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READERS OF THE "INTELLIGENCER"

WILL PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT

WHEN they visit FREDERICTON, they should not fail to call into the

ALBION HOUSE,

AND SEE THE GRAND DISPLAY

OF NEW, RICH, AND BEAUTIFUL

DRY GOODS,

IMPORTED DIRECT BY

MILLER & EDGECOMBE

FOR THEIR SPRING & SUMMER TRADE.

THEY HAVE NOW COMPLETED THEIR STOCK

AND OPENED FOR INSPECTION,

92 Packages

OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

COMPRISING ALL THE NOVELTIES OF THE

SEASON IN

BLACK SILKS,
Colored Silks,
DRESS GOODS,
SHAWLS,
Mantles,
SACQUES, &c.,

Hats, Flowers,
Feathers, Ribbons,
SILK SCARFS,
Prints, Cambrics,
BRILLIANTS,
Parasols, Sunshades,
UMBRELLAS, &c.

OUR STOCK OF STAPLE GOODS

IN

Grey & White Cottons,

TICKINGS, SHEETINGS,

Osnaburgs,

TOWELS, TABLE LINENS, &c.,

ARE ALL SPLENDID VALUE.

INSPECTION INVITED.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Fredericton, June 4, 1875.

75 Cases & Bales

NEW GOODS.

FOR

SPRING and SUMMER.

THOMAS LOGAN,

FREDERICTON,

is now showing a large and well assorted Stock of

Dry Goods,

consisting of

DRESS GOODS

In Alpaca, Sicilian, Silk Mixtures, Melanges, &c.

BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED SILKS,

DRESS LINENS,

with trimmings to match.

STRIPED and PLAIN BLACK GRENADES.

Jennapines,

DRESS MUSLINS,

MOURNING GOODS,

of every description.

PAISLEY AND SUMMER SHAWLS.

Latest novelties in

Collars and Cuffs,

RUFFLES AND TRILLINGS.

LADIES', MEN', AND BOYS'

STRAW HATS,

PARASOLS AND UMBRELLAS,

GLOVES AND HOSIERY,

RIBBONS AND LACED,

PRINTS AND CAMBRICS,

GREY AND WHITE COTTONS,

PARKS' COTTON WARPS.

LACE CURTAINS AND LAMBREQUINS.

CARPETING

AND

OIL CLOTHS,

and every description of

DRY GOODS.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, June 11, 1875.

The Intelligencer.

A SERMON BY T. D. TALMAGE.
SOLD OUT FOR ETERNITY.

"Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."—Isaiah lvi. 1.

The Jews had gone headlong into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon, and let so many of these poor captive Jews that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that literally my text was fulfilled: "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

There is enough gospel in this text for fifty sermons; though I never heard of its being preached on. There are persons in this house who have, like the Jews of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title deeds have been sold to the world, the flesh, and the devil; but the purchaser has never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be a great house and a summer resort and jolly companionship. He gets it, he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so

HE MAKES OVER HIS ENTIRE NATURE.

to the world. He does it in four instalments. He pays down the first instalment, and one quarter of his nature is gone. He pays down the second instalment, and one half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third instalment, and three quarters of his nature is gone; and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth instalment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says: "Good morning. I have delivered to you the goods. I have passed over to you my body, my mind, and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you now to fulfil your part." "I am bankrupt," says the world. "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long while expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "O, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you are, on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourselves for nought."

I tell you the world is a liar; it does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a hogsworld. It is a sixty thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the world, it takes fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip, so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in scrip, which will not be worth a farthing to you, a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "O," you say, "it will help to bury me anyhow." "O, my brother, you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough, from sanitary considerations. After you are buried, it will take three or four days to compel the world to bury you. Then there comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail; and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket-handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man that ever put his trust in it. History tells us of one who resolved that he would have all his senses gathered at one and the same time, and he expended hundreds of pounds on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first music, the land the pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling the nostril, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections, pleasing the appetite, and there were a soft couch of sinful indulgence, and he reclined; and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it. Ah!

THAT WAS THE RUB.

He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian Empire. I was king over Asia. Begrimde me not this monument." But the world in after years ploughed up his sepulchre.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call the poet, and he is quick. There was a Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up my breast. Smollett, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I want to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw its floor was tessellated, and its walls were a picture gallery. I found his death-chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. That man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the

world come in to stand by his death-bed, and clearing off the phials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? O, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row; and the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent, nor twenty per cent, nor two per cent, nor one; that it gives no solace, when a dead base lies in your lap; that it gives no peace when conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble; and at the time of your disease it takes hold of the pillow-case and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place thereof sighs and groans, and excretions, and what have you tried this world, is it a satisfaction? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a man utters a word of reproach, he sells a man out, the officer generally leaves a few chairs and a bed, a few cups and knives; but

IN THIS AWFUL VENUE,

in which you have been engaged, the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon your body, mind, and soul; Goings! done! "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short-lived, and that, passing, it would soon lie down for extinction? Or had you no idea what your soul was worth? Did you ever put your finger on its external pulses? Have you never felt the quiver of its peevish wing? Have you not known that, after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the place of the next step to the furthest outpost of God's universe; and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? O, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap, "Ye have sold yourselves for nought."

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world under such circumstances, had no right to take the title deed from you; and if you will join me, I will give you a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven, reinstating you into the possession of your soul. "O," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do any thing in the matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through the gates of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, as Wall Street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is? I will answer: Blood! Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? O, no; it wants richer blood than ours. It wants a King's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless blood. But where is the King who sees a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after a while the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes twelve, and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and the descending angels, and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, and lower until he reaches the sheep-covered hills, and then on to another hill, the skull covered, and there, at the sharp strokes of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherialized that they

DO NOT WANT A RELIGION OF BLOOD.

What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "The blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle know? What did he say? "You are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold; but by the precious blood of Christ." You say you give up the arms of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid and the goat and the pigeon and the bullock and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out of these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle, the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement. I think that God intended to impress us with the vividness of color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have startled and aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinner, wake up, and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. It is blood. It is the blood of my own Son. It is the blood of the immaculate. It is the blood of God." Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission. There has been many a man who in courts of law has pleaded "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned, because there was blood found on his hands, or blood found in his room; and what shall we do in the last day if it be found that we have renegeed the Lord of glory and have never repented of it? Did you ever see a man who has been taken out of the harbor of God's mercy, and when the next ten minutes he may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy, and when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorious saved! Young and old, good and bad! Saved! Saved from sin and death and hell. Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

The seeds of love can never grow but under the warm and genial influence of kind feelings and affectional manners.

bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus; but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the gaze of beholders; but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on his chin, the blood on his hand, the blood on his side, the blood on his knee, the blood on his foot; the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools congealed beneath the cross; the blood that wet the tip of the soldier's spear, the blood that played warm in the faces of his enemies." Glory to God,

THAT HE WINS IT!

The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is bought back. Take it. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." O, atoning blood, cleansing blood, life-giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why burst into tears at the thought that for thee He shed? For thee the hard-hearted, for thee the lost.

"No," says some one, "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the Jews, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and then throw it on my head and cry: 'His blood be on us and on our children.' Can you do such a shocking thing as that?" Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. O, do not do that any longer. Come out frankly and boldly and honestly and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat Him upon whom everything depends. I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you to sell: God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the Triune God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat. By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look up, you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to live in you, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin-offering, bearing your transgressions, Christ, the surety, paying your debts. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish captivity.

Would you rot like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, for I am used to that, but because I fear that you will rot. This is the alternative: live, or die. "He that believeth in the Son shall have everlasting life, and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you will reject Christ, every drop of that precious blood, instead of pleading for your release, will plead against you. If you had repented, will plead against you. It will seem to say: "They refused the ransom; they chose to die; let them die; they must die. Down with them to the weeping and the wailing. Depart, go away from me. You would not have me, now I will not have you. So bid you to eternity." O, Lord God of the present day, avert that calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimitar that slays the sin but leaves the sinner.

STRIKE! OMnipotent GOD, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal sea, with all thy waves against the barren beach of the rocky soul, and make it tremble. O! the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second, on which hangs the soul's destiny, and this is that hour; that minute, that second!

I wonder what proportion of that audience will be saved? What proportion will be lost? When the *Schiller* went down a few weeks ago, of the three hundred and eighty people only three were saved. When the *Ville du Havre* went down, out of three hundred and forty about fifty were saved. Out of this audience, to-night, how many will get to the shore of heaven? It is no idle question for me to ask, for many of you I will never see again until the day when the books are opened.

Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the sea coast, and a vessel got in the breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signals of distress, and the people on the shore saw them. They put out in a life-boat. They came on, and they saw the poor vessel, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give out before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers and cried: "Hold on there! Hold on! We'll save you!" After a while the boat came up. One man was saved by having the boat-hook put in the collar of his coat and some in one way, and some in another, they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain of the shore, "Pull away now! Pull!" The people on the land were afraid the life boat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why has it been swamped, and they have perished together." And there were men and women on the pier-head and on the beach, wringing their hands; and while they waited and watched, they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the life-boat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat, and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!" So it may be to-night. The waves of your sin run high, the people of your sin are perishing. O, cheer you on this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorious saved! Young and old, good and bad! Saved! Saved from sin and death and hell. Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

OF INDECISION.

BY E. H. M.

I was walking down the street the other morning briskly, with my arms full of books, and bundles, when I met an individual similarly laden and measuring off the distance at the same rapid rate. I was on the right side, but, fearing he would run into me, I turned to the left, while at the same moment he moved in the same direction and the obliging friend turned, too, and still confronted me. It needed but one more move, which we both made just in time, to collide, books and bundles flying in all directions. As we gathered up the spilled articles my friend remarked, "This came from your fickleness."

"Yes, together with yours," said I, when we both laughed.

Now it was very amiable on the part of each of us to be willing to yield to the other, but firmness would have been a greater kindness. The right way would have been to follow the rule of the road, and turn to the right or, after deciding wrong, had I kept to it, my neighbor adapting himself to the circumstances, would have found it easy to pass me, but I had no sooner adopted one line of action than I immediately dropped it and took another, so mutual understanding was at an end and collision was inevitable.

This indecision works mischief in whatever way it crops out. It is a sad state of things not to know one's mind, but not having a mind to know is sadder still, which is more nearly the true definition of well-developed fickleness. It is a great piece of good fortune to be borne with a firm will—but firmness may be trained in those not so fortunate. The first step to help a weak will is to practice decision in small things. Every one has at least the germ of this quality, and it can be cultivated. Whenever you deliberately decide a question for yourself you strengthen the one faculty on whose firmness your success in life depends more than upon any other. It is better to decide now and then unwisely, than to waver, and vacillate from one side to the other. Such a person is never ready to act, and he tells himself that he is "making up his mind," but no sooner is it made than he wishes he had made it the other way, and so unmakes it, and his life becomes a tangle of ineffective cross-purposes.

Changeable people are not desirable companions or friends towards whom you can reach out with any degree of confidence or dependence. You have them to do all right but you do not know where to look for them to-morrow. There is an uncomfortable feeling of insecurity attached to them—there is nothing solid to hang faith upon. They have no ballast—no steadiness of purpose. But worse than all this they work mischief to themselves. They are failures in life.

"Stick to one business, young man," said one of the Rothschilds, one of the most successful business men the world has ever known, to one who asking the way to success with him, was looking for a change of business, and he said in different times in the way of business, and perhaps as many years, and wondered at his failure. "I have followed the gingerbread business for a number of years until I have accumulated money enough to enter into some honorable retirement, what shall I be?" questions your mind.

"Keep on baking gingerbread," said Mr. Wisehead. "You can't afford to throw away these years of experience. Life is too short to waste it learning how to do so many things that you never have time to do any of them."

Become rooted, then you can grow and expand; and there is chance for growth or even life worth the name, if you are continually pulling yourself up and dropping into new relations.

I have a friend, a dear, amiable, pleasant body, full of the sunshine and sweetness of life, as ready to bend as a willow. She wants to do as every body wishes, and there is no No in her nature; she is never cross, and with her low, gentle voice and smooth, easy, winning ways, but I think what a pity and much sweetness must go to waste for want of decision, firmness. Let me put a truth or principle strongly as I may to her, and get her full assent to my proposition, I know that when she leaves me and comes under another kind of influence, she is equally swayed by it, so she is no comfort or dependence. I cannot rest upon what she says, not that she means to be false, but she lacks decision of character, she has no back bone. She never keeps one mind long enough to bring about good results. If she has some important project in view, she doubts, and hesitates, and consults her favorite aunt and uncle, and first cousins. She decides, and then reconsider and decides the other way, and while she is fluctuating, veering to this side and that, the project is taken up by other hands, with will-power, and carried on to success. She never gets any thing done, and she is continually to accomplish great ones, and she loiter, dillydallies over trifles, and loses the great chance. It is as when one has an important journey to perform in a given time, he stands and parleys and debates with himself which foot he shall put out first, and while he is deliberating the boat or cars are off, and he is left.

It is a misfortune to be born with a hump-back or a club-foot, or a weak limb, or any deformity of body, but to be born with a limp is far worse; and as in the first case we do not bandage the weak part and so let it become more and more crippled and useless for want of exercise, so the work above all other work one should do who begins life with a weak, vacillating will is to choose in small things, and then dismiss the opposite side from the mind, and follow up the decision. Choose some worthy object to be accomplished, and then lose sight of all interfering inclination or ambition, and give your time, thought, energy, yourself to its attainment.—*Christian Weekly.*

A HELPMATE.

Among the elements of Mr. Moody's success, we have nowhere seen mentioned the fact that he has a worthy helpmate. Mrs. Moody is with him in England. She used to accompany him to the army in his Christian Commission work. That her faith is not a whit behind his has often been attested. In a private letter we have been permitted to see, she writes that the passage home has been engaged upon the steamship *Spain*; that they plan to go directly to New York to Mr. Moody's mother's home in Massachusetts for a two months' rest, and then they return their faces toward Chicago. Mrs. Moody then characteristically says: "This is our plan, and I suppose it is not God's plan for us it will be changed." And in another place she adds: "Urgent calls come from all parts of the world, not only from different cities in America, but from India and Australia, and we can only leave the winter's work to be guided by Him who has led us hitherto."

GOO'S WORDS TO PARENTS.

"He that is of God heareth God's words."—John viii. 47.

"These words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."—Deut. vi. 6, 7.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."—James i. 5.

"If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?"—Luke xi. 13.

"I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring."—Isa. xlv. 3.

"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."—Prov. xxii. 6.

"I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, that they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which he hath spoken of him."—Gen. xviii. 19.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."—Josh. xxiv. 15.

"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."—Ps. ci. 2.

"Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—Eph. vi. 4.

"A bishop must be one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity."—1 Tim. iii. 4.

"But he that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him in times."—Prov. xiii. 24.

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."—Prov. xix. 18.

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."—Prov. xxii. 15.

"The rod and the scourge smite not a child; but he that loveth him bringeth his rod with shame. Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul."—Prov. xxiii. 13, 17.

"I will perform against Eli all things I have spoken concerning his house: when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."—1 Sam. iii. 12, 13.

"Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me."—Ps. li. 5.

"How can he be clean that is born of a woman?"—Job xiv. 4.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—John iii. 3.

"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever."—1 Pet. i. 23.

"The generation of the upright shall be blessed."—Ps. cxli. 2.

"For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children; that the generations to come might know them, even the children that should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children; that they might see their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments."—Ps. lxxviii. 5, 7.

"Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto all children; and let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon thee, and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it."—Ps. xc. 16, 17.

"My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness."—2 Cor. xii. 9.—*The Christian.*

IT DON'T PAY.

It don't pay to have fifty working men poor and ragged, in order to have one saloon keeper dressed in broadcloth and flash of money.