

and experience of Christianity will evaporate the more sentiment. A scholar who becomes a saint, will regard to the teachings of the World, and will call the habits of the unconscious imitation into a certain way of "consistent" living, may seem to be a "hopeful case," when in fact he has weakened his mind by the iteration of truths which he makes no point of believing. He is under the negative injunctions of the teachers, and he neither; do not be angry; do not disobey; do not forget to pray—may be more or less heeded; but the positive ones—he kind and self-sacrificing—be in earnest, out of goodness, the "soldier of the cross"—become unnumbered commonplaces for a child who is not led to some definite undertaking and *shown how to do it*.

The most common excuse for inactivity among grown-up Christians is that they "do not know how," or they "do not see" anything calling for their co-operation. The habit of seeing, and the power of adaptation to practical problems, are best cultivated in *early life*. The older the S. N. G., the more work as well as instruction.

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**RANDOM READINGS.**  
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**SABBATH BREAKING.**—A Syrian convert to Christianity, as the story goes, was urged by his employer to go to work on Sunday, but he declined. "But," said the master, does not your Bible say that if a man has an ox that he may plow him out? Yes," answered Hayoh, "but if an ass has been thrashed, coming into the same pit every Sabbath day, then the man should fill up the pit or sell the ass." The story has a sort of swivel "moral" which will fit in with the reputed points in these days.—*Congregationalist*.

That marvel of industry and many-sided man, the late Bishop Wilberforce, who, asked, a short time before his decease, by a country archdeacon—"When do you find time to think over your sermons?" replied, "When I am alone." He was his habit, when travelling by rail, to take his secretary with him, and there read his letters and dictate replies.

Some Christian brethren were conversing on the best means for securing a revival in a time of general religious declension. Some proposed they should begin to persuade the means of quickening the spiritual life. Then a brother, who was accustomed to use an axe, remarked, "if I go into the woods with a dull axe, I work hard to chop; but, and my axe never becomes sharper by use, I must begin to begin work with a sharp axe." Do we not have a dull, a fruitless, discouraging efforts with dull tools when a proper fitness for our work at first would secure glorious success?

**A WITTY PREACHER.**—A clergyman was recently annoyed by persons talking and giggling. He looked at the disturbers and said "I am always annoyed by persons who misbehave, for this reason: Some years since, as I was preaching, a young man who sat before me was constantly laughing, talking and making unbecoming grimaces. I paused and administered a severe rebuke. After the close of the service a gentleman said to me, 'Sir you have made a great mistake. That young man was an idiot.' Since that I have always been afraid to reprove those who misbehave, for I am sure that I should make a mistake and reprove another idiot." During the rest of the service there was good order.

**CHRIST WILL NOT TAKE SECTIONS,** prayers, fastings—no, not the giving our goods, nor the giving our bodies—instead of love. And we love him, and yet care not how long we live. Was it such a joy to Jacob to see the face of Joseph in Egypt, and shall we be contented without the sight of Christ in glory, and yet say we love him? I dare not conclude that we have no love at all for the world, but to die; but I dare say, we were our love not to die, and more willingly; by our unwillingness to die, we are little weary of sin. Did we take sin for the greatest evil, we should not be willing to have its company so long.

**NOTHING.** SO STRONGLY INDICATES the man of pure and wholesome thought as habitual peace and a conversation among his mates, his own kind, you may always find a man to form an opinion as to the moral worth of a man. It is there, where no restraint is supposed to be placed upon his words, then you discover the true nature. If he be given to looseness of discourse, or his manner to the discussion of subjects proscribed by his company or respectable society, you may justly mark him as one with whom association is undesirable.

**WHAT HE WOULD DO.**—A lady once asked Mr. Westcott, "If you knew that you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening night?" "How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach to-night at Gloucester, and at six to-morrow morning, after the service, I should ride to Tewksbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the friends, and then to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heavenly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

**SCIENTISM** is of two kinds, it is either its own end, and rests tranquilly in the negation of all attitude, or it has a secret aim quite different from its avowed object. In the bosom of philosophy it has the spirit of combatting for the unlimited liberty of the human mind against the tyranny of what it calls philosophical dogmatism, while, in reality, it is compromising in favor of foreign tyranny. Who does not remember, for example, having seen in our time a French writer (Abbe Lemassieu) preaching in one volume of the "Essay on Indifference," the most absolute scepticism, to conduct us, in the other volumes, to the most absolute dogmatism that ever existed.

—M. Cousin.

A poor wounded boy was dying in a hospital. He was a soldier, but a mere boy for all that. The lady who watched by his bedside saw that death was coming fast, and placing her hand upon his head, she said, "My dear boy, if this should be death that is coming upon you, are you ready to meet your God?" The large, dark eyes opened slowly, and she passed over the young soldier's face, and he answered, "Yes, ready, dear lady, for this has long been my King's word." And as he spoke he placed his hand upon his forehead, and said, "You mean," questioned the lady, gently, "that God rules and reigns in your heart?" "Yes," he answered, but his voice sounded far off, sweet and low, as if it came from a soul already well on its way.