

Sunshine in the Christian's Heart.

REV. W. W. MERRILL

There is a sunshine—a sunshine cool and beautiful, which rests upon every good man's heart and home. The power is fulfilled now, as in the old time before us.

to prevent our judgment, to blind and lead astray our conscience, to make evil appear good, and good evil. It is not their way, directly, to bring upon us an open and direct assault, testing our strength and consistency.

And how great is their art of deceiving! How a large percentage of our being and the practice of leading astray. What varieties of mind and temper and disposition they have studied and mastered.

And then, more perilous still, they have fallen into sin. They have territory and fortress in the domain of our being and character. There are weaknesses, and prejudices, and passions, and cravings, and propensities, all lashed with evil already.

"O watch, and fight, and pray."

Winding up a Horse.

The following story is well told, and applied by the Rev. Dr. Chamberlain. The cure for which was the application of a twig upon his ear. This was the "key" with which he had to be wound up.

"I never took thirty seconds to get him out of the key. After a little he ceased objecting to have it put on. He seemed to say to himself, 'I have got to give in, and may as well do it at once.'"

"My native neighbors said, 'Two horns must be wound up, or he cannot run.' When he got to the 'winding up' was nothing but a form, it tried to break him of it, but could not succeed. I would put him and talk to him and give him a little salt or sugar or bread, and then step quickly into the carriage and tell him to go."

"No. Legs heaved, every muscle tensed for resistance—a genuine balk. Stop and get quiet for an instant, and he would break over his back and look around for the horse boy appealing, saying very earnestly by his actions, 'Do please wind me up. I can't go without. But I'll go gladly if you will.'"

"Many hearty laughs have we and our friends had over the winding up of this Christian. I met him six years ago. The last week I owned him I had to wind him up. I said that patent to the man that bought the horse, and learned from him that he had to use it as long as he lived."

"I was thinking about that horse the other night when it was too hot to sleep (writing in India), and I suddenly burst into a laugh as I said to myself, 'I have again, and again, in the membership of our churches at home, seen that horse that had to be wound up, in all matters of benevolence.'"

"I had often thought of that horse as I went through our churches at home, and imagined that I recognized him; but the whole thing came upon me with such peculiar force the other night, that I must write out my thoughts."

"There are Christians (yes, I believe they are Christians) who have to be wound up by some external pressure before they will start off in any work of benevolence."

"I knew of one good member of our church who would never give a cent to our domestic missionary board unless he happened to hear of some missionary in the West who was actually without the necessities of life, and he would send the money liberally. It took that to wind him up."

"But it was especially my visits through the churches in connection with our foreign missionary work that I was thinking of."

"Thank God, I found hosts of noble-hearted men and women all through the Church that would give to the work of conversion and consecration had it extended down to their pockets, who were always at the forefront in every good work, who required no spasmodic appeals! They gave from a deep-seated principle and an intelligent love for Christ and his cause."

"I remember a man coming to me in great distress of soul, and his case made a deep impression upon my mind. He was a man of our man, with all the frankness of a British but, but, also with a sailor's sense of humor for strong drink."

"He left me without finding peace, and the next day went back drunk to his ship, and I have never heard of him since."

"Some are in the suburbs of the city of refuge. I want you against staying there. Oh, what a pity it is that any should perish at the gates of salvation for want of another step!"

"He that makes but one step up a stair, though he be not much nearer to the house, yet he has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So be that: take the first step of power by truly crying, 'O Lord, be merciful unto me!' though he be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from off the world, and the miserable comforts thereof."

"I want to tell you a man to be saved that came to Christ in that way. You cannot see it in your own hearts. You cannot see it in any other's. Every day and hour when you are staying from Christ you are getting worse, instead of better. The very way of getting away from Christ is in a sin, and so, instead of getting to get better, and getting away from sin, just come as you are and let the Lord be true to the gates of salvation."

"I understand when our war was going on, and we were coming to come to enlist, and the man came with a fine suit of clothes upon his back and his dirty garments, and would not have to take off his clothes and put on the uniform of the Government. And so when men go into the kingdom of God, they have to put on the livery of heaven. You need not dress up for Christ, because he will strip you when you come, and put on you the robes of his righteousness. My friends, you cannot stand before God in your own righteousness. Come to God as a poor heathen, and he will have mercy upon you. I heard some years ago of an artist who wanted a model for the Frigidal. He went to many institutions and prisons, but could not get a man who suited his ideas of the Frigidal. One day, however, while walking down the street, he met a poor, miserable tramp, and he suited the artist's eye, so he asked him if he would be willing to sit for his portrait. The tramp said he would if he would pay him for it. The artist promised, and set a day and hour for him to come. At the appointed time, when the artist was sitting at his studio, the man came in, but he was so well dressed the artist didn't know him, and told him he had no appointment with him. When the beggar told him the circumstances, the artist said, 'What have you been doing?' 'Why, I was in the prison, and I was sent to sit for my portrait, I would get a new suit of clothes.' 'Ah,' said the artist, 'you won't do. I wanted you just as you were.' So, when you go to Christ, go just as you are, with your rag, your filth, and your sin, and he will receive you. I don't care how bad you are. He came for the purpose, and there is not a man or a woman in this hall to-day that is so bad that Christ would not have you if you will only come."

when the pastor rose and said that Mr. ... the missionary, as announced last Sunday, would now address them.

"Mr. A. was thunderstruck. He did not like to go out in the middle of the service, and he did not like to see the missionary told his simple tale. The place came in. The collection was unprecedentedly large. Mr. A.'s plethoric pocketbook had disgorged itself upon the plate, and no hearer worked for foreign missions is now found in that church."

"There was a church in our fold at home whose pastor was determined that it should not be wound up for foreign missions. He had succeeded, as he himself told me, in keeping all missionaries and secretaries and agents out of his pulpit during all the year of his pastorate. When the day came for collections for any of our boards, the fact was merely stated. The collection, of course, was a minimum."

"It required some of the very best and most skillful masquerading to get hold of the ear of that church; but it was obtained, and twice, and the church started on the trot in this cause, and in the end, his scores of incidents which occurred in my own experience among the churches in America, and which he called my 'horse winding,' come crowding into my mind, but I forbear."

Religious Trifling.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

We are not afraid to be examined upon anything in the Word of God; but we dread a case like that which we have just heard, where the Word of God has been sifted the more fully has been confirmed. The result has been the better understanding of its teachings. The pure gold has shone the more brightly for being placed in the crucible. But there is a habit which begins to creep in, and I do not approve of it; and I question that. It makes life a tangle of thorns and briars, where ten thousand sharp points of doubt are constantly tearing the mind. This doubling state reminds one of the old serpent's 'Yes, ha! ha! God said!'

If the statement made had been the opposite, the gentleman had questioned it; for he is bound to doubt everything. He is one who could take either side and refuse, but neither side and defend. There are minds so constructed that they can act in every way except that of plain up and down. Their machinery is eccentric; it would puzzle the ablest tongue to describe it. I like the old-fashioned consciences that go up and down, yes and no, right and wrong, true and false—the kind which are simple and need no great intellect to understand their methods. We are growing so cultured now that many have become like the old serpent, 'more subtle than any beast of the field.' The new-fashioned consciences act upon the principle of compromise and policy, which is no principle at all. To such inquiry they answer, 'Yes or no; what is the time of day?' for it is either according to the clock or according to the climate, or, more generally according to the breeches pocket, for so much depends upon that. Practically many are saying, 'Upon which side of the bread is the butter? Tell us this, and then we will tell you what we believe.'

When is Silence Golden?

That silence is golden has been accepted as an axiomatic by general consent, yet we are afraid to trust it as the only rule in which it is leader, copper, or alloyed with something base still. Who does not know and dread the exasperating silence of anger, harder to endure than the fiercest blast of speech? Who has not witnessed the craven silence of cowardice, ashamed what in the time of day? for it is either according to the clock or according to the climate, or, more generally according to the breeches pocket, for so much depends upon that. Practically many are saying, 'Upon which side of the bread is the butter? Tell us this, and then we will tell you what we believe.'

Then keep the secular deprecators of holy time out of your doors, and take your 'bairns' with you to the place where your young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ.—*Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Hornford's Acid Phosphate. IN HEADACHE AND MENTAL EXHAUSTION. Dr. N. S. Read, III., says: "I think it a remedy of the highest value in mental and nervous exhaustion, attended with sick headache, dizziness, diminished vitality, etc."

THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS, AT MONTMAGNY, P. Q., SPEAKS. To Broten Brothers & Co., Halifax, N. S.

I was very much troubled with a sprained foot and though having an anti-siphon Patent Medicines I was induced to try a bottle of SIMON'S Liniment, and with such great success that I have recommended it to all my neighbors. I also recommended this same Liniment for Bruises and Corns as a friend who used part of my sample bottle can also testify.

ROBERTSON, Collector of Customs.

The latest news from all quarters is to the effect that the Remedial Compound is accomplishing more than has been claimed or could be expected of it. Its effect upon the female system is marvellous. See advertisement.

One Standard for both Sexes BY BARBARA ALLEN

Joseph Allen's children have been brought up to think that sin of any kind is just as bad in a man as in a woman; and any place of amusement that was laid for a woman to go to was bad for a man. Now when Thomas Jefferson was a little fellow, he was forbidden to go to circuses, and Joseph said, 'Better let him go, Samantha, it hasn't hurt a place for women or girls, but it won't hurt a boy.'

"Says I, 'Joseph Allen, the Lord made Thomas Jefferson with just as pure a heart as Tirzah Ann, and no bigger eyes and ears, and if Thomas J. goes to the circus, Tirzah Ann goes too.' That stopped that. And then he was bewitched to get with other boys that smoked and chewed tobacco, and Joseph was just that way and would have let his little fellow, 'Am I any better?' 'Joseph Allen, if Thomas Jefferson goes with those boys and gets to chewing and smoking tobacco, I shall buy Tirzah Ann a pipe.'

And that stopped that. 'Add that drinking,' says I, 'Thomas Jefferson, if he should be the 'Lion of Troy,' he should change you to a wild bear; I will chain you up and do the best I can by you. But if you ever do it yourself, turn yourself into a wild beast by drinkin', I will run away; for I never could stand it, never! And,' I continued, 'if I ever see you hangin' round bar-rooms and tavern doors, Tirzah Ann shall hang too!'

Joseph argued with me. Says he; 'If I don't look so bad for a boy as it does for a girl.'

Says I, 'Custom makes the difference; we are more used to seeing men. But,' says I, 'when liquor goes to work to make a fool and a brute of anybody, it does not stop to ask about sex, it makes a wild beast and idiot of a man or a woman, and to look down from heaven, I guess a man looks as bad layin' dead drunk as a woman does.'

Says I, 'Things look differently from up there than what they do to us—it is a more sightly place. And you talk about looks, Joseph Allen, I don't go on over looks; I go on principle. Will the Lord say to me in the last day, Joseph Allen's wife, how is it with the soul of Tirzah Ann—, as for Thomas Jefferson's soul, he's a boy, it hasn't no account? No! I shall have to give an account to him for my delinquent in the fact that I let my little fellow, if I should feel guilty if I brought him up to think that what was impure for a woman was a pure desire to do wrong—which I won't dispute,' says I, lookin' keenly onto Joseph, 'he has greater strength to resist temptation. He's a boy, says I, in mill accents, but firm as old Plymouth Rock, 'if Thomas Jefferson hangs, Tirzah Ann shall hang too!'

I have brought Thomas Jefferson up to think that it was just as bad for him to listen to a bad story or song as for a girl, or worse, for he has more strength to run away, and that it was a disgrace to him to talk or listen to any stuff that he would be ashamed to have Tirzah Ann or me to hear. I have brought him up to think that manliness didn't consist in having a cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side, and wearin' an elegant and a knowledge of quantities and quantities, but in layin' his foot of every duty that comes to him, with a brave heart and a cheerful face; in helpin' to right the wrong, and protect the weak, and makin' the most and the best of the mind and the soul God had given him. In short, I have brought him up to think that purity and virtue are both feminine and masculine, and that God's angels are not necessarily all she ones.—*Selected.*

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Take the children to Church.

But "do they not have the Sunday-school?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday-school is the right arm of a church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm severed from the body is a bloodless and impotent appendage. We are growing so cultured now that many have become like the old serpent, 'more subtle than any beast of the field.' The new-fashioned consciences act upon the principle of compromise and policy, which is no principle at all. To such inquiry they answer, 'Yes or no; what is the time of day?' for it is either according to the clock or according to the climate, or, more generally according to the breeches pocket, for so much depends upon that. Practically many are saying, 'Upon which side of the bread is the butter? Tell us this, and then we will tell you what we believe.'

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