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☞ An Inspection is respectfully solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, December 18, 1874.

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. XXII.—No. 6. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1875. Whole No. 1098.

The Intelligencer.

BROOKLYN TABERNACLE PULPIT.

(PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY WILLIAM WALTON.)

SNOW WATER AND ALKALI INSUFFICIENT.

"If I wash myself with snow-water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."—Job ix. 30, 31.

ALBERT BARNES—honored be his name on earth and in heaven—went straight back to the original writing of my text, and translated it as I have now quoted it, giving substantial reasons for so doing. Although we know better the ancients had an idea that in snow-water there was a special power to cleanse, and that a garment washed and rinsed in it would be as clean as could be; but if the plain snow-water failed to do its work, then they would take lye or alkali and mix it with oil, and under that preparation they felt that the last impurity would certainly be gone. Job, in my text, in most forceful figure, sets forth the idea that all his attempts to make himself pure before God were a dead failure, and that unless we are abluted by something better than earthly liquids and chemical preparations, we are loathsome and in the ditch. "If I wash myself with snow-water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You are now sitting for your picture. I turn the camera obscura of God's word full upon you, and I pray that the sunshine falling through the skylight may enable me to take you just as you are. Shall it be a flattering picture or shall it be a true one? You say, "Let it be a true one." The first profile that was ever taken three hundred and thirty years before Christ, is of Antigonus. He had a blind eye, and he compelled the artist to take his profile so as to hide the defect in his vision. But since that invention, three hundred and thirty years before Christ, there have been a great many profiles. Shall I, to-night, give you a one-sided view of yourselves, a profile, or shall it be a full-length portrait, showing you how you stand before heaven and earth and hell? If God will help me by His almighty grace, I shall give you that last kind of a picture.

When I first entered the ministry, I used to write my sermons all out and read them, and run my hand along the line lest I should lose my place. I have hundreds of those manuscripts. Shall I ever preach them? Never; for in those days I was somehow overmastered with the idea I heard talked all around about the dignity of human nature, and I adopted the idea, and I evolved it, and I illustrated it, and I argued it; but coming on in life, and having seen more of the world, and studied better my Bible, I find that early teaching was faulty, and that there is

NO DIGNITY IN HUMAN NATURE.

until it is reconstructed by the grace of God. Talk about vessels going to pieces on the Skerries, off Ireland! There never was such a shipwreck as in the Gihon and the Hiddekel, rivers of Eden, where our first parents foundered. Talk of a steamer going down with five hundred passengers aboard! What is that to the shipwreck of twelve hundred million souls? We are by nature a mass of uncleanness and putrefaction, from which it takes all the omnipotence and infinitude of God's grace to extricate us. "If I wash myself with snow-water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet shalt Thou plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

I remark, in the first place, that some people try to cleanse their soul of sin in the snow-water of *fine apologies*. Here is one man who says: "I am a sinner; I confess that; but I inherited this. My father was a sinner, my grandfather, my great-great-grandfather, and all the way back to Adam, and I couldn't help myself." My brother, have you not, every day in your life, added something to the original estate of sin that was bequeathed to you? Are you not brave enough to confess that you have sometimes surrendered to sin which you ought to have conquered? I ask you whether it is fair play to put upon our ancestry things for which we ourselves are personally responsible? If your nature was askew when you got it, have you not sometimes given it an additional twist? Will all the tombstones of those who have preceded us make a barricade high enough for eternal defences? I know a devout man who had blasphemous parentage. I know an honest man whose father was a thief. I know a pure man whose mother was a waif of the street. The hereditary tide may be very strong, but there is such a thing as stemming it. The fact that I have a corrupt nature is no reason why I should yield to it. The deep stains of our soul can never be washed out by the snow-water of such insufficient apology.

Still further says some one: "If I have gone into sin, it has been through my companions, my comrades and associates; they ruined me. They taught me to drink. They plunged me into the house of sin. They ruined my soul." I do not believe it. God gave to no one the power to destroy you or me. If a man is destroyed he is self-destroyed, and that is always so. Why did you not break away from them? If they had tried to steal your purse, you would have knocked them down; if they had tried to purloin your gold watch, you would have riddled them with shot; but when they tried to steal your immortal soul, you placidly submit to it. Those bad fellows have

A CUP OF FIRE TO DRINK;

do not pour your cup into it. That those persons are not fully responsible for your sin, I prove by the fact that you still consort with them. Your affinities are with them; you stay with them, and there is some prospect that you will stay with them forever. Perhaps you may have adjoining dungeons. Perhaps you may be fastened to opposite ends of the same chain. Perhaps you may carry different parts of the same groan. You cannot get off by blaming them. Though you gather up all these apologies; though there were a great flood of them; though they should come down with the force of the melting snows from Lebanon and the Himalayas, they could not wash out one stain of your immortal soul.

Still further, some persons apologize for their sins by saying: "We are a great deal better than some people. You see people all around about us that are a great deal worse than we." You stand up columnar in your integrity, and look down upon those who are prostrate in their habits and crimes. What of that, my brother? If I failed through recklessness and wicked imprudence for ten thousand dollars, is the matter alleviated at all by the fact that somebody else has failed for one hundred thousand dollars, and somebody else for two hundred thousand dollars? Oh, no. If I have the neuralgia, shall I refuse medical attendance because my neighbor has virulent typhoid fever? The fact that his disease is worse than mine—does that cure mine? If I, through my foolhardiness, leap off into eternal woe, does it break the fall to know that others leap off a higher cliff into deeper darkness? When the Hudson River rail-train went through the bridge at Spuyten Duyvel, did it alleviate the matter at all that instead of two or three people being hurt there were seventy-five mangled and crushed? Because others are depraved, is that any excuse for my depravity? Am I better than they? Perhaps they had worse temptations than I have had. Perhaps their surroundings in life were more overpowering. Perhaps, oh man, if you had been under the same stress of temptation, instead of sitting here to-night, you would have been looking through the bars of a penitentiary. Perhaps, oh woman, if you had been under the same power of temptation, instead of sitting here to-night, you would be tramping the street, the laughing stock of men and the grief of the angels of God, dungeoned, body, mind, and soul, in the blackness of despair. Ah,

DO NOT LET US SOLACE OURSELVES.

with the thought that other people are worse than we. Perhaps in the future, when our fortunes may change, unless God prevents it we may be worse than they are. Many a man after thirty years, after forty years, after fifty years and after sixty years, has gone to pieces on the sand-bars. Oh, instead of wasting our time in hypercriticism about others, let us ask ourselves the questions, where *we* stand? what are our sins? what are our deficits? what are our perils? what our hopes? Let each one say to himself: "Where will I be? Shall I range in summery fields, or grind in the mills of a great night? Shall it be anthem or shriek? Shall it be with God or fiends? Where? Where?" Some winter morning you go out and see a snowbank in graceful drifts, as though by some heavenly compass it had been curved, and as the sun glints it the lustre is almost insufferable, and it seems as if God had wrapped the earth in a shroud with white plaits woven in looms celestial. And you say: "Was there ever anything as pure as the snow, so beautiful as the snow?" But you brought a pail of that snow and put it upon the stove and melted it, and you found that there was a sediment at the bottom and every drop of that snow-water was riled, and you find that the snowbank had gathered up the impurity of the field, and that, after all, it was fit to wash in. And so I say it will be if you try to gather up these contrasts and comparisons with others, and with these apologies attempt to wash out the sins of your heart and life. It will be an unsuccessful ablution. Such snow-water will never wash away a single stain of an immortal soul.

But I heard some one say: "I will try something better than that. I will try the force of a good resolution. That will be more pungent, more caustic, more extirpating, more cleansing. The snow-water has failed, and now I will try the alkali of a good, strong resolution." My dear brother, have you any idea that a resolution about the future will liquidate the past? Suppose I owed you five thousand dollars, and I should come to you to-morrow and say: "Sir, I will never run in debt to you again; if I should live thirty years I will never run in debt to you again;" will you turn to me and say: "If you will not run in debt in the future I will forgive you the five thousand dollars." Will you do that? No! nor will God. We have been running up a long score of indebtedness with God. If for the future we should abstain from sin, that would be no defrayment of past indebtedness. Though you should live from this time forth pure as an archangel before the throne, that

WOULD NOT REDEEM THE PAST.

God, in the Bible, distinctly declares that He "will require that which is past"—past opportunities, past neglects, past wicked words, past impure imaginations, past everything. The past is a great cemetery, and every day is buried in it. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five graves. They are the dead days of 1873. Here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1872. And here is a long row of three hundred and sixty-five more graves, and they are the dead days of 1871. It is a vast cemetery of the past. But God will rouse them all up with resurrectionary blast, and as the prisoner stands face to face with juror and judge, so you and I will have to come up and look upon those departed days face to face, exulting in their smile or cowering in their frown. "Murder will out," is a proverb that stops too short. Every sin, however small as well as great, will out. In hard times in England, years ago, it is authentically stated a manufacturer was on the way, with a bag of money, to pay off his hands. A man, infuriated with hunger, met him on the road, and took a rail with a nail in it from a paling fence, and struck him down, the nail entering the skull, instantly slew him. Thirty years after that the murderer went back to that place. He passed into the graveyard, where the sexton was digging a grave, and while he stood there the spade of the sexton turned up a skull, and lo! the murderer saw a nail protruding from the back part of the skull, and as the sexton turned the skull it seemed with hollow eyes to glare on the murderer, and he, first petrified with horror, stood in silence, but soon cried out: "Guilty! Guilty! O God!" The mystery of the crime was over. The man was tried and executed. My friends, all the unpardoned sins of our lives, though we may think they are buried out of sight and gone into a mere skeleton of memory, will turn up in the cemetery of the past, and glower upon us with their misdoings. I say all our unpardoned sins. Oh, have you done the preposterous thing of supposing that good resolutions for the future will wipe out the past. Good resolutions, though they may be pungent and caustic as alkali, have no power to neutralize a sin—have no power to wash away a transgression. It wants something more than earthly chemistry to do this. Yea, yea, though "I wash myself with snow-water, and should I cleanse my hands in alkali, yet thou shalt plunge me in the ditch, and mine own clothes shall abhor me."

You see from the last part of this text that Job's idea of sin was very different from that of Lord Byron or Eugene Sue or George Sand or M. J. Michelet or any of the hundreds of writers who have done up iniquity in mezzotint, and garlanded the wine cup with eglantine and rosemary, and made the path of the libertine end in bowers of ease instead of on the hot flagging infernal torture. You see that Job thinks that

SIN IS NOT A FLOWERY PARTERRE;

that it is not a table-land of fine prospects; that it is not music, dulcimer, violoncello, castanet, and Pandean pipes, all making music together. No. He says it is a ditch, long, deep, loathsome, stenchful, and we are all plunged into it, and there we wallow and sink and struggle, not able to get out. Our robes of propriety and robes of worldly profession are saturated in the slime and abomination, and our soul, covered over with transgression, hates its covering and the covering hates the soul, until we are plunged into the ditch and our own clothes abhor us.

I know that some modern religionists caricature sorrow for sin, and they make out an easier path than the "pilgrim's progress" that John Bunyan dreamed of. The road they travel does not start were John's did, at the city of Destruction, but at the gate of the university; and I am very certain that it will not come out where John's did, under the shining ramparts of the celestial city. No repentance: no pardon. If you do not, my brother, feel that you are down in the ditch, what do you want of Christ to lift you? If you have no appreciation of the fact that you are astray, what do you want of Him who came to seek and save that which was lost? Yonder is the *Scotia*, the swiftest of the Cunarders, coming across the Atlantic. The wind is abaft, so that she has not only her engines at work, but all sails up. I am on board the *Spain*, of the National line. The boat-davits are swung around. The boat is lowered. I get into it with a red flag and cross over to where the *Scotia* is coming, and I wave the flag. The captain looks off from the bridge, and says: "What do you want?" I reply: "I come to take some of your passengers across to the other vessel; I think they will be safer and happier there." The captain would look down with indignation, and say: "Get out of the way or I will run you down." And then I would back oars, amid the jeering of two or three hundred people looking over the taffrail. But the *Spain* and the *Scotia* meet under different circumstances after awhile. The *Scotia* is coming out of a cyclone; the life-boats all smashed; the bulwarks gone; the wheel off; the vessel rapidly going down. The boatswain gives his last whistle of despairing command. The passengers run up and down the deck, and some pray, and all make a great outcry. The captain says: "You have about fifteen minutes now to prepare for the next world." "No hope!" sounds from stem to stern, and from the ratlines down to the cabin, I see the distress. I am let down by the side of the *Spain*.

I PUSH OFF AS FAST AS I CAN

towards the sinking *Scotia*. Before I come up, people are leaping into the water in their anxiety to get to the boat, and when I have swung up under the side of the *Scotia*, the frenzied passengers rush through the gangway until the officers, with axe and clubs and pistols, try to keep back the crowd, each wanting his turn to come next. There is but one life-boat, and they all want to get into it, and the cry is: "Me next! me next!" You see the application before I make it. As long as a man going on in his sin feels that all is well, that he is coming out at a beautiful port, and has all sail set, he wants no Christ, he wants no help, he wants no rescue; but if under the flash of God's convicting spirit he shall see that by reason of sin he is dismasted and water-logged and going down into the trough of a sea where he cannot live, how soon he puts the sea-glass to his eye and sweeps the horizon, and at the first sign of help cries out: "I want to be saved. I want to be saved. I want to be saved forever." No sense of danger, no application for rescue.

Oh, that God's eternal spirit would flash upon us a sense of usefulness. The Bible tells the story in letters of fire, but we get used to it. We joke about sin. We make merry over it. What is sin? Is it a trifling thing? Sin is a vampire that is sucking out the life blood of your immortal nature. Sin? It is a Bastile that no earthly key ever unlocked? Sin? It is expatriation from God and heaven. Sin? It is Grand Larceny against the Almighty, for the Bible asks the question, "Will a man rob God?" answering it in the affirmative. This Gospel is a writ of replevin to recover property unlawfully detained from God.

The bell at the gate of Greenwood tolls. The procession goes through, and ropes are wrapped around the casket, and the casket lowered five or six feet; but the body inside the casket is no more dead than is every man until he has been regenerated by the grace of God. It is not my say so, but the Bible, which pronounces us *dead*, dead in trespasses and in sins. The maniac who puts around his brow a bunch of straw, and thinks it is a crown, and holds in his hand a stick and thinks it is a sceptre, and gathers up some pebbles and thinks they are diamonds, is no more beside himself than is every one who has not accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour, for the Bible, in the parable, intimates that every prodigal is beside himself, in phantasia, in delirium, in madness. In Shetland Island there is a man with leprosy. The hollow of the foot has swollen until it is flat on the ground. The joints begin to fall away. The ankle thickens until it looks like the foot of a wild beast. A stare unnatural comes to the eye. The nostril is constricted. The voice drops to an almost inaudible hoarseness. Tubercles blotch the whole body, and from them there comes an exudation that is unbearable to the beholder. That is leprosy, and we have all got it unless cleansed by the grace of God. See Leviticus. See Second Kings. See Mark. See Luke. See fifty Bible allusions and confirmations. If these things be so, should I not tell you so?

THE BIBLE IS NOT COMPLIMENTARY

in its language. It does not speak mincingly about our sins. It does not talk apologetically. There is no vermillion in its style. It does not cover up our transgressions with blooming metaphor. It does not speak about them in weak falsetto; but thunders it out: "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth. Every one has gone back. He has altogether become filthy. He is abominable and filthy, and drinketh in iniquity like water." And then the Lord flings down at our feet this humiliating catalogue: "Out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornication, theft, evil speaking, blasphemy." Oh there is a text for your rationalist to preach from. Oh the dignity of human nature! There is an element of your science of man that the anthropologist never has had the courage yet to touch, and the Bible, in all the ins and outs of the most forceful style, sets forth our natural pollution, and represents iniquity as a frightful thing, as an exhausting thing, as a loathsome thing. It is not a mere bemiring of the feet, it is not a mere befouling of the hands; it is going down, head and ears under, in a ditch until our own clothes abhor us.

My brethren, shall we stay down where sin thrusts us? I shall not, if you do. We cannot afford to. I have, to-night, to tell you that there is something purer than snow-water, something more pungent than alkali, and that is the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanseth from all sin. Aye, the river of salvation, bright, crystalline, and heaven-born, rushes through this audience with billowy tide, strong enough to wash your sins completely and forever away. Oh Jesus, let the dam that holds it back now break and the floods of salvation roll over us.

"Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure."

Oh sinner get down on both knees and bathe in that flood of mercy. Aye, strike out with both hands, and try to swim to the shore of this river of God's grace. To you is the word of this salvation sent. Take this largess of the Divine bounty. Though you have gone down in the deepest ditch of libidinous desire and corrupt behaviour, though you have sworn all blasphemies until there is not one sinful word left for you to speak, though you have been submerged by the transgressions of a lifetime, though you are so far down in your sin that no earthly help can touch your case,—

THE LORD JESUS CHRIST BENDS OVER YOU

to-night, and offers you His right hand, proposing to lift you up, first making you whiter than snow, and then raising you to glories that never die. "Billy," said a Christian bootblack to another, "when we come up to heaven, it won't make any difference that we've been bootblacks here, for we shall get in, not somehow or other, but, Billy, we shall get straight through the gate." Oh if you only knew how full and free and tender is the offer of Christ, this night you would all take Him without one single exception; and if all the doors of this house were locked save one, and you were compelled to make egress by only one door, and I stood there and questioned you, and the Gospel of Christ had made the right impression upon your heart to-night, you would answer me as you went out, one and all: "Jesus is mine, and I am His." Oh that this might be the night when you would receive Him. It is not a Gospel merely for footpads and vagrants and buccaneers, it is for the highly polished and the educated and the refined as well. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Whatever may be your associations and whatever your worldly refinements, I must tell you, as before God I expect to answer in the last day, that if you are not changed by the grace of God, you are still down in the ditch of sin, in the ditch of sorrow, in the ditch of condemnation; a ditch that empties into a deeper ditch, the ditch of the lost. But blessed be God for the lifting, cleansing lustrating power of His Gospel.

"The voice of free grace cries escape to the mountain;
For all that believe Christ has opened a fountain.
Hallelujah! to the Lamb who hath bought us our pardon;
We'll praise Him again when we pass over Jordan."

"NOTHING TO DO."

"Nothing to do," said a Christian! one who has seen the exceeding sinfulness of sin, felt himself condemned by the holy law of God, and fleeing to Jesus for help, has found in him the "one able to save."

"Nothing to do;" and this from the lip of a professed follower of him who through all his early life "went about doing good," and at last gave himself as a ransom for the sins of the world; from one who hopes at last to join the ransomed in the glad cry, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!" Saved by the suffering and death of Jesus, and yet "nothing to do" for him.

"Nothing to do;" and the world, which God so loved that he gave his only begotten Son to save it still lies in wickedness; and the cries of the oppressed and down-trodden, the sighing of earth's needy and sorrowing ones, goes up from all its wide extent to heaven.

"Nothing to do" for the Master, whose command to all his disciples is, "Go work today in my vineyard." No cross or bitter trial to be meekly borne; no suffering to be patiently endured because sent by a Father's hand; no tear to wipe from the eye of suffering; no wandering soul to lead gently to the fold of the Good Shepherd; not "a cup of cold water" even to give to a weary disciple in his name, for his sake and from love to him.

"Nothing to do" in the great work of the world's evangelization; no part in fulfilling the Saviour's last command to "preach the gospel to every creature;" no influence to use for the conversion of individual souls; no earnest, agonizing prayers; no effort to bring this lost and ruined world to Jesus; no ignorant souls to instruct in the truths of God's word; no loving word to speak for Jesus—"nothing to do" for him.

We cannot conceive that Christ should rescue a soul from the thraldom of sin, wash and sanctify it in his own precious blood, and yet give it "nothing to do" for him, in return for his unspeakable love! The Christian may have but one talent entrusted to him, but it is given him to be used in the Master's service, and not to be "hidden in the earth." Whether the talents given to each one be few or many, the command is the same: "Occupy till I come."—*Irish Evangelist.*

SPIRITUALISM.

[Perhaps no one knows more of spiritualism than "Brick Pomeroy." For him it wrecked a pleasant home, and drove from his door one of the loveliest of women, and a charming daughter. It hurled him from a high position, and robbed him of his wealth. His experience is similar to that of hundreds of others, and the following is his present opinion, which more than one aching heart will fully indorse.]

"We have studied the phenomena of spiritualism for years. Have given it much of time, and weeks of thought. Have mixed with mediums, sat in circles, listened to wonderful things, seen strange sights and startling experiences, but do not know that we are one whit better, braver, and more honest, than before entering upon the investigation.

"The lessons learned in the lap of the good woman who taught us of the Bible, have stood us better in all the battles of life, and conflict with corruption, than has all the knowledge yet obtained through spiritualism. The Bible tells us to be pure, upright, virtuous, and united in faith with those who are workers for immortality, and upright walkers on the road of life. Spiritualism leads to free love, adultery, and infidelity. It is in and of itself a puzzle—an enigma—a mass of disintegrated rubbish—very much of the order of nightmare, as eliminated by those of its mountebanks who stand at the head of the spiritualistic society of the United States. The truth and beauty there is in it is so wrapped up in free love, free lust, froth, and nastiness, that he who believes that cleanliness is next to godliness cannot touch the unclean thing and be in communion with its chief officers.

"Spiritualism claims several millions of followers in this country, and yet is not strong enough to elect a virtuous or responsible person at the head of its organization. It has no churches, no colleges other than houses of prostitution, where its Hulls and Woodhulls can study for its ministry. It has no direct line of policy, but is broken, twisted, fragmentary, and at war against itself in all its teachings. It is a junkshop instead of a temple. Its high priestess is a female, who is mother, mistress, and maw worm combined; who opposes marriage and is an adulteress.

One of its recognized captains is Moses Hull, who left a decent family after he became a spiritualist, to practice and to preach adultery as a religion. Another of its leaders, and the brightest of its stink-wicks, is a woman, who lived in a quiet home in the pleasant village of Bradford County, Pa., as the happy wife of a promising lawyer, till she became a spiritualist, drove her husband to suicide in a city in Northern Mich., and then became a spiritual lamp-carrier, under the name of Laura Cuppy Smith.

"We could fill an entire page of this paper, fine type, with names of nasty men and women who have gone through the door of spiritualism into the filth of free love and loferishness; who are open and avowed adulterers, boasting their lives as in accordance with the tenets of spiritualism.

"That person who follows the direction of spirits speaking through mediums, will be fooled four times out of five. Spiritualism is not truthful, therefore it is not the thing for us to follow, though others may do as they please. Spiritualism is a loafer. Science is a gentleman. Religion is the child of God, teaching purity. Let us judge spiritualism by the 'flowers' its vine has brought forth—by its free love advocates and lusty orators—and see where it belongs."

BIBLE STORIES.

How we all have loved them, and love them still; even we grown up ones, and you who feel yourselves almost grown up!

When the little ones of a family circle are gathered to listen to a Bible story, you will seldom fail to see the older ones listening too, although they may know the story by heart.

And, surely, this is well; for our Blessed Lord caused these Scriptures "to be written for our learning;" and we never shall find that we have grown too old or too wise to learn fresh wisdom from them.

These dear, familiar histories of Abarsham and of Isaac, of Jacob and Joseph, "of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets," should not be read or listened to merely for amusement. It was meant that we should learn something from all that is told us of their earthly lives. Yes, by carefully studying these "Bible stories" of the saints of old, we may learn to "embrace and ever hold fast" that blessed hope which cheered them on—even the "hope of everlasting life."

But not the *stories* alone were written for our learning; we must remember that "all Scripture is written by inspiration of God." It is not a good plan to skip, and read only the most interesting parts of any book which is worth reading; much less should we do so with God's Holy Word. We must, indeed we must, have some plan for reading it regularly and faithfully, if we would get from it the "patience and comfort" which we need, more and more, the longer we live in this world.

So let us tell the little ones Bible stories, over and over again, if they ask for them; and let us pray God for grace that we all may rightly read and "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the Holy Scriptures of truth. —*The Churchman.*

"I TELLED BETTY."

One good man advised a newly-married couple never to be angry both at once. There was wisdom in the suggestion; for when one scatters fire, it is quite time the other should start after water. A colored man related his plan for avoiding family jars, as follows:

"I telled Betty when we was wed, dat if she saw me getting angry like, she must go to the bucket and fill her mouth wid water; and if I saw her getting out of herself, I'd go to the bucket and fill my mouth wid water. So we never had any quarrels; for one can't quarrel alone, and another can't quarrel wid you when his mouth is full of water."

"We never had any quarrels." How many married people can say that? And yet most quarrels proceed from an ungoverned tongue. Of the ten commands which God gave, two are directed against the offenses of the tongue; one in the first table, and one in the second. So it appears that an ungoverned tongue wars against God's glory and against man's peace. Bridling the tongue is a duty for all, and of him who neglects it, it is said, "That man's religion is vain." And if there is no other way to do it, it is better to fill the mouth with water than to open it and give free scope to a tongue which is a "fire," and which "setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell."—*Selected.*

RECIPROCAL TEACHING.—The Rev. R. B. Cook says in the *Baptist Teacher*, that in the Sunday-school work the teacher is educated as well as the scholar, and the child is his instructor; and he thus develops the thought:

The truth taught sanctifies the heart alike of teacher and scholar. The latter is also a means under God of the Christian growth of the former. To be truly educated in heart one must come into close contact with the heart of a child. He knows but half who knows not a child. Association with children calls forth and cultivates some of the noblest virtues of the soul. The man susceptible to moral influence at all, must be the better for the company of a child. As the single man is incapable of that high Christian development which may be his who has a true woman for his wife and companion, so there are heights of moral excellence reached only by those whom a little child can lead.

This is the teaching of the Master. Many disdainfully give children the go-by, but Jesus, when his disciples disputed as to which of them was greatest, took a little child, and folding it in his arms, replied: "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name *receiveth me*," and placing the child conspicuously in their midst, he said: "Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

If now this education of the mind, the habit, and the heart of the Christian teacher is going on unconsciously to himself as well as to the scholar, how much more advancement would he made if he were to aim to reap all the advantages from such a source! Every Christian should be a life-long student of the Bible. If Christian, this be your desire, then enter the Sabbath School, humble yourself, sit at the scholar's feet, teach, and in turn be taught, and by this means grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour.

The way to be righted yourself, is to be careful not to wrong others. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN died lately at Geneva, Switzerland, whose last moments were marked by memorable manifestations of the grace of God. Great and protracted bodily suffering was attended by richest displays of the all-sustaining love of the Redeemer whom he had loved and served for many years, and to whom his large wealth and extensive influence had been consecrated in well-doing. The night before his death a storm among the mountains left Mont Blanc robed in snow, and as the invalid looked out of his window upon the splendid scene, he said to his wife: "just as that mountain is covered with snow, my Redeemer has covered me with the white robe of His righteousness." Shortly afterwards, raising his arms, as if he had a vision of Christ, he exclaimed: "My Saviour! my Saviour! I come! I come!" and gently breathed his life away.

HOW TO LIVE.—A wealthy gentleman of Boston several years ago gave the editor of the Worcester *Palladium* a short narration of his own experience. He had an income of ten thousand dollars a year (a large sum then, but not considered so now), a house in town, and a country-seat a few miles out. He had several children—a coach, fine horses, and a driver; and took pleasure in riding every day with his children.

One day, when riding, the thought struck him that each one of his children would expect to have a fine house, and coach, and horses, and driver, as their father had before them, and to live as he lived, and if they did not they would be unhappy. He did not think that all of them could have things as he had them, or live as he was living; and he rode home, sent his coach and horses to market and sold them, bought a cheap carryall and became his own driver.

With emphasis he declared that no amount of wealth could induce him to return to his former mode of living, for if any one of his children should chance to be poor, as in all probability some of them would be, they should not suffer in their feelings by the reflection that their father rode in his coach, while they had to rough it on foot. The example he gave them afforded him a satisfaction greater than his wealth had to bestow.

MARRIED LIFE.—Good counsel from a wife and mother: "I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain in some measure a husband. I am an old woman; but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effects. What need have you to play the virtue? 'the tear of a loving girl,' says an old book, 'is like a dewdrop on a rose; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband.' Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not so in appearance, but in reality. The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so great as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as a source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you."

PUTTING OUT THE GOOSE.—During the singing of the first psalm in the parish church of Bursay some years ago, a goose entered and quietly "waddled" up the passage toward the pulpit just as the precentor had got out of the tune and almost come to a stand still—a not very unusual occurrence at that time. The minister, observing the goose, leaned over the pulpit, and addressing the church-officer, said, "R., put out the goose." That functionary, not observing the presence of the feathered parishioner, and supposing that the minister's direction had reference to the precentor, marched up to that individual and to the no small amusement of the meagre congregation, collared him, saying at the same time; "Come out o' that fellow."

NOVEL READING.—As to the stimulus this habit affords to an excitable mind, Isaac Taylor, whose opinion deserves regard, says:

"Zest! How may it most effectually be dissipated, how irreceoverably lost? Forgive me now this wrong, if, conscience-driven as I am, I utter what must, I know, offend some who read this paper. Genuine zest disappears wherever fiction holds sway. I have no puritanic horror of novels. I have listened to most of those that were the popular fictions of that by-gone time. I would say this only to the heads of families. Make your choice—freely admit from the circulating library the three-volume novels of the season, and then be content to find than all residue of zest is gone as to history, or biography, or science, or anything else that is real and genuine, Christianity included.

Novel-reading is an infatuation which masters souls as surely as dram-drinking does. Many are the melancholy spectacles which one encounters in towns—as, for instance, a woman, wasted, worn, in tatters, and near to starvation—that is a sad sight. And so it is sad to meet the well-dressed lady of forty or fifty, hastening home with the three greasy-boarded volumes, which are all to be devoured between the noon of to-day and the dawn of to-morrow! The alternative for the individual or the family is this: Novel reading, with its consequent *ennui* and utter apathy, or else genuine feeling, employment with zest, as to whatever is real in life, in history, in science, in poetry and in general literature. Fiction of any sort in one scale, and reality in the other, the beam will never stand on the level."

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.—A heathen Indian woman once said to a Christian Indian, named Esther, "I often go to your meetings, and always hear something. One Sunday lately the minister exactly described the state of my heart. Indeed, I fully thought he would soon say, There sits a woman who is just what I have said. Do tell me how the minister knows, and who it is that tells him?"

"O, yes," said Esther, "I will tell you. The minister preaches the pure word of God, and that word speaks to our hearts. If we are willing to listen to it, God works in our hearts by His Spirit, and shows us that it is spoken to us. Then we see and hear what is our real state; and every one thinks, 'That was spoken to me!'

Blessed is he who learns to profit by his wants and infirmities, and who, in all the privation, is still submissive to the will of God.

To us nameless in worthy deeds, exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who would not rather have been the good thief than Pontius Pilate.