

Christian Messenger.

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"Not slothful in business : fervent in spirit."

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Religious.

THE WELSH PRINTER.

God blesses those who obey him. Sometimes it requires great firmness and decision to be obedient to his commands, but rich rewards follow.

A Welshman and his wife came from England, and to their residence at San Francisco. The man was a printer, and at once sought for employment at his trade.

He was pleasant in speech, a skilful workman, and a conscientious Christian—one likely to prove a valuable servant to any employer.

He walked the streets and mingled with the groups he saw there; and at length addressed a civil-looking man, who was reading a newspaper, and asked him where it was printed.

"Take it, stranger, and see."

"Thank you."

Looking down the columns of the paper just given him—the San Francisco Daily Times—he saw this advertisement:

"Wanted, a good printer. Apply at the office of this paper."

In a few minutes Jones stood in the presence of the foreman, and would at once have been engaged, but he said, "I cannot go into the office, sir, except on one condition."

"What is that? Want an advance, monthly, eh?"

"No; my condition is that you never expect me to work on the Sabbath."

The manager smiled, whistled, took up a folio and looked into it, and then glancing keenly at Jones, he said, "Can't agree to that."

"Then," said the good printer, "I can't begin work."

"Well, I'll try you, and I won't ask you to come on Sundays. So go in, and take your stick."

A few weeks passed. Jones grew in the favor of the manager. He was punctual, sober, quick in his work, and always did the best he could. So far, therefore, he had been prosperous, and both he and his wife Mary were very happy.

On Saturday night, however, the Panama steamer came in.

"Jones," said the manager, "the steamer has just arrived, and we have so much matter to set up that I need your help to-morrow."

Here was the difficulty which he had feared.

"I am willing, sir, to work till 12 o'clock to-night, and commence work at 1 o'clock on Monday morning; but I can not work on the Sabbath. I told you that it was against my principles to do so, and agreed with you that I should not be expected to act contrary to my conscience."

"O, well, never mind," said the manager; "you need not come."

At family worship, next morning, William read, among other verses: "Trust in the Lord, and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." He prayed; and then sat down to his meal with a bright face and a peaceful heart.

The day of trial came once more; but for this Jones had prepared himself by solemn prayer. Letters, articles, mail-bags, exchange-papers, market-lists, accounts of a great riot at the gold-diggings, and other news poured in one Sunday night, and the manager went to him and said:

"Now Jones, I can not argue with you about this 'Sabbath day' of yours; but just look at all this copy. It must be in type on Monday morning. It must be done, and you must help to do it. If you won't do it then I won't have you in this office. The fact is, I can't have you here unless you work when I like."

"Well, sir," replied Jones calmly, "it is very expensive living here in San Francisco, and I am dependent on my daily labor; but if my remaining in your office depends upon my working here on God's day, I'd sooner beg my bread from door to door."

Having said this, he held his peace, and quietly—like a certain king's cup-bearer—"prayed to the God of heaven." In the mean time the manager walked about the office, rumbled some sheet of old copy,

picked up some types, laid them down again, and then answered:

"Well, Jones, you are very obstinate, but you are a good workman and an honest fellow, and I don't want you to leave me. Stay on, and you shall have your Sundays all right."

The manager kept his promise, and never afterward asked the good Welshman to work on the Sabbath.

HASTY WORDS.

"I said in my haste, 'All men are liars.' 'Zion said, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me.' And these last hasty words were even worse than those of David, for it would be infinitely better for all men to be liars than for God to forget. But both expressions are only specimens of thousands of hasty words which are uttered every day upon our earth, and they are only average words, presenting a picture by no means overdrawn. They are very unjust; but intemperate speakers do not pause to question either the injustice or the mercy of what they say. In passionate haste, in undiscerning wrath they pour out their cutting words, never pausing to notice where they fall, and quite undeterred by their wounding effects.

The evil that is in our world, that rushes down our streets, devastating homes, ruining happiness, and laying waste the pleasant places, has many fountains. Sin does its deadly work in many ways, and sorrow comes from a variety of sources. And hasty words have certainly much to answer for among the rest. We are apt to think that a word or two does not matter, that we need not trouble ourselves to be over-particular as to what we say. But that is only one of our many mistakes. There is so much vitality in them that they take root even upon very unlikely soil. And if we sow the wind, we need not be surprised if we reap the whirlwind.

Hasty words are almost sure to have little sense and less kindness in them. They are not the offspring of meek and quiet spirits, but of hot passionate tempers.

"All men are liars!" Who but a man in a passion would have said that? The assertion is so sweeping and so unjust, that if David had not prefaced it by his confession, "I said in my haste," we should have understood it. Perhaps the reason why such words are spoken, is, that the speaker feels himself aggrieved. We often do in this life of ours; we cannot have all we wish from our brothers and sisters, and so we allow ourselves to grow fretful and angry. We are unreasonable enough to suppose that all things should be ours, and when we find only a few things coming to our share, then we become discontented and peevish, and speak hasty words. Then we say very hard things of each other, and most sinfully say, in our hearts if not with our tongues, hard things of our wise and loving Father.

Seeing that hasty words are so unkind, unjust, and untrue, how can we prevent ourselves from uttering them, and so escape the need of the after-repentance, which is their consequence?

"He that believeth shall not make haste." Is not the secret of our impatience to be found in our lack of faith in God? If our hearts were stayed upon Him, if we were like children resting in our Father's arms, would every little thing that occurred around us have such power over us? If we knew so as to realise the fact, that nothing happens to us without His permission, that what seems so provoking in those who are about us would not be allowed to trouble us unless He willed it so; if we saw that words, trials, inconveniences, and even unkindnesses, only come to us according to His pleasure, surely then we should cease to be hasty! It is because we forget this, because we do not listen to the tender words spoken ever to us. "Can a woman forget her sucking child? . . . yes, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." If we knew Him, if we understood anything of the might and faithfulness of His love, we should never dare to say, "The Lord hath forsaken me."

Faith in our Father, calm trust in His

love, resignation to what cannot but be for our real good, seeing that He sends it, these are the cures for hasty words.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

HEATHENISM AND THE FEMALE SEX.

"Heathenism teaches that the woman has no other God upon earth but her husband. If he be aged, drunken, degraded, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her God, and obey him with her life, spying no defect in his character. The wife who wishes to perform a sacred ablution must wash the feet of her lord, and drink the water. She is made to think that longing after a better state is impiety towards God. Nothing but the up-setting of this whole system and the introduction of a new one, will bring her any relief. She is at present shut up beyond the hope of redemption.

"In proportion as woman throughout the world is distant from the cross of Jesus Christ, in the same proportion is she unhonored, unestimated, downtrodden, and made the slave and the drudge of man. And it is equally true that just in the degree in which woman is near the Atonement, and the doctrines of Evangelical Christianity, is she honored, intelligent, appreciated and loved, so that she fills the exalted mission that God confers upon her. When I read the unworthy attacks sometimes made upon Christianity by women who meet in conventions to talk of their rights, spurning the hand of mercy that has elevated them, and forgetting the Bible to which they owe their all, I have wished for such women a residence of a single year in India, that they might learn that Jesus Christ, the incarnate God, is their best friend, and that the Bible is the highest chart of 'woman's rights' that ever was or ever will be given. No contrast can be greater than that of the teaching in this respect of the religion which is the faith of a hundred millions of Hindus, and that which tells the husband that he is to love his wife with supreme affection, such as Jesus Christ has towards His Church, and to treat woman as 'God's best gift to man.'—Exchange.

FOLLOW CHRIST AT ONCE.

A young man proposed to join Rev. T. L. Cuyler's church. He was requested to give some account of his conversion:

"I have only this to say," he replied; "I was at church a week ago on Sunday, and the command of Christ to Andrew, 'follow me,' came into my mind with sudden and prodigious power. I at once resolved to follow Christ, and ever since that time have been trying to live a Christian."

It was a duty-doing after the Bible model. Precisely in this manner did Peter and John and James come to Christ.

Their destiny for this world and for the next, all turned on just one thing. They obeyed the call of Jesus Christ, and followed him at once. Christ did not come twice after them, nor need to speak twice to them. They all left their nets, their boats, their homes and their kindred and followed Him. To-day those three obscure fishermen are doing a mightier work for God and humanity, than all the emperors and philosophers of their century.

Unconverted reader; the "net" which you are to leave at the command of Christ is your favorite sins. The only Christian repentance is an abandonment of sin. The loving Jesus calls you to faith and offers you the assurance of hope; He calls you to self-denial, and offers you peace of conscience; He calls you to labor, and offers you a glorious reward; He calls you to personal holiness, and offers you the sinless rest of Heaven. Quit your darling sins, and follow Him at once.

A REASON FOR THE HOPE.

The Boston Watchman says that upon a recent Saturday evening Rev. Mr. Earle preached in the vestry of the Second Baptist church, West Canton street, from the inquiry of Moses, "Who is on the Lord's side?" and at the close of a solemn, searching appeal, requested all present to give

their reasons for being there. In a short space of time one hundred and sixty-seven persons, mostly adults, gave their reasons in brief sentences, with eighty-four of which we are furnished. We have not the space for them, but many of them are suggestive, and we can conceive that the occasion must have been one of tender impressive interest. Among the answers we are delighted to find some which recognize the sovereign grace of God, such as "Jesus sought me when a stranger," "Jesus died for me," "Mercy brought me there," "I was plucked as a brand from the burning," "I was bought with a price," "I was drawn by the Holy Spirit," "He brought me up out of a horrible pit," "God draws me to Himself and holds me there."

JOHN WESLEY ON SCREAMING.

John Wesley the father of Methodism deprecated all straining of the voice in preaching. He wrote to the Rev. John King the following characteristic letter, so often quoted, dated July 28th, 1775:

"My Dear Brother: Always take advice or reproof as a favor; it is the surest mark of love. I advised you once, and you took it as an affront; nevertheless, I will do it once more.

"Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. God now warns you by me, whom He has set over you. Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream. Speak with all your heart, but with a moderate voice. It was said of our Lord: 'He shall not cry.' The word properly means: 'He shall not scream.' Herein be a follower of me, as I am of Christ. I often speak loud, often vehemently; but I never scream, I never strain myself; I dare not. I know it would be a sin against God and my own soul.—Perhaps one reason why that good man, Thomas Walsh, yea, and John Manners too, were in such grievous darkness, before they died, was because they shortened their own lives.

"O John! pray for an advisable and tractable temper! By nature you are very far from it. You are stubborn and headstrong. Your last letter was written in a very wrong spirit. If you cannot take advice from others, surely you might take it from your affectionate brother,

J. WESLEY."

THE STOLEN SHEEP.

The following anecdote is a good illustration of John 10: 4, 5; "And the sheep follow him, for they know his voice, and a stranger will they not follow."

A man in India was accused of stealing a sheep. He was brought before the judge, and the supposed owner of the sheep was present. Both claimed the sheep, and had witnesses to prove their claims; so it was not easy to decide to whom the sheep belonged. Knowing the habits of the shepherds and the sheep, the judge ordered the animal to be brought into court, and sent one of the two men into another room, while he told the other to call the sheep, and see whether it would come to him. But the poor sheep, not knowing "the voice of a stranger," would not go to him. In the meantime, the other man in the adjoining room, growing impatient, gave a kind of a "chuck," upon which the sheep bounded away towards him at once. This "chuck," was the way in which he had been used to call the sheep; and it was at once decided that he was the real owner.

TRUTH UNPALATABLE.—Colonel Guthrie, of Scotsdale, with characteristic generosity, lately left a sum of money with one of the ministers of Thurso for the purpose of procuring coals for the poor, and a rather good story is told regarding one of the recipients. When the minister told an old woman what had been done for her, she said, "Na, na, I'll tak' nae coals frae the doctor, that told sae many lees about oor sleepin' i' the kirk." On an explanation being made that the gift was not from Dr. Guthrie, but from Colonel Guthrie, she gladly accepted the needed boon, and promised to bless the liberal donor all her days!