

# The Religious Ante Messenger.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD, J.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

Vol. XIV.—No. 48.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1867.

Whole No. 721.

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## The Intelligencer.

A LECTURE ROOM TALK.

BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

One of the first questions that men put when they begin to live a Christian life, is, "Will you tell me something that I can do?" It is a very helpless feeling which a person has who has been all his life-time living for himself, or for his mere surroundings, when he desires to enter upon a great field of Christian work. But no person has been long in that field before he begins to sigh, and say, "Truly, the harvest is plenteous, but where are the laborers?" After a little while, when one sees what the work is that is to be done, and how it transcends all visible instruments, the sense of helplessness that comes in is such that, really, it sometimes leads to despondency, and men say, "Why, the little that I can do is of just no use whatever. It bears so small a proportion to what is perishing for lack of help, that I might as well give it up first as last."

If I were to stand, in spring, and look out over the hills, where I have a little nook—my mountain rest—in the country, I could see from some points of it, well, ground enough to make nearly a county. I have thought, sometimes, "Suppose I had one of those old manors given to me, like for instance, the Livingstone Manor? I have a place of a little over thirty acres, and there is so much to do on that, and so much to pay, that it seems as though I never should get through with the work that needs to be done there; but if I had all that on the other side of me, and had all the plowing to do, all the stones to clear off, all the walls to lay, all the fences to build, if I had beyond that, all the swelling hills; if I had all the beautiful property beyond that, lot after lot, parcel after parcel, clear up to the rocky ledge—clear up to the edge and top of those mountains; and if all the other side was mine; if I had the care of the whole of this immense sweep of territory, I declare, I would give up, and would not do a thing. It bewilders me to think what I should do with such a vast area of land."

But I see every year that that territory is pretty well taken care of. I take care of mine; and Mr. Fuller, adjoining me, takes care of his; and Brother Dayton, just below me, takes care of his; and Widow Jacob, just beyond takes care of hers, and all the valley farms are taken care of, and all the farms on the hillside opposite to me are taken care of. Of course they are not as well taken care of as mine! Everybody thinks what he does is best done, you know. But, on the whole, our end of Westchester County is getting along very well. I think we are really improving. Agriculture is rising in that region. The harvests they are very good. And when I look over it all, I say to myself, "Are not you rather conceited, to think about taking care of so much territory? The Lord never made you to be a god; and if he had you would not have been here, and you would have been of a very different pattern from what you are now. And although it is well for you to look at all this work, you are to consider that you are but a man, and that you can do things only on a small scale. God is the only one that can work on a big pattern." Men are so made that each can take care of but little. Every man ought to be in sympathy with the whole work; and yet, no man ought to feel that everything is dependent upon him.

I used to be much amused with father's feeling in this matter. He was, you know, a hunter of men, and a fisher of men. He used to hunt squirrels and catch trout. And he carried his venery and piscatory instincts into the pulpit—as he ought to have done.

When Dr. Cornelius, who was Secretary of the American Board, died, father had a very dark day. "I cannot understand," he said, "what the Lord means, when his work needs just such a man as Cornelius, and he takes him away in the prime of life, at a time he is carrying that work on successfully, and there is nobody to take his place." Yes, there was, Dr. Wisner took it. But he had carried it on a few years when he died. I well remember the morning when father was preparing the sermon to preach over Dr. Wisner. The wheels dragged heavily. He was very much cast down. Though I was quite young, he said to me, "Henry, it is all done! It is all done! I cannot see what the Lord means. He is making breach on breach. There is so much to do, and so few to do it! He is taking the best of them." In his own life he looked as though he thought that if he stood from under, a part of the heavens at least would come down. He used to stand with his shoulders straight up, as though he were helping carry the universe. It was not fancy—it was the instinct of work. There was the sense of work in him clear to the bone and marrow. I think I love to work as well as he did; but I got from my mother what he did not from his. I have carried all my life long a sense that the work was so vast that no man, I did not care who he was, could do more than a very little; that he who could raise up children from the stones to Abraham, could raise up men when he had a mind to, and men of the right kind, and put them in the right place; that after all, the Lord was greater than the work; and that it was of no use for me to fret myself, and set myself up to be wiser than Providence; all I was called upon to do was to work up to the measure of my wisdom and strength, and be willing to go wherever God sent me; and that then I was to be content.

But there is where the weakness of human nature will come in. For though I do not feel personally this sense of connection with the whole of God's work, the world does open up to my mind so desolately, that it really seems hard to live. I have such a sense of the ignorance of even the most enlightened men. I have such a sense of the imperfection of even the best and most Christian people, I have such a sense of the long way that humanity has yet to walk before it comes to the blossom, to any nothing of the fruit; I perceive that things do move so slowly, that it seems to me as though I were Jeremiah, I too could pray that my head might become a fountain of tears.

Well, that tends, you know, to a useless sympathy. That tends to a kind of sentimental despondency. I do not know but, in some sense a little bath once in a while in the dead Sea of despair may be beneficial; but I do not believe those brackish waters are good for a man to bathe in every day. Hope is better. Confidence in

God is better. Cheer is better. Expectation in respect to the future of the human race is better. It does not do to take too close an inspection of the facts of the human condition. We are to have a kind of campaigning spirit. When soldiers are on a campaign, they do not stop for comforts. They do not look very closely at anything. They look at the great ends which they expect to realize, and sink out of sight the thousand things which they would look at if they were at home. And there is need of a great deal of this in Christians. The world will not bear much examination unless we have better glasses than our eyes to reveal to us the hidden counsels and intents of God among men. And, on the other hand, the love of work for the sake of work; working from a motive of sympathy with men; a sense of gratitude that makes us thankful for a little; patience to work under discouragement, to work even when we meet rebuff and misconstruction; and to work no matter how dark the night or how heavy the load—that is the better Christian state. And that state of patience, and gentleness, and expectancy, founded on faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, will be sweet to the taste and strengthening to the heart.—Exchange.

## THE WORM AT THE HEART.

BY REV. THEODORE CUYLER.

In the island of Cuba they show you sometimes a piece of timber in a dwelling, or in the framework of a sugar-mill that looks sound and firm. But if a sudden pressure comes on that timber it will snap asunder, filling your eyes with a fine white powder. Why is this?

A subtle worm—bred in that climate—eats in stealthily to the centre devours the fibre and turns a seemingly solid beam into a hollow shell of dust. There is a fair exterior; within is nothing but the refuse gnawings of a worm. Now we have noticed that whenever a professor of the religion of Jesus falls into open neglect of duty, and a reckless inconsistency of living it commonly comes from a worm at the heart! Desertions from the class and the prayer-meetings, desertions from honest living, desertions from temperance and chastity, desertions from Christ, are usually the result of gradual corruption at the core. Sometimes the fall of a Christian professor is sudden. It attracts wide and melancholy attention. But the worm had been at work gnawing away the conscience for months or for years.

Sometimes a public man—on whom the nation had reposed its confidence for years—gives way and falls with a crash. The public eye sees that fall, but does not always detect the secret vice that had devoured the very fibre of the man and left him the prey of overpowering temptation. When the mightiest orator of New England, who in his early years had thundered for liberty on Plymouth Rock, became suddenly the defender of injustice in the Senate chamber, the good people of Massachusetts and of the nation, stood aghast at the shocking apostasy. Alas! they little knew how far the gigantic statesman had fallen under the dominion of his baser nature. Wine and women, we fear, were the worm at the heart, that sapped the strength of the great man's principles; so that when political temptation smote him heavily he fell! Apostasy in the pulpit have the same origin—a worm at the heart. We open the journals and read that the Rev. Mr. A., or that Dr. B.—had been disciplined and disgraced for "immoral conduct." This is but the final result. The eyes of God had seen, for a long time, the secret gnawings of *indulged sin*, that were slowly devouring the poor man's conscience.

In their heart the fatal worm was sensual appetite. It has slain its tens of thousands in the church. Let every Christian professor who is tampering with the wine-glass on his table beware! That thirst for stimulant may become the "worm that never dies." Let every Christian too who is spending his Lord's money for tickets to the theatre or the ball-room beware! He is nursing an insect in the soul that will eat away his piety. How at Saratoga—where I write this paragraph—I sometimes hear of church members being found in strange places and in strange company. Then I say to myself—the all-seeing Eye must detect in those backsliding professors a worm at the core.

Paul tells us of such a deserter in the circle of his associates. The poor man had once been a co-worker with him, and even a fellow-prisoner for Jesus' sake. But by-and-by Paul sorrowfully writes: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." The secret comes out. *Love of the world* was the busy borer in Demas's heart that had eaten his way out of the Christian's fellowship. I sometimes hear of church members under strong pressure from without, for example, the inward sting of godliness to bear the strain.

In these days of worldly conformity and self-indulgence God's people are in peculiar danger. Infidelity is not doing one-tenth part as much mischief to the cause of Christ as the *love of the world* and the spirit of self-indulgence. The mad haste to be rich eats out one brother's spirituality. The suddenly acquired wealth, with its attendant luxuries, kills another. His brethren inquire, "Why do we see Mr. A.—any longer at the prayer-meeting?" why don't he give as liberally to the church as in former times? What sends his daughters so often to the dance or the opera? There is a worm at the core of the brother's religion. It is silently gnawing out the love of Jesus that once dwelt there. The external change of conduct is but the inevitable result of an inward declension from holiness. Sometimes an orthodoxy of profession is maintained even when the interior soul is terribly worm-eaten by secret sin. For, as Gayley says: "It is astonishing how long a rotten tree will stand, if nobody shakes it."

Sudden temptations often overthrow these worm-eaten professors; and then "their sin finds them out." At the navy yard in Brooklyn there long floated a stately receiving ship that was never sent to sea. She looked stout and gallant, and the stary flag streamed brightly from her peak. But she was *dry rotted to the keel*, and could not have lived an hour in a tempest.

In nearly every church there are members whose hearts become dry rotted with the *love of the world*. They still preserve the "form of the godliness without its spirit." They still talk the ensign of orthodoxy at the masthead. They often lie moored at the wharf of formalism. But if they venture out where a gale of temptation strikes them, the rotten timbers crash up in the hurricane, and the broken spars floating on the billows tell the tale of the shipwreck.

Why do we write these painful truths? Do we seek to bring Christianity into contempt, and lead the impatient to believe that all church members are secret impostors? God forbid! We only utter these sad words in warning to the followers of Jesus. My brother in Christ let us warn you against the first indulgence of secret sin. As soon as you begin to love a sin, you are in danger. The worm has been hatched, and he has commenced his fatal work. As soon too as you begin to neglect your duty—to forsake the closet or the place of prayer, or your Bible, the inward dry-rot has struck the very heart of your piety. The friend of this world is the enemy of Jesus. Not the love of sinners souls, but the love of sinners' sins is the Christian's danger. Beware of any teacher that shuts out Christ—of any practice that kills your spirit of prayer, of any associates that lead you to forsake God's people, of any books or papers that make your Bible distasteful, and of any secret thought that grieves away the Holy Spirit. Beware of the worm at the core! Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life. Keep yourself in the love of Jesus as the holy master-passion of the soul. Watch unto prayer. And again I say unto you all—WATCH!—Zion's Herald.

## A DOUBTING CHRISTIAN.

For some years J. A.—had been a professor of religion, yet was always fearful that he was deceiving himself and had never really given his heart to the Saviour. Instead of growing brighter, his hopes became more and more faint, until he began to fear he had been given up by God to a reprobate mind. He conversed with Christians, and tried, by reading the Bible and prayer, to learn his true state with God; but no light dawned on his way.

In his despair, he often absented himself from the social prayer-meeting; and when present, frequently refused to take part in the exercises. At communion seasons he remained away from the sanctuary altogether, or left immediately after the sacrament. He felt that the distribution of the bread and wine. He felt unfit to partake of those emblems of a Saviour's love. Sometimes he was tempted to forsake the house of God entirely; to renounce the religion of Jesus, and even deny that there was any truth whatever in Christianity. Though he felt that he could not give up the religion of Jesus, and would rather die than deny its truth, yet his constant doubts, fears, and temptations drove him almost to despair.

One day, in company with a Christian friend, the conversation turned on the duty of church members towards their fellow-men. Both acknowledged that they had greatly neglected duty, and both resolved to be more faithful in future. Personally to speak to their friends and urge the claims of the gospel was too great a task to attempt, but they could at least pray for the salvation of others. They selected two of their worldly associates, and agreed at a certain hour every morning and evening, to retire each to some secret place, and there pray for the awakening of their unconverted companions; and morning and evening, the still hour found the praying men wrestling for the souls of their friends.

Although those for whom they prayed seemed unconcerned for their own immortal interests, yet the spirits of the two Christian brethren were quickened. Their prayer returned into their own bosom. A love for souls they had not felt before filled their hearts. Light dawned on the way of J. A.—The peace, and joy, and hope he had so long sought now filled his soul. While praying for others, he had himself been blessed. How to win souls was now the great aim of his life. No longer content with merely praying, he felt there was a *work* for him to do; that God used means to convert souls.

J. A.—had not spoken to those unconverted friends about their immortal interests, and felt to attempt it. The duty was trying, but fear was overcome, and duty performed. He wrote to each of them a kind but earnest letter, telling them the anxiety he felt for their souls, and urging them to seek an interest in the blood of Christ. He told of the depth of a Saviour's love, and pleaded with them not to neglect the offers of salvation.

He hoped his advice would be kindly received, yet feared a reply bidding him have no anxiety for their welfare. Great was his surprise and joy at receiving, a few days after, a letter from each of them, thanking him for his faithfulness, and asking him to pray for their souls. They felt they were lost, and inquired what they must do to be saved. His heart was full as he read those anxious letters. God had indeed heard his prayers, and was owning him as a child by answering his petitions.

It is needless to say how gladly J. A.—pointed the anxious souls to the Lamb of God, or how he rejoiced in their hearts to see them walking towards Zion. The path to peace and happiness is the path of duty.—American Messenger.

HEATHEN EARNESTNESS.—REV. S. H. Kellogg, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Northern India, relates the following incident, as occurring on a missionary tour. It shows that the Spirit, when it works on the heart, giving a man a knowledge of himself as a sinner, defiled with sin, leads him to put away at once all side issues, and to seek earnestly an answer to the question of questions, "What must I do to be saved?"

On the evening, going out into the mela to preach, I was accosted by two men, a Mohammedan and a Hindoo, who asked me to show them the way of salvation. As I began, the Mohammedan interrupted me.

"First of all, explain how we came to be sinners."

"No, no," impatiently demanded the Hindoo; "not that! I know I am a sinner; that is enough; I only want to know how to be saved from sin!"

"And as I preached Christ's cross to them, it was a most pleasant thing that whenever any one might interrupt me by any irrelevant question, not this Hindoo only, but many in the crowd who had gathered would silence him, nor willingly allow anything but that I should answer this one question. How may we be saved from sin? The Hindoo drank in my words like water, as I told him of Christ dying in the sinner's stead."

"Yes," he broke in at last, "so we are saved from hell; but how shall we be saved from the power of sin?"

"Such a degree of individual interest in a promiscuous audience, I have never seen. It was the old Pentecostal question, 'What must we do?'

## A TALK WITH THE SUPERINTENDENT.

"How prospers the Sunday school?" I asked. "It went well yesterday," he replied. "It was one of these happy days which come often to aid and cheer us. The Spirit was present with us. The room was still, and every class more than usually attentive. I have often wondered at the great difference in this respect, which I cannot but observe, between one Sabbath and another. Last week, there was a general restlessness. The wheels moved heavily, and it was a relief to everybody when the hour was over."

"How do you account for these variations?" I asked. "I hardly know how to account for them," he replied. "When I first had a class in Sabbath school, there was the same difference to be observed. My mother told me then to look for the cause in my own hours of devotion. She said that when her large family of children were fractious, and all things seemed to go wrong, the remedy was in her own closet; that, when she was living near to Christ, all went well."

"Did she find it so? That reminds me of the words of one of our most successful female teachers to a young lady just entering upon the care of a school. 'When there is general indifference or prevalent wrong feeling in the school, be sure there is a revival needed in your own heart.'"

"Yes," said the superintendent; "and I found it true as regarded my own class, and this made me suspect myself when the Sabbath school was low-toned or indifferent. But even fasting and prayer have not availed, so far, to avert these discouraging days. And why is it?"

"I think," I replied, "that there is an essential difference between your position as superintendent of the school, and that of a teacher, in this respect. It is not your spiritual state, but that of your teachers, which acts directly upon the souls of the children. I think, that, when the hidden things come to be known, we shall find, that, on the troublesome days, there were few who went to their classes as Christ's messengers to souls distant from him, with his message of love and saving mercy to the children."

"And I," he said thoughtfully, "am perhaps somewhat responsible for the right feeling of the teachers. 'And who is sufficient for these things?'"

"No man," I said. "'Cast thy burden upon the Lord.' You can only pray and trust. You must have felt encouraged and happy yesterday," I added after a pause.

"Yes, I did," he said and smiled. "Alas! you know me well enough to expect that the next word should be *but*. Well, in the evening, when I came out of the church, the crowd necessitated my walking in the close ranks of people for a week or two, and the conversation of a couple of young girls behind me awoke doubting and questioning thoughts. 'You were not at the Bible-class, said one. 'No,' answered the other: 'the professor is so busy, I'm tired of it; and, besides, I'm old enough to be a teacher myself.' But I didn't see you in the Sunday school."—Oh, no! I'm not going to stay in the church Sabbath school, the mission schools are so much more interesting. I hear they want teachers at A Street. Now, you don't think I'd teach in A Street, with such a mixed-up set of people? Besides, they have two sessions; and that's tiresome. Now, at B Street, there's a nice set, and not too many children; and they have real gay times after the teachers' meetings. And then followed a dozen names of 'niece' people who teach there. I made my escape, wondering what my friend of the B Street School would do with his new acquisition."

"She will not trouble him long, probably," I said. "Such teachers soon tire. I asked a young lady the other day how her class was progressing. 'Oh, I've given up that,' she answered. 'They gave me a class of children in A Street, with such a mixed-up set of people! They couldn't read, and it's so annoying to teach children who cannot read! Besides, they expect the teachers to visit the scholars; and I don't think it prudent or proper to go to such places. One lady I heard of found the mother of one of her little girls quite drunk, and another took the small-pox. I couldn't expose myself to such things, of course.'"

The superintendent smiled sadly. What must the noble army of martyrs think? "Then there is that theological student, young Stephens. But you smile. You know him?"

"Oh, yes," I replied. "He called here last week. He told me of his occupations on the Sabbath as well as week days. I said I was glad he had taken a class in Sunday school. 'Yes, oh, yes,' he said. 'A very fine thing, these Sunday schools! excellent practice for a man, especially one who is studying for the ministry! Very improving; very improving indeed!'"

"That's just the trouble," said the superintendent. "The class to which I introduced him were studying St. John, and were really interested; but he said he had just been through that Gospel with his class at home, and was very desirous to take up the Book of David. It would be such fine exegetical exercise for him! I really had great difficulty in persuading him to relinquish the idea."

"He will miss a great part of the real benefit to be derived from the work," I observed. "By thus making it the principal aim."

"Yes; and besides, it ceases to be work for Christ when we do it for ourselves; and it narrows down the number of the true labourers in the vineyard, where, bad or good, the labourers are so few."

"Yet we must not forget," I replied, "that God, in his great mercy, sends his saving message by such unworthy ambassadors, else St. Paul would not have rejoiced as he did that Christ was preached even of envy and strife. If these base passions did not hinder the good work entirely, the self-seeking may not."

"True," he said; "I have not sufficiently considered that."

"After a pause I added, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you.' How constantly have we seen this promise fulfilled! We did not go to school for a Sabbath pastime; but we found most delightful occupation. We did not aim at social pleasures; but we have met with true friends."

"Yes, God bless them!" said the superintendent earnestly. "Nothing draws hearts nearer than working for Christ together. And the mental and spiritual improvement is given too. How many times I have noticed this in the case of our foreign missionaries, spending years away from all the advantages and opportunities for culture which abound in the midst of our christian civil-

ization, yet making progress far beyond their most self-indulgent brethren at home, and returning to surprise us with the elevation to which they have attained!"

"The Master promised," I replied; "a hundred fold more in this life, specifying that the reward would be often given in the very thing renounced for his sake; and however little the faithful servant thinks to claim or even to look for it, some angel will come unawares with the Heaven-sent gift."

"And to some of us," the superintendent said, "the greater rewards of labour come so soon and so abundantly as to take away all sense of renunciation, of self-denial, and of weary effort, so that the work is easy and pleasant. Yet so perverse are we, that we sometimes wish the labors were more difficult and less delightful!"

"Nay!" I remonstrated, "not perverse. It is the very spirit of love."

"Thanks," he said, with a cheery smile, as he rose to go. "You see the silver side of things. Good night."—Christian Banner.

## JOHN, THE GRAVE-DIGGER.

Mr. Gray, had not been long minister of the parish, till he noticed the odd practice of the grave-digger; and one day when he came upon John smoothing and trimming the lonely bed of a child which had been buried a few days before, he asked why he was so particular in dressing and heaping the graves of infants. John paused for a moment at his work, and looking up, not at the minister, but at the sky, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"And on this account you tend and adorn them with so much care?" remarked the minister, who was greatly struck with the reply.

"Surely, sir," answered John, "I cannot make over brav and fine the bed-covering of a little innocent sleeper that is waitin' there till it is God's time to waken it and cover it with white robes, and wait it away to glory. Where sic grandeur is awaitin' it yonder, it's fit it should be decked out here. I think the Saviour will like to see white clover spread about it; dae ye no think so, sir?"

"But why not thus cover larger graves?" asked the minister, hardly able to suppress his emotions. "The dust of all his saints is precious in the Saviour's sight."

"'Very true, sir,' responded John, with great solemnity, but I cannot be sure who are his saints, and who are no. I hope there are many of them lyin' in this kirkyard; but it wad be great presumption to mark them out. There are some that I'm gey sure about, and I keep their graves neat and snod as I can, and plant a bit flower here and there as a sign of my hope; but daurna give them the white sheet," referring to the white clover. "It's clean different, though, wi' the bairns."—The Glen.

## MIL. GOUGH'S RECOVERY.

The following incident is worthy of being often repeated, as an encouragement to labor for moral or religious reform. A warm heart and wise tongue may overcome the most formidable obstacles. Rev. J. L. Cuyler tells the story: "On a certain Sabbath evening, some twenty years ago, a reckless, ill-dressed young man was idly lounging under the elm trees in the public square of Worcester. He had become a wretched waif on the current of sin. His days were spent in the waking remorse of the drunkard; his nights were passed in the buffooneries of the ale-house."

"As he sauntered along, out of humor with himself and with all mankind, a kind voice saluted him. A stranger laid his hand on his shoulder, and said, in cordial tones: 'Mr. Gough, go down to our meeting at the town hall to-night.' A brief conversation followed, so winning in its character that the reckless youth consented to go. He went; he heard the appeals there made. With trembling hand he signed the pledge of total abstinence. By God's help, he kept it, and kept it yet. The poor boot-crimper who tapped him on the shoulder—good Joe Stratton—has lately gone to heaven. But the youth he saved is to-day the foremost of reformers on the face of the globe. Methinks, when I listen to the thunders of applause that greet John B. Gough on the platform of Exeter Hall or the Academy of Music, I am hearing the echoes of that tap on the shoulder, and of that kind invitation under the ancient elms of Worcester? He that winneth souls is wise!"—Ed.

"FAITHFUL TO THE END."—When Sir Thomas More lay in prison for conscience sake, he was visited by his wife, who was a somewhat worldly wise woman.

"What, the goodwife, Mr. More," said she, in the dialect of those days, "I marvel that you, who have been hitherto always taken for a wise man, will so play the fool as to lie here in this close, filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favor and good will both of the king and his council, if you would but do as the bishops and the best learned men of this realm have done; and, seeing you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your book, your gallery, and all other necessities so handsome about you, that you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household be merry—I muse [wonder] what in God's name you mean, to thus fondly to tarry?"

"He heard her out and then said—'I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing!'"

"What is it?" said she.

"Is not this house as near heaven as my own?"

Sir Thomas More had his eyes on a heavenly home; but his wife looked only to the "right fair house" at Chelsea.

He was "faithful to the end." Are you?"

How HIS SERMONS GREW.—A lay brother made the following remark of his minister, whose pulpit talents were quite ordinary: "Our pastor comes to the pulpit Sunday morning and preaches a little sermon; and in the afternoon he comes again and preaches another little sermon. In the evening he comes into the prayer-meeting full of love, and we all have a good time praying, singing and exhorting. Then on Monday, after spending a family of his congregation, he goes out to them about Jesus; he does the same on Tuesday and each day of the week, and by Saturday night the little sermons on Sunday have grown into big ones." One can easily conceive