

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1868.

Whole No. 741.

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DRY GOODS,
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SHERATON & CO.,

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NEW GOODS,

Selling off at Cash Price.

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Will Sell off from date the whole of his present stock

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Comprises a large assortment of

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Blue and White Warps,

WITH A PORTION OF LAST YEAR'S
GOODS AT HALF PRICE.

As the prices will be low there will

be no Accounts opened.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Dec. 5, 1867.

The Intelligencer.

REV. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M. A.

On the "First Sunday after Trinity," 1735, in the Church of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester, a young clergyman preached with such fervency and directness of appeal to the conscience, that complaint was made to the Bishop "that he had driven fifteen persons mad by his first sermon." This youth, who was destined to commit many other similar "irregularities," had four years previously been "common drawer"—i.e., pot-boy—"to his mother's customers" at the Bell inn, in that same city. A sermon heard at Bristol had impressed upon him the supreme importance of religion; various providences had enabled him to enter Oxford as a "servitor;" there he had become a member of "the Holy Club," and an associate of "the Methodists," as the Wesleys and their friends were derisively called, and from them had learned more perfectly the way of salvation; there he had been honoured to bring into that way James Hervey, who afterwards became famous as the author of "Theron and Aspasio;" there he had passed through some spiritual conflicts such as those by which Luther and Bunyan were tried at the outset of their career; there he had suffered persecution for rightness sake, and he had been threatened with expulsion for the unscholarly crime of visiting the sick poor. All this being known to the good Bishop, he made reply to the complainants, that "he hoped the madness might not be forgotten before the next Sunday." So George Whitefield for a time escaped episcopal condemnation.

In 1737, after a further sojourn at Oxford, during which he graduated, he visited London to assist a friend who had been appointed curate at the Tower, and there his wonderful career as a preacher fairly commenced. After he had been a month in town, he received letters from the Wesleys, giving glowing accounts of their work in Georgia, America; "and from this time," he says, "he longed to go abroad and help them in that province." The letter of John Wesley which finally determined him to do so, is eminently characteristic of that wonderful man. After drawing a graphic picture of the scene and nature of his labours, he says, "Only Mr. Delanotte is with me, till God shall stir up the hearts of some of his servants who, putting their lives in his hands, shall come over and help us. What if thou art the man, Mr. Whitefield? Do you ask me what you shall have? Food and raiment to put on, a house to lay your head in, such as your Lord had not, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away." This was a summons exactly suited to his temperament. On reading it, he tells us, his heart leaped within him. In the interval which elapsed between his acceptance of this invitation and his departure from England, he laboured with an assiduity that alarmed his friends, and won a popularity that made him many enemies. During the three months he remained in London, he generally preached five times a week. So great was the crowd on these occasions, that the galleries had to be stationed at the church doors to keep order or prevent accidents, and thousands often went away from the largest churches for want of room. Like results attended his preaching at Bristol and Gloucester. Large collections for the Georgia mission were obtained. His friends often entreated him to spare himself, but his invariable reply was, "I had rather wear out than rust out. No nestling, no nestling on this side eternity."

On the 7th of May, 1738, after a pleasant but long voyage, he reached Savannah. He found that John Wesley had left for London, and he himself, after a short stay of four months in the colony, returned. He had, however, formed a project which was destined to influence the whole of his after-life—the establishment of a home for orphans in Georgia. On his arrival in London he found all the churches closed against him; what he called "the irregularities" of the Wesleys had brought him also into suspicion. A clergyman who allowed him to preach was shortly afterwards deprived of his lectureship. At Bristol the Chancellor threatened him with excommunication if he dared to preach or expound in the diocese. Then he turned to the colliers at Kingswood, who needed conversion, his friends said, as much as any Indians in Georgia. His first sermon was "preached on a mount to upwards of two hundred." On the next occasion upwards of ten thousand were assembled. "All was hush," he says; "I spoke for an hour, and so I did that all, I was told, could hear. Having no righteousness of his own to renounce, they were glad to hear of a Jesus who was a friend to publicans and sinners, and came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. The first discovery he made of his being affected was to see the white gutters made by their tears, which plentifully fell down their black cheeks as they came out of their coal pits. Hundreds and hundreds of them were soon brought under deep convictions, which, as the event proved, happily ended in a sound and thorough conversion." Wherever he went vast throngs assembled to hear him. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1739 tells us, that "on Saturday, 18th March instant, he preached at Hanham Mount to 6,000 persons. In the evening he removed to the Common; it was crowded with so great a multitude of coaches, foot, and horsemen, that they covered three acres, and were computed at 20,000."

The 25th (i.e., of April) he arrived in London by way of Oxford, where he was prohibited preaching by the Vice-Chancellor. On the 27th he preached on a tomb in Islington Churchyard, being denied the pulpit. Sunday he preached at Moorfields; in the afternoon on Kennington Common. At the latter service between thirty and forty thousand persons were present. Whitefield preached for an hour and a half.

In August of the same year he sailed for America. The opposition he had met with in England, on the part of the clergy, had not yet spread to the New World, and Whitefield was welcomed by them as before. Whenever he was announced to preach, immense congregations assembled. Arrived at Savannah, he proceeded to carry out his cherished project of founding an orphan asylum. This soon involved him in difficulties, from which, notwithstanding his herculean labours, he never escaped. He took upon himself a burden far beyond his strength to bear. In 1741, we find him again in London, complaining that he had a family of upwards of a hundred to maintain, that he owed a thousand pounds, and that he had not twenty pounds in the world. Very wonderfully, however, God raised up succour for his distressed

servant, so that though "in deep waters" all his life, he never was "overwhelmed."

At this time also, the views he adopted upon the subject of election, alienated from him most of his former friends. The people no longer flocked to hear him as formerly. Instead of the thousand who used to assemble whenever he was announced to preach, only two or three hundred could now be brought together. The breach between him and the Wesleys was a bitter grief to him, but he was honestly felt bound to defend the Calvinistic doctrines as they felt constrained to denounce them. In Scotland he found for several months a congenial sphere of labour, yet even there he was not without his trials. On his arrival in Edinburgh, the Erskines, those great and good men, demanded that he should confine his ministrations to the Covenanters. "I was asked," he says, "to preach only for them, until I had further light. I inquired, why only for them? Because," said Ralph Erskine, "they were the Lord's people." I then asked, were there no other Lord's people but themselves? and supposing all others were the devil's people, they certainly had more need to be preached to, and therefore I was more determined to go into the highways and hedges, and that if the Pope himself would lend me his pulpit, I would gladly proclaim the righteousness of Christ therein.

In the same year his friends built a chapel for him—the celebrated Tabernacle in Moorfields. By the year following he had regained all his old popularity. Whit-Monday, 1742, was probably the greatest and most eventful day in his eventful life. Moorfields was then an open space, on which, every Whitsuntide, a fair was held, and where vast mobs of the vilest character assembled. To these he determined to preach. Notwithstanding the most violent opposition, he held three successful services in the course of the day. On the two following days he held similar services. Rotten eggs, stones, and dead cats were flung at him. One man rushed at him with a long whip. Another assailed him with a drawn sword. Drums were employed to drown his voice. But the result of these stormy services was that "upwards of three hundred and fifty persons were awakened to a sense of sin at this time, who subsequently joined the Tabernacle Society at Moorfields."

In 1744, after a narrow escape from assassination by a drunken naval officer, he sailed a third time for America, where he was actively employed until July, 1748. At this time he committed the great error of his life; he actively abetted the introduction of slavery into Georgia. Without the use of slaves he imagined the inhabitants could not subsist. It is but fair that we should see how so good a man could reconcile himself to so great a wrong. "As for the lawfulness of keeping slaves," he says, "I have no doubt, since I hear of some that were bought from Abraham's house, and some that were born in his house; and I cannot help thinking that some of those servants mentioned by the apostles in their epistles were, or had been, slaves. It is plain that the Gibionites were doomed to perpetual slavery; and though liberty is a sweet thing to such as are born free, yet to those who never knew the sweets of it, slavery may, perhaps, not be so irksome." The weakness of these reasons should surely cause us strongly to distrust those arguments which go in the direction of our desires.

Shortly after his return to England, he became acquainted with the Countess Huntingdon, who made him one of her chaplains, and in whose drawing-room he had frequent opportunities of preaching to the nobility of England. This meeting with Lady Huntingdon completed the circle of the influence that determined the whole of his after career. The remaining twenty-two years of his life were spent in expeditions to America, in efforts to sustain his orphan-house, in annual "circuits" for out-door preaching, which embraced the whole of Great Britain, and extended from the departure of the first in early spring to his return in the late autumn, and in winter ministrations in the "Tabernacle" at Moorfields, and in a chapel which was also erected for him in Tottenham Court-road. Seven times in all he visited America, making thirteen voyages across the Atlantic. The length of his journeys, the continuance of his labours, the number of his sermons, the vastness of the multitudes who assembled to hear them, and the spiritual results of his ministrations, were alike wonderful. On the maxim which he so early adopted, "No nestling on this side eternity," he acted constantly through life. In spite of failing strength and sore pain he laboured to the end. "On Saturday, September 29, 1770," his servant, Richard Smith, tells us, "Mr. Whitefield rode from Portsmouth (New England) to Exeter, fifteen miles, in the morning, and preached to a very great multitude in the fields. It is remarkable, that before he went out to preach on that day, which proved to be his last sermon, Mr. Clarkson, sen., observing him more uneasy than usual, said to him, 'Sir, you are more fit to go to bed than to preach.' To which Mr. Whitefield answered, 'True, sir; but turning aside, he clasped his hands together, and looking up, spoke: 'Lord Jesus, I am weary in Thy work. If I have not yet finished my course, let me go and speak for Thee once more in the fields, said Thy truth, and come home and die.' The text he preached from was 2 Cor. xiii. 5. 'The next day the Master called his weary servant home. Thus ended a life of labour and of usefulness that has perhaps never been surpassed since the days of the apostles. His remains were interred at Newbury Port, near Boston, a spot where he had often expressed a wish to be buried, if his death should take place near enough to make it practicable. Many funeral sermons were preached for him both in America and England, and that which attracted most attention was one delivered at his own special request, by his old friend and most distinguished doctrinal opponent, John Wesley. From this sermon, instead of ourselves attempting any estimate of Whitefield's character, we shall give one or two extracts. John Wesley's testimony is unexceptionable; he had known Whitefield for forty years, and his was not a tongue given to flattery. 'Whitefield,' he says, 'had a heart susceptible of the most generous and most tender friendship. Love shone in his countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private. How suitable to the friendliness of his spirit was the frankness and openness of his conversation! Although it was as far removed from rudeness on the one hand as from guile and disguise on the other, was not his frankness at once a proof of his courage and integrity? Armed with these, he feared not the faces of men, but

used great plainness of speech to persons of every rank and condition. . . . Neither was he afraid of labour or pain any more than of what man could do unto him; and this appeared in the steadiness wherewith he pursued whatever he undertook for his Master's sake. If it be inquired what was the foundation of his integrity, or of his sincerity, courage, patience, and every other valuable and amiable quality, it is easy to give the answer. It was no other than faith in a bleeding Lord—faith of the operation of God. It was a lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away. It was the love of God, shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost, which was given unto him, filling his soul with tender, disinterested love to every child of man. From this source arose that torrent of eloquence which frequently bore down all before it; from this, that astonishing force of persuasion which the most hardened sinners could not resist. This it was which often made his head as waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears. This it was which enabled him to pour out his soul in prayer, in a manner peculiar to himself, with such fervour and ease united together, with such strength and variety both of sentiment and expression.

"What an honour hath God put upon His servant! Have we read or heard of any person, since the apostles, who testified the gospel of the grace of God through so widely extended a space, through so large a space of the habitable world? Have we read or heard of any person who called so many thousands, so many myriads of sinners to repentance? Above all, have we read or heard of anyone who has been a blessed instrument in His hands of bringing so many sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?"—*Ch. Times.*

THE MISSIONARY HENS.

Parson Warburton had been settled over a small church in a farming community long enough to become experimentally familiar with the peculiar parochial trials incident to a scattered population.

The heart of the good parson was largely interested in his people's welfare. Being well aware of the healthful and expansive effects of benevolence, he had sought to enlist their sympathies in the cause of missions, and induce them to exert themselves for the support beyond the small and ceremonious droppings of the monthly collection. He had preached missionary sermons full of inevitable logic. He had secured subscriptions to quite a goodly number of copies of a small missionary paper. He had contrived to work the subject into the Sunday school; and finally, by strenuous efforts, he had raised money enough to buy a set of missionary maps, which, on the recurrence of every "monthly concert," he took care to refer to and explain.

But though in all this variety of labor the worthy minister undoubtedly sowed much good seed, he had the mortification of seeing his congregation marvellously ready to forget sermon, and paper, and story, and map, as soon as they were out of sight and hearing, and totally unable to fathom the good man's strange theory that they could be liberal without thought being rich.

Still Deacons Spicer and Knox continued periodically to travel up and down the aisles, greeted with the smothered clink of "fourpences" and half-dimes, and still at the close of each "financial year" the stolid church treasurer reported, without winking, the fatal pittance "for missions" of seven dollars and forty cents.

Parson Warburton was not the man to say fail, however. He studied and prayed over the matter, and kept watch for new suggestions. At last a thought occurred to him which was speedily made practical in the measure designated in the title of our article.

One day, while out on one of his pastoral rides, he stopped to see Aunt Janeway, and, as he had done before, to take dinner with her. He found the good lady busy at her hen-coop.

"H!" quoth he to himself, "here's a good hint; who shall say I may not make profit by it to the cause of Christ?"

The secret of the housewife among her fowls had furnished him with something better than a sermon.

"Well, aunty," said he, after exchanging greetings with his parishioner, "you have a fine lot of poultry here. How many in all?"

"Twenty," said she, "and a hundred chickens." "And you'll realize a handsome sum for them in the fall, as is proper and right you should," concluded the parson, and the two went into the house.

"She is not the only sister in my Church whose pride is in her poultry," thought the parson, as he followed Aunt Janeway in by the front door. He made this triumphant generalization with all the satisfaction of a philosopher who has discovered the working principle of a great social problem.

"Aunty," said he, after he had listened patiently to quite a lengthy dissertation upon poultry affairs by the good lady while she laid the dinner table, "I want to make a proposition to you."

"What is it?" inquired Aunt Janeway, very simply.

"You know it is very right and Christian-like to lay by something according as the Lord has prospered us, for the support and extension of his Gospel. I want you to promise to give this year the proceeds of one hen to the cause of missions."

"Why, I never thought of that," said Aunt Janeway. "I supposed it was money they wanted."

"To be sure, aunty," returned the minister, "nothing is easier than to make it money. I said the proceeds, you understand."

"O yes, yes. Well, I don't know but I will, I'll see. But come; sit up and have dinner."

They talked the matter over at the meal, and when at length Parson Warburton took his leave he carried with him Aunt Janeway's promise of a year's profit of one of her hens.

Full of this new idea, and stimulated by the success of his first experiment with it, he now called at his earliest convenience, on every one of his parishioners, and skillfully varying his approaches according to the peculiarities of each case, introduced the subject of the "one hen" contribution.

His effort prospered famously. He was shrewd enough to make his first trials in the likeliest quarters, so that by the time he reached the more stubborn cases he had a long list of subscribers to back his arguments.

To recount the particulars of all his personal interviews with the donors would be too long a

story for our limits. Suffice it to say, that after several weeks of indefatigable exertion he secured the pledge of every housewife in his parish to devote to the cause of missions the proceeds of one hen for the current year.

Of course this novel expedient of the minister provoked an unlimited amount of talk. He meant it should, or, at least, he knew it would, and rather encouraged than repressed the loquacity that seemed to advertise his innocent plan.

When the list was full, or rather after every adult name had been secured, he told the Sunday School, with quiet exultation, and a pleasant twinkle in his eye, how many subscribers he had obtained. After an apt story or two about child benevolence, he assured the young scholars that neither he nor their parents had any notion of leaving them out of the good enterprise. He then drove the nail in the sure place by proposing that every boy and girl should take stock in the missionary fund by contributing a chicken.

The plan pleased the children mightily, and before Monday had passed, nearly every coop in the parish had at least one marked missionary chicken in it.

The stir caused by the playful practical turn given to his benevolence by the inventive parson, was beyond all that had happened to that quiet church for unremembered years. It was amusing (considering its cause) to witness the growing enthusiasm for the cause of missions—unprecedented numbers came to the monthly concert to hear the *Missionary Herald* read a d the maps explained. The sewing society began to feel the healthful influence. Gossip forgot her small slander and quoted poultry. The sleepy parish had found just what it needed—a way to do its duty and get wholesome fun out of it. On the whole, Parson Warburton, as he went his rounds and saw what a "hen fever" he had excited, felt not at all reluctant to take the responsibility of it.

Time rolled on. The fowls grew—as every thing must when fed in the regular way—magnifying week by week, the promise of their "proceeds," until the child contributors to the heathen fund, who had graded their philanthropic generosity by the size of a four ounce chicken, supposed to represent a cash value of about one cent, opened their eyes wide to find themselves, each one, the self-sacrificing proprietor of a four pound cockerel or pullet worth a dollar. The older subscribers, watching the increase of their broods began, (some of them) to think the Lord's mortgage a pretty large one. We are afraid that two or three of the good housewives who had not pledged a particular hen in the spring, failed to select the most successful one in the fall. Be that as it may, at any rate, an unusual "run of luck" in the poultry line signaled that year among the sermons of Parson Warburton's parish. Jacob's fortune seemed to have come to their barns and left the "pilled rods" in their hen's nests and feed troughs.

The worthy minister, of course, took care to assure them that the thrift in their feathered stock was all owing to the fact of its having been tithed.

At last the time came for harvesting the results.

It was November, and the consecrated fowls were all fat and ready for the sacifice—night after night the various roosts of the neighborhood resounded with the familiar "squal" that told of a farm-slaughter, and very early one morning the capacious and significant looking wagon of deacon Spicer drove soberly through the parish, and stopped at nearly every house "taking in cargo." Matrons and spinsters, brought out, each one, her yellow-footed sheaf of "proceeds," securely tied and labelled, to add to the load, and expectant youngsters watched *en dishabille* from frosted windows to see that their single offerings were put upon the sacred pile.

Bustily from door to door travelled the deacon's team, till the last "batch" was stowed away, and with a clean white sheet tucked down over the marrowy merchandise, the stolid vehicle rumbled off to the market town. The conscientious old farmer felt all the importance of his load and his errand, and resolved that not a wing of the precious lot in his wagon should be "foiled away"—not if he knew it.

Arrived at the market, the sharpness with which he drove his bargains with the poultryers did full credit to his resolution. He was in good season at the buyer's stand, and disposed of his load to good advantage. He came home at night with the money in his great wallet. To add *clat* to the enterprise, and create occasion among the younger portion of his people to remember its returns, Parson Warburton had proposed to fix a day for all the parish to meet in the meeting-house and hear the report of the hen "proceeds." The day appointed was the day following Deacon Spicer's sale of the poultry at the market. At any other time such a meeting would have been voted entirely out of order, and not to be thought of at all; but now, with the spell of a new benevolence upon their hearts, and a tempting secret before their curiosity, the good people not only endorsed the meeting with their consent, but *went to it*; thronged it as they never had thronged even a donation party.

The choir had made special preparations, and really the affair opened like another dedication. Men and women looked happy; youths and maidens in all their best dress, looked bright and proud. Children—of course they were all there—looked radiant with importance and expectation.

But none looked more happy, more proud more radiant than parson Warburton. He stood up before his congregation, (it seemed as if they never had been so attentive), and after giving a humorous account of the inception and progress of the enterprise whose success had called them together, his adventures in the prosecution of it, etc., he proceeded to read the names of the contributors, old and young, with the amount in money realized from each one's poultry pledge, and carried out in the margin.

And what do you think it footed up? Four hundred and thirty dollars!

The simple audacity could hardly believe their ears. For a moment all stared in breathless amazement, their faces written all over with exclamation points. There could be no mistake about it, however. They had the items. But when it was announced that a full list of the names of the donors would be sent to the room of the "Board" with the money, and published in the *missionary paper*, the children could scarcely restrain their exultant enthusiasm.

At just the right time "Coronation" was struck

up, and the congregation, joining the choir with right good will, sang their triumph into tolerable control by the aid of music and meter.

A short prayer, full of eloquent thanksgiving, closed the exercises, and the delighted assembly dispersed to their homes.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

ENDING A SERMON.

Upon this caption the Gospel Herald has the following excellent remarks. We commend them especially to the "one word more" preachers:

There is more in concluding a sermon than commencing it. "All is well that ends well"—yet it is better if it also commence well. But a poor commencement may be endured if the sermon ends well. The speaker may falter and blunder badly in the start if he come out nobly and victoriously at the end. It is the end of the race—the conclusion of the sermon—where the preacher grasps the prize.

It is here more than anywhere else that he wins a soul for his Master, or falls short of any jewel for his crown.

As there have been armies that gained every thing at the opening of the battle, and lost all at its close, so there are ministers that gain all at the commencement or in the midst of their discourses, but lose all in the conclusion—How?

1. *By length.* The best discourses fall upon the ears of a congregation after a certain time. Neither mortal nor immortal can hold a modern congregation two hours with profit. When the attention lags through physical or mental laws, fire and eloquence are vain. That a sermon may be "a success" it must cease while the hearers want it to continue—not continue when the hearers are secretly praying that it may end.

2. *Through disappointed expectation.* The mind is in no condition to be benefited under the smart of disappointment. That is to say there are preachers who often declare to their hearers—"One word more, and I have done." Those who take him at his word expect him to sit down in a moment. Many moments elapse only to increase impatience by the same unseemly promise—"One word more and we conclude." With a slight perspiration breaking from the brow, and a prayer for something of Job's patience, the hearers sink back into their seats. They resist an extreme nervousness with but a tolerable propriety till all patience is annihilated by the third promise—"Another word, my dear hearers, and we have done." Then come thoughts that should never be written, and inward censure that would soon put a period to the preacher's "one word more" could he at that moment read the thoughts of men's hearts.

For a long time we have observed that the promise of "one word more" before the conclusion is a sure indication of a most tiresome and provoking continuation.

Why say anything about when we are to conclude? Why stick up these finger-balls along the line of a discourse—these "one words more" that continually say "Forty miles to conclusion?" Why haunt the hearer by continually reminding him that he is on a sea without a shore, a journey with no visible or known end. It is better than he may master it with such completeness that he may carry his hearers with him, heightening their interest as he progresses, and bringing them easily, naturally, with good feeling and good effect to the conclusion.—*Telescope.*

BE PERSONAL.

When I first took a Sunday school class I feared to be personal with my pupils, to talk pointedly to each scholar before the rest. My teachers had never talked to me thus, and I was afraid of offending by too close questions and too practical application of the truth. I soon found such saving brought forth little fruit. The scholars gained in general knowledge, but they did not feel—"that is meant for me." They did not turn to Christ.

One day, after prayerful consideration of the subject, I said, "Boys, it is no use for us to be afraid of each other; I came here to try and show you the way to heaven; you come to learn it, do you not? Then we must get so that we can talk as naturally about Christ and our own hearts, as about our studies or our plays. So do not be afraid of my close questions. You will have to get used to them; but they won't hurt you; you may question me too."

At first some answered promptly when asked some questions; others blundered, and turned their heads away. But ere long the restraint wore off, and nearly all could talk easily. The means, I trust, though humble, were blessed. Soon my heart was cheered by a gracious awakening among my dear pupils. Before a year had passed, nearly all were rejoicing in a Saviour's love. Now no questions could be too close. A new scholar came into the class, who was not used to such teaching, and did not like it. After a few Sabbath-days, he said to a class-mate, "I do not like so many questions about myself, I do not like to answer them. What shall I do?"

"Oh, you'll have to learn to like them; that's the only way you can get rid of them. That's the way the rest of us did. Now the closer the questions the better. They make us think so much more. I don't know as I should ever have turned to Christ, if it had not been for such questions."

Fellow-teachers, let us be personal. Make each pupil feel at every lesson—"That is for me, Christ died for me. He calls me. He is knocking at the door of my heart."—*Union Magazine.*

How LONG SHALL WE PREACH?—The question is often asked. Just now it is answered thus: "Not till the congregation wish us to stop," said a pastor to a friend in his hearing, a few days since. "How long will your people listen with interest?" "I have never tried them, and advise you not to do it," replied the pastor. "If your sermon is good, don't give the people a contrary opinion by lengthening it until they become weary. If it is not good, the shorter the better. Many a poor sermon has been lost sight of in the excellence of the opening and closing services."

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Seven hundred Clergymen of the Church of England, 400 Congregational ministers, and 250 Wesleyan Methodist ministers have adopted the habit of abstinence. The Wesleyans have established a temperance magazine, edited by three of their able members. There are also 370 abstaining Baptists, 427 Primitive Methodists, 390 Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, 320 abstinents connected with the Church of Scotland, and in other denominations is an equally good array. The total number of ministers who are now professional abstainers is nearly 4,000.