

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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FREDERICTON, NOV. 15, 1872.

The Intelligencer.

THE ENEMY INDOORS.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

A few Saturday evenings since, Boston looked up her great warehouses, and went home to get ready for the Sabbath. No external danger alarmed her. No hostile fleet lay off her harbor; no enemy's batteries threatened her from Dorchester Heights. But a little secret seed of fire was nestled under one of her own roof-trees, which soon sprang into a horrible harvest of conflagration. Boston's enemy was within.

This is the physical illustration of the moral truth—a truth that quotes itself to be often than almost any text in the Bible—"that a man's foes shall be those of his own household." This truth has a thousand applications. It applies literally to the domestic household. Where do most men find their greatest help or their greatest hindrance to success in their business? At home! Frugality there commonly means prosperity. Extravagance there commonly means vexation, temptation to business gambling, and to eventual ruin. Half the married men who practice swindling are pushed on to it by an unprincipled mistress, or an extravagant wife and family. A man's wife is either his best friend or his worst enemy.

Where lies the greatest sorrow that disturbs the heart-peace and spoils all the lustre of worldly gains or promotions? It is in the worm at the root of the home life. It is nothing to a man to be prosperous in his store, office, or even in his pulpit, if he is wretched at his own hearthstone. Nor does the neglect or the social injustice of a whole neighborhood cut so deeply as the treachery or neglect of those nearest, and dearest to us. A wife can bear to be ignored by all her neighbors if her husband is only loving, and her children are affectionate and obedient. But a husband's unkindness is a dry sorrow that drinks her very heart's blood. Our severest wounds are often inflicted by the hands which ought to clasp our own the most closely. The betrayal of family secrets, the starting of damaging rumors, often proceed from some long, loose, limber tongue in our own household.

There, too, lurks the most frequent stumbling block to religious improvement. The Divine Teacher spoke about fathers being at variance with their own sons, and about mothers striving to keep their daughters out of His "kingdom." Well, it is just as true now as it was then, that one's spiritual "foes may be they of his own household." A parent's piety is often reproduced in his children. But so are a father's bad habits of down-right irreligion. Saying nothing about the hereditary taint of drunkenness and licentiousness, which often goes in the blood, there is a legacy of sin bequeathed by a father's example. In looking over my circle of acquaintance, I find that, while several good parents have had children, there are not many prayerless, ungodly parents who have converted sons. The pull of the parents downward is too strong for the upward pull of the pulpit and the Sabbath school.

If the father chiefly talks "money, money" at home, he generally rears a family in the worship of the almighty dollar. If he talks mainly of horses, games and races, he breeds a batch of sportsmen. If fashion is the family altar, then the children are offered up as victims upon that altar. If a man makes his own fireside attractive, he may reasonably hope to anchor his own children round it. My neighbor Q—makes himself the constant evening companion of his boys. The result is that the boys are never found in bad places. But if a father hears the clock strike eleven in the club-house or play-house, he need not be surprised if his boys hear it strike twelve in the gambling-room or the drinking-saloon. If he puts the bottle on his own table, he need not wonder if a drunken son staggers in, by and by, at the front door. When the best friend that childhood and youth ought to have becomes their foe, the home becomes the "starting-post" for moral ruin. A godless house is a poor school to train up souls for heaven. What is true of the domestic household is equally and even more true of the inner household, the heart. The Word of God likens a human being to a "tabernacle," a "temple," an "earthly house," &c.; and it is no violence to compare the inmates of our own hearts to a "household." What a curious family of faculties, thoughts and affections is living inside of every one of us! An unconverted heart is a habitation of the Evil One, with his brood of unholy desires, tastes and passions. Conversion is a spiritual house-cleaning. A genuinely renewed heart is a reformed household, with Christ dwelling in it and controlling it. Out of the heart are "the issues of life," yes, and of death. The only enemies that we ever need to be afraid of are within ourselves.

Did you ever know a good man or a pure woman utterly ruined by outside attacks upon their reputation? I never did. The abuse of a good man is commonly the head-wind that fans the fires of his own furnace, and gives him the greater headway. No true man was ever put down and kept down while he was true to conscience and to God. When character is destroyed, it is never mended; it is suicide. Kind reader, the only person in the universe that can put you down is one that lives in your own heart-house. If the living Jesus lives there and rules there, you are safe. You will be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

If your safety is from an indwelling Christ, so is your danger from an indwelling sin. The "world" never harms a Christian so long as he keeps it out of his heart. Temptation is never dangerous until it has an inside accomplice. Sin within betrays the heart to the outside assailant. The reason why Joseph did not fall was because he kept the sin out of his soul. The reason why David did fall was that the sin within him ignited at the view of wicked opportunity. The inward lust conceived and brought forth death.

There is a pretty sharp practical sermon in

that old familiar fable of Æsop about the countryman who discovered the frozen snake in his field. There was no danger from that numbed serpent while left out in the cold. But the foolish man carried it into his own house and laid it beside the fire. He domesticated it. And as soon as the reptile thawed out it began to slide about among the children, and to shoot in its deadly fang.

Al! it is the snake that we bring into our hearts and warm there that stings us! Sin without us is harmless. Sin within us poisons and kills. Our foe is of our own household. This is the scriptural way of putting the homely aphorism that "every one is his own worst enemy." This truth often comes to my door in the person of a broken-down creature, whose ill-flavored garments and bloated face are hanging out signals of distress. I knew him in his better days. He has a doleful story about "losing his situation," and "having no friends," and "everybody turning against him." Poor victim of his own sin, he may well say that he has no friend when he is his own deadly enemy. His Almighty Friend in Heaven cannot help him as long as he determines to be his own destroyer. Even the loving Saviour of sinners will keep no man out of hell as long as he keeps a hell in his own depraved heart. Oh! there is no more pitiable spectacle on earth than that of the person who has exiled all of his best impulses and all of his best teachings of childhood, and has driven away the Spirit of God, and given up his soul to the dominion of the Devil. Of such an one it is awfully true that "his house is left unto him desolate."

My column is up. I have only room for a word of practical counsel. *Be aware of your doors. Watch your own heart-door.* When you are tempted, inside, that you hear Satan trying at the latch. Slide in the bolt of prayer. The Devil is harmless while locked out; it is only the indoor enemy that destroys the house. That heart alone is securely guarded for all eternity that has the Lord Jesus Christ dwelling within it and keeping the keys.—*In dependence.*

ANCIENT TROY.

Excavations are now in progress on the site of ancient Troy, in Asia Minor, which can not but deeply interest not only archaeologists merely, but every one who has read the tale of Achilles' wrath, to Greece the dreadful spring of wars unnumbered.

From Homeric times the Plains of Troy, traversed by the little streams Scamander and Simois, and lying between the Ægean Sea and Mount Ida, have been identified with the scenes described in the Iliad; but so widely have travelers and archaeologists differed with regard to the site of the famous city which for ten years defied the united arms of Greece, that it has long been doubted whether any genuine remains of Troy could be found within the Iliad; and, in fact, whether such a city ever existed save in the fertile imagination of the author of the Homeric Epic.

These doubts are in a fair way of being removed by the discoveries of Dr. Henry Schliemann, who for more than a year has been conducting a series of explorations on the Plains of Troy, of which he has furnished an elaborate account to the *Herald*. He had previously broken ground in this neighborhood, which he had become the fashion to describe as the site of Troy, could lay no claim to that honor. He found that no considerable city could have been built there, both on account of the limited area of the site and of the absence of the remains of pottery at a greater depth than three or four feet below the surface. Excavations at other points, suggested by Strabo and other ancient historians and geographers, were equally fruitless of valuable results. Having settled this point, he turned his attention to a plateau several miles north of Barnabashi, and terminating abruptly on its northern and northwestern sides, which seemed admirably adapted for the site of a large city, such as Troy is described to have been. A slight excavation made in 1870 showed that the place was rich in remains of buried architecture and pottery. He at once made up his mind that he had discovered the site of Troy, and prepared to conduct his labors on an extensive scale with method.

The first difficulty to overcome was to obtain permission to dig into and through the plateau, which was owned partly by a Mr. Frank Calvert and partly by two Turks. The former cheerfully consented to have his premises invaded, but the latter, not sharing Dr. Schliemann's archaeological enthusiasm, would neither sell their land nor permit it to be excavated, except on the condition that they should receive a large sum of money and that the trenches should be filled up on the completion of the digging. Here the paternal Ottoman Government stepped in, compelled the Turks to sell the land at its estimated value to the Ministry of Public Instruction, and then obligingly turned it over to Dr. Schliemann. With eighty men he broke ground in October, 1871, and excavated until compelled, at the end of November by the winter rains, to desist. He resumed work with a much larger force of men last April, and has steadily prosecuted it until within the last few weeks. Next year he hopes to continue the interesting task he has undertaken.

The cutting made in 1871 revealed to him ruins of different ages in strata times were no regularity. Those of historic times were no more than seven feet below the surface. At a depth of fifteen feet only calcined ruins were found, showing that for ages preceding historic times none but wooden houses had existed there. At a depth of from fourteen to twenty-four feet many stone implements and fragments of pottery were found, but no metal, and the houses were of small stones united with earth, an indication that the inhabitants were Aryans. Ten feet lower he came upon houses of unburned brick, and implements and weapons of copper, and below this stratum were unearthed huge blocks of stone, which led the explorer to believe he had reached the veritable ruins of the lost city. Last spring he opened a trench in the abrupt north side, which he believed must have formed the site of the acropolis, and this was followed by

other cuttings in the vicinity, which have occupied the whole of the past season. Working his way with difficulty through immense masses of rubbish, he came in June upon a colossal structure of solid masonry, forty feet in thickness and twenty in height, built upon the primitive rock, which he conjectures, may have been a tower of the wall of Troy, and possibly that from which Andromache witnessed the death of Hector. It is composed of stones joined with clay, and is apparently as ancient as those prehistoric remains known as Cyclopean, and so different in structure and character from the ruins exhumed above it that there can be no doubt that its origin dates far back in the age of tradition and fable. He also discovered on the slope of the plateau part of a wall of huge stones joined with clay, seven feet in thickness by ten feet in height, which may have been the walls of a circumvallation mentioned in the Iliad as having been built around the city by Neptune and Apollo.

These structures, together with the supposed site of a temple, constitute the principal architectural discoveries of Dr. Schliemann, and of their absorbing interest and value there can be no question. But in connection with the remains of Troy he has also unearthed many implements and utensils, mostly in a mutilated condition, which illustrate the habits and religion of the ancient people who owned the sway of Priam. These comprise pottery of many varieties and great beauty, stone instruments, copper nails, lamps, urns, etc., which in material, workmanship, shape and ornamentation, indicate a people far more civilized than the races who successively built over the site of Troy. Much of the pottery is embellished with the crotched cross, a well-known symbol of the Aryan race. At a depth of fifty feet three large loads were found, which must unquestionably have lived there some three thousand years. "It is with a strange sensation," writes Dr. Schliemann, "that one looks upon creatures that were the contemporaries of Hector and Andromache, though they be only loads."

The excavations have hitherto been conducted by Dr. Schliemann at his own expense, and he intimates his willingness to resign the further prosecution of the work into the hands of competent intelligent persons.—The clew already furnished by him, the completion of the excavations can only be a question of time and money, and it is to be hoped that the want of these may not delay or indefinitely postpone discoveries in which all civilized persons are interested. A few years' intelligent labor would doubtless lay bare the foundations of the most famous city of epic song.

HOW TO CONDUCT FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY REV. W. C. FRATT.

How may family worship be so conducted as to secure the most beneficial results from it? To answer this question is the purpose of this article.

I would say, first, have all the members of the family, who are old enough to do so, take part in the exercises. Every one old enough to read should be the owner of a Bible, and all should take their turns at reading each a verse or two, until the whole lesson is read. And children three or four years old only should be taught to stand by one of the parents and look over the book, and to take pleasure in it.

The advantages of this plan over that of having but one reader are several. It gives each one a part to do instead of sitting idly and carelessly by, as if he had no part to do in the matter. It serves to rivet the attention of all upon the subject read, and to prevent their minds from wandering upon other things. It serves to familiarize all, even the youngest children, with the Bible by observing the printed page. And they soon learn to turn readily to any book of the Bible to which they may have occasion to refer, and will never grow up like a certain woman, who, although she had been for many years a professor of religion, attempted to find the book of James in the Old Testament.

I would recommend also the reading of the Bible in course. Not the whole Bible, as some families do, but, whole books of the Bible. By reading in course our families will gradually acquire a good consecutive knowledge of the Scriptures—a knowledge of the design and contents of the different books—such as would never be acquired by reading here and there a chapter at random.

I regard singing as an important and impressive part of family worship. And this, too, is a part in which all are privileged to engage.

Where a family can sing I would say, let them not fail to sing some one of the beautiful songs of Zion. This is adapted to lift the soul to God in devotion and praise. To children, this is usually one of the most attractive parts of worship in the family. These songs, too, teach and impress sentiments upon young minds which can never be erased. This is an age of singing and of good singing books, and, so far as possible, we ought all to learn to sing the praises of God. I may add that it will sometimes serve to deepen the interest of our children in family worship, if we permit them occasionally to select the hymn to be sung. They are thus led to feel that this service is in part their own, and does not belong simply alone to the parents.

Family worship should be sufficiently brief, not to become to any one a wearisome task. It is not surprising that the children of some excellent Christians acquire a distaste and even a hatred for this service, on account of its usually unnecessary and wearisome length. We have known parents to devote a full half-hour to family worship, when ten minutes would have been far more profitable. In my view, long chapters should usually be divided, of course somewhat according to the sense; as it is desirable, when possible, to have a completed subject or completed part of a subject for each lesson.

And why should the prayer be a long one? God is in heaven and we are on earth. Therefore we should let our words be few. We are not heard for our much speaking or for our vain repetitions. Above all things, let us

never habituate ourselves to a formal round of petitions. Let our petitions grow mainly out of the Scripture lesson read, or out of some sense of special need pertaining to the family, and it will not take long to spread all our peculiar wants before the Lord. The prayers recorded in the Scriptures are all of them brief, definite and to the point. So should ours be, especially should family prayer be mainly local and particular, and not too abstract and general.—*Exchange.*

ALMOST A REVIVAL.

A church sometimes comes very near a revival and then misses it. The impending blessing proves like the morning cloud and the early dew, and vanishes away. Many causes may contribute to such a disastrous failure, but one of the commonest is want of sufficient desire for the blessing.

"Whatsoever things ye desire," says our Lord, in giving the conditions of prevailing prayer. Desire is as really a condition precedent as faith. Zion must travail before sons are born. And the desire must be in some measure commensurate with the value of the favor.

If a son comes to his father and says in a careless tone, "Father, please send me to college," and without waiting for the answer, turns to his sports and shows by his whole demeanor that he has forgotten what he asked for, the father, though it be the object nearest his heart to give his boy a liberal education, does not grant such a flippant request. And yet this is precisely the character of much of the prayer offered for a revival—a blessing of infinitely greater value, and one which God is waiting to bestow. A broad barrier of indifference is thrown across the channel which is already flooding with the water of life.

"We must," said Jeremy Taylor "follow our petitions to the throne of grace and stand waiting for the answer."

The history of every great revival proves that this earnest desire is a fixed condition of success. It is only where there is impatience, and such impatience as arises almost into irreverence when the language of the church becomes that of the patriarch, "We will not let thee go except thou bless us," that she prevails.

And this is unquestionably the reason why poor and struggling churches are so much more frequently revived than those which are popular and wealthy—the one being satisfied with Laodæan complacency, "We are rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing," while the other cries out over the waves of financial distress, "Help, Lord, or we perish." And the church as a body must come into this posture.

Where the Gospel is preached in a mission, God may pour out his Spirit in answer to one man's prayer of faith, but where there is a church that prayer must become general and united, the members must be of one accord in one place before the pentecostal power is received from on high. A revival even in the largest church may indeed begin in answer to the prayer of a single member.

Dr. Beecher says of his first revival in East Hampton, that revival which did so much to mould his career as a minister, that while listening, at a meeting of Synod in Newark, to Dr. Griffin's account of a recent work of grace in his own church, "The fire caught in our hearts and we determined to go back to our dark parishes and labor for a revival." At first, he says, it was like Elijah praying without a cloud in the sky, and people as he listened wondered what signs of a revival he saw. But at length a bed-ridden member sent for him and told him he had been praying for a revival, and praying for each member, beginning at one house, and then going to the next until he had canvassed the whole town by his prayer. Twenty-four hours did not elapse from this interview before in an instant a little cloud was seen in the sky, and soon, as the doctor expressed it, "the flood was rolling all around."

When a single soul in a church receives the baptism of the Holy Spirit, it is like a fire kindled in a large pile on a dark winter's night. Currents of air begin instantly to set toward it from every point of the compass, and soon the whole pile is ablaze, and its light is seen from afar.

It is a sad thing for a single individual to be almost persuaded to be a Christian, to come so near the threshold of the strait gate that one step more would carry him through, and then to turn back, and like a full-fledged vessel sink in the very mouth of the harbor.

Infinitely more calamitous is it for a church to be almost but not altogether revived, to receive a few bright mercy drops and then to remain for long years like the mountains of Gilboa where neither rain nor dew descended. To every such church standing to-day before a wide and effectual door as the poor widow stood before the door of the unjust judge, there comes from the other side the voice of the Master saying, "Come in, for I have heard thy cry." Shall not God avenge his own elect who cry day and night unto him? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily.—*Evangelist.*

CHEER HIM.

A fireman was once striving to save a person in danger of perishing in a burning house, but the flames leaped out of the windows and beat him back. "He'll never do it," cried one, "He'll have to come down." "Cheer him," shouted another, and in a moment three stirring hurrahs went up from the crowd. It nerved the man's arm and strengthened his spirit. It quickened his movements, and in another minute he bore the child down in safety to its mother's arms.

What a power in that cheering! So it often is with those who are ready to give out by the way. They would have perished but for some good stirring word of cheer God put in the heart of some one to speak to them. Have you ever cheered a desponding heart thus? Or have you let opportunities slip by with the feeling, "Am I my brother's keeper?" We are all, in a sense, our brother's keeper. Is there a poor down-hearted man in your community whom sickness and misfortune have

reduced? Don't give him the cold shoulder, as is the world's custom when a man is unfortunate. Cheer him and see if it will not infuse new life into his heart. Do more, lend a helping hand if you can.

What would you have done that day your wheel stuck in the rut if a neighbor had not happened along who could lend you a helping hand for five minutes? It was very little for him to do, but it was worth a great deal to you. A little after you were rolling along prosperously as if nothing had happened. Just so a little cheer and a little help often put a poor neighbor on the road again. Surely it were worse than churlish to refuse to give what costs you such a little effort, yet is worth so much.—*Country Gentleman.*

RANDOM READINGS.

MANY RUN about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat, while it is on his head or in his hand.

The fountain of joy becomes a Man of sorrows; and the Lord of glory was covered with shame; and why? amazing mystery! that we might be raised to happiness and glory.

CLOSET DEVOTIONS are the precursor to family worship. Family religion underlies the commonwealth, and the church of Christ. No Christian government, no healthy public conscience, no Bible philanthropies, no godly church life can exist without their roots beneath Christian hearthstones and family altars.

AS MEN ARE UNCONSCIOUS of how much harm they do, and of how much unhappiness they unwittingly cause, so they may do a great deal, intending it; but no man ever works boldly and strongly and wholeheartedly, but what I think he does more without knowing it than he does knowing it.—*Beecher.*

A SCOTIC who was trying to confuse a Christian colored man by the contradictory passages in the Bible, asked him how it could be true that we were in the Spirit, and the Spirit in us. "Oh?" replied he, "dar's no puzzle 'bout dat. It's like dat poker; I put it in de fire till it gets red-hot—now de poker's in de fire, and de fire's in de poker."

WILL MEN NEVER LEARN anything? A man talks to me in such a way that I see through him in a moment. He is trying to make an impression on me about himself, or about this, that, or the other thing; and the moment the time is that I see through him. He was to think that I could not see through him? And yet, I go straight to my neighbor's and try the same trick; and when I am gone he says, "What a fool! And he goes to his neighbor, and does the same thing!—*Beecher.*

AN OLD minister used to carry about a little book with only three leaves, and no words in it. The first leaf was black, the next scarlet, the last white. Day by day he looked at it, and at last told what it meant, something in this way: "Here is the black leaf, that shows my sin, and what it deserves. Then comes the red page, to tell me of Jesus' blood. I look at it and weep, and look again. Last comes the white leaf—a picture of my laric soul washed in the cleansing fountain and made clean."

THE OFFICE OF SLEEP.—Nature won't be robbed! How many times have you heard the old saying? Experience teaches fathers and mothers to urge upon youthful sons and daughters that they should have a regular hour for going to rest at night, and that hour be an early one, so that by an abundance of sweet sleep they may not fail of the best measure of physical and mental growth. Hours of sleep, not the sleep of exhaustion, are hours of accumulation. Some one asserts that the greatest preachers have been great sleepers. Does the thought that the pastor sometimes finds himself compelled to write late into Saturday night to finish his sermon, explain the lack of force in his pulpit efforts on the Sabbath? One of a minister's first duties is to himself, by rest, and in all ways to keep himself in as wholesome and perfect a frame of body, and hence of spirit, as it is possible for him to aquire.—*Selected.*

PASTOR'S REWARD.—That good, faithful pastoral work is appreciated in the State of Ohio is illustrated by the following incident that occurred in Ironton. A revival preacher, who had won fame by his power in the pulpit, came to Ironton for a week's work. He was very zealous, preached every night, excited considerable interest, and was vehement in his exhortations to the unrepentant portion of the congregation to come forward. On the last evening of his labors he outdid himself, but not a person rose to come forward. Discouraged, he sat down; whereupon a graves-faced, anxious-looking man got up, and said that the elder had been ben working hard and laboring faithfully among them, and, as a token of their appreciation, he moved that the congregation give him three cheers! It was done heartily, and that contrite congregation went quietly and silently home, satisfied that they had fully and faithfully performed their duty.—*Harper's Magazine.*

DECEIVING CHILDREN.—Dr. B. was called to visit a sick boy, twelve years of age. As he entered the house the mother took him aside and told him she could not get her boy to take any medicine unless she deceived him.

"Well, then," said Dr. B., "I shall not give him any. He is old enough to be reasoned with."

He went to the boy, and after an examination said to him:

"My little man, you are very sick, and must take some medicine. It will taste badly, and make you feel badly for a little while, and then I expect it will make you feel better."

The doctor prepared the medicine, and the boy took it like a man, without any resistance; and he would make from his mother anything that the physician had prescribed, but would take nothing else from her. She had so often deceived him, and told him it was good, when she gave medicines, that he would not trust to anything she said.

Honesty with children, as well as with all others, and in all circumstances, is the best policy.