

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.]

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THOMAS LOGAN,

Fredericton, Oct. 28, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

SAVED AS BY FIRE: OR THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

I was early left an orphan. My passion for the stage was such, that I was determined to study for an actor's profession at all risks. I was but thirteen when I first applied to a manager, who was evidently favorably impressed, and who told me that if I was willing to come for small pay, I might work my way up, "if it was in me." So I began as a stage-boy, ready to do any service required of me; and no slave ever toiled harder to please than I did.

Night and day I studied. Every motion of my superiors was watched; every gesture criticized. O! how often have I thought since then—had my Bible but been my textbook!

I was not inclined to dissipation, but was fearful of offending by a denial when I was tempted to indulge in forbidden things. Still, I never was a drunkard, never was a blasphemer. God was good to me while I thought not of Him. Many of my companions were unfit for friends, still less for guides. There was Althorp—a fine fellow in a convivial sense—he died a miserable death. There were John Monk and Fred Larry—O yes, a host of them; I can recall their faces, but they are gone. Where? The drunkard's grave was their last refuge. I dare not say what scenes I witnessed; I might have met men as reckless in any other profession, but I do not think I kept me from the fashionable vices of the day. I looked down with contempt on those who indulged in debasing follies. The same dread of appearances forbade me to use oaths or words of doubtful meaning, to avoid which I preferred paying a fine.

When I commenced my engagement with L., I began to notice sitting in the pit a fair-haired boy, some fifteen years of age, whose evident admiration of myself, and close attention to whatever I did or said, gratified and pleased me exceedingly. Night after night he would be in the same place, always excited, always entering into the spirit of the play. He was extremely delicate in appearance, with blue eyes, and hair as soft and delicate as that of a young child. Two years passed; and still the boy came, though not so frequently. Sometimes he appeared in the boxes with a lady, but he often made his appearance alone.

My attention was always directed towards him now, from the fact that there was a change gradually taking place in his appearance. The pallid cheek was flushed to an extreme crimson, and the manner was more excited, the eyes having grown painfully lustrous. So I watched him for a year longer; then he disappeared, and gradually I forgot him.

But God had not forgotten me. It chanced that in a new play, the part of an eccentric clergyman was cast for me, and as there was a living original, I determined to visit him, on some pretext or other, and study him, so that I might present my part more perfectly. One sunny day I walked to his residence, and on inquiry found that the good man was not at home, but was expected soon. As I was ushered into a side room, for the purpose of waiting till he returned, a lady was wheeled in on an invalid's chair. I immediately arose, and was on the point of retreating, but she requested me to remain, saying that her father would return in a very few moments.

Never shall I forget the appearance of this fair woman. She could not have been more than seventeen summers, and I was sure that the seal of death was even then stamped upon her brow. There was a beauty in her countenance such I had never met with before; and as with the candor of a child she soon began to converse with me, and told me, out of the fulness of her heart, simply and fervently, of the arduous duties in which her father was engaged, and of the good he was daily doing, my spirit failed me. I had come for the purpose of setting forth the actions of this incomparable man in the light of ridicule.

I said to her at last, being overwhelmed with confusion, and desirous of finding some excuse to leave, "Have you not been suffering from illness?"

A flash of light broke over and played along her features, as she exclaimed, "Oh, I have many months ago given up the hope of life. I have been very ill. I shall never be better than you see me now—and I so long for my heavenly home!"

There was no acting in that reverent glance upward—the folding of the hands—the flitting tremor of the delicate lips. I felt as if a sword had cut me to the heart. The pure, sweet presence smote me with a powerful conviction, and when the good old pastor returned, I told him, trembling, for what I had come, and now for what I remained—Christian counsel.

That part of my experience seems so wonderful to me as I look back! I entered that old parsonage a careless, trifling, proud, and wayward man; I came from it humbled, repentant, and a sincere seeker after the peace and holiness that gave to that dying woman the face of an angel.

Years passed, and found me at length no longer an actor by profession, but a minister of Christ. Gladly I gave up my lucrative employment, and became, comparatively, a poor man. Christ and His cross were all my theme, and in my own soul I found compensation far outweighing that of gold.

One day a man, who appeared to be a servant, came to my house, and left a message for me. It was to the effect that a young gentleman, very ill, residing in — street, wished to see me. I hurried to the place designated, an elegant mansion in the upper part of the city, and was ushered into a chamber where, on a luxurious couch, with all the indications of wealth surrounding him, the sufferer lay extended in what seemed to be a deathly sleep. His brow was of a strange whiteness, and back from his broad arch swept masses of silken, light hair, damp and clinging to the pillow. His large eyes moved under the red-veined lids, and a troubled, griefed, careworn look gave to features exceedingly youthful the emaciated appearance of age. I sat down silently by his side, thinking him unconscious, when suddenly he glanced up at me, and an expression I could not interpret passed over his face—it seemed a mingling of regret, loathing, and passion.

"You—you have come," he said slowly, with difficulty, "to see—the wreck you have made!"

I was startled—awestruck. Suddenly the features became familiar to me.

"Yes—you! you—a minister of the gospel now! Under your watch—before you preach to sinners—give me back what I have lost—my soul!"

"My poor young friend," I said, trembling with excitement. He interrupted me.

"Friend! friend! you shall not call me friend! I say you have ruined me. Here on this sick bed—where I have seen spectres from hell, worse than ever the imagination of men could paint, stalking about me—here—prayerless—Christless—dying—I say you have ruined me! Thrilled by your power, I followed you like a slave, until I was happy nowhere but in the atmosphere of the accursed theatre. Curses on it! curses on it! It has drained me of every good; sapped my virtue; destroyed my soul. Gone—and he laughed with a mocking shout that froze my blood with horror—"undo your work! Is it fair—is it fair, I ask you—that you, my destroyer, should be saved, and I be lost?"

"Oh! I do not talk thus!" I cried in agony of spirit. "Sorely have I repented of my past life; most deeply conscious am I that I have led men astray—forgive me—here on my knees I pray you to forgive me, as I will pray God to forgive you, if you will only listen to me. Let me beseech of you to turn to Christ as I have turned. The past I cannot blot out—I would that I could! I have repented in abasement and humiliation—now let me lead you to that merciful Redeemer who alone can wash away our sins."

He looked at me steadily for a moment. His lips trembled—and with a long, low groan, he clasped his thin hands over his face and burst into tears.

We wept together! never had a visit to the bed of the dying seemed so inexpressibly solemn—his deep-drawn, gasping sobs, heaving chest—and tears heavily falling over his white face, while in utter abasement I reflected upon the power for life or death man wields over his fellow-man.

"Oh! he sobbed—"I have lost all that makes men honored—I might have lived years

—long years. But I am going to the grave a shame and grief to my mother, a disgrace to my name. And lying here day after day, I have thought of you—how, in my eager admiration, I followed you, and learned to love, through your representations, the enticements of the stage—and I have hated—yes—I have cursed you."

"I deserve it all," was my reply. "I need this humbling testimony; but oh! I cannot bear that you will die still cursing me. I will do my best to restore your soul—I will point you to the Lamb of God—I will tell you that, vile as you are in your sight, and the sight of heaven, Jesus Christ will take your sin away though it be like scarlet, and clothe you in the robes of righteousness. I will tell you how there is more rejoicing in heaven over one who repents, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. Jesus came not to the good, but to the vile, the very vilest. Oh! I will forgive me, if I seek to lead you to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world?"

There was a pause. At length—
"Do this—give me hope—hope, a little hope that Heaven will accept me—oh! I pray for me—and I will forgive and bless you," he said, holding out one of his pale hands wet with tears.

Of my prayers I cannot speak. Oh, to have him die thus! Oh, to feel that his soul would be required at my hands—he, the beautiful temple, prostrate in ruins through my agency. Wonder not that I say words cannot express my agony. I prayed and wept over him as I had never prayed and wept before; and the tears fell yet faster when I heard from his lips before I left him that he rested all upon Christ, and that he would and did give himself up to the Redeemer of souls.

Early the next morning my steps took the direction of that dwelling, within which I can truly say, the most terrible moments of my life had been passed. Alas! the solemn stillness the closed blinds, told the news. Death had been there in the stillness of the night.

I was led again into that room—led, half blinded by tears, to the bed. Serenely, beautifully, gleamed the noble brow. The looks, no longer damp, were not tossed back in troubled mass as yesterday, but through their threads of amber the fingers of love had passed, and they lay twined upon a forehead colder and whiter than marble. The look of age had passed away, and beautiful, beautiful exceedingly, was the smile that touched the lips and brightened the still face.

"He was very happy," said his mother, for a moment abating her violent grief; "he said I must tell you that he is willing to die—that there was a light before him; but, oh, pity me, for I am childless!"

With the mother I prayed as I had prayed with the son, and subsequently as I bent over his coffin, I seemed to hear from the gentle lips of him who had passed into heaven, instead of the terrible but just reproach, "You have ruined me," the blessed, heavenly message that my soul had longed for, "Christ has saved me!"

The day shall declare it.

SHINING CHRISTIANS.

Christ's injunction is: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Undoubtedly there are some measures of light in every true child of God. In every one who is a true believer in Jesus there is light in proportion to his faith. The spark may be very feeble, just on the point of extinction, perhaps; it is hidden under a pile of worldliness, or narrowness, or spiritual indolence; but it still glimmers. Rake open the coals, remove the ashes, and you can find that feeble spark. But this certainly is not the kind of Christianity that Christ had in view in uttering this injunction. Men will not take pains to see whether you are a Christian or not; whether it burns, or has gone out. And in a measure, they are right. Christ says to his followers, "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works." You must fan the flame of your faith and love and devotion, till it blazes up so brightly that men can not fail to see that your religion is worth something; that men may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

There are several ways in which this light, uttering this injunction. Men will not take pains to see whether you are a Christian or not; whether it burns, or has gone out. And in a measure, they are right. Christ says to his followers, "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works." You must fan the flame of your faith and love and devotion, till it blazes up so brightly that men can not fail to see that your religion is worth something; that men may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

1. A lack of Christian courtesy sometimes obscures the light. In dealing with men our manners are by no means unimportant. Indeed, they have a very great effect sometimes. Religion ought to sweeten and soften the whole man. A Christian ought to be a polite man; not necessarily with the airs and graces of more fashionable society, but certainly with genuine heart-politeness. And yet it is to be feared that sometimes the light of Christian love is hidden under the bushel of a stern, forbidding, harsh exterior; and so men are not attracted to religion, but rather repelled from it.

2. Worldliness hides very completely this Christian light. So many of those who profess themselves Christ's seem so absorbed in the things of this earth, in its "buying and selling, and getting gain," that men in general can not always tell the difference between a Christian and one who makes no claims to the name. So many who profess to have this light shining within them seem to be just as much occupied with earthly concerns, earth's ambitions, cares, jealousies, joys, sorrows, achievements, as is any one else; and so their light does not shine out for men to see their good works. Only by careful scrutiny can it be determined that the light does shine.

3. Parsimony obscures the light. I have reference here to this failing as it concerns Christian beneficence. Men reason in this way: "Here is one who professes to be a child of God," bought with a price; "a servant of God, a steward ministering those things which he has been put in trust with; and yet he how slow he is to recognize the claims of a perishing world upon him; see how little he gives to the support and diffusion of the gospel." This is a right method of reasoning;

this is sound logic. There are far too many who call it forth. And they are most certainly obscuring the light.

4. Indolence is another way in which Christian light is obscured. And it is far too common. Many a man is known as a Christian, simply because his name is on the church-roll, and he is seen from time to time at the communion table. He is not known as a Christian because of any work he does. He is not seen in the principle seems to be to get all he can, but to do correspondingly little in the line of religious activity. He wonderfully obscures the light of Christian example. Men certainly see no "good works" of his performing, and hence are not led to glorify the Father in heaven.

5. Another thing that obscures Christian light—and it is a fundamental thing—is a low tone of piety. You may have a strong, bright flame, but so shut in that it can not beam forth. Remove the obstructions and the light shines. But when you have only a feeble flame you can not have such radiance. Just as it is the trouble in the case of most Christians, the flame of piety is not strong enough, and so of course there is not much shining.

We look at such a life as that of Henry Martyn, and see that it was his devotion, its deep spirituality that made it so effective. The light burned with such intensity that the candle soon sunk into the socket, entirely consumed. But what a glorious radiance beamed from it! Its shining is not done yet. Just in proportion that a high tone of piety makes the light shine, just in that proportion does a low tone obscure it. Hence the need of complete consecration, of entire devotion, that the light may shine brilliantly, and men may see our good works, and glorify our Father which is in heaven.

Would that there were more, not simply of Christians, such as shall be saved "yet so as by fire," but of SHINING CHRISTIANS. Shall you and I let our light shine?—American Messenger.

HOW SHALL THEY BE REACHED.

Not long since, in a conference meeting, a brother stated that he had visited a locality where, in a religious meeting, probably one hundred persons were present who made no profession of religion, while the number of professing Christians did not exceed some eight or ten. This small number, he stated, felt timid and appalled in the presence of such overwhelming numbers of unconverted persons and such general religious darkness, and some of them were inclined to give over the struggle and make no further attempt to maintain a church organization in the place.

The situation, for these times, certainly seems remarkable. On the other hand, the precise reverse of these conditions is frequently found. There are many churches, especially in the cities and towns, where almost the entire attending congregation is made up of its own members. We have seen, for example, a church assembling night after night in a private meeting, and exhibiting steadily a large amount of religious interest, and apparently in a good condition to labor with penitents, where not only there were no penitents, but where scarcely a half dozen unconverted persons attended the services.

Now, under such circumstances, the question assumes an important practical value. How shall the church extend its influence so as to bring within its reach persons whom it may effectually lead to Christ? Are any means to be devised different from those in ordinary use by which it may lay its hand on men and women and bring them first to the feet of God and then to the feet of Jesus? It is certainly unfortunate for the church, so far as regards accomplishing practical results, when, with an abundance of machinery to work with, it cannot so employ that machinery as to reach the real end of saving men.

Perhaps it would be of advantage if a church so situated would first learn to regard its mission as in part a failure, and that it reaches true success only when it leads men to Christ. It is too often true, we fear, that people are satisfied when the internal workings of the society are all satisfactory, and when the stated meetings give proof of a fair measure of spirituality. The idea is lost sight of that the church exists not only for the present advantage and final salvation of its own members, but also, and chiefly, too, that as an organized institution and power it may gather men to Christ. The highest type of a church is that in which it constantly gathers souls into Christ's fold; its highest life that which steadily flows out in this trust of Christian work.

We ask the consideration of our ministers and people to the question whether some way may not be devised, or some new spirit infused into the church, by which our ability to reach men and lead them to the cross may be increased. Perhaps some thoroughly practical preaching, calling the special attention of the church in this direction, might be of valuable service. Some organized method of visitation and special religious conversation, other than that by the minister, would without doubt result in good. Religious conversation, conducted not in a spirit of captiousness or reproach, but with kind persuasion, so as to carry the conviction to the sinner that his visitor sincerely seeks his good, is above all value a means of winning souls. And in this kind of work every Christian man and woman in whose heart is the true inspiration of Christ's love, may engage. Not least among the advantages of this kind of Christian work is the rich reward of blessing which comes to the heart of the laborer himself. The seventy whom the Saviour sent out to preach and work miracles in his name returned again with joy. The exercise itself filled them with emotions of such personal pleasure and happiness as they had never before experienced. So many a time the Christian laborer who ventures to render service to Jesus in this unrequited field, assures to his own soul such a feast of fat things as he has never experienced when merely sitting in his seat in the church, or in singing hymns of praise.

The question at the head of this article has a practical meaning in every neighborhood.

Everywhere there are men and women who should be converted. If they are not within the temple doors they are just without. They reside under the shadow of the church. They are in public and in out of the way places. They are where no one thought of looking for them. To some of them perhaps not for years, they have not heard the preaching of the word because they are not in the house where it is spoken, but the word may be carried to their doors, and may be borne to them with such a potent persuasion of love as to overcome their resistance and lead them to Jesus.

What can I do in this blessed service for Christ? Reader, will you ask yourself this question and find its answer?

FAINTING HEARTS.

Doubtless there are many seasons when the hearts of the Lord's people almost despair. Doubts prey upon them. The world proves treacherous. Friends betray sacred trusts. Professed Christians forsake their Master. Selfishness and other forms of sin in their own hearts fill them with dismay. They do not meet with half the success in winning souls to Christ that they anticipated. Lusts of the flesh, pride of heart, buffetings of the adversary of souls, ambition, worldliness,—in short, all of the trials of Christian character seem greater than they expected to find in the narrow way of obedience. So they lose their courage just at the hour of greatest need. They become faint-hearted when their hearts should beat with the courage of warriors. There are many such trials for our faith; and he who hath never had aught of such experience hath seen but the smallest part of the realities of existence. It is the glory of our kind that we have trials to withstand; for only thereby do we know our tried strength. Virtue is formed in humanity by steadfastness under temptations. In the great world of action, trials press our way; and we should early learn the nature of our struggles, and the preparation demanded of us to faithfully engage in them. It becomes us not to grow nervous or faint when "the enemy comes in like a flood," but to hasten to fill the ranks of the Truth and to stand in the hottest of the battle. The trumpet which we are to heed ever calls to action, never to retreat. If we feel the trembling of the coward, it is our warning to "stand fast." The struggle is for every Christian; the faintness which drives from the post of duty should never be yielded to by any. None go through life without trials; but all may march along the way as victors. The boldest workers, with arms brown and hands toil-worn, may at times feel like throwing down their implements of labor and weeping out their sorrows in secret. Soldiers, battle-scarred in the conflict with error, many a day feel like unbacking their harness and fleeing before the iron rain. Yes, there are weak points in the strongest natures; there are tears shed by old heroes; there are shivering fears in the bravest hearts. But striking in point of courage is he who braces his nerves with double precaution, and stands at the post of peril with the heroism of the martyr. Hours of cowardice there may be to all; but let not these hours be lengthened into days or years. Be ever true to Christ and conscience; but if failures still come, suffer not life to be a failure. Are you at times faint-hearted, and like Peter, do you ever deny the Redeemer? End that denial with full repentance and a resolve to profit by the mistake. Miss not the power which is vouchsafed for those who trust in the Lord. "Trust in him and he shall strengthen thy heart." "Wait upon the Lord," and he "shall renew thy strength." Battles are not marks of cowardice, but often the reverse. Scars fully as well as medals may tell "what manner of spirit we are of." Peace may be ours at times, even here; but it is found not till the storms clear away and the smoke lifts from the fields of strife. Rather, it may be the peace which marks the pause between the shocks of battle. If we expect our standing and enjoyment to be found in stations and surroundings rather than in our inner life, we deceive ourselves and break down our only sure walls of defence against the foe. It is good to learn early that battles belong to all of earthly history; still better is it to learn how to win them. Strong hearts, not faint ones, fill the flags with the names of successful engagements. There seems wanting men and women with hearts which know not fainting; but whose history is made up of victories for the church—for Christ. Fill the ranks of the Lord's Sacramental hosts, with those whose very heart-beat is for triumph, and whose every thought is a resolve for eternity, and the enemy will quail before the cross. "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

FROM THE KNOWN TO THE UNKNOWN

This is the course of all teaching. It is to help the pupil to know what he is ignorant of. The Sunday school teacher has the same object, with the higher one of leading the pupil to an experimental knowledge. There are limits to his work not belonging to that of other teachers, but the rules for teaching given by Dr. J. M. Gregory have their application in the Sunday school.

To make the unknown known, to place it as a living power in the mind of the learner; to plant it as a growing germ in his heart; to kindle it as a light in his understanding to mingle it as a new and divine element with his practical purposes and principles, and thus by its aid to nourish, illumine, and discipline the soul; this is the very core of the teacher's task.

The practical applications of this law give us the following useful rules:

1. Ascertain carefully what the pupil already knows of the subject you propose to teach.

2. Begin with the facts which lie nearest to him, and the truths most clearly connected with those which he already knows. Thus, we begin geography with the door-yard; history, with our own experience; arithmetic, with the counted fingers; and theology, with God's gifts to ourselves.

3. Use for illustration the most common and familiar objects and scenes; they will carry something of their own familiarity into the new truth.

4. Resist temptation to proceed rapidly, and be content to take short steps, proportioned to the age and attainment of the pupil.

5. Dwell on each step by multiplied illustrations, examples, and application, till it becomes familiar, and its connection with the preceding steps is clearly seen.

6. Repeat at each step the processes required by rules 1 and 2, and thoroughly inweave the new knowledge with the old.

THE SIEGES OF PARIS.

BY NORTH WELLES.

Paris was first invested by Normans in 885. They had plundered the city as early as 856, by ascending the Seine in boats. Alarmed at their incursions, Charles the Bald fortified the bridges and approaches to the city, rendering a siege unavoidable.

Thirteen months, and eight distinct attempts were made to carry the place by assault, the besiegers eventually retiring, upon the payment of a large sum to them.

In 997, Otto II., Emperor of Germany, then at war with Lothaire, destroyed a portion of the city and ravaged the surrounding country. In 1358, Charles, King of Navarre, besieged Paris and subjected the inhabitants to all the horrors of famine.

Edward III. of England next blockaded it, and laid waste the surrounding districts; and, in 1420, Henry V. of England not only besieged the city but captured it.

In 1420, the French, under Charles VII., attempted to recover it. The famous Joan of Arc headed an assault, which lasted four hours, and ended in a repulse.

In 1589, during the wars of the League, it was besieged for upwards of four years, by Henry IV. of Navarre. The ravages by famine were fearful; although, during the interval, the siege was raised by the Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, and the city supplied with provisions.

In 1814, Paris was invested by the forces of Austria and Prussia, and, after a decisive battle, fought on the 30th of March, surrendered on the day following.

In 1815, it was again besieged by the English and Prussians, to whom it capitulated on the 3rd of July. The result of the present siege is known to all.

VARIETIES.

Benevolence is not to be estimated by the amount given, but by what it costs to give. An English charity recently received an envelope containing six penny-stamps, on the inside of which were written these words: "Fastened a meal to give a meal."—That was true benevolence.

Says an exchange: "The temptation of the church in this age is show, numbers, of wealth, of personal influence; but all this is of the devil. A church of thirty members, entirely the Lord's is stronger than one of 300, nine-tenths of whom are drones or only nominal Christians."

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something sterling, that will stay. When gold and silver fly away."

When I commenced my duties as professor of theology, I feared that the frequency which I should have to pass over the same portions of Scripture would abate the interest in my own mind in reading them; but after more than fifty years of study, it is my experience that with every class my interest increases.—Leonard Woods.

The chief study of a Christian, and the very thing which makes him a Christian, is conformity to Christ. The sum of religion, says Pythagoras, is to be like him whom thou worshippest. And that truly is our only way; there is nothing but darkness and misery out of Him. "But he that followeth me," says He, "shall not walk in darkness." And, therefore, it is set before us in the gospel in so clear and lively colors, that we may make this our whole endeavor to be like Him.

Some pastors hardly ever hear their sermons complimented by their people; which may be, first, because their efforts have nothing in them worthy of commendation, and second, because they do not "fish" for compliments or encourage them. Others get many praises; and it is often the case that they love to tell how "kindly" their people spoke of their performance. If an occasional appreciative word humbles a pastor and stimulates him to greater exertion, let it be expressed if deserved; but if it elates him, let it be withheld. Few can bear praise.

If we fail on suitable occasions to declare what God has done for our souls, we shall be likely to offend our Heavenly Father. But on the other hand, if we make such declarations Satan will be likely to be present, and tempt us to spiritual pride. Happy is the man who can relate and extol God's gracious dealings with such meekness and humility as to furnish no entrance to evil.

An Indian newspaper states that in Cochinchina, lemon-grass oil is used in the cure of cholera. At the first attack a few drops are given with sugar and warm water, and it is also rubbed on the body to prevent cramp. It is in great demand just now. It is an article of export—its value being its fine perfume.

The microscope reveals the fact that a speck of potato root the size of a pin head contains two hundred ferocious little animals, biting and clawing each other savagely.