

# 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,

Frederickton, Oct. 28, 1870.

The Intelligencer.

HOW TO BE FISHERS OF MEN.

A LECTURE ROOM TALK BY REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our Master told his disciples he would make them fishers of men. In another place, he said the kingdom of heaven was like a net cast into the sea and gathered of every kind; and these two figures, net and line, fitly shadow how men are brought from natural to spiritual life.

The collective influence of church-meetings and personal influence thereby—these two should go together. The object of preaching is to stir up the sympathies, to make the heart alive; men affected by preaching should be like fruit coming into August weather—should find themselves ripening from day to day. There is nothing more cheering than every day to hear new developments of Christian life. Its joys are like nothing else in life; its labor is not labor; we go with wings at such times. Now, there is nothing incompatible with being fishers of individual men, and it is that point I wish to show to-night.

Never were so many men susceptible of personal persuasion as now. I remember the time when men, out of the Church, were almost invincible. They used to put themselves on their defence, and often oppose and resist. I've known times when it was almost unwarrentable and unforfeitable to speak to them upon religion. The reason of the difference is, the reflected light of religion is greater, and the multitudes are not in so repugnant a state. It is easy to approach men and talk to them. We are more than certain that we shall be welcome. Hundreds of persons, if approached discreetly, will be found wishing for like him of the pool of Bethesda, longing for some disciple to come and say: "Will thou be whole?"

There are young people ready to be led by some friend; business men who would like to hear some one call out to them. Like ships in a fog at sea, there are men in the fogs of life who would be glad to hear some one's voice calling them to come out of their fogs. There are a great many persons whose feet are almost ready to slide, who would rejoice to get out of the net if there were any to rescue them. As in the time of the Master, "behold, the fields are ready."

None will be fishers who have no real life themselves. It is prerequisite that a person love the Christian life, and that religion be a reality to him. There must be two great elements in this subject. First, that of eternity, infinity; second, deity. You must talk of truths in their infinite relations; your mode of address must offer something more than matters of to-day and to-morrow, and then you must come with the authority of God; and the claims and nature of this love of God carried with you, either consciously or unconsciously, will give you success. We are pointing toward the Infinite. We fit in, we belong

to the divine nature; and where both these influences are brought in they give us power. We ought to be under the influence of these inspiring facts, if we would be fishers of men. The particular method and language will depend on a thousand circumstances.

There is nowhere a godless man, ugly as he may be, who is not just like others. You should go to him kindly and make his acquaintance—that is the first step. You see him a second time, and you say to yourself: "I am fishing for this man." When men go a fishing, they throw away bait, and there the fish swarm, and afterward, when the bait is on the hook, the fish are caught. There is a good deal of the fish in man. You may thus lead a great course nature on to the Lord's side. These men, with Pauline passions, are worth studying, worth toiling and striving for. Thus did Christ; though rich, he became poor, and prepared the way to draw us to him.

How many will strip themselves of power, ease, and pleasure? How many men will wait on a fellow man, especially if he is a mean man? How many of you will make yourselves each one a sacrifice for another man? Does not a mother deny herself and throw herself away for her child? Can you not do that for another as well? Take a drunkard and try to save him. "He knows his drinking don't hurt him—knows it don't." "Seek thou a man wise in his own conceit, there is more hope of a fool than of him." There are men, and working men, in our Church who have gone almost to the pit through drink. It is a great triumph to conquer the demon of intemperance. Are you willing to love the drunkard, and follow him day by day to save him? There is a woman in Brooklyn who makes it her business to follow such men till she at last wins them. She has rescued many souls out of their misery.

Do you remember the man cast out of the synagogue, who Jesus Christ found him, and became companionable unto him? When a man is cast out and disgraced, and feels the ground falling from under him, how many are there who watch for the chance to go to such a man and say: "There are men who believe in you, take courage!" There are such men who, if sought out, would be reclaimed, sweetened, and ripened into the Christian life. If I were to cast out the net and pull the net to shore, you'd all come to rejoice at it; but how many of you will search out a soul and bring him to the Master? Is it not your duty? And when that soul shall be given you, select another and another. When you seek to lead others, you must be sure to have piety yourself. How it will teach you to pray! If once you are hooked on to a man, and find you have no power over him, then you must pray as you never prayed before for that power from God. What a force you would be if you were all fishers of men!

Mr. Hill.—I fear some may not be reached in this meeting. I suggest they be invited to ask counsel of any member of the Church wherever they find him, and I think you will find they will be glad to see you.

Mr. G.—When I go a-fishing, I don't expect the fish to come to me, but I go to them.

Mr. Beecher.—You have no objection to have them come to you, have you?

Mr. G.—Oh! no, sir. Is it not our duty to take on ourselves the salvation of a soul—day by day, go to that one, and pray for him till he is saved?

Mr. Beecher.—There are many persons who say they have no influence, therefore can do nothing; but they are really better fitted to do this work than if higher in influence. Almost every village has an old woman, a real Christian; children like to hear her talk; perhaps almost a pauper, yet this poor old witness for Christ has more power than the minister.

I remember a broken-backed wood-sawyer, old Tom, at Indianapolis. He used to say: "Well, Massa, I shan't be here a great while." That feeling, "I know in whom I have believed," I remember the power it had on me, and it made people say: "I wish I had on that nigger" (about as low as could be, to their thinking).

You remember Naaman, when he went to be healed, and was told to go wash in Jordan seven times, said no, he would not. He thought he should have been treated royally. But the servants came near (they were the ones who spoke to him, and he would take counsel from them) and said: "If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much rather when he said, Wash and be clean." Then he went and dipped in Jordan, and he was clean.

The words and influence of an ignorant person who was lost and is found, God will bless to the proud when nothing else will reach him.

## "ADVICE GRATIS."

Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue.

When you see a man with a great deal of religion displayed in his shop window, you may depend upon it he keeps a very small stock of it within.

Do not choose your friend by his looks; handsome shoes often pinch the feet.

Do not be fond of compliments; remember "Thank you, pussy, and thank you, pussy," kill the cat.

Don't believe the man who talks the most, for moving cats are very seldom good mousters.

By no means put yourself in another person's power. If you put your thumb between two grinders, they are very apt to bite.

Drink nothing without seeing it, sign nothing without reading it, and make sure it means no more than it says.

## BLIND, BODY AND SOUL.

One clear, bright, frosty evening, last winter, two men of middle age were proceeding to their "labor of love" on the Lord's-day. They were renting a large hall for Sunday evenings, and using it to attract the attention of those who attended an infidel meeting in the neighborhood. Their plan was to open the hall and allow free discussion and opposition, being strong, in the belief that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and consequently be successfully defended and taught."

They allowed an infidel to occupy the chair, and allotted equal time to object to and defend Scripture statements and doctrines. One half the platform was allotted to Christians, the other to unbelievers; and the subject on the evening was, "Has man an immortal soul?" Among the infidels was a tall, finely-formed old man, with hair and beard of almost snowy whiteness, the latter descending in rich profusion upon his ample chest. He was totally blind, but his affliction did not prevent him from keenly attending to the debate, and manifesting intense delight or disgust as the opinions expressed coincided or disagreed with his own.

When his time arrived to speak, it was a painful and miserable sight to witness the tall form writhing with malignity as he stood uttering the most awful blasphemy against the God of heaven. His denunciation of everything held dear by Christians was so vehement that several of the female portion of his hearers hastily left the hall, lest he should be a Samson in another sense, and bring down the building in judgment upon all within it. It was a sensible relief when his allotted time was expired; the storm of hisses subsided, and the blind man felt his way back to his seat, and wiped the hot dew from his brows.

For two hours the debate was continued. At its close a prayer-meeting was announced, and the character of the audience clearly shown by an almost complete exodus, a few women and some of the Christians on the platform alone remaining.

"I should like to see that blind man at home," said one of the men who rented the hall, "if I could obtain his address." And, having procured it, he left the hall, and during the ensuing week carried out his intention.

He found the blind man to be an ornamental basket maker, and was enabled to witness how God compensates for deprivation by added intensity in other powers. He saw that his blind companion could work as swiftly and apparently as certainly as though able to see, and he was pleased in one sense, and saddened in another, by noticing the perfect cheerfulness of the blind man as he assiduously continued his labor.

"I have come to see you," said the tall man. "Do you remember my voice so as to know who I am?"

"Of course I do," replied the blind man, as if surprised at the question. "You are my metaphysical friend of last Sunday; and I know what you have come for too well as you do yourself. You have come to try and convert me, my boy, but it won't do. I am tougher than you think; even twenty free tea meetings wouldn't do it."

"Nevertheless, I have known even one free tea meeting do good work in that way," replied the tall man, "but I do not wish to discuss such questions just now. I would rather speak of something more to the purpose. I should like to know your opinion of what death does to a man when it comes to him."

"Then I will very soon tell you," replied the blind man. "I think it puts an end to him altogether."

"What, then, becomes of the life that was in him?" questioned the other. "Or do you mean to assert that something can become nothing, though you deny that nothing can become something?"

"I don't trouble my head with such intricate rubbish," was the reply. "I don't believe any of your tales about a life hereafter, and immortality; get-up tales that are only fit to frighten fools into supplying a set of priests with plenty of money to support them in idleness. And as to all the nonsense about death-bed repentance, if you will sit down (for I can hear you have been standing all this time), I will tell you a little truth about that matter that will do you good to hear. But first shut the door, that my pet little daughter may not hear us, for I don't care to speak of it before her, she is fit for nothing all day afterwards. But as for death-bed repentance, I will tell you now. I had a son years ago. He was my eldest, and I took great delight in him; he was a real good boy, none of your religious nonsense about him, but a steady, good moral lad as ever wore shoe-leather. I taught him carefully when he began to grow up that the Bible was got up by priests for a trade, and that they had invented the idea of God for the same purpose, and it was his delight to go with me on Sunday evening to our hall and get some real truth and knowledge there. And I tell you, sir, he was as rank an infidel as ever breathed, but a good son to me and his mother, and honest and kind to all about him. But he became consumptive, and got worse and worse until the time came that he had to die like all the rest of us. Now, you just listen carefully, for I am speaking the truth. One day the doctor came to see him as usual, and there was that about him which made the doctor shake his head, and tell us that, if he wanted to say anything to his friends, it might be as well to say it as soon as possible. My boy knew what he meant; and the next time I went to his room he called me to him and put his thin, wasted, hot arms around my neck, and he said: 'Father, I am going away from you. The doctor says I am dying, and I think it's true; but I have not the least fear, father—I firmly believe there is no God, and no hereafter. I shall soon be nothing at all, and have to suffer no more, and even if there were any God, I have nothing to fear then, for I can safely say I have never done anybody any harm.' And so, sir, my poor boy went off talking calmly and quietly while he had his senses; and it was only a little while before he went that he began to wander and

to talk wildly about his Sunday-school, and his teacher there; but I don't take any account of that, for it mostly happens so; and, therefore, I tell you that my boy died, as he had lived, a thorough unbeliever in either God or devil, and yet he went off as quietly as a lamb, so don't tell me of your horrible infidel death-bed, for there is my personal experience that such tales are all got-up rubbish, invented by the priests.

"And where do you really think he is at this moment?" inquired the visitor.

"Nowhere," replied the blind man. "How can he be anywhere when we laid all that was in him in the burial ground?"

"Not all," was the objection, "unless you laid him living in his grave. I want to know what you think has become of the life, thought, intellect—call it what you will. That, after all, was all you knew of him. Where is that?"

"Gone, vanished, dissipated," was the reply.

"Then you really mean to say that the something that was your son has now become nothing?" asked the tall man.

"There was nothing but what we laid in his grave," was the answer.

"You must feel that is simple untruth and evasion. You have spoken tenderly of his love for you and of his good moral qualities—what has become of these things?" rejoined the visitor.

"I don't know," was the reply, evidently uttered without intention to speak at all.

"Then you know nothing of what you ought to have understood perfectly before you chanced your son's perdition upon what may, after all, be an error. And yet you call yourself a good father, while exulting in the certainty that, if there be a hell, you have assuredly cast your eldest born deliberately into it; that you have coolly cut him off from any opportunity of seeking to be reconciled to an offended Deity by repentance and faith, the only things possible to a sinning man. You have stood between God and your own son's redemption, for possible evil and impossible good to ensue, and you have calmly ensured, as far as you were able, the eternal condemnation of your own loving child. Man, blind in soul as well as body, God forgive you! But how could you—how could you, with a father's love in your heart for your son, coolly and deliberately set yourself to accomplish a deed so disastrous and infernal? You must believe that, if there be a hell, your son is gone there, and that you, and you only, have consigned him to eternal sorrow and despair."

The reply of the blind man consisted of a furious reiteration of the blasphemies that had shocked so many on the previous Sunday evening, mingled with the most daring defiance of the Almighty, uttered in phrases far too dreadful to record, and more than once the Great Creator was invoked and defied to do His best and His worst.

Shocked and saddened beyond measure at the total failure of a visit from which he had fondly hoped for better things, the visitor withdrew, followed in his retreat by the virulent and insolent blasphemy, in which the blind man seemed to take a delight that was absolutely fiendish.

On the following Sabbath the discussion was continued, and the blind man's opposition became more and more blasphemous and virulent, until it formed a question for consideration whether he should be allowed to speak again in the meeting. This question was settled, to the great relief of the committee, by the blind man suddenly ceasing to attend the meetings. Of decent, fair opposition they had no fear, but such shocking and purposeless blasphemy was unbearable.

The weeks and the work proceeded until the winter began to brighten into spring, but the blind man came no more to the meetings. At length some inquiries were made concerning him, and the committee was informed that he had been taken ill, and was now not expected to live. Hoping that illness might have softened his heart, the former visitor readily volunteered to call upon him and ascertain his condition. Accordingly, one evening, after work was done, he returned to the well-remembered house, and was at once admitted into the room where the blind man lay.

He was but little changed. The broad cheek was still full, the grand form not much diminished in bulk or strength, and the clear hearing was as keen as ever—a fact that was evidenced by the rough greeting bestowed upon the visitor: "Well, metaphysician, come to try again, eh?"

"We are not to be weary in well-doing; but your hearing and memory must be very keen and strong to recognise a man by his footsteps when you have heard it only very seldom. But we had really become anxious about you, and I volunteered to call on you, and here I am."

"What for?" queried the blind man. "Have you come to administer spiritual consolation? and have you duly brought the eighteen pence that makes the weekly consolation bearable to poor sick devils, eh? I tell you I don't need your eighteen pence, and I won't have the physic thrust down my throat without that sugar-plum afterwards—so you had better take heed."

This was bitter ribaldry, but not blasphemous; and the visitor was encouraged to persevere in attempting to reach the conscience of the blind man, and he consequently gently offered to read and pray.

"If you do try that on," was the reply. "I'll blaspheme you out of the house pretty quickly. I have told you already that I would not have it, and I meant what I said. Sit down like a man and talk politics, or something sensible (I know you can do it if you like), and I will listen to you and thank you; or, better still, read me a slashing leader out of last Sunday's paper—that will be something like."

"I cannot do these things now," said the visitor. "I shall be most happy to read God's word to you, and to pray for and with you, if you will allow me; but I will have no part in helping you pleasantly to pass along the awful road on which you are certainly going, and the end of which may be very near."

"Then go about your business," was the

angry reply, "and make room for some better fellow, that will help a blind man in his own way, and don't come here any more till you are sent for. When I want you, I shall certainly send for you." "Do so," rejoined the visitor, "and when you send I will come gladly," and so they parted for that time.

Passing out he was detained, by a touch on his arm, and beckoned into the parlor, then motioned into a seat by a middle-aged woman, who covered her face and burst into a passion of bitter heart broken tears.

"Oh! what shall I do for him?—how shall I help him?" she said at length. "Oh sir, you are used to deal with such as he. 'Can't you say or do anything for him? He has always been kind and good to me and the children, much better (as he said himself) than some that make a great profession; but, oh! sir, I believe though he does not, and I fear he is going to hell as my eldest boy did, and that they will soon be there together.'"

"Did you hear what he said when I offered to pray with him?" asked the visitor.

"Oh yes," replied the woman, "but he changes so. Sometimes he is quite free from pain, as he has been today, but at other times he suffers such agony that he does nothing but groan and scream for mercy. Then you may read or pray, or do what you like, but as soon as the pain leaves him he will blaspheme as bad as ever. And that just reminds me of what he used to do years ago. He would go, sir, into a prayer meeting, and be asked to pray; he would kneel down and pray beautifully, but like some experienced Christian; and he would leave such meetings, and go to a street discussion place near here, and then he would do his utmost to make the young men who listen to him thorough unbelievers in the Bible."

A wild scream of agony from above interrupted her, and she ran up-stairs, followed by the visitor. The strong form was struggling and writhing, and every feature twisted and wrenched with the intensity of bodily suffering. Heavy perspiration poured from his face, and his hands were clasped and working convulsively on the coverlet of the bed. "Oh, God! oh, God!" he groaned out between his pangs. "I have deserved it, I know I have; but be merciful! be merciful! be merciful! I knew all the time that I did not believe what I said to others, and I was wrought up to blaspheme as I did. Oh, mercy! mercy! Is there no one near that will pray for me?"

Trembling and horror-stricken, the visitor drew near, and knelt by the side of the bed intending to pour out his heart in prayer, while the suffering man endeavored to stifle his groaning and crying, that he might hear and join in the supplication. But as the visitor knelt, and his face sank upon his hands, there came upon him a cold and awful feeling, that it was useless to pray, that the man had offended beyond forgiveness; it seemed verily as if God had closed up heaven and would not hear. Many times for many years had their visitor knelt in prayer in different circumstances, but never till then had he felt such an awful inward assurance that prayer would be in vain. He struggled hard with the feeling, but it was unconquerable, and he arose from his knees with a sickened internal consciousness that the wretched man before him was irremediably hastening over-erlasting ruin.

The pangs speedily returned upon the blind man with dreadful intensity, and his groans became so heart rending that the visitor was fain to stop his ears.

At length the cries and struggling ceased but the end had come. "I am in awful pain," groaned the blind man; "but that is nothing to the agony of my mind. There all is darkness—no light! no hope! no God!"

And thus he died. "God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"Papa, if I do all you tell me to do, will God love me and let me go to Heaven?"

It was thus that my little boy of seven summers questioned me—abruptly, without warning, without premeditation on my part.

What answer could I give?

I looked upon his young face and saw the earnest, thoughtful waiting for a reply, which should satisfy alike the cravings of his affection and the promptings of his conscience.

"Yes my son," I answered slowly, for I was tempted to make a mental reservation with the words—"If I tell you to do what is right."

The bright look which the boy flashed upon me showed that he was satisfied, but the question moved me greatly. I thought how great was the responsibility devolving upon us who are parents. These little ones not only ask us for gentleness and unwearied care and love, but they say, "Show us what is right; teach us how we may find the truth." We send them to school and entrust them to masters and tutors that they may be instructed in the rudiments of knowledge. We take them to church with us because it is seemly so to do, and because we wish them to be early trained in the knowledge of God and in reference for His service. Yes, they come to us from their books; come to us even from the house of God, and, nestling by our side, exclaim: "Do you tell us what to do?" We cannot say, "Go to your Bible, let that be your guide," for they are only putting together with faltering speech the few and simple words of their first lesson in reading.

We cannot say, "Go to the open book of nature, and on its fair pages read the wisdom and goodness of God." That is the food of the strong, not of children. We are their interpreters. We are to provide nourishment that may appease the hunger of their moral nature. Their education must begin at home by the fireside—at the family altar.

What watchful, faithful care will be required at our hands!

What wisdom will be needed, that our teachings may mingle strength and tenderness, and that the principles which are to determine the character and secure the happiness of mature life may have a strong and durable foundation.

With what vigilance must we hold our own passions in check, and so regulate our daily

walk and conversation that the unspoken lessons of our example may give strength to precept, and indelibly impress a reverence for whatever is true and good.

How constantly we need the aid of the Holy Spirit that our hearts may faint not, and our intelligence falter not in the performance of a work whose consequences are infinite.

Think of it ye who are parents, and when your child stops from his play, and with a face glowing with new light from within, rests his soft hand upon your firmer clasp, and murmurs, "Tell me what to do; teach me where to go," may God give you grace to lead him to the "open path" and the "shining light."—*Southwestern Presbyterian.*

## PASTOR vs. PEOPLE.

We hear and read much about the duties of pastors to people, but not so much about the duties of people to pastor. But the duties, as well as the relations, are mutual. One of the duties of the people to the pastor is, not to scold him. If you want to weaken your pastor and injure your church, the best way is to keep finding fault. Pick flaws in everything he does. Instead of "thinking no evil," think "all evil, and only evil, and that continually." Say to one brother, "Our pastor preached a dull discourse to-day," and to another, "if our minister was only as brilliant and polished as Dr. —." Pass unfavorable judgments, "as much as lieth in you," on all that he does. Censure, carp, and criticise without any commendation, and you are on the highway of injuring his influence and destroying your church. Would it not be a more "excellent way" to pray for him? to view his faults with kindness? to bear his infirmities? to take him to your heart, and then take him to the throne of grace? and be sure not to forget that he needs clothes, and raiment, and books—that he has self-respect and sensibilities, and consequently cannot rise above the uses and demands of money. In thus doing God would bless you and your pastor, and make him a greater blessing to you and the church. Brethren Caustic and Carper, and Sisters Captious and Cynic, try it, and keep trying it, and our word for it, you will have a better pastor than you have had.—*Central Baptist.*

## THE SIN OF EXAGGERATION.

There is a fault, which does not get itself called by the ugly name of *lie*, but which is a dangerously close relation to it, and that is the habit of exaggeration. A man hears a thing, true enough perhaps in its original shape, but he passes it on with a little addition of his own. The man to whom he passes it on adds his touch of exaggeration, until, at last, the statement is so swollen and distorted, as to convey anything but the facts of the case. Take many statements which have gone forth and obtained credence in their final stage grossly false, and do sore injustice, it is difficult to charge any one with a full-grown lie, in the share he has had in propagating the deceit. The result is a sort of accumulative lie, made by successive persons contributing a little touch of exaggeration to the story as it came into their hands.

The worst of it is that this mischief is caused by the exercise of a power which is sometimes useful—I mean that creative imaginative power which gives life to a description. A man hears a thing, and then gives it the color of his own thoughts almost unconsciously; and yet, as I said, this may produce very mischievous, perhaps disastrous results. And who is to blame? Why every one who had a share in the accretions which the story or statement has received. See how responsible we may be for the effects of a lie, even when we do not wish to deceive. How careful we should be not to add to what we hear. If we must needs repeat it, or help to circulate it, let it leave us as it came. Let us pass it on scrupulously unchanged, with no twist or increase of our own.

## HINTS FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and remember that God hears your prayers.
2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and remember that God is speaking to you, and you are to believe and act upon what he says.
3. Never let a day pass without aiming to do something for Jesus; every morning reflecting on what Jesus has done for you.
4. If you are ever in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, consider whether you can do it in the name of Jesus, and ask God's blessing upon it.
5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, but ask yourself, "How would the Lord have me act?" and follow him.
6. Never trust your feelings, or the opinions of men, if they contradict God's word.
7. In deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

## THE GOOD WIFE.

She commanded her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him.

She never crossed her husband in the spring-time of his anger, but stays till it is ebbing-water. Surely men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot.

Her clothes are rather comely than costly, and she makes plain cloth to be velvet by her handsome wearing it.

Her husband's secrets she will not divulge. Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities.

In her husband's absence she is wife and deputy husband, which makes her double the files of her diligence. At his return he finds all things so well, that he wonders to see himself at home when he was abroad.

Her children, though many in number, are none in noise, steering them with a look whither she listeth.

The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it.

In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows.—*Fuller.*