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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The Intelligencer.

SERMON BY MR. TALMAGE.

THE SINS OF SUMMER WATERING-PLACES.

"A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a multitude of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."—John 5: 2, 3.

Outside the city of Jerusalem, there was a sanitive watering-place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day, there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there must have been a pool there three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing-houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigoration was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale, a Lemington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the Government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication; but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season, an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water; and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean wateringplace had his counterpart in

THE ANGEL OF HEALING

that in our day steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Sharon, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic, and splenetic diseases, go, and are cured by the thousands. These Bethesdas are scattered all up and down our country, blessed be God!

We are at a season of the year when railtrains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the sea-shore. Multitudes of our citizens are packing their trunks for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The crystalline surface of Winnipiseogee is shattered with the stroke of steamers laden with excursionists. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen.

The trout make fatal snap at the hook of sportsmen, and toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. Soon the baton of the orchestral leader will tap the music stand on the hotel green, and American life will put on festal array, and the rumbling of the tenpin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and rustle of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses, will attest that the season for the great American watering-places is fairly inaugurated. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and clapping cymbals will wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged out American life, for the most part, will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda.

I believe in watering places. I go there sometimes. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles "Come ye apart awhile into the desert, and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest, do not know how to work.

But I have to declare this truth to-day, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number;" and amid the congratulations of this season, and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country,

I MUST UTTER A WARNING.

plain, earnest, unmistakable. The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction, is *to leave your piety all at home.* You will send the dog and cat and Canary-bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your Religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion, who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawn on them at Niagara Falls, or the White Mountains, take the day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshippers, with two thousand dollars worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor-box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place.

THE AIR IS BEWITCHED.

with the "world, the flesh, and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe, that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended! The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but, my dear people, take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off John Morrisey's gambling hell, and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of Hathorne and sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the mineral, healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering-places, is *the horse-racing business.* We all admire the horse; but we do not think its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse-race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder.

HORSE RACES IN THE OLDEN TIMES,

were under the ban of Christian people; and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "Summer Meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "Agricultural Fair," suggestive of every thing that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting and the same drunkenness, the same vagabondage and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse-racing system. I never knew a man yet who could give himself to the pleasures of the turf for a long reach of time and not be battered in morals. They hook up their spanking team, and put on their sporting cap, and light their cigar, and take the reins, and dash down on the road to perdition! The great day at Saratoga and Long Branch, and Cape May, and nearly all the other watering-places, is the day of the races. The hotels are thronged, every kind of equipage is taken up at fabulous prices; and there are many respectable people mingling with jockies and gamblers and libertines and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bartender stirs up the brandy smash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money, soon enough to lose it. Three weeks before the race takes place the struggle is decided, and the men in the secret know on which steed to bet their money. The two men on the horses riding round, long before arranged who shall beat. Leaning from the stand or from the carriage, are men and women so absorbed in the struggle of bone and muscle and mettle, that they make a grand harvest for the pickpockets who carry off the pocketbooks and the portmonnies. Men looking on, see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring; but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune—white mane, white foot, white flank—are in the ring racing with inebriety and with fraud and with profanity and with ruin—black neck, black foot, black flank. Neck and neck they go in that moral Epsom. White horse of honor, black horse of ruin. Death says: "I will bet on the black horse." Spectator says: "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead.

THE BLACK HORSE OF RUIN,

Satan mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectator breathless. Put on the lash. Dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure. Just as I expected it. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and all the galleries of darkness "huzza! huzza!" and the devils come in to pick up their wagers. Ah, my friends, have nothing to do with horse-racing dissipations the summer. Long ago, the English Government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light cavalry horse. They found out the turf depreciates the stock; and it is worse yet for men. Thos. Hughes, the member of Parliament, and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization, there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among those rapacious sharks during the last two hundred years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" The Duke of Hamilton, through his horse-racing proclivities, in three years got through his entire fortune of $350,000; and I will say that some of you are being undermined by it. With the bull-fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse-racing of England and America.

I go further and speak of another temptation that hovers over the watering place; and that is *the temptation to sacrifice physical strength.* The modern Bethesda, just like this Bethesda of the text, was intended to recuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places, their health absolutely destroyed.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN IDIOTS,

boasting of having imbibed twenty glasses of Congress water before breakfast. Families accustomed to going to bed at ten o'clock at night, gossiping until one or two o'clock in the morning. Dyspeptics, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams and lemons and lobster-salads and cocoanuts, until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men chasseezing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thousands of men and women coming back from our watering-places in the autumn with the foundations laid for ailments that will last them all their life long. You know as well as I do that this is the simple truth. In the summer, you say to your good health, "Good-by; I am going to have a gay time now for a little while; I will be very glad to see you again in the autumn." Then in the autumn, when you are hard at work in your office, or store or shop or counting-room, Good Health will come in and say, "Good-by; I am going." You say, "Where are you going?" "O!" says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation." It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenetic and exhausted. You coquetted with your good health in the summer-time, and your good health is coquetting with you in the winter-time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering-place:

"DO THYSELF NO HARM."

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is to *the formation of hasty and life-long alliances.* The watering-places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances, go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ball-room, where the music decides the step, and bow and prance and graceful swing of long trail can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gaily painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels, as to go among the light spray of the summer watering-place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community that excites my contempt, and that ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is

THE SOFT-HANDED, SOFT-HEADED FOP,

who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in taking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieus, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid-glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flaming cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He-hes!" It would take five hundred of them stewed down to make a teaspoonful of calf's foot jelly. There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering place; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has on her head only equalled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead; and what they will do with her in the next world I do not know, except to set her up on the banks of the River of Life, for eternity, to look sweet. God intends us to admire music and fair faces and graceful step; but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering-places, beware how you make life-long covenants.

Another temptation that will hover over the watering-place is that of *baneful literature.* Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought of the boy hawking books through the cars. I really believe there is

MORE PESTIFEROUS TRASH READ

among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, I found sitting on hotel piazza, or under trees, reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "O," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation." Yes. There is no need that you take along into a watering-place "Hamilton's Metaphysics," or some thunderous discourse on the eternal decrees, or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take light food—a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing-press jump and crawl into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Would it not be an awful thing for you to be struck with lightning some day, when you had in your hand one of these paper-covered romances—the hero a Parisian *roue,* the heroine an unprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would not read to your children at the rate of a hundred dollars a line. Throw out all that stuff from your summer baggage. Are there no good books that are easy to read,—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry canto; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? My hearers, there will not be an hour between this and the day of your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering-places, is to *intoxicating beverages.* I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink; and it is not very long ago that a lady of great respectability, in this city, having taken two glasses of wine away from her home, became violent, and her friends, ashamed, forsook her, and she was carried to a police station, and afterwards to her disgraced home. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye,

SHE IS DRUNK.

She may be handed into a $2,500 carriage, and have diamonds enough to confound the Tiffany's—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of Packer Institute, and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the Presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated;" but you cannot, with all your garlands of verbiage, cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk. Now, the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the tenpin or billiard game, they tipple. At the close of the cotillion, they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off, they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws, and they tipple. First, they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debase the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at five cents a glass.

SATAN HAS THREE OR FOUR GRADES

down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom indeed can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-shoot, or the Mount Washington rail-track, and shove him off. But that is very rare. When man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. the depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile is sherry, and the third mile is punch, and the fourth mile is ale, and the fifth mile is porter, and the sixth mile is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, and the man gets frightened and says, "O, let me get off." "No," says the conductor, "this is an express train, and it don't stop until it gets to the Grand Central depot of Smashupton!" Ah, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." And if any young man of my congregation should get astray this summer in this direction, it will not be because I have not given him fair warning.

My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country.

THERE ARE WATERING-PLACES

accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering-place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink, he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the Valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away. In California in five minutes I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different; and in five minutes I can go through the Bible *parterre* and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyse the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering-place. Crowd around this Bethesda this morning. O, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda. Step in it, O, step in it! The angel of the covenant this morning stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of our closing prayer, and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin rosecate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

BELIEF ON CHRIST.

The sinner's first duty is to come to Christ. He must look to the Saviour. He must consider his person, character, offices, work—how wonderful, how excellent, how glorious! There is abundant provision in Christ. There is fulness in his atonement, efficacy in his blood, sufficiency in his righteousness, prevalency in his intercession. God is just, but his justice is satisfied by the atoning Saviour; the law of God condemns us, but Jesus came to deliver us from the curse; the Holy Spirit convinces of sin, and takes of the things of Christ and [illegible] to feel our need of Christ, and as we are convinced of our sins and feel our need of an interest in the Saviour, we come under his influences.

What is it to believe? As it respects God, it is to credit his word, the record he has given of his Son, and to act accordingly; to rest on his promises, accept the invitations, and close in with the offers, and so to embrace Christ as our Saviour, and trust in him for salvation. To believe in Christ is to trust in Christ, to confide in him, to commit our souls to him, and be willing that he should reign over us and in us, and save us in his own way, and dispose of us to his glory. Hence faith is one of those terms which can scarcely be made plainer by definition. It is belief, trust, confidence, reliance. It is variously expressed in the Scriptures as believing in Christ, coming to Christ, fleeing to Christ, feeding on Christ. When Christ is held forth as a *refuge,* faith is flying to him for safety, Heb. xi. 18. And when he is represented as a *door,* faith is an entering in by him, John x. 9. Faith is *receiving* Christ as a gift, 2 Cor. ix. 15. Resting on Christ is the same trusting in him, Isa. xxvi. 4. Such is faith; to believe in Christ is to receive him and rest upon him alone for salvation, as he is offered in the Scriptures; and he is offered fully and freely to all; and he is both able and willing to save all who come to him. "This is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ," 1 John iii. 23.

Jesus, the name that calms our fears.
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

J. E. C.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"You have done so little good, and done it so feebly; you have done so much wrong, repeated it so often, and repented of it so slightly!" How many Christians have had such thoughts pass through their minds. They have been dismissed, but have returned again. They are facts, sad facts which cannot be denied or undone.

It is true wisdom to turn to other facts, and to hold them fast. If I had done far worse than I have, yet I am not beyond the reach of the infinite mercy of God, and the boundless merit of the blood of Christ. If I had repented of my wrong doings a thousand times more bitterly than I have done—if I had done ten times more work for God, and done it a thousand times better, none of these things would furnish the least foundation for hope.

The Lord's work only is perfect, and on that I am invited, yea, commanded to rest. And it cannot be that any one who rests alone upon *that,* and who longs to be conformed to *Him* who has done all so perfectly, should fail of blessing. I am constrained daily to cry, "behold, I am vile;" but daily, yea, hourly I will sing, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid." "I will hope continually, and praise thee more and more."—*Christian Treasury.*

VEAL.—That golden calf which Aaron made was a valuable calf. It was doubtless a very beautiful calf. It was a docile, harmless calf. It was of the finest stock. We should rather have a loin steak of that calf than the best entire veal in the market. Probably it was worth twenty-five thousand dollars. There could be no moral, commercial, artistic or æsthetic to that calf. But Moses smashed it in righteous wrath. Because the people were putting it to an unbovine use. There is much of this sort of cattle in the world in our own day, and not a few of them in the Church. Any reform, symbol, standard, man, building, tradition,—anything that is set up out of its proper relations to God, the Bible, the Gospel—is a calf which, if the Lord does not smash, it will be because He may say, "Ephraim is joined to his idols. Let him alone."—*Christian at Work.*

THE DOOMED MAN.

There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of man
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set
Indelibly a mark,
Unseen by man, for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below
Like Eden may have bloomed;
He did not, does not, will not know
Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,
Not only doomed, but damned.

O! where is this mysterious bourn,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which, God himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent:
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called To-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

—J. A. Alexander.

THE LOVE OF DRESS.

BY AUNT MARJORY.

I may as well begin by saying that these thoughts were prompted by the reading of Hope Ledyard's article on Gail Hamilton, in a recent number of *The Christian at Work.* I have often regretted the daring way in which Gail Hamilton uses arguments from the sacred Scriptures. There is irreverence always in wresting a passage from its context, and diverting it to serve a purpose for which it was manifestly never meant. But having said this, candor compels me to say, too, that I think Hope Ledyard's criticism a little too sweeping, and that in the womanly art of dressing beautifully, it seems to me, women may excel without danger of committing mortal sin.

The love of dress, *per se,* is not reprehensible. Like other loves, as of admiration, money, pleasure, or of any selfish gratification, it may be indulged to excess, and stimulated to an unwholesome degree. It is easy to condemn it as a foible and a weakness, yet a little thought will convince the unprejudiced [illegible] to the beautiful, as it touches the evil confines of vanity and pride. When we wish to elevate the poor and untaught, our first step is to wash them, our next to dress them in clean, whole garments. Thus we at once advance them toward a higher self-respect. Who does not know the cheerful confidence which comes to one's self with the bath and the change of raiment, after fatigue and exposure? Who has not felt more equal to a difficult situation when well than when ill dressed? A lady may be ever so lovely in her Christian character, and her faith may be firm and unfaltering, yet she may suffer exquisite mortification if she find herself in a company wherein she is conspicuous either for overfinery or for shabbiness. Most women derive a moral support from the fact of being becomingly attired, which not only makes their inner contentment greater, but which adds grace to their looks and manners.

It is by forgetting that dress is, after all, an adjunct, not the main business of life, that some women err—men, too, perhaps, now and then. One duty of individual humanity is to make itself pleasing to the mass. Every time we wash our faces, comb our hair, and put on our fresh garments, we are adding our mite to the beauty of the world. The trees, the flowers, the green grasses, the mosses creeping around the gray old trunks of the oaks, and over the mouldering stone wall, are forever making their toilets. Nature is not satisfied with one dress for all the year. She has as many changes as she has days in the softly gliding seasons. But her love of the beautiful does not hinder nor obstruct the ongoing of her great processes. Her blossoms mature into fruit, her grains grow plump and full, and her work in its manifold forms keeps quietly on, while she rustles forth in summer's bravery, or garlands herself with autumn's gold and scarlet, or draws about her form the whiteness of the winter's snows. While we abate nothing of our real activity in these things which are best, we dignify ourselves by adorning and not neglecting our costumes.

There is beauty in fitness. The plain, neat print, which is convenient and sensible for the domestic duties of the morning, is more appropriate for the breakfast-table than something elaborate and showy. But there is no particular virtue in the print, and you deserve no special credit, though you pride yourself on your superiority to feminine weakness, and wear it all day. When the work is done, an afternoon dress is desirable; and when you are expecting to entertain friends, or going to see them, it is only paying them a proper compliment, and treating yourself with becoming regard, to put on some pretty and tasteful dress for the occasion.

Young girls and children are often trained to an undue solicitude about fashion, and are tempted to envy, covetousness, and vanity, by the foolish prominence which their mother gives to what shall be worn. When the keen young eyes discern that comfort, health, and independence are sacrificed, so that they may have trimmings and plumes on their hats, the tone of their feeling on the subject is vitiated. They are set on a low plane, and they are assisted into the grossest selfishness. But though this is the way with some families, there are others in which the reverse is the custom. Many girls are made needlessly unhappy by being snubbed and put aside in their natural and innocent preferences about their dress. When a mother insists that her daughter shall be noticeably plain and unfashionable, shall wear brown ribbons when she chooses red, and have her things so cut and made that they make her odd among her friends, the ugly duck of the school-room and play-ground, she is taking the very way to produce, by reflex influence, a woman with whom dress shall be the supreme idea.

Mrs. Caroline Kirkland once summed up this matter in this way:

"We ought not to wear what makes us proud, and creates a secret contempt of others; but neither should we neglect anything that aids our self-respect, and keeps our spirit at the proper pitch. Some parents, from the best motives in the world, do their children serious injury by wilfully denying them such dress as may put them on an outward equality with their young companions, or make them feel equal. It is in vain to be philosophical for other people; we must convince their judgments, and bring them to our way of thinking, before we can obtain true and healthy conformity. We submit with tolerable grace to restraints rendered necessary by circumstances, but those which appear to us capricious or arbitrary do not often make us better, especially where they touch our pride, that tissue of irritable nerves in which our moral being is enwrapt."

PRAYING BOYS.

BEARING THE YOKE IN ONE'S YOUTH.

I was standing in the ante-room of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, recently, at the close of the boys' prayer-meeting. Near me stood a Christian gentleman of much observation and experience, and as the fine, intelligent faces of the boys filed past the open door, I remarked, "It is an unusually promising sight."

"Yes," he answered "and I have faith in praying boys. The choicest promises in God's Word are theirs. No person can be all that it is possible for one to be, or can accomplish all that it is possible for one to accomplish without he give his affections to the service of God in early youth. Years lost to religion, when one's habits and character are forming, make the whole of life less than it might have been. Look at the men whose lives have really been most hopeful to the world, and who have accomplished the most in the work of religious progress. Zinzendorf made his nursery a prayer and conference room. John and Charles Wesley held student prayer-meetings in their rooms at Oxford, and incurred the ridicule of the University by their devotions, who bestowed upon them the name of "Methodist," as a term of reproach. What an influence went out from that student prayer-meeting, and entered into the religious life and experience of the world! Jonathan Edwards, when a boy, used to hold meetings with his young companions in the woods; and Havelock, the Christian hero of India, established similar meetings when a boy at school, in the sleeping room of one of his companions. The whole period of these men's lives was devoted to God's service; the growth of youth, the vigor of manhood, as well as all of the years of ripe experience; and how grand and strong and limitless were the result and the influence! I love a praying youth, and I would stand hat in hand, so to speak, to the poorest one who begins life with prayer. He is an heir to God's best good, and is a representative of that moral power which, in my estimate of men, is more than titles or estates, social rank or station."

The force and truth of the earnest man's lusion to Havelock, whose early experiences furnish a strong illustration of the influence of early religion in developing the noblest types of men. Havelock, in his diary, once touched upon the history of the boys who joined with him in the little devotional meetings at the Charterhouse School. "Hinds," he says, "distinguished himself at Barbadoes, at the period of slave emancipation;" "Norris, now Sir William Norris, became Queen's Advocate and Chief-Justice of Ceylon, and Hare is well known to the literary and religious world by his writings." In reviewing these experiences, and his own religious development, he says emphatically: "The most important part in the history of any man is his connection, through faith, with the invisible world." Havelock himself died a hero and a martyr, while exclamations over his splendid achievements and victories were yet fresh in his ears. "For more than forty years," he said, "I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear. I die happy and contented. I am not in the least afraid. To die is gain."

God accepts the life that is early offered him, and holds it in his keeping forever. Such a life calls into exercise all the best energies of the soul, and opens at last a luminous future to an unregretted past. We, too, have faith in praying boys, and the gentleman's thoughts and illustrations left in our mind the wish that boys' prayer-meetings might be multiplied, and become an institution with the young. May not the incident prove suggestive to some praying boy?

FIT FOR—WHAT PLACE.

It is related of the distinguished Dr. Bellamy that he had seasons of deep despondency, when he was confident he was going to hell. His brethren often labored with him in vain. One day, after all reasoning had failed, one of the ministers said to him:

"Well, brother, you know more about yourself than we do. To us you appear very well; but, after all, you may be a whited sepulchre—beautiful outside, but inwardly full of corruption. If so, you will go to hell I should like, hower, to know what you will do when you get there."

"Do!" cried the doctor with great animation and emphasis; "what will I do? I will vindicate the law of God, and set up prayer meeting!"

"All right!" said the brother; "but in that case the devil will not keep you there; he will soon turn you out, as unfitted for his place and company."

The doctor came out of his gloom, and was happy.

A "PEPPER-CORN."—In a certain part of Scotland the poor people who lived on the land owned by a wealthy man used to come yearly to pay their rent. What do you think this was? Why, simply a pepper-corn. It has been the custom for a long series of years for each one to bring this pepper corn on a certain day. It did not cost the poor man anything, nor did it make the landlord any richer; but it was a sign-tribute which they paid him as their master.

Now, it is just so with those who swear. Every oath is a pepper-corn which they give to the devil. It does neither party any good. It just shows who is their master.

A well known member of the Established Kirk in a small Scotch village lately put a shilling into the plate, and coolly helped himself to a eleven-pence-halfpenny, remarking to the attending elder, "I forgot to get change yestreen, Maister Broon; sae I'll just put in a shullin' an' tak' out the eleven-pence-ha'penny. Ye'll by gayen gled to get ride o' the coppers, nae doot."

A child loses half his happiness because he doesn't know that he is happy. Older people ought to know happiness better, but very often they do not.