

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor]

Vol. XVII.—No. 16.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1870.

Whole No. 848.

CLEARANCE SALE.

JANUARY 1, 1870,

CHEAP DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN

Desires leave to inform his friends and the public generally that in order to effect a clearance he will sell the balance of his Stock of the following Goods at greatly

REDUCED PRICES:

DRESS GOODS,

REPPES, FRENCH MERINOES,
MINNIVER TWILLS,
DROUGETS, EPIGNETTES,
COBURGS, ALPACCAS, &c.,

BLACK, BROWN AND VIOLET

VELVETEENS,

WOOL AND PAISLEY SHAWLS,
MUFFS AND BOAS,

WOOL HOODS, CLOUDS AND BREAK-
FAST SHAWLS,

TWEED SKIRTS AND SKIRTINGS,

SCOTCH TWEEDS

AND MANTLE CLOTHS,

CANADIAN BLANKETS.

The above Goods are all this Season's importations.
An inspection respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, January 14, 1870

ALBION HOUSE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MARCH AND APRIL, 1870.

WHITE COTTONS,

5,000 yards White Cottons in different makes.

CARLISLE, MEDIUMS,

SUPERS & HORROCKESES

LONG CLOTHS,

Direct from the Manufacturers.

The above are the BEST VALUE ever offered in this City.

JUST OPENED:

TUCKED COLLARS AND CUFFS,
for Spring wear;

ONE BALE WARPS,

ONE BALE PATCH COTTON.

A LOT OF

STUFF REMNANTS,

with a few light

DRESS GOODS,

will be cleared out at nearly

Half Price.

JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Mar. 25, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

SKETCHES OF EMINENT FREE BAPTIST MINISTERS.

EPHRAIM STINEFIELD.

Ephraim Stinefield was born February 11, 1761, in New Gloucester, Maine, about twenty miles north of Portland. At the age of seventeen, in the midst of the struggle for American Independence, he went to New York, and enlisted in the army, serving three campaigns. After returning home, he was powerfully awakened in a revival, and obtained deliverance; but afterwards, through neglect of duty, he lost his enjoyments. Although aroused from his moral stupidity, he went forward in the discharge of duty, and was baptized by Rev. Benjamin Randall, November 8, 1792.

The call to the ministerial work was to him so plain and self-evident, that he could not mistake his duty. He felt resting on him the "woe," of which Paul speaks, if he did not preach the gospel. His first sermon, delivered in the presence of another minister, was an apparent failure, which tended greatly to depress his mind; but, rising above it, he extended his labors to various places with great success. At a Yearly Meeting, held in Gorham, November 8, 1798, he was required to preach a "trial sermon," which proved to be his ordination sermon. It resulted in the conversion of a young man who afterward became a minister.

For twelve years after his ordination, he labored most earnestly as an evangelist, in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, but mostly in Maine. He seemed to know no weariness in the work; but travelled, preached, baptized, and formed churches after the apostolic example. For four years, ending with 1809, he preached 1,714 sermons, baptised 673 converts, and travelled each year, mostly by his own private conveyance, from 2,000 to 3,000 miles, an amount of labor seldom performed in the same space of time by any minister, local or itinerant.

At the age of seventy, when most men retire from the field of action, he was still occupied, though oppressed with the infirmities of age. He continued to preach more or less until September, 1839, when he received a paralytic stroke, which for a time nearly deprived him of speech. He lingered along in a debilitated state for nearly two years, when he died, August 18, 1837. His age was seventy six and a half years.

Mr. Stinefield's predominant temperament was the sanguine. He was a man of strong passions; but he kept them under absolute control. He was a diligent student of the Bible, and a profound theologian. He was a reformer, but he was not bigoted. He was a whole soul progressive man. He published two small works; one a memoir of his life down to the year 1811; the other a pamphlet exposing the delusion of Cochrism; both of which are of great value.

THE PURE IN HEART.

BY ADDIE STOUT.

In the first sweet experience of the Christian life, how our faith reaches up to cling with white hands to the dear ones, the older and more experienced in the church. Those hands never care to lose this impulse, but when one in whom trust has been reposed fails, they are stretched out to another.

None forget the agony when, for the first time, "faithful" is read in the lives of those who deemed wholly sanctified to Christ. Young Christians are pained, astonished and perplexed by the foolish conversation of those to whom they naturally look with trust and reverence. How pure we should be in all holy conversation! How careful of the soul's beautiful garments! Innocent we cannot be; knowledge of sin comes to all. Pardon and grace we all need. The holy purity is an outgrowth of constant culture; fed by dews of silent thought it strikes its roots like an anchor, drawing life from the deep places of the soul.

Behold little children in Christ, looking up to us with eyes full of trusting love, like the clear, unflinching look of a babe! I have watched those same eyes, as they grew keen to detect evil; have seen the halting, suspicious thoughts start to these windows of the soul, then shrink to covert again. God help us not to offend one of these little ones. Let us of the conversation of Christian women. O my sisters, meet I say that it is not always such as bespeak purity of heart? You know whereof I affirm, in social gatherings, and home circles, words are dropped which fall like midday upon young hearts, those lilies in the garden of the Lord. Can the same lips indeed speak of the purity of God and then drop poison into youthful minds? By all the silent prayers you uttered when seeking life, by all the tears you shed, by the blood of atonement which washed away your guilt, ask that the angel of purity lay her finger upon your lips and keep them from sin.

No face can be unlovely with a pure soul flashing light over the features. Children recognize this more fully than others. What an intuitive insight they have! How they read the heart and penetrate the coverings of pretence! Beauty soon vanishes which is unsupported by purity.

A pure heart leads to taste, refined neatness in dress, and genteel behaviour. God ministers to the love of the beautiful, and likeness to God will do the same. And a woman, delicate in her outward appearance, generally shrinks from her outward heart. To-day, I saw tongues of flame flash and burn upon the brow of a fair friend, for one posed with painted cheek and flouting robes, of whom we only speak with shame or anger. But that same lady who crimsoned at this sight, so rubbed herself that evening as to cause fiercer and sweeter nature to blush in turn for her. Are we not called to cherish all modest forms and appearances, as well as purity of heart?

I repeat, that delicacy in dress is a token of a chaste spirit, that will shrink from the touch of

evil and recoil instinctively from the vulgar and mean. Carefully should we cherish this sensitiveness of our natures, and repel every habit which tends to make us less sensitive or keen to detect the first taint of prudery, or the floating poison of sin, in the social atmosphere.

Close acquaintance with suffering, and the sublimating influence of sorrow strengthen this sensitiveness and give life and vigor to purity. Those who ministered, to our brothers in hospitals, and those who felt the pang of grief, were profited by their experience. Their characters became sublimed, enriched and glorified, like autumn fruitage, by their trials.

How careless many mothers are of the associations of their daughters! They care for the body, to shield it from the storm, but expose the soul. So youthful imaginations are exposed to wild and hurtful suggestions. Like night blooming flowers or wandering doves, they are exposed to luring thoughts, which often read themselves, and allow their daughters to read a literature which no one can touch and remain unaffected. I have taken books from school girls and consigned them to the flames, which no mind could peruse unharmed. I have heard Christians justify the reading of such books. I have heard mothers just with young girls on topics which belong only to those of riper years. Thus the happiness of life is jeopardized, the foundation is laid for trouble, shame, divorce suits in public courts, and untold misery.

Love and marriage are solemn, sacred events in life's experience; but the rough addresses of the prudish and selfish are repulsive to the pure and noble. Love prompts deep and serious thoughts; sheds a sober yet joyous inspiration over the life-currents, and leads one to retire from the bustle and gaiety of the world and dwell on pure and generous themes. Mothers welcome such an event with hope and satisfaction; but a kiss upon a daughter's cheek, from the coarse and sensuous, is horrible and repulsive. And equally senseless and repulsive is the indiscriminate kissing in public places, now so common among the ladies of our churches. The act is always ostentatious, often hypocritical, and never in a Sunday school. I always feel that kisses so formal, not prompted by love, deserve a cold rebuke; and that a little sense would suggest the propriety of deferring all such demonstrations to private circles, and leave them to those whose love is confessed, and whose relations warrant the tenderest expressions of affection. A kiss is a simple thing, but too sacred to be bandied in miscellaneous crowds, and dangerous to delicate taste and purity when thus flung out in indiscriminate bestowal.

CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. GEORGE S. MORT.

Can a child repent and believe? Several years ago I was called to visit a little girl eleven years old, who had been in great distress on account of sin for a week. In conversation I found that her feelings had not been wrought up by a death, nor by any particular sin, nor by a particular story in a Sunday school book. So far as I could discover, the Holy Spirit acted directly on her heart. She bewailed her sinfulness and hardness of heart. She trembled beneath Sinai. There was a powerful "law work" going on in her heart. She was so distressed that she lost her appetite and could not sleep. So she continued for a week longer. And then she found peace in Christ. I said nothing about uniting with the church, nor did she speak of it. She continued to give evidence of conversion, and in two years, of her own accord, came before the session and was received. A similar case came before me in a boy ten years old. A short time since, a girl eleven years of age, was awakened under a discourse to children. The seriousness indicative of conviction of sin showed itself. Her anxiety grew into distress. She wept and prayed. One night she could not sleep till midnight. She awoke afterward, and her mother found that she had arisen, and was on the floor engaged in prayer. In a few days she found peace in Christ. These instances occurred apart from special religious interest in the Sabbath school; nor was there a revival in the community. They could be referred to no other cause than the direct agency of the Holy Ghost.

Is a child capable of saving faith? The essence of that faith is a receiving and resting upon Jesus Christ as He is offered in the Gospel. The mind of a child is preeminently adapted to this very exercise. The characteristic of a child's nature is confidence in the word of another. A child has to learn to doubt, not learn to believe—that is natural to it. Only when confidence has been abused, does it begin to suspect. When, therefore, the great truth is announced, "your sins will be forgiven, because Jesus Christ died on Calvary"; and all God requires of you is to come to Him by prayer, believing in this Jesus, the mind grasps the idea, and puts confidence in God's word at once. The child does not query about the nature of faith, nor fret itself over attempts at faith; it believes. The simple heartedness, the unobscured belief of childhood, constitute a most propitious state of heart for the reception of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no such habit of unbelief to be broken up, as often exists in an adult. One Sabbath morning I was awakened early by a call to visit a boy who could live only a few hours. His parents lived where a Sabbath school was not convenient, and being irreligious, they had not cared to make an effort to send him. I found him destitute of religious knowledge. I sat by his bed and presented the same truths I would have spoken to a dying man, only in simplest language. At the close, I said, "George! I want you to pray this prayer; Lord Jesus forgive my sins, give me a new heart and take me to heaven." I prayed with him. On rising, I found his eyes closed and his lips moving. I spoke, he made no reply. I then put my ear to his mouth and heard him repeating the very words I had told him. He lived four hours after I left. He spent most of the time in comforting his weeping parents, telling them that Jesus had forgiven his sins and that he was soon to be in heaven. Thus that boy, eleven years old, caught the idea of saving truth, went to Jesus Christ by prayer, and believed in Him.

Do we not proceed too much on the supposition that a saving knowledge of God and a saving trust in Christ are possible alone for adults? Are not parents and Sabbath school teachers almost unconsciously under the impression that they are laboring for the future conversion of the children? They may be converted now, but this is to be regarded rather as the exception. And does not

this notion arise from the fact that we have not a clear and firm belief that children are capable of understanding the way of life sufficiently to walk therein?

Those who have conversed on the subject of religion have been surprised to find how many have been deeply exercised about their sons and daughters. And is not the necessary effort of the present system of Sabbath school work to indoctrinate the children in the saving knowledge of God and lead them to trust and serve Jesus Christ? Ought we then to be surprised to see them seeking Jesus and striving to bring forth fruits meet for repentance? Should we not encourage such movements among them? Recently I thought I perceived in my Sabbath school evidences of religious seriousness. I appointed two services for the children during the week, without trying them to attend. The meetings increased in numbers and interest. The children omitted their sports to attend them. The services were conducted in a very simple manner—reading the Scriptures, prayer, singing, an address of ten minutes. The whole occupied half an hour. At the close an announcement was made, that those who desired me to talk with them about their souls could remain. As many as fifteen waited at one time. There was deep emotion in those meetings and tears flowed. Yet there was a careful avoidance of causes of excitement. In dealing with children religiously, should we not proceed upon the same principles as with adults, only simplifying the process? The same truths, the same divine agencies, and like heart exist in each.

HEALTH AND FASHION.

Health is a religious duty. In every sense, it is a question of the utmost importance to and for the young. It lies at the foundation of all honorable distinction and useful service in life. If parents would be considered guilty of a great sin, who should purposely injure or wantonly destroy the health of their child, could you count those guiltless who encourage or permit such habits as will surely effect the same end?

Jesus declared that a sound mind in a healthy body was something to be prayed for:—"a heathen maxim, but worthy of a Christian's care." Our Saviour's most frequent miracles were those which restored health to the sick; and the Apostles were commanded to heal the sick, as well as preach the gospel. In cities, physical vigor is seldom enjoyed to a large extent, and the reason is so many as to make absolutely necessary the most regular and abstemious habits, in order to improve or even preserve it. Among the devotees of pleasure and the followers of fashion it is notoriously infirm, and perpetually becoming worse. These naturally frail go to an early grave, while the more robust and vigorous lay the foundation of multiplied infirmities, an inheritance of suffering, as compensation for the poor enjoyments by which they are procured.

Thin shoes, worn upon the damp cold ground, lead to colds, fevers and consumptions. But thick shoes are not gentle. Fortunately just now, in this respect, fashion seems to side with common sense. A little and thick shoes may be considered so far fashionable as to be endurable in ordinary use. Thin dresses and insufficient outside covering, in riding or walking to and from parties or other social entertainments, subject the system to sudden and severe shocks, by exposure to great changes of temperature. Heated rooms and impure air at balls, theatres and convivial assemblages are as fatal to multitudes who frequent them, as would be the pestilential vapors of the Campagna. Females, of course, suffer more from these causes than males—partly because their style of dress exposes them to the elements, and partly because they are long endures, unimpaired, the terrible ordeal which a routine of fashionable dissipation imposes; and it is certain that thousands go yearly to their graves victims of these follies. In our mortality bills it is, perhaps, set down to the credit of consumption it may be, but a consumption surely produced by these causes. Those who only see the result, but are strangers to the course by which it is reached, marvel at the mysterious providence which cuts off the fair and the lovely, and causes the cherished hopes of life so early to perish. We see no mystery in it, and will not profoundly deplore it to the detriment of a wise Providence. It is the result of a reckless and most sinful violation of the law of our nature, which as surely brings disease and death as would a long continued course of poison.

A young wife and mother in this city was passionately fond of the theatre. She was just recovering from a severe sickness, and just able to go out occasionally. On a certain night a favorite play was to be acted in a certain theatre. She was confident that she would be able by that time to go. She must see that play. Her husband could not accompany her. The evening came, and she went. Nothing short of the most reckless imprudence could have ventured out in her condition on such an evening, for such a purpose. But sick or well, the followers of fashionable recreations must go. She did go, and—once week from that day was carried to her grave. In the last extremity a clergyman was sent for. But she was dead when he reached the house.

A pastor in the city was one day requested by her mother to visit Annie, a favorite daughter and a very lovely girl, who was quite ill. He went. But before going into the sick room, he heard an explanation of the case and received such cautions as before but unwise parents and friends so often give to those who attempt to administer religious comfort to the sick:—not to let her know that he had been sent for; not to say anything about her dying, for the physician had given special charge that she should be kept quiet; but try to encourage and cheer her up. Every clergyman is familiar with these things, and gives such heed to them as his own judgment may dictate. He passed in. Annie received him with a sad smile. He saw it all at a glance. She was doomed to the grave not many days hence. The latest flower in all that house was fading where it bloomed. But the physician practised his deadly deception on her, and said she was better; her friends told her how much better she looked; and she would declare that she felt much stronger, and would soon be out. She felt much taken a sudden cold, so her mother said, in returning home late one night, or morning, from a party, through the rain; in fact, she was not really well when she went; but several of her young friends were to be present who had promised to meet; and Anne was so anxious to go, that she had not the heart to deny her. It all seemed very peculiar and very strange to the mother and

family, but it was simply one of a thousand similar cases. She had attended a series of parties during the winter; her mind was excited, and her nervous system continually on the strain; her habits were irregular, and her strength overtaxed. Repeated colds had produced repeated illness. But, disregarding signals of approaching peril, she had stopped in time, she might have prolonged her days. But the last party developed the insidious disease, and sealed her fate. When the spring birds sang their glad carols, and the tender buds came forth, Anne was laid to rest in Greenwood, and the fresh young grass grew above her mouldering dust. On her parents the blow fell most heavily—as it deserved to do, for they were the more guilty. They, at least, should have known better, and have guarded more carefully the life of one they loved so well. They did not, and they suffered.

Here let another concomitant of these evils be mentioned. Late suppers and sleepless nights are terribly destructive of health. Taking food at unusual and unseasonable hours, when the nervous and mental systems are greatly excited, must prove disastrous. But still worse, if possible, is the want of quiet, refreshing sleep. No constitution, however hardy, can long withstand such an exhaustion of its vital powers. It is impossible for one to sleep calmly after a feverish excitement. The mind is filled with images of the past and the future—conflicting emotions agitate it. If sleep comes at all, it is feverish and unrefreshing, leaving the system prostrated rather than invigorated—the strength wasted more than restored. The young need more sleep than the aged, and all the vital forces fail if it be withheld. Occasionally, and at long intervals, these interruptions of healthy habits may be endured; but often repeated, they sap the foundations of life.—*Barb.*

A BLIGHTED HOME.

One of the best engravers in the country, if not in the world, was arrested at his office, engraving counterfeit bank bills. He was a fine, gentlemanly looking man, though of late dissipated, owing to the wretched business in which he was employed. Notwithstanding his dissipation, and the great crime of which he is guilty, he has been a kind father and husband, and never carried his sin into his home. Bad men tempted him with large profits, for his genius was invaluable to the regular counterfeiters—the profits, however, that he never realized, for, once in their employ and power, he must remain so, and take his chances of immense gains along with possible discovery, conviction, and the State prison.

After his arrest, in company with the chief of the secret service and two subordinates, he was escorted to his home, a ruined, disreputable, guilty wretch, and the scene that ensued was indeed heart-rending. A beautiful daughter of sixteen lifted a white, horrified face beyond her mother's; another of ten shrank against the wall; a bright, intelligent boy of six stood transfixed in wonder, and a smiling infant confronted the miserable father and husband. The officers needed not to search the house for traces of his evil deeds. Wife and children were innocent, and the officers knew this at a glance. The unhappy wife sank into a chair. Clasp her hands one over the other, and swaying to and fro, she moaned, "O God! O God! why can't I die?" Her wet face was livid beneath its tears, and shrank and sharpened like a face that is dying. Tears fell from her staring eyes, and rolled down her pallid cheeks. The look she turned on the guilty man was utterly broken-hearted. The young daughter sobbed frantically—"What have you done?"

"O father, father! what have you done?" "The children cling to the officer's knee in childish entreaty. "Don't take my father to prison; please, please don't!"

The boy hid under the bed, and the baby crawled at the mother's feet, crying in fright and

heeded. The father looked upon the ruin he had wrought, the grief that he had brought upon his loved ones, and sob after sob broke from his bosom. Dashing down his grayer, he cried—"God entered me in my prison, and I'll never let it again!" He covered his face, and in his tears those who loved him hushed their cries.

The poor wife found her strength and voice at the piteous sight, and came and put her hand gently on his shoulder. "My poor, poor husband! How could you, how could you bring us such sorrow, and yourself such dreadful misery? It's Saturday night, and there's neither food nor fire; they will take you to—away from us, and oh, what shall I do for the children? Who will help us after this?"

"I—I expected some money to night," he replied, taking from his pocket a torn half dollar; "this is all I have; take it, and get a little bread for the to-night!"

He put it in her hand, but the trembling fingers dropped unnoticed. "My husband in jail, my children starving! O God! what have I done that I must suffer so?"

Here the chief stepped forward. "You shall not suffer; I'll see, madam, that you and your children are made comfortable."

She lifted her streaming eyes. "I'm so full of trouble that I don't know how to thank you; he is guilty, guilty, but—my husband!" "Yes," burst out the prisoner; "I am guilty. You have the presses, plates, everything that, and know it; but before Almighty God they are innocent; they know nothing of it."

"I am perfectly well aware of it," said the chief; and they soon departed with the prisoner, leaving the desolate home to its tears and anguish.

If ever mortal grief was written on a woman's features, it was stamped on the ghastly face of this counterfeiter's wife, when she looked around on her weeping children,—no reproach; only, "How could you, how could you?" I have seen the law forced into many loving homes, where crime brought sudden woe, but I never witnessed so harrowing a scene as at this miserable engraver's dwelling. She kept twisting her fingers together, and sobbing and moaning. "To-morrow is Sunday; oh, what a Sabbath for me, my children, my husband!" She was a lady by education, birth and associations. She could endure and conceal hunger and poverty; but this prison crime the world must know, and the horrible grief and shame was hers to bear as best she might.

The State's prison surely awaits the father, and death the mother, if the face she carried to his

cell that Sabbath morning was an index to the suffering within. And the bright-eyed boy, the creeping baby, and the beautiful girl,—what will become of them?—*N. Y. Sun.*

WHAT HAVE I NOTICED.

A minister of the Gospel, who has closely watched the operation of giving among our churches, begs leave to notice the following as the result:—

1. Churches which have a system of giving to the cause of Christ have been carried out, contribute most liberally to benevolent objects.
2. Such churches make the most sure and rapid progress in supporting themselves.
3. Churches which do little or nothing for others, do the least for themselves; and those which do little or nothing for their own pastor's support, do little or nothing for others, and are not likely to become self-sustaining.
4. Churches which do most for Foreign Missions, generally do most for Domestic Missions.
5. Those churches which plead that "the applications are too many," would be pleased not to have any.

6. Churches which plead that "Charity begins at home," are the last to begin it anywhere.
7. Churches which are always pleading that "the present is an unfavorable time to make an application," never find a favorable time.
8. Those people who do not give often and cheerfully, do not know the blessedness of giving.
9. Those who do not give as the Scriptures teach, cannot expect to receive the blessedness of Scripture promises.
10. One reason why so many give so little, and with fault finding when they do give, is because they give so seldom.
11. No system of giving has, in its simplicity and efficiency, equalled that of the Apostle Paul:—"On the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him."
12. The adoption of that plan would immediately give the church all the money it needs, and enable it to go forward in the work of the Lord.

13. Ministers who do not instruct their people in the duty of giving, and urge it upon them, for fear their own salaries will not be paid, are the most poorly supported, and thus reap what they sow.—*Central Presbyterian.*

WOE UNTO HIM.

A young man in the city of London was much addicted to strong drink. Under the preaching of the celebrated Spurgeon, he was led to become a temperance man and a Christian. He studied for the ministry, commenced preaching—he joined the order of the Sons of Temperance and went into the ranks a reformer. He emigrated to America, landed in New York, and immediately went to work. He was employed by the City Mission Society, and did good service in the cause of Christ and humanity. For two years he fully sustained himself and became popular as well as useful, until some months ago he was his misfortune to accept an invitation to dine with a wine drinking clergyman in the city; he was invited to drink; he objected; he was urged and finally drank; he fell, his pledge was violated, and he became a drunkard, lost his position, his honor, his all, almost an outcast, without means to support himself and his young family.

Two or three weeks since he was led by the grace of God to reflect on his situation and again resolved to give it up, he renewed his pledge, and is now going into the country as a laborer on a farm that he may be free from the contaminating influence of a wine minister's table. But no thanks to that man who forced him to almost ruin. We would kindly ask that rich minister of a rich church, whether in so doing he is "preaching the whole counsel of God?" We would advise him to preach from the text, "Woe unto him who puts the Cup to his Neighbor's lips," and see if he can justify himself while discoursing on "righteousness and judgment to come," to encourage wine drinking.—*Ed.*

PREVENTION AS WELL AS PROMOTION.—A respectable Christian man was once elected a member of the Common Council of the City of New York. You may find it a hard thing to believe, but I assure you it is true; and he served faithfully his two years and then retired.

Some of us who knew the self denial and effort it had cost him, were doubtful whether "the game was worth the candle," and we said, since we could not see it, "Well, Mr. X., what good have you done by all this service and work?" "You should rather ask," was his answer, "what we have prevented." You may not see it, but there is where our work tells.

Some say of our churches, "What good do they do? The world is just as wicked as ever, perhaps worse." Yes, but you should see what they have prevented, and how much worse the world would be without them.

So of Temperance Societies. They say, "They are an utter failure. They have not got hold of the right principle. But give them up entirely." Not so, my friend. If you could but see how much worse we should be without them. A flood of immigration of the worst kind has brought a strong drinking force against them, but their work has not been in vain, and the Right is not going to give it up, because the world is not reformed in five minutes. Even our Lord himself, sometimes, apparently preached in vain.—*Adelaide.*

How to SWOT YOUR PREACHERS.—1. Tell your neighbors he is a man of very ordinary ability.

2. Keep it before the people that he can do no good.

3. Magnify every fault you see in him.

4. Don't cooperate with him in any effort he may make to advance the interests of the church.

5. Stay away from meeting when you can possibly find any excuse.

6. Show to the world that you have no interest in his welfare.

The above rules faithfully followed will ruin the influence of any preacher, especially if a large number of his parishioners follow them.

Christians are the lights of the world. They are not dark lanterns. Some people seem to think they must always have a slide to slip over the bright side, lest the world should suspect they belong to another country, and so take offence at their speech or carriage, but the Lord says, Let your light shine! Speak for him! Plan for him! Work for him! Live for him! and leave the rest to him!