

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. XVIII.—No. 25.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1871.

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THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, June 16, 1871.

The Intelligencer.

SETTING JESUS IN THE WAY

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

What a decisive battle was fought out, on a certain day, by the roadside to Damascus! The proudest bigot on earth was riding along, with bitter defiance on his crest. He is going to crush out the infant church of heretics, and make short work with the new imposture. His soul, like a red-hot furnace, is "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord."

But suddenly Christ meets him! Christ bursts on him in his ineffable glory! The overpowering light of His presence makes the noonday dark, and eclipses the meridian sun. The visible light is a type of the spiritual, for Christ is bursting in upon the proud bigot's soul. Christ conquers him and breaks him down. Love lays hold upon hate and subdues it. Truth pours its flood upon error and puts it out. The old Saul of Tarsus is slain on the spot, and lies there dead; a new creature, Paul the apostle is born into life!

So Saul the persecutor "saw Jesus in the way." Not only saw Him, but heard Him, for a voice said to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Who art thou, Lord? The prodigious suspicion breaks on him at once that he is dealing with the hated Nazarene. "I am Jesus!" How these words must have confounded the prostrate persecutor! An hour before Saul was a great man in his own estimation. Now he is nobody. There he lies helpless at Jesus' feet, his pride smashed to atoms, and his stubborn heart utterly broken down with conviction. An hour before Jesus Christ was to him an impostor, and the leader of a band of moral outlaws. Suddenly Jesus becomes the Lord of Glory! Saul is in the dust; Jesus is over him a triumphant conqueror. The persecutor is dead. The preacher of the cross is born. The first words the new-born soul utters are, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Old things have passed away; behold all things have become new!

Now, if we strip away all the dazzling and extraordinary outside phenomena of this scene, we shall find it substantially like every genuine conversion that has ever occurred, or will occur. To be sure, all genuine conversions are not as sudden and surprising as Saul's was. As far as their own consciousness is concerned, a majority of Christians have probably had what they called "a gradual change." Many cannot even fix the date or the place of the new birth. But in one grand vital point all real conversions are just like the great apostle's.

Barnabas hit that point precisely when he gave an account of what had happened to Saul. He did not say anything about the marvellous blaze of noon-day light. He simply said that Saul "had seen Jesus in the way, and that Jesus had spoken to him." If we inquire into the spiritual biography of every Christian on this planet, and of every one now in Heaven, the short, simple story of each one would in substance be this, "I saw Jesus, and He spoke to me." Looking at Jesus; listening to Jesus; these are the starting points in every career that leads from the "City of Destruction" to the New Jerusalem.

In one sense every human face is different from each other; but in another sense all human faces are generally alike. Each convert to Christ has an experience of his own; but, after all, every conversion has this essential feature—looking at Jesus and listening to him. Jesus meets the sinner in the highway of life, and speaks to him; just as He met Matthew the publican, and bade him "follow me;" just as He met Simon Peter on the strand; just as He met Zaccheus at Jericho, so He meets every sinner before that sinner can become a "new man in Christ Jesus." The early band of disciples actually saw our Lord with the bodily senses. But their souls did not discern him spiritually with any more clear distinctness than every true believer sees him now. Brother, the blessed Redeemer is just as real to your soul's opened eye as he was to John on the shore of Gennesareth, or to Saul on the road to Damascus. Under the influence of the Divine Spirit you have seen Jesus, and heard Jesus, and known Jesus, or else you are none of His. You see Him in every true prayer, and speak to Him. You hear and obey His heavenly voice whenever you perform an act of holy obedience.

Sometimes puzzled inquirers ask, How can I make Christ real? How can I see Him as he believes Him? To such we reply, You have a mind to see with, to form opinions, to approve or disapprove, to love or to hate. You never saw, perhaps, Prince Bismarck. Yet he is real to you. You believe that he is, and that he has done certain things; you believe in him, in his genius, sagacity, etc.; you admire him. You loved the martyr Lincoln, though you never looked upon his person in the flesh. Now, before you the Gospel presents Jesus Christ—just as He was when on earth, just as He is in glory. He is presented to you as a pure, holy, compassionate, loving one, as one who actually died once for you, as one who liveth forever to hear your prayers, and forgive your sins, and strengthen your soul. He meets you "in the way." Whenever He is preached to you. He meets you whenever you think of Him. There He is. He speaks to your conscience. The Divine Spirit "shows Him to you" again and again and again. Now just begin to treat Him as real. Begin to talk with Him in honest prayer. Begin to do what He bids you, and take hold of the first duty that comes to hand. Begin to trust Him, and so trust Him as to put your soul into His hands as actually as you put a package of letters or of money into the hands of a friend to be taken to any destination. What he bids you do, try and do. Whenever He asks you to follow Him, go! And oh! do not lose sight of the tremendous and glorious truth that the Divine Spirit helps you, and works on you, and works through you in this whole supernatural process. Divine power opens the eye to see Jesus in the way. Divine power inclines the mind's ear to hear Jesus. Divine power leads you to follow Him. Saul of Tarsus was spiritually changed when his soul saw Jesus and heard Jesus in the way.

It was the direct result of a supernatural agency, and that agency was the Spirit of God. *Quench not the Spirit!*

To every true Christian it is a sweet and inspiring thought that every hour in the day may see Jesus on life's rugged way, and talk with Him. We can feel His kind hand lifting off our heavy loads. We can hear Him say to our souls, "Lo! I am with you always." No truth in all the universe is more gloriously real than this one, "My Saviour I have seen in the way, and He has told me that I am His."—*Independent.*

A PLEA FOR TEMPERANCE.

The following is the material part of the speech of Rev. N. L. Brakeman, made before the Methodist State Convention, held at Indianapolis, last October, and found in the published proceedings of that body:—

From the census of 1860, and the report of Commissioner Wells to the Treasurer, for January 1868, we have the following facts and figures on the curse and consequences of the liquor traffic:—

Take the number of places licensed to sell liquor, the number of persons employed in the traffic, and the cost of liquor sales for a single year; put the expense of the crime and pauperism caused by the traffic at one-sixth the amount of sales; the cost of litigation, fees, etc., at one-third the cost of liquor sales; and the value of the time lost by intemperance at one-half the cost of direct traffic, and we have these astounding figures:—

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| Number of places licensed in the United States and Territories, | 130,000 |
| Number of persons employed, | 300,000 |
| Cost of liquor sales for 1867, | \$1,486,491,805 |
| Cost of crime and pauperism, | \$243,744 |
| Cost of litigation, fees, etc., | 404,497,288 |
| Value of time and labor lost, | 741,745,831 |

Total expense for 1867,

| | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|
| Total expense for 1867, | \$3,906,985,720 |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|

And now look for a moment at the vast multitude of persons directly reached, made wretched, and many of them utterly ruined, in soul and body, for time and eternity:—

| | |
|--|---------|
| Annual number of suicides, resulting either directly or indirectly from intoxicating drinks, in the United States and Territories, | 700 |
| Number of deaths annually from drinking, | 60,000 |
| Children made orphans, or worse than orphans, because their parents live, | 300,000 |
| Number of imprisonments from liquor, | 100,000 |

Total,

| | |
|--------------|---------|
| Total, | 370,000 |
|--------------|---------|

All this the result of the liquor traffic for one year. At this rate what are to be the results in the next ten years?

In the next decade we shall have paid, even if there be no increase in the traffic, \$19,669,837,290. And the persons thus affected by the traffic, making no allowance for increase of population, will number: suicides, 7,000; drunkards' deaths, 600,000; orphans, 3,000,000; imprisonments, 1,000,000; total, 3,607,000! Nor is this all. I have spoken of the immediate results of this traffic, but for every one thus affected there are not less than three who are reached indirectly, and involved in one way or another, in the common disgrace and ruin wrought by this liquor power.

Now multiply these last statistics by three, and you have the number directly and indirectly affected as follows: By suicide, 21,000; by the deaths of inebriates, 1,800,000; by orphanage, 9,000,000; by imprisonment, 3,000,000, making a total, every ten years, of 10,821,000 persons consigned to sorrow, shame, and suffering, and many of them to death!

Men talk of oppressive burdens of taxation by the Government, and I wonder not, and speak lightly of them, for they are heavy, and borne by many of our citizens; but what are they? The expenses of our liquor traffic would more than pay our national debt in one year.

Men talk of the misery, ruin, and deaths which follow earthquakes, and pestilence, and war, and famine; but they are temporary evils, are visitations from God, and cannot be avoided. But intemperance is a curse which we have coveted, and to its chariot of death we have voluntarily bound ourselves with long legions of law. Criminated with the blood of its slain, its course is ever onward as it travels furiously in the greatness of its strength. It is always harvest time in its blood vintage, and from the treading of its wine press of woe it rests not day nor night. How long, O Lord, how long?

When we think of these 300,000 men and women engaged in this traffic—all bending like reapers in their harvest of death—when we remember the unnumbered victims, with their groans, and tears, and blood; remember that among them are millions of widows and orphans; remember how their wail of woe, like another "Voice of many waters," must ascend to heaven and be heard, and regarded by the Lord of Sabaoth; that he is of purer eyes, than to behold iniquity, and that justice and judgment are the habitations of His throne; that this awful iniquity has been legalized by the voice and vote of some Christian men; when we think of all this we must say with Jefferson, as he contemplates the crime and curse of slavery: "I tremble for my country when I look upon this giant iniquity, and remember that God is just!"

Where is man's regard for personal interest, self-preservation, self-respect? In regard to national taxation we have the rich blessings of liberty, free institutions, civil and religious, and the best government ever given to the world.

In return for our taxation by this ungodly liquor traffic, we have suicide, assassination, murder, incendiarism, pauperism, litigation, imprisonment, loss of time, of labor, of property, of character, and of citizens; and we have disease, sorrow, suffering, shame, disgrace, orphanage, widowhood, and ruin in soul and body, for time and eternity, of millions—and among them some of our nobles and best citizens and statesmen—in every decade. What a sowing and reaping of ruin are here! And yet, this is the work that three hundred and ninety thousand of our fellow-citizens are licensed to do year after year. Where will this nefarious business end? When will we learn wisdom? When will we cease to legalize this fiendish traffic, which is at once the source and sum of all grades of crime?

Men do not realize that the manufacturing,

wholesaling, retailing, and using of intoxicating drink as a common beverage is a crime. They must be made to see it and feel it. Strange, is it not that we have so much legislation and execution of law against crime, and yet we can not make law or enforce it against the cause of three-fourths of the crime in the land!

We have laws against disturbers of the peace, but no prohibitory law against this, the greatest of private and public lawbreakers. We have laws against robbery; but there is a king-thief who annually robs the people of millions of their money, and yet he cannot be arrested! We have laws to avenge violence done to property, reputation, and person; and yet here is a heartless wretch who annually preys upon the persons, reputation, and property of more than 3,000,000 of our citizens, and yet we can not call him to account. We have laws against murder, but here is a bloody, inhuman monster, who annually tortures to death, by his slowly consuming fires 60,000 of our citizens, and yet he goes unwhipped of justice! What utter fatuity, nay, what deep disgrace, what crimson guilt are here! And yet, strangest of all, American citizens, it would seem, love to have it so, for they voluntarily license and thus legalize this whole business of bawling, robbery, violence, and death.

We must revolutionize this whole matter by creating a private and public conscience upon the liquor question. We must do it as we made conscience upon the slave question: preach, lecture, talk, recite, publish, upon the criminality of the liquor traffic. Any movement to be eminently and permanently successful must begin with the little ones; let them have line upon line, and precept upon precept; teach them, pledge them, save them, in the Sabbath-school, the secular school, and the singing school; at the fireside and upon the thoroughfare, in pleasure and in business, indoctrinate the children. But in this, as with the Gospel message, our mission is to all men, and we can not do better than to "begin at Jerusalem." Commence with the oldest and most hardened offenders; create a temperance literature, and scatter it everywhere; establish temperance papers, and circulate them by the ten thousand; organize a temperance party—as the Free-soilers organized their party—if not to act as an independent political organization, to be held in "reserve" for co-operation with good men of any party, as opportunity may offer. Let Christian churches, temperance orders, and temperance men everywhere, recognize each other as fellow-workers, and standing together, let them combine and co-operate for the extermination of this enormous evil.

Do you ask, How is all this work to be accomplished? I answer, just as the abolitionists did their work. It will require men and money, time and toil, and *pluck*, and patience, and perseverance. Let the watchmen stand fast, be strong, quit themselves like men, and press the battle to the gate, and victory will be theirs. The people can, and they must and will be educated up to this standard. They will not always so quietly submit to this grievous wrong. The next quarter of a century, if we are true to our trust, will see a reformation upon this subject amounting to a perfect revolution.

A PRIVATE SAVINGS BANK.

BY REV. JOHN W. DODGE.

Having tried for several years the Pauline plan of a private savings bank for benevolent purposes, we propose to state some of the advantages of it.

These are the features of the plan. There is an actual separation of the money. This gives reality to the sacrifice. It is done on the Sabbath. This lifts it out of the range of common pecuniary transactions, and secures deliberation if not devotion in connection with it. The amount varies according to what we have received, and not according to the amount of expenses. This secures it against fluctuation in these points. It is for all Christian enterprises, including the support of the Gospel at home as well as abroad. The idea is that there shall be a constant stock from which to draw for all special calls. There is no difference in principle in maintaining a preacher where we may hear him, or where others and not ourselves may hear him. The Christian gives in each case, not for what he gets, in the form of an eligible seat in the church, but to build up the kingdom. They are both on the same list of voluntary offerings. There is one box for all.

As to the advantages of a private fund we suggest these points:—

1. It cultivates the habit of saving, with none of its drawbacks. It is admitted to be very desirable to save something from every income, but we believe most ministers start with the idea that in their calling it is impracticable. Those that do contrive to save a little in the ordinary way, almost inevitably find themselves growing parsimonious, if not actually mean. We confess we never like to exchange with a minister who is understood to be laying up money. Everything about his premises feels the effect of it. Now this plan of saving redempts the idea of accumulation from the clutch of avarice. The tendency to hoard is neutralized by the motives of benevolence. The more you save the more you have to give.

2. It multiplies to an almost magical degree one's ability to do good. There is a mysterious feeling from behind, of resources that seemed too scanty for even ourselves before. The more we draw out of our well the more vigorously do the springs supply it. And this is not superstition, it is matter of promise. But not to speak of this, there is a charm in accumulation itself. It is putting one after another that makes increase. Avarice understands this. It has faith in perpetual additions. It is nature's method of building. It is only suborning a principle for Christian purposes. If accumulation be necessary to gain the resources for the gigantic enterprises of the world, it is equally necessary for the accomplishment of the grander undertakings of Christianity.
3. It trains the sense of responsibility for

the use of our income. The question often asked is, How much is expected from the whole? And then on the supposition that every one did his part, what is my share? But the question is not primarily how much is expected for this emergency, but, How much have I received? Let the measure of God's giving to us be the measure of our giving to Him. This brings us into frequent personal contact with the Master, and develops gratitude and self-sacrifice at the same time.

4. It cultivates giving from principle rather than from impulse. It is simply disgusting to listen to some of the appeals that are made to the people for benevolent contributions. Every means that ingenuity can suggest is resorted to to get large donations. Square Nobleman has given a hundred dollars to this cause; who will give another hundred? Here comes another hundred from Dr. Makemoney. Now who will speak next, and have his name trumpeted abroad in the same way? Think of the arts that are resorted to to get on the right side of wealthy men and women in the hope of getting something handsome from them. Add to this the fact that vast numbers are wheeled into giving by the offer of nicknacks and gewgaws that are supposed to be an equivalent for the gift, and reducing it to the level of a common swindle. Now by its plan you lay by your offering in solitude. You act voluntarily as a moral agent in view of the highest motives. Giving grows out of faith, and is determined only by convictions of duty. The disbursing in each case will depend on the relative importance of the cause.

5. It is practicable for everybody. Jay Cooke gives his ten thousands on this system, but it is only his proper proportion. It is just as well adapted to a poor man as a rich one. It simply says, make an honest calculation. If a shilling a week represents your prosperity, it is equally acceptable to Him who accepts according to what a man hath. It is especially practicable for a young man in beginning life to lay out the plan of his usefulness, and then let it grow as his business grows. Many have found a blessing in it both for their business and souls. Let each settle the question of duty as to the adoption of the plan. We do not see why it is not obligatory upon all. Let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him.—*Congreg.*

HOW TO TREAT INQUIRERS.

Ralph Wells in his Brooklyn address, gave some examples of the different methods which must be used in dealing with inquiring souls. He said:

A difference in treatment should be observed among inquiring scholars. I had a little girl infant in convulsions some years ago. My wife wanted to send for a country doctor. "No," I said; "he will only give her calomel and jalap." No matter what the difference was, the treatment would have been calomel and jalap. I have an asparagus bed in the country; I give it a little salt; but salt would not do so well for strawberries. And so in the treatment of pupils, some think what is good for one is good for another. Our Saviour did not think so. A rabbi comes to him and says he wants a new heart, not a teacher. But he does not so treat the woman of Samaria. One general rule is the Law and Testimony. Transfer the controversy sometimes from the teacher to the scholar and scholar to the Saviour. See what the law says about it. Long years ago, when Dr. James Alexander persuaded me to leave business and give my time to souls, he said: "Brother, I am older than you; you are a beginner. I have a message to you; if you want success make much of the blood." He being dead, yet speaketh to me. When I was elected manager of the Bible Society, I distributed Bibles. Opposite to me where I boarded sat a man of infidel opinions. He seemed delighted to say what made me shudder. By God's providence, that man was taken sick. Such a man has friends while his money lasts, but after that they go like the morning dew. I went to him. I did not say a single word of religion to him. We have got to exercise reason, judgment, and common sense. I watched the time, God opened the way. When he got well, God said to me: "Take one of these Bibles." I could almost hear a voice from heaven. I met him on the stairs. Said I: "Sir, do something for me." He said: "I think I ought to." Said I: read a little in that every day." I did not say a word. God sent him his own work. I did not point him even to a place; I felt that angels were there. I felt that God my Father who sent him the Word would also send him the Spirit. Seven years passed, and he came into my office in Wall street, and laid a note on my desk. He joined the Church of the living God through the Word. It was no work of mine; it was God's own power.

A young man comes to me with a young lady, who says, "Mr. Wells, this young man wishes to join your Bethel Class." Says he, "Sir, I am no hypocrite; I don't believe in the Bible." Says I, "Give us your hand; you are not only no hypocrite, but you are honest also." I did not sit down and talk about his soul; it would not have been judicious; it would have been casting pearls before the swine. I would a great deal rather have him come and see the Scripture itself. He came with us two months. One morning my bell rang before breakfast. He was ushered in by my servant. I said to myself, "Here is God's Spirit working; look out how you interfere." He asked me how in the world I said something in the Bible Class. I said, "What difference did it make to you; you can't believe?" He said, "I never closed my eyes last night." Says I, "I am very sorry that you have lost your sleep; but I don't know of any remedy but what was there said." I took out a little Testament, and turned down three leaves, and said, "Sir, if that Bible is true, there is an able and willing Saviour to save you. Go home, I cannot talk with you; I will pray for you." The next morning that young man came and threw his arms around me and said, "It is true." The Holy Ghost had used his own weapon. One day, a girl in the country where I was staying, said to me, "Do you

know that what you was talking about was a perfect enigma to me, as much so as if you had been talking in a foreign tongue?" I took a little Testament and gave it to her. She heard within what God said. I watched her when alone by herself, and saw the Spirit of God moving her. I saw her on her knees with the Testament before her. The Spirit of God is a better teacher than you and I. I asked a young woman the portion of Scripture she most loved. She said, "The Prodigal Son: as soon as I saw those outstretched arms I ran into them." Twelve years ago, one cold, bitter winter night, the sleet and snow were driving against the carriage window, when there came upon me a voice that I should go down to — street, a mile away. I said to the driver, "Take me down to — street." He said, "It's cold out here on the box; I have been driving all the afternoon." I said, "it is my fault; I'll get out and walk." "No," I would rather drive than have you and I. I said I must go. I knew not why I was going. I found the young woman with whom I had been laboring two or three years. When I went in, I said, "I do not know why I came; I think the Spirit of God sent me; there is something that has kept you from Christ." She suddenly turned around, and said, "Can I dance and be a Christian?" I said, "There are Christians who dance, but you cannot. You cannot make a bargain with Christ; you must give him all. Can you do it?" "No." "Then my message is done; I transfer the controversy. Kneel down and tell Christ you would rather dance than have eternal life." "Oh! no." "You have told me so here; tell him alone." Says she, "Ask him to make me willing." "I will." We knelt there before the Lord, and before we got up she says, "Dancing, go!" Said a young girl, "Teacher, is it wrong to go to the opera?" The same scene was repeated there, and at last the opera was given up.

There is but one door to the ark; pride must be humbled, and you must enter upon a low platform. A young man says, very patronizingly to me—patronizingly to the Saviour—"Mr. Wells, I have been thinking about eternal life." I looked at him and said, "I think it is time." "Well, sir, tell me how to be saved." I said, "Go down even with that little boy." He took his hat and went away. All that winter he got no answer; towards spring he lay rolling upon the floor of my study. I was in earnest with him. I said, "There is a chair; kneel down and tell Christ." He said, "You tell him." He became a little child and crept through the door. A young man came to me and said, "Mr. Wells, I want to be a Christian, but I am stumbling over the doctrine of election." I said, "Then let it alone." He said, "I can't be a Christian until I understand that." I said, "You won't understand it until you are a Christian; it is something you have nothing to do with."

SELF-DENIAL.

Self-denial is an important duty enjoined upon all Christ's servants. If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me; hence all true Christians must practice self-denial. It is a badge of their discipleship. What is self-denial? It is denying ourselves of that which delights us for sake of serving Christ, advancing His cause, winning souls to Him. To some it is more irksome than to others. It checks our besetting sins and our strongest propensities to sinful indulgence.

Is a man too eager for wealth, let him devote a large proportion of his gains to religious purposes, not keep it or spend it in adorning his family, or a splendid living, or expensive journeys.

Has an individual a passion for self-culture, let him make extra exertions to turn his knowledge to some good purpose and teach the unlettered.

Has a lady a passion for dress, let her crucify it, adorn her person modestly, set a worthy example for those in less affluent circumstances, and give freely to charitable objects, clothe the poor, that they may appear in the house of God and the Sunday-school.

Is an individual inclined to indolence, let him double his diligence, especially if he be a minister, that his self-denial may appear unto many. Does his tongue hang in the middle, let him bridle it with unceasing care, that he may speak only the words of truth and soberness, remembering that he that offendeth not in word, the same is a perfect man.

It is well occasionally to ask what would be the results should all Christians, other things being equal, do as we do—do no more in proportion to their ability to sustain the pastor, to aid him in propagating the Gospel in foreign lands, and to win souls to Christ; could or would the world be inclined to say—those Christians are noble people, generous, self-denying, the light of the world, the salt of the earth?

When Mrs. Mason was about to return to Burma, some friend asked her if it was not hard to leave her children behind? She replied, "This I do for Jesus' sake." Reader, what do you do—of what do you deny yourself for Jesus' sake?—*Christian Era.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A writer for an English magazine says: A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur his displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an English woman, if he succeeds in ingratiating himself with the court and aristocracy; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

Let us not fail to scatter along our pathway the seeds of kindness and sympathy. Some of them will doubtless perish; but if one only lives, it will perfume our steps and rejoice our eyes.—*Madame Stoecklin.*

He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping.