, no such word, as *enemy!* Harbor no resentful thought, indulge in no bitter recrimination. Surrender yourself to no sullen fretfulness. Let "the law of kindness" be in your heart. Put the best construction on the failings of others.—Make no injurious comments on their frailties; no uncharitable insinuations.—"Consider thyself, lest thou also be tempted." When disposed at any time to cherish an unforgiving spirit towards a brother, think, if thy God had retained His anger for ever, where wouldst thou have been? If *He*, the Infinite One who might have spurned thee for ever from his presence, hath had patience with thee, and forgiven thee *all*, wilt *thou*, on account of some petty grievance which thy calmer moments would pronounce unworthy of a thought, indulge in the look of cold estrangement, the unrelenting word, or unforgiving deed? "If any man have a quarrel against any, even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."

"ARM YOURSELVES LIKEWISE WITH THE SAME MIND."

EARLY ITALIAN REFORMERS.

OLYMPIA MORATA.

She reached her 22d year without experiencing any trouble. She was the pride and love of her parents. She was treated with all possible regard at the Court. All the scholars praised and almost worshipped her. So that, endowed with talent, learning, beauty, and charming manners, she went on from success to success, finding nothing but flowers in the pathway of her early life.

The mortal sickness of her beloved father was the first blow of sorrow which struck Olympia. She left the Court in order to wait at his death-bed. It was there that God spoke peculiarly to her heart. She felt now that she had a mission to fulfil on earth before going to him. All the favours which she had received from God were now in her view so many calls to this mission. From that moment she professed openly the Reformation and exerted all her influence for the conversion of others. Her father, Fulvio Morata, was inclined to the Reformation from its beginning, because he was a follower of Savonarola; but he was strengthened in this faith and thoroughly taught by Celio Secondo Curione, a persecuted reformer from Piedmont, whom he hospitably received in his house. He had also been privileged with intimate intercourse with Calvin, when he spent some months secreted in Ferrara. This at that time was a kind of city of refuge for the persecuted for religious opinions. They were all welcomed and protected by the Duchess, who had been converted to Protestantism before leaving France. The Duke knew well that the Duchess favored the Reformation and supported the reformers; but he cared but little about this, as he was a profligate man, with no religious principles.

Now, however, this petty tyrant was awakened, by a sense of personal danger to be a persecutor, and fear of losing his throne rendered him ferocious. You must know that for a long time the Pope had been seeking for a pretext to take Ferrara from the house of Este in order to extend the Papal State as far as the river Po. The Duke remembered too well well that his own father persecuted on this account, wandered in exile, served in foreign armies and was reinstated only by marrying the famous Lucrezia Borgia, the profligate daughter of Pope Alexander VI. The Duke, therefore, having received an intimation from Pope Paul III. that he must destroy the nest which heresy had made at his Court, answered this summons with eager zeal.

He immediately dismissed the Protestant teachers of his daughters, married the eldest of them to the French Duke of Guise—changed entirely the household of the Duchess—sent away all her friends—took all her children away from her, and forbade her either to leave her apartment or to see anybody till she should attend mass and give satisfaction to the Pope. Olympia, in deep mourning for the recent loss of her father, was summoned to the presence of the Duke, who insulted her in a villainous manner and strictly forbade her either to appear at the Court or to see any of his family. In the meantime mysterious ill-rumors concerning the dismissal of Olympia were circulated by the Court in a jesuitical manner. The good Duchess was taken in the snare and alienated from that innocent victim.

The mother of Olympia, overwhelmed by trouble, fell sick, and the care of her, of the family, and of a small embarrassed patrimony, devolved upon Olympia just when she was most in want of quiet and consolation. Besides, she saw all her friends dispersed or intimidated. Notwithstanding this, it was now that Olympia was seen to visit, with great danger for herself, the prison of Fannio Faventino, who, imprisoned by the Duke, was destined to be the first martyr of the Reformation in Italy. It was not only to him that Olympia administered consolation; she considered all the afflicted as entitled to her sympathy. She visited them when possible; she wrote letters, composed hymns, translated psalms, and did all in her power in order to confirm her friends in faith, during the reverse. Sometimes she would translate a psalm into a Sapphic or Pindaric ode and send it to a scholar in order to draw his attention to the Scriptures. "This influence of her poems and letters," says Celie Secondo Curione, "was immense in awakening the religious feelings of the scholars of her times, for they admired her exceedingly." She had also a great agency in the conversion of the two brothers Vergeri, both great scholars and both bishops of high standing at the Papal Court. The Papal persecution fell soon upon her. An intimation to leave Italy grieved her exceedingly, for she was now the only support of her sick mother and desolate family. Besides, she had no fortune upon which to rely for her support. At this painful period of her life, Olympia one day received the visit of Dr. Grunthler, a German student, who was in love with her. He had always been silent amidst the large crowd of her admirers while she was happy. But now that she was persecuted, calumniated, and helpless, he came to offer her his heart, his hand, and his native country, for refuge. It was a new feeling that she experienced now. She had discovered a noble heart truly devoted to her. He did not say a word of love. They wept together, and their hearts were united forever. Death itself could not separate them. The marriage of Olympia Morata and Dr. Andrew Grunthler was the first which was celebrated in Italy with the simple rites of the Reformed Church. It must have been a solemn occasion. Secretly in the night the congregation gathered in silence to offer a prayer for Olympia and her husband. She had been a much esteemed and generally beloved member of the congregation, and now she was about to leave them, her family, and her native country. The future looked dark over the heads of the young couple, and for all the attendants. Notwithstanding this, when the prayer was over, they joyfully sang together a beautiful hymn which Olympia had prepared.

The lecturer gave a graphical account of her departure for Germany, and of all that she did in order to promote the cause of the Reformation in Italy even from abroad. He related also her adventures and her sufferings in Germany, from which she died consumptive. Notwithstanding her painful sickness, she continued her exertions for the cause of Reformation in Italy. She composed also at that time many a beautiful poem on religious subjects, and kept an active correspondence with her Italian friends. Her last note was to her second father Curione; she dictated this to her husband a few minutes before. It was in Latin, as all her letters were, and the writer had committed some faults of orthography, which she tried to correct, but she could not go on, and fell into a kind of sleep. "She awoke smiling very sweetly," wrote her husband, "and I went near and asked her whence that heavenly smile proceeded, and she answered, 'I beheld just now while lying quiet a place filled with the clearest and brightest light. Weakness prevented her saying more. 'Come, said he, 'be of good cheer, you are about to dwell in that beautiful light.' She again smiled and nodded. In a little while she said, 'I am all gladness,' nor did she again speak, till her eyes becoming dim, she said, 'I can scarcely know you, but all places appear to me to be full of the fairest flowers,' and so saying she fell into a sweet slumber and awoke in Christ. She was 28 years old.—*Lowell Lecture, by Prof. Guagani, reported in Boston Traveller.*

HOW TO MAKE UP A QUARREL?

William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principle of peace, carried out, would maintain good will among neighbours as well as nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject—had not thought much about it—as I dare say my young readers have not, and he believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was best and fair to strike right back again, without considering if there were not some better way of overcoming the offender; or, if a man did him an injury, why, as people commonly say, he would "give him as good as he sent."

He then had a farm; and a poor man, who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order; and, in consequence, his sheep got into William Ladd's field, and did much mischief. William Ladd told his man Sam to go to the neighbour, and tell him he must mend the fence and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again, and William Ladd, who is a very orderly man himself, was provoked.

"Sam," said he, "go to that fellow and tell him if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheat field, I'll have them shot."

Even this did not do—the sheep were in again.

"Sam," said William Ladd, "take my gun and shoot those sheep."

"I would rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam? Why, there are but three; it's no great job."

"No, sir; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I'm not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning; why did he not mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of message; it made him mad, and so he wouldn't do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said William Ladd. "and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw he half smiled, but I said nothing. I got into my buggy and drove up to my neighbour. He lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over.

When I drove up to the house the man was chopping wood. There were a few sticks of wood, and the house was poor, and my heart was softened.

"Neighbour!" I called out.

The man looked sulky, and did not raise his head.

"Come, come, neighbour," said I; "I have come with friendly feelings to you, and you must me half way."

He perceived that I was in earnest, laid down his axe, and came to the wagon.

"Now, neighbour," said I, "we have both been in the wrong; you neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provking message. Now let us face about and both do right. I'll forgive you. Now let's shake hands."

He didn't feel quite like giving me his hand, but he let me take it.

"Now," said I, "neighbour, drive your sheep down to my pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring, and you shall have all the yield, and next summer we shall start fair."

His hand was no longer dead in mine, and he gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, "I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all."

"And the little fracas with my neighbour about the sheep was," said William Ladd, "the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society."—*Cleve. Leaflets.*

HEATING BY GAS—SANDING THE AIR.

One of the new buildings erected by Mrs. Dudley, in Hawk street, says the Albany *Knickerbocker*, is not only to be lighted, but heated with gas. The plan adopted is the one got up by Calvin Pepper, Esq., of this city. The iron work will be done up at the Eagle Furnace. Mr. Pepper gets up his heat by passing gas through sand. If the gas be directed into the body of the sand it will instantly diffuse itself through the entire mass, and, rising to the surface, may, with perfect safety, be instantly set on fire with a match, the flame covering the whole surface of the sand with a pure flame without smoke, no matter how large the extent of the flame and with perfect and complete combustion.

The heat is almost instantaneously diffused through the entire mass of sand, heating it equally throughout, and requiring but one minute of time to heat the sand to such intense temperature that it will retain its heat for hours after the gas is shut off and the light extinguished.

There can be no doubt that the gas required to light a room will also be sufficient to heat it. Mr. Pepper claims that two cents worth of gas will make a sufficient quantity of sand red hot to keep a room warm in winter eight hours. If this be so, it will be seen that our fuel expenses can be reduced to about fifty cents a week.

(From the London News of the Churches)

REMARKABLE MEMORIAL OF FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN PRIESTS IN AUSTRIA.

The following very important document has been forwarded to us simultaneously by two of our foreign correspondents. A very brief statement of its purport has appeared in some of the journals in this country, but its true importance seems scarcely to have been understood. We need no apology for presenting it before our readers in full. Our correspondents state that, though the heads of the Church in Austria try to make light of it, there is in reality a great stir among the priesthood in Bohemia and elsewhere, and that a General Synod, and Provincial Synods, have been summoned to take into consideration the means of counteracting the spirit which it indicates. It will be seen that some of the reforms proposed, such as the restoration of the clergy to family life, are of the boldest kind, and that these are urged almost with desperation. This Memorial has been signed by five hundred and seven of the Bohemian bishops and beneficent clergy. We hope that it may be but the beginning of an important movement, and that those old churches in Bohemia, which assisted so much to prepare the way for the Reformation, may be themselves again purified.

The following Memorial from five hundred and seven Roman Catholic clergy has been sent up to the Archbishops von Rauscher, at Vienna, and to some other bishops, stating the condition of the priesthood and the people, the need of reform, and concluding with an earnest appeal.

"At the time of the late revolution much interest was manifested on the part of the secular government in the amelioration of the material and social position of the lower clergy, and proposals with respect to this subject were prepared by the Diet.

"Now, although the judgment of the clergy was that in reforms of such a nature the decision belonged rather to the Apostolic Head, yet the prospect of relief was welcomed with loud rejoicings, from whatever part it might come. But when, along with the abolition of the Diet, those hopes of the clergy had vanished, the servants of Jesus Christ thought they might still expect from the rulers of the Church and State an improvement of their material and social condition, because the religion of Christ is injured by the neglect of those needful reforms, and is becoming more and more estranged from the hearts of the people, whilst at the same time, new enemies are daily rising up against the Government.

"Since then, the expectation so universally entertained, that measures would be taken to lessen the personal privations, and raise the tone of morals among the inferior clergy, seems doomed to prolonged disappointment; since, according to all appearance, the introduction of the Concordat (which, while bestowing great increase of privilege and power on the Episcopate, leaves the inferior clergy to bear the full burden of that moral opposition and, undisguised hatred which that most unpopular measure has called forth) is to be regarded as the apex of modern ecclesiastical reform in these realms; and since, moreover, there is good reason to apprehend that the true state of the Church never will—as it hitherto never has—reach the ears of her highest rulers, through the legitimate official channels, the undersigned feel impelled by conscience to bring the case, as it really stands, before the vicars and representatives of Christ upon earth, in order that they, having the interests of religion and the well-being of their clerical subordinates near their heart, may, ere yet it be too late, take steps toward the introduction of such energetic measures as shall ward off the great and closely-impending danger, or, at all events, free themselves from the heavy charge of having been unjust and careless stewards of the household of Christ.

"The holiest interests of humanity are at present laid low. Religion is become a mere form; Church discipline, the shadow of a shade; heart religion has ceased to exist among us; and, worst of all, this melancholy want is not, as in former ages, discoverable only among the so-called *literati et illuminati*, but, alas! the unhallowed leaven of unbelief and indifference has reached the masses, and spread among them with fearful rapidity, so that religion is become an object of derision and contempt. The long-suppressed hostility to ecclesiastical rule—an hostility which the Concordat, viewed as a return to mediæval darkness and oppression, has excited to tenfold force even in moderate men—begins to be openly expressed, and is revenged on the fulfillers of its decrees—the inferior clergy—on whom descends a lowering storm of hatred, which threatens to be more dangerous, as its chief seat is in the aggregate population of the empire. It were most unwise, as well as unjust, to regard these feelings as the lingering throes of the revolution in 1848; for whereas it was at that time rare to find a country parish in which the unhallowed weed of disaffection to the priesthood had sprung up, it would now require minute search to discover one in which it doth not luxuriate Doubtless, the democratical party, well knowing that its ends are best promoted by uprooting religious feeling in the hearts of the people, is not wholly idle; but it could effect little comparatively were its efforts not aided by the grave error which the Church has committed in re-establishing the ecclesiastical yoke from which the men of 1848 tried to free the people; and as assuredly there is no more certain method of uprooting religion, than by making its ministers hated and despised, so this is the very means now resorted to by the enemies of order, to paralyze the energies, and destroy the influence of the priesthood over the mass of the people. Nor is the task a difficult one.

"The inferior clergy, whose fixed salaries are generally below that of a hackney coachman, (viz. from twenty to fifty florins per annum,) must needs eke out their miserable incomes by levying, generally from the very poorest portion of the parishioners, their allowed modicum of parish dues, (*Stola Gebühren*;) and the raising of this tax gives rise frequently, not only to very disgusting scenes, in which the priest necessarily figures as an oppressor of the poor, but religion itself appears in the light of a hateful burden, which it were wise to shake off; this state of feeling being moreover industriously fostered by the enemies of the Church, who take pains to call attention not to the necessities of the inferior, but to the superfluities of the higher clergy.

"But were, on the contrary, the inferior clergy (who, in fact, are the really working part of the ecclesiastical polity) suitably paid out of available church funds, more especially out of the revenues of convents, whose inmates, being wholly idle, might justly be secularized, not only would their undeniably hard lot be softened, but the enemies of good government, religion, and social order would be deprived of one chief means of popular seduction.

"Yet we must not conceal, that the deadliest blow of all has been given to clerical influence by the doubt, now almost universally entertained, of the morality of the priests. To such an extent has this weapon been brought to bear against them, that it would be hard to find an individual who believes in their moral purity! hard to find a single priest who is not assailed on this subject by the mocking taunts, not of adults only, but even of boyhood. Nor is a justification of these taunts sought in proven transgression; priestly chastity is impugned simply on the ground that the denial of lawful marriage has rendered it an impossibility. But this is not all. Not only does the priest find himself personally exposed to derision on this score, but he has the pain of beholding how widely the assumed delinquencies of his class have contributed to open the floodgates of vice among the once distinguishedly virtuous peasantry, inasmuch as the now gigantically increased immorality of all orders of society is frequently justified by reference to the notorious lives of their spiritual guides, and the application of the proverb, "like people, like priest," forms the running commentry in every ethical discussion. Hence it is rare in our days to find a head of a Christian family, or even a thoughtful political economist, who does not deem the most imperatively called for measures for the prevention of universal immorality to be the effectual removal of all suspicions of priestly unchastity. The word of God is now fettered by the vices, whether real or supposed, of those who proclaim it; and if a reform be not speedily introduced, by which, on the one hand, the priesthood shall be secured a suitable support without being a burden on the poor, and, on the other, be freed from the suspicion of practising the most infamous and destructive vices; by which, in short, we clergy shall be restored to our proper position in the social circle, and enabled to re-occupy with honour our place in the family, the Church, and the world—unless such reform be brought about. our hopes of usefulness are null and void; religion itself is given over to contempt, the hierarchy hangs on the verge of an annihilatory fall, and the State of its overthrow.

"Our humble and earnest petition therefore is, that you, Right Reverend Father, may be pleased, in conjunction with the high episcopate and the Imperial Government, to originate measures, by which the evils which are now undermining clerical influence, and which threaten the ruin of both Church and State, may be removed, lest the people at large should be tempted to look to the revolutionary party as their sole hope, and be led to bless even the enemies of God and good order, if their political wisdom release them from so intolerable a state of things."

Leisure.—If you wish to be anything in this world, see that your leisure time is passed properly.

EXCERPTS FROM SPURGEON.

Keep not back part of the price. Make a full surrender of every motion of thy heart; labour to have but one object, and one aim. And for this purpose give God the keeping of thine heart. Cry out for more of the divine influences of the Holy Spirit, that so when thy soul is preserved and protected by him, it may be directed into one channel, and one only, that thy life may run deep and pure, and clear and peaceful; its only banks being God's will, its only channel the love of Christ and a desire to please him.

There is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand; there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the churchyard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any Christian man, to be a blank, and to be a nothing. He made you for an end. Find out what that end is; find out your niche, and fill it. If it be ever so little, if it is only to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water, do something in this great battle for God and truth.

I am certain thou needest no exhortation to love thyself, thine own case will be seen to, thine own comfort will be a very primary theme of thine anxiety. Thou wilt line thine own nest well with downy feathers, if thou canst. There is no need to exhort thee to love thyself. Thou wilt do that well enough. Well, then, as much as thou lovest thyself, love thy neighbor.

Life is but death's vestibule; and our pilgrimage on earth is but a journey to the grave. The pulse that preserves our being beats our death-march, and the blood which circulates our life is floating it onward to the deeps of death. To-day we see our friends in health, to-morrow we hear of their decease. We clasped the hand of the strong man but yesterday, and to-day we close his eyes. We rode in the chariot of comfort but an hour ago, and in a few more hours the last black chariot must convey us to the home of all living. O, how closely allied is death to life!

Deal gently, deal kindly, deal lovingly, and there is not a wolf in human shape but will be melted by kindness; and there is not a tiger in woman's form but will break down and sue for pardon, if God should bless the love that is brought to bear upon her by her friend.

The river of God is full of water: but there is not one drop of it that takes its rise in earthly springs. God will have no strength used in his own battles but the strength which he himself imparts; and I would not have you that are now distressed in the least discouraged by it. Your emptiness is but the preparation for your being filled; and your casting down is but the making ready for your lifting up.

My God! when I survey the boundless fields of ether, and see those ponderous orbs rolling therein—when I consider how vast are thy dominions—so wide that an angel's wing might flap to all eternity and never reach a boundary—I marvel that thou shouldst look on insects so obscure as man. I have taken to myself the microscope and seen the ephemera upon the leaf, and I have called him small. I will not call him so again; compared with me, he is great, if I put myself in comparison with God. I am so little that I shrink into nothingness when I behold the almightiness of Jehovah—so little that the difference between the animalculæ and man dwindles into nothing, when compared with the infinite chasm between God and man.

THRILLING INCIDENT OF LIFE IN INDIA.

One evening I returned, more than usually fatigued, to my bungalow, and had hastened to bed. I was soon asleep, and, as usual, dreaming of Europe and her charms. Suddenly I was awakened by a cold object resting on my arm. Involuntarily I raised my other arm toward it. It glided rapidly off, not, however, till it had inflicted its dreaded bite; for I plainly felt the pain, which, though not acute, was stinging, resembling the puncture of a hot instrument, or a sudden scald. The fact, however, was obvious. I had been bitten by a snake, and was probably a dead man. I sprang from my bed, rushed to my dressing-table, seized one of my razors, and without hesitation cut but the bitten part. I actually scooped out a piece nearly as large as a nut; then, with my arm bleeding profusely, I rushed towards the lamp, and, catching it up, burnt the wounded part for several seconds. By this time several of my servants had arrived, alarmed by my cries. One hastened off for our assistant surgeon, who lived next door, while the others began to question me. In broken sentences I explained to them my situation. They were horrified. While one poured *eau du luce* into the dreadful self-inflicted gash, the other prepared a portion of the same medicine, diluted in a little water, which I hastily swallowed. By this time I was more calm, and when Dr. Lission arrived, I was collected enough to view my situation with becoming philosophy.

While he was dressing my arm and binding it up, I took advantage of the silence, the awe of the moment, to signify to him my last wishes in case of my death. I stated the manner in which I desired to be buried, the style of letters I wished written to my relations, the way in which I wished my little remaining property to be disposed of. The doctor was almost tempted to shed tears. The surrounding khitmutgars stood in mute agony of woe. Lission, however, hoped I had cut deep enough, and assured me he thought the virus had not had time to enter the system. "Let us, at least," he said, "have the consolation of destroying the reptile that has thus endangered your life. Here, my men, bring each a soft cane, and let us attack the monster together." The men ran out, and came back each armed with a pliant bamboo, a single stroke of which will instantly kill the most dreaded snake in India. "And now surround the bed; the reptile cannot have got away. Gently, gently, keep your eyes steadily fixed. He must be under the pillow. Directly I raise it be ready to strike. Ha! there he is!" The servants at once struck at the object pointed out, and succeeded in killing it. They held it up, when lo! it proved to be a poor little lizard, a harmless animal, which beyond the blistering drop he had let fall on my arm, bears no venom. The doctor burst into a roar of laughter. The black rascals joined in it. The next week I was forced to get two months' leave, for whenever I appeared with my arm in a sling, my "dying words" were quoted to me. I was almost teazed to death because, when I fancied I had been bitten by a snake, I had chosen to take "precautionary measures."—*Colonel Addison's Traits and Stories of Anglo-Indian Life.*

The Daily Prayer-Meetings.—The *American Presbyterian*, alluding to the practice of some of our contemporaries, of publishing all the details of the noon prayer-meetings, says:

"We have refrained from reporting these meetings in detail, as it might tend to ostentation, and seriously damage their influence. The scene is too sacred, too solemn, to be held up to public gaze. It is made up, too, of so many little things, that cannot be suitably described, but which add materially to the effect; there is the sympathetic heart, the tearful eye, the penitent sob, the joyful smile, the hearty response, all of which contribute their part to give the true zest to each meeting, and must be felt and experienced to be adequately understood and appreciated. An occasional incident may be reported with propriety and effect, but to publish in detail the daily occurrences at these meetings would, it seems to us, be the surest method to pervert and destroy their influence and usefulness."

On the foregoing the New York *Commercial Advertiser* remarks—

"We concur in our contemporary's doubt whether the minute details that are weekly published, will have a beneficial effect."

We also concur in the above views, and have for these and other reasons abstained from publishing such reports.—*Eds. Pres.*