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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Sept. 15th, 1876.

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THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, April 19, 1876.

The Intelligencer.

A SERMON.

BY REV. T. D. TALMAGE.

OVERHAULING THE PAST.

"God requireth that which is past."—Ecclesiastes iii. 15.

We are all looking forward. The ploughman who would strike out a straight furrow, takes sight by the post at the end of the field toward which he drives, and not by the post behind him. The sportsman aims at the target before his face, not at the one behind him. The boatman steers by the headland which he is approaching, and not by the headland that he has left behind him. So we are all looking forward; and where in this audience to-night there are a hundred thoughts directed toward to-morrow, there is not more than one thought directed toward yesterday. I think it was Longfellow who spoke of "the dead past." Indeed, it seems to be a great cemetery, in which are buried dead hopes, dead opportunities, dead joys, dead sorrows, dead everything. But, my friends, there is really no such thing as a "dead past." We shall not travel it any more. But are Germany, and England, and Russia dead and interred because we shall never see them again, having once seen them? O, no. They are alive with population just as certainly now we do not go there as when we did go there, and so though we may not travel through the past, it is all populous with living events. We ought to be just as much interested in yesterday as in to-morrow, for "God requireth that which is past."

There is in law what they call a release. If you have an incumbrance upon your property, by the payment of a certain sum of money on your part the person to whom you are obligated gives you a document freeing your property from any incumbrance. That is a release. Well, when a man becomes a Christian, for and in consideration of what Christ has paid in his behalf, God grants him a full release, and all his old sins go down into the very depths of the ocean, never to be brought up again, neither in the crises of this world nor in the Day of Judgment; but until that arrangement is made, "God requireth that which is past." As we are not responsible for anything that occurred before we were born, God will not ask us anything about that. As we are not responsible for anything we could not help, God will not ask us anything about that. But there are in all our lives, however insignificant, a multitude of events for which we must give an account, and though the events have gone away from us twenty years ago, in God's sight they stand close by us as though they had transpired only three minutes ago. A mariner puts his sea-glass to his eye, and looks off upon the ocean, and beholds the hulk of a charred steamer. The sea is quite rough, and he tells the crew to give a wide berth to that hulk. But, my friends, we cannot steer clear of the dismasted events which burned to the water's edge in our past life. They floated all about us, significent and tremendous, for "God requireth that which is past."

UNRECOGNIZED BLESSINGS.

In the first place, God will require of us *all our past unrecognized blessings*. When I consider how much it takes to clothe and shelter and feed a man for only a year, and then calculate how much it would cost him for twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty years, I come to the conclusion, when I see you here to-night, that you have been very much blessed. Why, the humblest of you has been at an expenditure of $5,000, $7,000, $10,000, $15,000, $20,000 through the course of your life. Besides that, you have received so many things entirely free of charge. The most of the light you have got for nothing. "O," you say, "we have to furnish the lamps and the candles, and it costs us a great deal to light our rooms and light our homes and light our churches." From five o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening, how much does it cost you for light? Does not God's candle light up the earth and the heaven for all those hours? and it costs you nothing for at least twelve hours of every day. So it has been with most of your fuel. "O," you say, "wood and coal are up, and it costs us a great deal for fuel;" but from May to October whose fireplace is it that warms the earth? It is God's. And how much does it cost you? Nothing. You get the most of your light for nothing, and the most of your fuel for nothing, and from the moment you were born God has carried you around in the arms of his benefaction. He has kissed you with his sunshine, and stroked you with his air, and bathed you with his waters, and garlanded you with his flowers, and fed you at his granaries, and rocked you in the cradle of his beautiful world. Blessings behind you; blessings before you; blessings on either side of you; blessings above you; blessings beneath you; blessings within you. What thanks have you rendered? What gratitude have you felt? Have you been sitting morning, noon and night, at the Lord's table without ever praising the divine goodness? Have you slept at night on an easy couch, and never returned thanks for the divine goodness? Have you children in your house, children hearty, robust and well, and have you never recognized the divine power that keeps them healthy and roseate? O, God has been very good to you.

HAVE YOU BEEN GOOD TO GOD?

"God requireth that which is past." More than that. He saw you dying, and sent an angel to redeem you. Did he? No. He sent Gabriel from the throne to rescue you. O, no. He cried out to Michael, the archangel, "Go forth and ransom that man." O, no. He sent his only Son. Now, if there had been ten divine sons in the family, and he had sent one and nine had stand with him, the sacrifice would not have been so great. But the Lord's family was small. There was only one Son, and he came forth, and he came here; and the Father was willing that the divine family should be broken up, and the Son should come. Why? To heal your wounds, and to wipe away your tears, and to carry your burdens, and to die your death, and to save your soul; and for these last ten or twenty years he has been asking of you one little thing, and that is that you would let him just stand inside the door of your heart. O, have you done it? Your cruelty to Christ, and your ingratitude to God make up a very rough paragraph. Look at Jesus! What is he weeping for? Has he not got over the death of Lazarus yet? O, yes; he is weeping for the treatment he has received at your hands. He did not deserve this. O, it was hard, after he came so far, and endured so much. If there was ever any one that you ought to have greeted with a great deal of hospitality, it was this one; yet you have closed the door in his face, and you have driven him down the steps, and "God requireth that which is past."

UNHEEDED WARNING.

Again, I remark that God will require of you, and does require of you, *the warnings that were unheeded all your life*. Did any of you have narrow escapes? I remember two or three times when I came near drowning. I remember with what chagrin I was obliged to take the last berth in the last sleeping-car of the express train from Chicago; but I did not know that before morning the two front sleeping-cars would be hurled over an embankment in great slaughter, and the front of the car in which I was sleeping would be crushed to atoms. I did not know that. O, I suppose all you men, who have lived an active life, have run a great many risks, and have had many narrow escapes. Did you not think God was calling to you then? Did you not say within yourselves, "If I had been on the front of the boat instead of in the stern boat, or if I couldn't have swam, or if I had been on the fourth floor of that burning hotel instead of the second floor, or if I had been on the up train instead of the down train, what would have become of me? I was entirely unprepared then." Did you heed that warning? O, my brother, next time you may be on the bow instead of on the stern, or on the up train instead of the down train, or your arm palsied by a falling spar, you may not know how to swim. God remembers all those narrow escapes. He has made a record of them, and "He requires that which is past."

So God will require of you all the warnings that came to you through sickness. It is very seldom that anyone comes to mid-life or even manhood without having been bombarded by disease. You were driven into a room, and kept there as though armed soldiery had stood guard over you. There was something the matter with your nerves, or your lungs, or your head, or your heart, or your limbs, that made you full of portent. The question asked by yourself and by your friends and by the doctor, was, "Will I ever come out of this? will he ever come out of this?" And as you laid there, and the world seemed to be going out of your grasp, and the great eternity seemed to be hovering so near that you thought you could feel its breath on your cheek, O, how rapidly you thought; what resolutions you made; what vows before God you pledged. Did you keep them? You remember very well that night when you heard the watchers whispering one to another; and you were alarmed at your breathing; and the clock struck twelve at midnight, and the falling of the clock's hammer seemed like a knell sounding through your soul.

GOD REMEMBERS THAT TIME.

He has made a record of that time. "He requireth that which is past." That sickness in which you said, "O, God! if I can only get well, I will serve thee." You got well, Did you serve him?

So, also, God will require of you all those warnings that came to you through the sudden decease of your friends. How many quick ways there are to get out of life; a stumbling horse; the capsizing of a sail-boat; a slip at the head of the stairs; a breaking away of a railing; the failing to get up alive of the the man who went to bed well; the flash of a thunderbolt; the clash of two swift vehicles, and one of your friends is gone. A friend that sat with you at the table, or at the Chamber of Commerce, or in the Board of Direction, he is gone. You take up a morning paper and you are shocked. "Why," you say, "the printers must have got hold of the wrong type. It can't be. It can't be." But it was. The store was closed. You saw it as you went along to business. Friends gathered in sympathy. A long procession was formed going out toward the cemetery, and in the course of three days the whole story of sickness, death and obsequies was ended. How did it affect you? Did you hear the bell ring? That was the alarm of God's providence. Aye, there was one went out from your own household. How suddenly he went. There was one that went from your closest business association. How suddenly he went. I suppose thet there have been

THIRTY OR FORTY STARTLING PROVIDENCES

in your life, when you were impressed with the fact, more or less impressed with it, that life is uncertain, and that at any moment eternity might move in upon your soul. How did you feel about it? Did you put the warnings that God gave you to any practical application, or has it been proved that there is no power in God's providences to move and arouse and arrest your soul? O, my dear friends, if notwithstanding all these long, resounding thunders of admonition, you do not turn to God and live, what will move you? "God requireth that which is past."

There are three points at which "God requires that which is past." One is *now*. Many a man has come to church and sat looking at the ceiling, or at the lights, or at the apparel of the people near him, or has been coolly estimating the intellect of the preacher, and just at that moment the Lord has turned over on him all the memories of his past life, and the voices of the future have shrieked in his ear their overmastering realities. And so God is doing to-night. So he is doing in this very assemblage. Some of you who came in thoughtless, now feel that you are immortal. God is saying to you so loudly you cannot stop your ears against it. "O, man, where is thy father's God? O man, where are thy dying mother's entreaties? O man, where have you spent your nights since you have been in town? O man, if you should die in your seat to-night, where would you go to? O man, how long will you live?" Some one answers, "I expect to live sixty, seventy, eighty years." You will live longer than that. You will live a hundred years. You will live a thousand years. You will live a million years. You will live a quadrillion of years. You will live a quintillion of years. And when you have got through that you will be no nearer the terminus of your journey than you are to-night. But where? In what radiance or in what gloom. Say, say, what of the night? On what road? What have been the prophesies of the past ten years of your life? Are not all the fingers pointing one way? Just as certainly as this gallery sweeps around, so God sweeps around every man's heart to-night a circle, saying, "Before you come out of that you will decide your destiny."

There is in every war a decisive battle. Once it was Marathon, once it was Waterloo, Gettysburgh, once it was Sedan; but I have to tell you that in this great war going on about your soul,

TO-NIGHT IS THE DECISIVE BATTLE!

to-night! to-night! A sailor that was on board Columbus' vessel, when he came ashore, said it was a flock of land birds that showed them where the land was. He said they saw them flying just before nightfall, and they made up their minds that the birds must be going toward land; "so," he said, "we steered in the direction they went, and we soon found land." So, to-night, there are anxious souls flying away toward Christ and Heaven. That is your direction, and that is the safe direction. Did I say it was the dicisive battle? Why, heaven or hell, in the next half hour, will get the victory for all time and for all eternity over your immortal spirit.

There is another point at which God makes requisition, and that is *the last hour we live on earth*. I know that physicians do not like to have many people in the sick-room. When a man is expiring they say it vitiates the air, and it is a disturbance; but whether doctors like it or not, when a sinner dies the room is always crowded, from the door to the bedside, from the floor to the ceiling; crowded with memories, crowded until you can crowd in no more. And God, in every sinner's dying room, calls the roll of three regiments: the regiment of past mercies, the regiment of past warnings, the regiment of past sins. He calls those three regiments, and they come in, and they present arms, and they take aim, and they fire. The saddest and the busiest room in all the world is such a room. You may turn on all the lights, you cannot expel the darkness. You may talk about the importance of having the room quiet, you cannot silence the voices.

WHAT IS GOD DOING WITH THAT DYING SOUL?

He is "requiring that which is past." What are the voices of the past saying to that unrepentant man as he is going out of life? Those voices are saying to him: "What about those Sabbath-breaking rides? What about those words blasphemous or unclean? What about those malpractices in trade? What about those million bad thoughts during your life, of envy, or hatred, or lust, or pride? Come to resurrection all ye days and months and years; come to resurrection." And they come. There is no anodyne that can soothe such a pang, for I have tried it. There is no stimulus that can brace up that courage. There is no febrifuge that can cool that excitement. You may tell all the disturbances to leave the bedside and go away; they will not go. What is God doing with that dying man? He is "requiring that which is past."

There is one other point at which God will make requisition, that is in *the great final day*. I suppose you have dreamed of that day. We are very apt, in our dreams, to have notions and ideas about things we have thought of in the day time, and every thinking man has thought something about that day.

I SAW THE DAY OF JUDGMENT ONCE.

It was at the close of a Sabbath when I had heard a minister of Christ preach his farewell sermon. It had been a day of deep emotions, and that night I heard the last trumpet sound. There was no music in it, for I was not ready; but the sound was deep, and long, and overmastering. I saw the flash of a great splendor, and on one side there was a vast illumined space, filled with happy faces; and on the other side there was a thick cloud, from which there gleamed eyes hollow with woe. Did I see the books open? No. You ask did I see the great white throne? No. You ask me why? It was because the falling of the mountains and the hallelujahs of the saved and the shrieks of the lost woke me up, and with besweated brow I thought, O if the dream is so vivid, what shall the reality be! On that day, just so plainly prophesied in this Bible that no man doubts its coming who believes in the Bible—on that day "God will require that which is past." Though in that fire the books of account should be consumed, and the last leaf go into ashes, our memories would be so aroused and invigorated that they would bring up all the past. On that day our unrepented sins will glare in upon us with eyes of fire, and clutch for us with fingers of flame. Is it a notion of mine? No! *Ecclesiastes, twelfth and fourteenth:* "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained." That is fair enough. "O," you say, "that wrong thing I did was in the night." Nevertheless, God saw there. You say there was no one present, and it could not be proved. Nevertheless, God saw it! Without a single exception, all the unforgiven sins of our past life will come up before us, and before an assembled universe we will be questioned about them. I say all our *unforgiven* sins. You will see them on that day just as plainly as you see the shaking of the mountains in the chill of a great terror, and the shrivelling of the heavens like a scroll; and you will hear those sins on that day as plainly as you hear the baying of the thunders and the dash of the ocean as it lashes itself in its last agony. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were open, and the dead were judged out of the things written in the books according to their works; and there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair."

What proportion of this audience is ready for that day? Half of it? I hope so—I believe so. If so, let the half who are prepared cry aloud unto God in behalf of the half that are not. Do you not know that one who sits by you to-night, though he may be a stranger, will be near you in the last day? Will he on that day be enabled to charge you with making no effort to-night for his rescue? Eternal God,

OVERWHELM THESE CHRISTIAN SOULS

with a sense of their responsibility, and seize upon all the impenitent with a great anxiety. "O," says some one here in the gallery, "what's the use of talking about the fact that all our sins will be brought up in the last day, if there is no way out? I know I have been a sinner. Don't tell me anything about it." My brother, Christ is ready to pay all your debts, and he is ready not only to cross out and to erase every sin you have ever committed, but as you might put your finger in a bottle of ink, and then with the ink on that finger rub out something that had been written on a beautiful page, so God says, he will *blot* out your transgression, so that neither man, angel nor devil can tell what it was. Now is not that something to believe? Is it not good news? The archangel's trumpet that shall upset the pyramids and shatter the solid masonry of Westminister Abbey, cannot be blown so loudly that it can wake up a sin when God has buried it. The swimmer that goes down on the Atlantic beach to bathe has not so much room in the great ocean as there is to-night in the great fountain of God's mercy, for you to come and wash away all your sins. O, will you my brother be so obstinate as to put away this chance for heaven? Come to the Lord Jesus Christ now. How often you have heard that invitation—heard it from the platform, from pulpit, from individual Christians, in all circumstances. It has got to be an old story. Come to Jesus. Some people scoff at Christians because they say those three words so often; but, my friends, that short sentence

EMBRACES EVERYTHING,

and why should we not use it, and who cares what the world says, if only our souls are saved? So I tell you, come to Jesus. Come now, O wanderer from thy God; come now. I feel that you must be in earnest to-night. I do not think that on such a stormy night men come to the house of God unless they have some reason for coming, and I feel that this is the hour of your salvation. I am certain of it now, after I heard the prayers that were offered in the Lay College building at half past six o'clock, where men laid hold of the horns of the altar and pleaded with the Lord for his blessing on these services with an importunity he will not deny. Ever since that I have expected that the Lord would graciously appear here, and that there would be many souls this night who would find their way into the hope of the Gospel. Will it be you? Will it be you? Will it be you? O, young man; what good news it would be to send home to your father and mother in the country. They are wondering where you are to-night. What good news it would be to send them.

O, YE WHO HAVE PARENTS IN HEAVEN,

what good news it would be to send to them. "There is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and I do not believe that you would have been in the hope of the Gospel one minute before they would hear of it before the throne, and cry: "Praise him! Praise him! O, the grace of Jesus, that has brought home my lost boy. Hallelujah!" I can promise you no pardon for Monday. I can promise you no spiritual hope for ten o'clock to-night. There have been seventeen hundred people who have died since we began the service to-night. There will be thirteen thousand people who will die before to-morrow morning, who will die yet to-night—thirteen thousand. I would be very silly to stand here and promise you anything in the way of future repentance and future pardon. "Escape for thy life, lest thou be consumed." Mercy long grieved may leave the gate, and the uplifted sword of justice fall, and then thy chance is gone and thy doom is fixed. I suppose that this very moment, while I speak, there are thousands in the world of the lost who felt once just as you feel to-night, and came just as near being saved as you have come, and yet they did not take the decisive step while they could, and now they could not if they would. Beware lest, through the same halting, you come to the same fate.

"To-day the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come;
O, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

The Spirit calls to-day,
Yield to His Power;
O, grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour."

HOW SHE FOUND IT OUT.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Maggie, have you been over to see our new neighbors yet?" said Mr. Ray, looking up from the evening paper.

"I! No indeed, John," said Mrs. Ray. After a pause, she added, "I am not likely to go. There can be nothing in common between such fine people as they are, and plain folks like ourselves."

"But, my dear, they have come to our church, and Mr. Folsom has taken a pew in the middle aisle. It seems to me, it would be only polite, as they are new comers in the place, to extend the courtesy of a call. You and Mrs. Folsom must be about the same age, too. She might be an acquisition."

Mrs. Ray said nothing for a few moments. She sewed on steadily. Her work was coarse and homely, patching the knees of her boy Sammy's pants. That day, looking from her modest little window, to the house over the way, she had observed with a certain half unconscious bitterness, how elegantly Charlie Folsom was dressed. No patches on his knees, and his jacket and trowsers had the unmistakably stylishness that bespoke the fashionable tailor. No clumsy, home-made look about them. Was it envy that stirred in her heart, and almost rendered her wretched, as Mrs. Folsom, superb in black silk and lace, stepped into her carriage, and with her little son by her side, rode away in the bright afternoon sunshine?

"Going to the park, of course!" Mrs. Ray had thought, as she turned back to her overflowing basket of work and her fretful year-old baby,

"John," she said at last, "you never recognize difference in circumstances. The Folsoms are very far removed from us. They move in a circle which is not like ours, and they are like the lilies of the field—they neither toil nor spin. We have to work hard, and to pinch and screw to keep out of debt. Probably they would consider our overtures intrusive."

"Well, Maggie, you know best," said Mr. Ray, with a sigh, "but for the life of me I cannot see that a few things more or less ought to set fellow-Christians so far apart. I think you are fit company for any lady in the land, and I have seen nothing in Folsom so crushing. Certainly, in education and tastes, we might harmonize, and I hardly think it democratic to be so awed by a neighbor's wealth."

"Awed!" Mrs. Ray flashed up in a minute. "I am neither awed nor humbled, John, but I have a proper degree of pride, I hope, and while we sit under the gallery we won't go calling on the grandees of the middle aisle."

While this conversation was going on, the Folsoms, seated in their beautiful library, were talking in a slightly dissimilar strain on the same subject.

Mrs. Folsom was saying to her husband she she missed in this new city home the social freedom of the village they had left, and she dreaded lest their church relations were to remain cold and formal.

"I long so to have somebody to run in upon," she said. "There's ever so pretty a little lady in that cottage across the street, and she has a splendid boy, just Charlie's size, and a darling baby. But she don't even glance this way, and she has so much to do at home that I presume she has no time to think of gossipping."

Weeks went on. The Rays and the Folsoms continued to attend the same church, and the boys were in the same class in Sunday-school. They passed and repassed each other in the vestibule and the lecture-room and on the pavement, and the gentlemen often went down town together in the car and became quite friendly; but the ladies advanced no farther than a look of recognition, and occasionally a distant bow. Mrs. Folsom looked as if she would like to be better acquainted, but she was met by the most indifferent glances on the part of Mrs. Ray. Gradually other interests pushed the latter out of the former's thoughts, and she went her way without the desire she had at first felt for acquaintanceship.

Sammy Ray, however, greatly admired Charlie Folsom's mamma. He was on terms of intimacy in the Folsom house. Rex, the great St. Bernard dog, seemed to love him as well as he did the young master. Selim Charlie's pony, bore Sammy very willingly, and many a happy hour the two boys spent in each other's society, in the workshop in Charlie's garret. Charlie liked very much to read and study in the shade of Sammy's grape arbor, and to draw baby Netta about in her pretty carriage.

It happened one day that Mrs. Ray was extremely out of temper. It was more her misfortune than her fault, for naturally she was a sunny-hearted woman without much subacid in her composition. The fact was that just then she was worn out. Half the irritability in this world is less a sin to be mourned for than an infirmity to be pitied. Half the amiability is the direct precipitate of good sleep and good digestion. The tired mother had a dreadful nervous throbbing in her temples, and it seemed as if her blood were beating like a hammer. Every sound pained her ear. The baby was uncommonly fretful, and to cap the climax of trouble, the girl had that morning taken umbrage at some slight thing and gone away. With all the work to do, and the weather hot, and a new dress half made, lying beside the machine, it is no wonder Mrs. Ray felt discouraged. When Sammy, about ten o'clock came rushing in like a whirlwind, flinging down books and cap, and shouting, "Hurrah! Mamma, we've got a holiday!" she thought she would go out of her senses.

"Sammy!" she said, "sit right down in the corner, and keep still. I cannot stand a racket. Baby is sick."

"Can't I go over to Charlie's house?"

"No!" said Mrs. Ray, decidedly, "you can stay away from Charlie's house, one day, I hope!"

Poor Sammy heaved a groan. This holiday would be a doleful one indeed, if it must be spent sitting still in a corner, with mamma cross. He bore it a while, but finally seeing his mother looking pleasanter, though very pale, even his eyes noticed that, he ventured a petition to go out of doors.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ray this time, "but go quietly, Sammy."

Sammy started to go quietly, but just then there was heard a heavy fall on the floor above, followed by a succession of sharp cries. Baby had fallen out of the bed. Mrs. Ray rushed up stairs, caught the child in her arms, and herself fell fainting the next moment.

When she came to herself, tender hands were busy about her, and a gentle voice said:

"Lie still; don't try to rise, I will take care of the baby."

Mrs. Ray looking up was conscious of a gentle presence, robed in some white cool dress, who took on after a little the lineaments of Mrs. Folsom. Very softly and gently she moved about the chamber, and as Mrs. Ray murmured some words of thanks and of remonstrance, she answered:

"Never mind now, only rest till you are better."

Sammy, on seeing his mother's prostration, had gone as fast as he could for Mrs. Folsom. He had a boy's faith in her goodness and capability, and now as he watched her going about, and caring so kindly for every one, his gratitude knew no bounds. From that beginning a pleasant friendship grew between the two women, who found that they had many sympathies and tastes by which to cement the union of the heart.

There is a great deal said and written about the way the rich set themselves above and apart from the poor. For my part, I am of the opinion that the fault is more on the side of the poor. I am not thinking at all of abject poverty, but of respectable middle-class people, with limited incomes, who have an obstinate pride, that resents every suspicion of patronage. They hold themselves aloof sometimes from very pleasant associations, from a morbid and sensitive apprehension that they may be thought to be courting favors from more fortunately placed individuals than themselves. But men and women are greater than any accidents of circumstances, and a few dollars more or less, a different style of living, and a different scale of expenditures, should never keep congenial people apart. In the church it is not the wealthy and cultivated members who stand off and refuse to be social, half so often as it is those whose worldly surroundings are cramped or hard. She who lives in apartments disdains to call or to be called upon by her friend, who has a whole house on a fashionable street. There are many Mrs. Rays and Mrs. Folsoms in all our congregations.

RULES FOR MOTHERS.

1. *Don't talk too much.* To be always lecturing children is not the way to secure prompt obedience. Some children would, doubtless, much rather be whipped than perpetually talked to; especially in a fault-finding way. Little indiscretions and improprieties it is often best to pass by. If we take note of everything, and administer a lecture upon it, our lectures will soon become an intolerable bore, and not only will do no good, but while they chafe our own spirit, they will harden and discourage the child.

2. *Talk low and gentle.* If you talk *loud* it will be harder to be calm. Keep the voice down, and you can the easier keep your temper down. If you talk loud your children will also, and the difficulty will be increased. Do you know that one of the chief difficulties of family government *is in the parent?* You may not suspect it, while it may be even so in your case. Quiet, gentle, yet firm mothers, govern best.

3. *Don't threaten much.* To be every now and then saying, "If you do that again I'll box your ear," or "I'll send you to bed," only hardens; and if you fail to execute what you threatened—as great threateners are almost sure frequently to do—your children will either consider you very forgetful or false; and in either case will learn to distrust you, and many a time will laugh at your threats. Take notice of some great threateners—and you may not have to go far to find a specimen or two—and observe if they do not often sternly threaten, and in a few minutes, being more good natured, or forgetful, suffer the children, *unrebuked*, to do the very thing against which punishment was threatened.

4. If you would govern well, *have but few general rules, but steadily adhere to these.* Have a fixed rule as to prompt obedience, speaking the truth, and indeed all moral duties; and never pass by an act of wilful disobedience, or a lie, or a theft. No matter if you are in ever so great a hurry, stop and attend to this. It is infinitely more important than your ordinary affairs. Make a *great matter of it, for God does;* and it may one day prove a great matter to you and your children.

5. *Punish rarely, but when you do be thorough.* Never punish in a passion, nor when you are peevish or impatient, or nervously excited. Wait till you are cool; look well and carefully at the reasons of the case, and only punish when the evidence of guilt is clear. Then proceed in a calm and Christian spirit. Show your child from the Word of God your obligation to punish. Read to him God's words as your authority, and let him see that you and he are both accountable to God. Let no one, grandparent or other venerated friend, interfere with your family discipline.

A RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPER.

The Louisville *Christian Observer* observes:—"A new church cannot start better, nor an old church do better, than by seeing that a good religious paper is regularly placed in the hands of every member of the church and congregation. Every family can easily be furnished with such a paper by the exercise of a little tact and energy on the part of the minister and elders of the church. Some will plead inability; and those who are too poor to furnish their children with bread should be excused on this score, and an appeal should be made to the charitable persons in the neighborhood to supply them with a religious paper as well as with food. Those who can furnish their families with food can also supply them with a religious paper, if they can be convinced of the importance of feeding their minds and souls on sound, wholesome food. The usefulness of religious papers can hardly be overestimated. They are preachers who never tire, assiduous and prompt in visiting the families who invite their attendance, preaching during the week, arguing, convincing, and instructing on the subjects which the people are thinking and talking about."

HINTS TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

Don't be afraid to "show your colors." A cowardly Christian is a misnomer. Shrink from no declaration, from no duty that Christ desires of you. The timid, vascilliating course is the hardest and most barren. The brave, outspoken, faithful life is the happiest and most effective.

There are many things you do not understand as yet. But let no doubts or uncertainties prevent you from acting on what you do know. There are some spiritual facts clear enough, plenty of Christian duties plain enough to you; act immediately on those. Do faithfully all you know you ought to do, and the larger knowledge will follow in due time.

Use earnestly every means that will enlarge and strengthen your Christian life. Study the Bible. Pray without ceasing. Don't neglect the prayer-meeting or the Sunday Schools. Stir up your Sunday School teacher, and get your doubts explained. Go to the pastor with your questions, and find out the best he knows on the things that perplex you. Keep your heart warm by doing good.

Make your life beautiful in the sight of men, and show them the sweetness and power of Christianity. Be conscientious in little things. Let the Master's spirit shine through every hour of your life. In school, in shop, or field, in society, the young Christian ought to be the most faithful, the most courteous, the most generous and kindly, the noblest of any person there.

Follow Christ. Seek to reproduce his traits in your life. Do always as you would believe he would do if he were in your place, so you will have a growing, joyful, successful Christian career.

BIBLE ARITHMETIC.

ADDITION.—Add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity.—2 Pet. i. 5-7.

SUBTRACTION.—Laying aside all malice, and guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speaking, ... desire the sincere milk of the word that ye may grow thereby. —2 Pet. ii. 1-2.

MULTIPLICATION.—Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord.—2 Pet. 1, 2.

He that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of righteousness.—Cor. ix. 10.

DIVISION.—Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters; saith the Lord Almighty.—2 Cor. vi. 17, 18.

RULE OF THREE.—Now abideth faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity. --1 Cor. xiii. 13.—*Selected.*

RANDOM READINGS.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are, the more gentle and quiet we become towards the defects of others.—*Fenelon.*

Be not easily discouraged. Hope on. Hope ever. A very experienced laborer says that he has frequently seen the happiest results following labors performed under the greatest discouragements. Many have said as much. Look not much at discouragements.

With what a mixture of fear, reverence and holy joy should we open the Bible—the book of truth and happiness! God's heart opened to man! and yet the whole and every part of it is secreted from him, and hid under an impenetrable veil, till he opens his heart to God.—*Adam.*

How long an exemption from benevolent contributions, general or special, is it the correct thing to claim on these three grounds severally and jointly: First, we are going to build a church edifice; secondly, we are building; thirdly, we have just built? Three years? Three times three? Or does it ever become "chronic?"

Let us comfort our hearts and brighten our hopes with the sweet thought that God loves us, and out of his love springs his goodness to us. God's promise is to each one of his children—"My God shall supply all our need." Something lies between us and its precious fulfilment. Perhaps we do not read it correctly. He does not say he will supply all our wants, but all our needs. We must learn the difference between wants and needs.

The gentleness of manner which seems to consider and respect the condition and circumstances of all persons, is that which wins unstinted regard. The deference to another's opinions, tastes, or wishes, which to all reasonable extent represents self-sacrifice, is that manner of living which wins the most tender friendship in return. Reverence for old age, chivalry towards women, sympathy for the crippled and afflicted, patience with children, and charity towards all men, make up that character which is nobly "without fear and without reproach."