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." [Editor and Proprietor.

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ALBION HOUSE.

IMMENSE REDUCTIONS!

THE Subscribers, in tendering their sincere thanks to their friends and the public for their past favors, now beg to inform them that they intend running a

Cheap Sale,

to continue until the 1st March, of Seasonable first-class

DRY GOODS,

In order to make room for a large SPRING IMPORTATION just ordered from England. The Stock has been thoroughly overhauled and Reduced to such prices as cannot fail to effect a speedy clearance. Attention is directed to the following

SPECIAL LOTS:

140 pieces Plain and Fancy Dress Goods, from 5 to 12 cents per yard less than former prices;
60 pieces Tweeds and Winceys, at cost;
25 pieces Grey and Brown Alpaccas, at 12, 15 and 18 cents, former prices 18, 22 and 25 cents;
6 pair White Blankets, at $2.50, former price $3.60;
6 " " " 4.00, " 5.00;
12 pieces Fancy Flannel Shirtings, at 20 and 24 cents, former prices 30 and 35 cents;
2500 yards Light Prints, at less than cost;
Waterproof Cloth and Velveteen Jackets, much below the regular prices.

WOOL GOODS,

In Clouds, Breakfast Shawls, Hoods, Scarfs, Ties, &c., &c., at cost prices.

A NICE LOT OF

LADIES' UNDER SKIRTS,

at cost prices.

GREY AND WHITE SHEETINGS,

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS,

A Large Stock which will be sold at less than Wholesale prices.

Your inspection is solicited, as the reductions are bonafide.

PARKS' COTTON WARPS,

in all colors, Nos. 7s and 9.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE,

Successors to the late JOHN THOMAS.

Fredericton, Jan. 26, 1872.

NEW

FALL GOODS.

OCTOBER, 1871.

THOMAS LOGAN

HAS received per Steamships from London, Liverpool and Glasgow, the greater portion of his

FALL STOCK

OF

STAPLE AND FANCY

Dry Goods!

DRESS GOODS,

in all the novelties for the season.

WOOL SHAWLS,

in New Stripes and Clan Tartans.

TWEEDS AND WINCEYS.

VELVETEEN AND CLOTH JACKETS.

A GREAT VARIETY OF

NEW MANTLE CLOTHS.

FLANNELS AND BLANKETS.

COTTON AND LINEN GOODS

of every description.

Clouds, Sontags, Breakfast Shawls, &c.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

"PARKS" ST. JOHN

COTTON WARPS.

Socks, Mitts, Yarn and Homespun wanted in exchange for Goods.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, Oct. 27, 1871.

The Intelligencer.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

THE OFFER OF THE "OPEN DOOR" YET GOOD!!

Our friends will bear in mind that the "OPEN DOOR" is still sent to each new subscriber to this paper; and also that an additional book is sent to each person who sends us five new names.

A great many have sent us parts of clubs, and the continuance of the offer will give them ample time to complete their lists, and thereby secure the book. Let no time be lost. The canvass thus far has been brisk and effective, having added largely to our list. Our friends have our hearty thanks. Let the canvass be continued with equal zeal, and this month will witness a still greater increase.

So many of our present subscribers having expressed a wish to purchase "THE OPEN DOOR," we made an announcement last week which we repeat here:

TO EACH PERSON REMITTING ONE DOLLAR TO OUR ADDRESS (Fredericton), WE WILL SEND A COPY OF "THE OPEN DOOR" (post-paid), TO ANY PART OF THE DOMINION.

This is much cheaper than the regular retail price of the book. Our only object in placing it so low is that it may be secured by all who wish it. Send along your orders early.

EVILS OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

The following is part of a sermon preached from the text, "Wine is a mocker:" by Rev. A. Bryant. Facts, such as stated, ought to be generally known:

It seems a waste of time to attempt to prove that the use of alcohol as a beverage is an evil. No one in his sober senses questions this fact; and yet how little, comparatively, is done through the pulpit and the press to arouse the community to a sense of the magnitude of this evil. Professed temperance communities are exceedingly delinquent in this matter. Just look at some of these evils.

"In the report of Mr. Delano, Commissioner of Internal Revenues, we find the following statistics: The total amount of revenue received during the year 1869, from distilled spirits, is $45,062,402. From fermented liquors, $6,099,879. Total, $51,126,281; which is over $18,000,000 more than received in 1863, when the tax was $2 per gallon. There have been 864 distilleries surveyed and operated under the law of July 20th, 1868; which, upon a basis of 48 hours for the average fermenting period, gives 677,322 gallons for every 24 hours. The Commissioner estimates that the annual consumption of distilled spirits amounts to more than 80,000,000 of gallons; and if the present law taxing spirits could be brought into complete execution, it would yield an annual revenue of $60,000,000. The aggregate receipts from all sources of general revenue for the year 1869, were $157,838,998, nearly one-third of which was from distilled spirits and fermented liquors. By the report of the Revenue Commissioner of 1866, in Great Britain 33 per cent. of the total revenues was from the same source; in Russia, nearly 37 per cent., and in France, between 12 and 13 per cent. The report further states, that in Great Britain, in 1859, it was estimated that the average consumption of distilled spirits per head, amounted to eight-tenths of a gallon; while, in the United States, it equalled at least a gallon and one-half.

"The report of the Internal Revenue Bureau for the year ending June 30th, 1870, shows the total revenue collections from spirits, was $55,537,354.75; from fermented liquors, $6,260,728.14—making a total of $61,798,082.83. The Internal Revenue receipts from all sources, were $183,834,832.84. Thus the whiskey receipts were more than one-third of the entire receipts. The revenue from tobacco alone, was $31,318,553.63. Whiskey and tobacco yield nearly one-half the whole revenue.

"What kind of a showing, think you, is that for a Christian nation? Is it any wonder that our newspapers are filled with murders, suicides, robberies, and crimes of every conceivable kind and degree? Is it any wonder that irreligion and iniquity abound; that the cause of human redemption moves so slowly; that christianity seems not have such power over the hearts and lives of men as it once did? Is it reasonable to expect, as a people, much of the fruits of grace, while one-half of the internal revenue of the land is derived from the production and use of things that are degrading and ruinous to men physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually?

"There is a wrong, too, at the head of the nation. It does seem that we are very well pleased with the idea of receiving so great a revenue from spirits. We are in need of money; our national debt is large, and if we can but get means of support, it does seem that we care not whence, or upon what principles they are obtained. But the question arises, is this a safe way of doing business? It may seem to be profitable for the time; but will it be profitable in the end? Slavery was profitable for the time; it yielded a large revenue to the nation. But was that revenue just so much incorporated into the wealth of the nation? Was it a paying enterprise in the end? I need only refer to our civil war, and our enormous national debt in answer to these questions. And how shall we get money for the purpose of liquidating this debt by a traffic that is just as unrighteous as was that of human slavery?

"But let us look at a few more facts. In 1869 there were 88,002,797 gallons of spirituous liquors distilled, and 5,115,140 barrels of fermented liquors brewed, worth $739,020,579 at retail prices; while the value of all the flour, cotton goods, books, shoes, woolen goods, clothing, newspapers, and other printing produced in the United States, was $310,000,000. The time lost by drinking, cost of crime, pauperism, litigation, etc., would make the total expense of liquor at least $1,250,000,000. The civil and diplomatic expenses for 1863, amounted to $11,066,137.14. Thus the people tax themselves $828,000,000 more for liquor than the cost of the United States Government. The statistics of the New York Prison Association show that in that State there were in 1863, 21,242 licensed liquor shops, and about 6,750 churches. In 1867, the official report gives the value of sales by retail liquor dealers, at $1,483,491,865, equal to $43 for every person in the country. This is equal to one-half the national debt, and more than ten times the value of all the church property in the United States. Again, were it possible to ascertain the amount of woe and sorrow in time and eternity, that are the fruits, directly and indirectly, of the liquor business, what arithmetic could calculate it.

"Look, for a moment, at what the money that is spent for spirituous liquors would do. A college can be built, equipped, and endowed for $40,000. The amount paid for liquors would build one thousand colleges ($400,000,000), found one thousand libraries, of 50,000 volumes each, at $3 per volume ($150,000,000), build one thousand handsome churches (40,000,000), would support a thousand missionaries for ten years, allowing $1,500 per year for each ($15,000,000), furnish 900,000,000 Bibles ($450,000,000), found five hundred asylums, or other charitable institutions, at $200,000 each ($100,000,000.)

"Surely these facts ought to move us. And yet this is only a small part of the whole number of facts connected with the matter under consideration. Could all of that which is the fruit, directly and indirectly, of the production and sale of intoxicating drinks, even in this life, be looked upon, be seen by the eye, I have no doubt there would be an effect produced upon the sensibilities, such as no paper or verbal picture could ever produce. And yet, paper and verbal pictures will move sometimes. The world has been moved of late by just such pictures, which have been scattered abroad from Chicago and other places of the West. Such exhibitions of christian sympathy and benevolence were never before seen.

"But what are the pictures of the desolations and wretchedness of the fiery king of the West, compared with the pictures of the desolations and wretchedness of the fiery demon of strong drink? Suppose that the entire city of Chicago had been burned up, with all its inhabitants, and another city with it as large as that, then it would have been a matter of less magnitude than the fruits that annually grow out of intoxicating drinks.

"But the temporal fruits of intoxicating drinks are of very inconsiderable importance, compared with their eternal fruits. And it is here where these fruits are the most abundant. It is upon the soul that the demon of strong drink exerts his greatest influence and power. In the word of God it is said: "A drunkard cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven." And yet remember that 60,000 annually go down into drunkard's graves, and surely we have enough to move the heart, even though it might be as hard as adamant.

2D, REMEDY FOR THESE EVILS.

"There is a remedy for all evils. There are none so great and deep-seated but they can be uprooted and removed. They are fruits from the same germ, streams from the same fountain-head. That cause, that germ, that fountain-head is sin, transgression of the laws of God. And we know that there is a remedy for sin. There is but one power that can say to the mighty tide of evil that is sweeping over the land, threatening to engulf everything that savors of good in its course, thus far shalt thou go and no farther, and so it will be. It is a very contracted view of salvation that it pertains to eternal interests alone, that it has to do with the soul, and nothing more, 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' It belongs to Christ, and the church of Christ, to save the world from all the evils that are preying upon it. It belongs to Christ and his church to save the world from the demon of strong drink. Useless will it be for the world to attempt to do this great work. They are not qualified for such a work. They may do something, but 'this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting,' and this the world are not prepared to do. None but those who are appointed to be 'workers together with God' can do this work as it needs to be done. And this work I believe the great Head of the church is laying before His people. And it is *the* work of the day. We desire the coming of Christ in the salvation of souls. Would we see this all through the land we must lay the axe at the root of the tree, and remove the curse of intemperance, so that the grace of God can yet hold of the mind and the heart. And this must be done in the family, in the schools, in the sanctuary, in the prayer-room, in the caucus, in the town-meeting, in the halls of legislation, in the courts of justice, in the executive department of government. This is the machinery by which to work out this great end. We want legislation to put the rum traffic where it ought to be, but in order to have this legislation men must be first educated to do such legislation. And then we want a public sentiment that will have this matter at heart enough to select men for our legislators who will do such legislation. All this is needed, and all this must be had ere we shall see the curse of intemperance removed from the land. Especially should we remember that public sentiment must be educated. Without this we cannot get such legislation as is wanted, and without this, though we had legislation, it would remain a dead letter upon the statute-book. And this education is the work of the church. It is a Christian work. Let others do what they can, the same as they do what they can in other Christian work, but to take the lead in such work they should not, not only because they are not qualified in every respect to do the work, but because especially it is Christian work, but Christians should always be leaders in their own work. And, as in every other department of Christian work, every man has something to do. Every Christian is under obligation to identify himself with the cause of temperance. Every Christian is a temperance man. It is a part of his creed, his doctrine. Among the Christian graces is temperance. Of course it is to be left to every Christian to labor for the cause of temperance in that way for which he is best adapted. But work he should, and with all his might. His words, example, deeds, should all and always be in the interests of this cause. Beecher says: 'No man has a right to be neutral in the great work of temperance in this age and in this country. Every man, from considerations of personal safety from moral considerations, from considerations of relations to his fellow-men in social life, and from considerations of patriotism, ought to take sides in this matter, and let his position be known to all men. It is too notorious to require any proof, that, to a very great extent, especially in the cities, our legislation begins in a grog-shop. The seed of judges is planted there. Our administrations spring out of the ooze and mud of drinking holes. Our national councils are begun there. The machinery of government is arranged there. There is no part of the community so active as that which lives in the indulgence of the animal appetites; and there is no part of the community that should be watched over with such sleepless vigilance by those who by sound morality and superior judgment are fitted to wisely administer the affairs of the nation. And the time has come when all good men, who have so long stayed at home, and left the management of political affairs in the hands of dissipated and unscrupulous men, should come together and take the side of purity and temperance. We must produce a radical change in the public sentiment of the country on this vital question, or we shall be destroyed by the overwhelming deluge of the drinking habits of society.' This is the work to be done, and good men must do it, or it will not be done."

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

A FRIDAY EVENING TALK AT THE TABERNACLE, BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Some one asks me by letter, "What is the unpardonable sin?"

That question is the rock on which many a bark has shivered for eternity. I do not think there is a lunatic asylum in the country in which there are not the victims of that question. The passage this letter writer refers to, is, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men."

I know not by what authority people put all the emphasis on the last half of the passage. Read all the passage, and it is one of the most glorious promises in the Bible. It says all save *one* shall be forgiven. If a pestilence came on a city, and three hundred thousand people were smitten of it, and a medicine was found that cured all the three hundred thousand save one person, we should think it something to shout over with gladness; but here is a promise that all the millions of the world's transgressions shall be healed save one, and people get crazy about that one. Here is a plank over a ravine strong enough for any number of people to walk safely over, but you conclude three or four of you to jump on one end of the plank, and keep jumping on it till it breaks through. Instead of taking the whole passage, which announces pardon for all sins save one, you put all your stress on one end of the passage, and it breaks through.

Still it is natural to ask about this one sin. Although there may be only one vessel out of two or three hundred that makes shipwreck, the owners are sure to go to the marine office and get insured, lest their ship should be the one out of the two hundred.

The unpardonable sin in olden time (as we see from the drift of the whole chapter), was the ascribing of the miraculous works of Christ to the influence of the devil. Can that sin be committed now? I think not, the day of miracles having passed. The only miracles now a-days are by free-lovers and spiritualists, polluted of life and addled of brain. The only miracle I think it possible for them to perform, is that of coming back to coherent speech and a decent life; but these miracles they don't try. The days for supernatural putting forth of power having passed, I think the possibility of committing the offence of the text is also passed.

But there is a sin that is *irreversible*, and may therefore now be estimated as unpardonable, namely, the first sin on the other side of God's mercy. I illustrate: a father says within himself, my patience is nearly exhausted with that child. If he commits that offence three times, I will forgive him. The fourth time I will not. The offence is committed three times, and the father overlooks it, but the fourth time, and the father chastises severely. God says, I will give to men a certain number of Sabbaths, sermons, warnings. During all that time, mercy. At the close of that time, if these have been ineffectual, I will bear no longer, the day of mercy will be passed, the line will be crossed, the doom will be sealed. The first sin on the other side of the line is an unpardonable transgression.

What are the symptoms of having committed that? Utter recklessness about the things of eternity. The man or woman who wrote that serious letter about it to me has not committed it, because there is evident anxiety about it, and that is a sign that it has not been committed. One of the symptoms of pulmonary disease is a feeling on the part of the patient that he has no such disorder, and men who have committed the offence across the line are not conscious of their state.

What a dangerous thing it is to trifle with the Holy Ghost! A man advertised that he wanted a coat [illegible]. He asked the first one applying, "How near could you drive to a precipice without driving off?" He answered, "Within a foot of it!" I don't want you, said the gentleman. The next one applying said he could drive within six inches without driving off; and the next could come within one inch; but they were both rejected. After a while one applying, when asked how near he could drive, said, "I would go nowhere near it." You are the man for me, said the gentleman. Now I say in regard to this sin, it is perilous to go anywhere near it, and he is the skillful man who goes further off from the precipice. Look out where you drive. Beware! beware!

"I AM AFRAID."

"I am afraid of the engine," said one who was killed on September 6th by the explosion of a locomotive, throwing him a mangled corpse about two hundred feet off into a clump of laurel bushes. He foresaw and knew the perilous condition of the engine, yet he ventured on, not knowing what moment she would explode. How often do we hear men say in regard to their salvation, I know I am in danger, I am afraid to venture. I know I am hazarding my soul. Yet after all they venture on, heedless of all warning, knowing not what moment would be the last. Unconverted friend, you are truly in a perilous condition. Beneath your footstep is ruin, before you is misery, following you is the messenger of death, ready to cast the fatal dart, above you is a revenging God. Venture no further. Stop and do as a man did who was benighted in one of the mining regions of England. He lost his way, the darkness was dense and the dangers were thick. The next step might precipitate him down some awful shaft, some gloomy pit, and dash him bruised and shapeless upon its floor. He knew his perils, and he stopped, stood still, and began to cry, Lost, lost, lost. He ceased. It was a moment of suspense and agony, but a cottager heard the sound, and grasping his lantern hurried forth to answer to the voice. Guided by the mournful cry he hastened over the gloomy moor. The lost man sees in the distance the glimmering of his light. It comes nearer and nearer, until as its rays flash through the surrounding mist, he finds that he stands upon the very verge of death. Another step would have carried him down the shaft a crushed and mangled corpse. One step, one more effort to save himself, and he would have been lost beyond hope. Wandering sinner, stop where you are. Cease from vain strivings and cry as did the benighted man, Lost, lost, lost. God, for Jesus' sake, will save. One step more will perhaps be your end. You are passing on the very verge of death. You say you know you are in danger, oh, stop and turn, to Jesus Christ and live.—*Church Advocate.*

CHRIST IN HIS GARDEN.

The relation of Christ to his Church is exquisitely imagined in the song of Solomon:—"I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." An early walk among the flowers and fruits helps the imagination in its grasp of its highest spiritual truths. When the sun is beginning to pour its glory abroad, when dew-drops glisten upon fragrant blossoms, when birds are breaking the stillness of the morning, it is easy to conceive—

"How all of brightest, best we see
Must shadows of the heavenly be;
How the blue dawn and morning's glow,
And the vast sunset fiery show,
Soft, pearly moon and stars of night,
Are shadows of the heavenly light;
How all the sweetest sounds of earth,
Music of winds, birds, infants' mirth,
Anthems that float church aisles along,
Are shadows of the heavenly song."

As the sun rises upon the garden, every leaf and tiny flower, every plant and blossom, turns to kiss his rays, and to welcome his coming. So the church, Christ's garden, turns, in heart-felt longing, towards the light of her Master's countenance.

Who has not wondered at the mysterious sympathy which exists between the sunlight and every green thing which depends upon that light? And who shall describe to us the yearning of soul with which Christ's members long for his coming? Listen, how that weary soul cries to the north wind to revive its vigor, to lift up its faith, that it may come to Jesus for rest! That drooping soul, alas, with so little love, gives forth so little fragrance, cries to the south wind to breathe on it that its spices may flow out, and that Jesus may delight in it once more. That fruitless soul for which Christ has done so much, on which he has lavished so many mercies, but which has made such poor return—how that soul cries for the breath of God to quicken its life and make it fruitful!

The voices of beauty in the garden are inaudible, and yet they penetrate our sensitive nature. So are the longings of unsatisfied souls inaudible, indeed, to human ear; often inarticulate towards God; but Jesus can hear them. He has said, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Many voice sounds sweet in the Master's ear, it is the cry of longing souls for the presence and joy of their Lord. What music in his ear is that subdued petition, "Let my Beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruit! For this is as the turning of plants towards the sun in which they live. This is the up-looking of hearts which can be satisfied only with the Saviour's love. Does the disciple mourn that Christ *seems* so far away, and that he enjoys so little the fragrance of his graces? Let him be thankful for that divine presence which is disclosed in these very yearnings—this is the touch of Christ's own hand, the beginning of the joy which that soul supremely craves.

For lo, the instant response of Christ to the prayer of the longing soul: "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse." Every tender heart is touched with this fact, for it is a literal fact, that Jesus comes instantly into the heart which really longs for him. Does the church moan in her solitude, and say, through her tears of penitence, "Let my Beloved come?" At once the answer is heard, "*I am come*, my sister, my spouse." Does the church grieve over her unfruitfulness, and cry to God that spices may flow out, that her withered graces may again refresh her Lord? So, at once, the gracious response, "I am gathering my myrrh with my spices; I am eating, I am drinking; my joy is fulfilled." Does the church look with heavy heart upon the careless ones who mingle in her assemblies, and does she travail in birth for her unconverted children? So, at once, the salvation of God, the voice of inquiry for Christ, and the joy of the new-born souls, the moment the church desires souls more than she desires any other gift. Impenitent men are all around us, and they will be converted any time when Christians live, labor, and pray for it with zeal and earnestness. At once, upon seeing that there is room for him, Jesus comes; at once, upon seeing faith enough to make salvation possible, Christ begins to pour the joy of salvation upon the church. Christ is infinitely concerned to refresh, enlarge, adorn, and bless the church, for the church is his own body. Christ desires to walk in his garden, and to refresh himself there—for all his joys are in her. All his plans of redemption are centered in the church. All his interest in the affairs of the world, is limited by the relation of these affairs to his church. What men struggled for, live for, die for—all earth's gains, promotions, and successes, are not worth the ink which records them, except as they touch and influence the church. No language can exaggerate this truth, no imagination approach its measurement—that Christ has no joy like the joy of his people. The salvation of his elect is the travail of his soul. When this is accomplished, he will be satisfied—never before.

What a stimulus is this to our zeal, what a reward to our faith! So Jesus comes at thy bidding, humble disciple. He comes into thy love. He comes full of gladness, walking amidst the bowers of thy revived affections, gathering spices, smelling the fragrance of every grace, eating, drinking and supping with you; and in the joy of this present communion, giving you a sacrament and pledge of the joys which he will share with you in his kingdom above.

Will you not then so live, as constantly to welcome Christ into the garden of your soul, that both he and you may rejoice in the fragrance of your graces?

REV. DR. F. E. CLARKE.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

FOR THE BEST.

"It is all for the best." This is a very common remark—one which we have all probably uttered and heard many a time during our life. It is a very easy thing to say, also it is a very easy thing to believe, when it refers to others and not to ourselves. It is one of the set phrases which we, who are seldom anything better than "Job's comforter's find to say to our friends when they are passing through the dark waters of sorrow and affliction.

We do not say it, either to ourselves or others, in times of prosperity. Strange enough, it never occurs to us to doubt that it is "all for the best" when things go smoothly, when friends are plentiful, and health is enjoyed, and life has put on its most smiling face. We are satisfied then, and have no fears; we can look up to our Father with loving confidence, and say, "It is well." And so it is. It cannot be other than well. Could the Father's treatment of His children be anything but wise and kind, and full of loving tenderness? Nay, it could not, and therefore in joy as well as sorrow, in the day as well as the night, everything that happens is "for the best."

But, perhaps, the greater danger is in prosperity. When the day is bright and the earth is covered with flowers, and the air is full of music, the children are very apt to grow fascinated with these beautiful things, and wander away from the parent. But how earnestly they creep toward the sheltering arms, when the night falls, and the storm gathers, and the world is cold and dreary. "For whom the Lord *loveth* He chasteneth; and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." And when we know that our only place of safety is by His side, surely we shall not doubt but that the things which keep us there are "for the best."

And yet, even, if we do believe it, we cannot always be comforted even by that thought. Sorrow is not a pleasant thing. Trouble looks so much like punishment that we cannot help shrinking from it. Our eyes get so blinded by tears that they cannot see clearly. They are occupied in looking at the picture of what might have been, and, in our ignorance and pride, we sometimes venture to think, *that* would have been best. And we know what it is to feel very impatient, and unbelieving, and even angry, when one whose brow is smooth and bright, whose way lies over in sunshine, comes to us and blandly says, "Do not be cast down, it is all for the best." Ah, say we, drearily, it is so easy to talk.

But we find out the truth of this for ourselves very often. Does it not happen that, looking back, we are able to see better, and discover quite plainly that what seemed a rough and terrible path, as we struggled through it, was really a very pleasant way? Cannot we often see how that one trouble which nearly broke our hearts, was after all, the blessing of our lives? Cannot we realise what it saved us from, what it led us to?

But perhaps we shall not see how all is for the best until we get altogether free of the mists and shortsightedness of earth. We cannot look back far enough here. There we shall see quite clearly. There we shall give ungrudging praise, there we shall know that all things have worked together for good.

Dear friends, let us trust. What are we but children? Surely our Father knows best. Surely, after all we have had, and all He has promised, we cannot doubt either His love or His wisdom. His every act pure blessing is. We know it, and believe it. Why, then, are we cast down?—*Marianna Farningham.*

A JUDICIOUS WIFE.—A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature little twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd thing, she will find some means of preventing you doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in this world belongs unquestionably to woman. The wisest things a man commonly does, are those which his wife counsel him to do. A wife is a grand wielder of the moral pruning knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching all the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married, he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking absurdly, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is