The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD, "THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."—Peter. Editor and Proprietor.

Vol. XXIII.—No. 43. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1876. Whole No. 1187.

NEW

DRY GOODS

FOR

FALL AND WINTER.

October 1st, 1876.

THOMAS LOGAN

IS DAILY RECIEVING NEW GOODS from England and the United States for the FALL TRADE. He has now opened—

DRESS GOODS,

WOOL SHAWLS, FELT SKIRTS,

Jacket and Mantle Cloths,

DRESS TWEEDS, GREY FLANNELS.

One Case of

BLACK ALPACAS,

Bought at a bargain, selling for

25 CENTS.

FINGERING YARNS, BERLIN WOOLS,

TWO BALES OF

AMERICAN PRINTS,

AT 9 CENTS.

BLACK FRENCH MERINOS,

BLACK HENRIETTA CLOTHS,

BLACK CRAPES.

TWEED SHIRTINGS, GREY COTTONS,

Velvets and Velvet Ribbons.

PARKS' COTTON WARPS,

&c., &c., &c.

An Inspection Respectfully Solicited.

THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, September 29, 1876.

Sept. 15th, 1876.

NEW FALL GOODS,

AND VERY CHEAP.

BUYERS OF

DRY GOODS

Will please take notice that

MILLER & EDGECOMBE

are now opening NEW GOODS for the FALL TRADE from EUROPE and the AMERICAN MARKETS.

WE ARE NOW SELLING

Good Grey Cotton,

Yard Wide, for 7c., 8c., 9c. and 10c.

WHITE COTTONS,

from 7 to 13 cents.

SWANSDOWNS—Very Cheap.

GREY SHIRTING FLANNELS,

less than ever sold before.

GOOD FAST COLOR PRINTS, for 8 and 9c.

NEW GOODS received from the AMERICAN MARKETS every week.

Just opened per S.S. Acadia:

BLACK GOODS,

in Cords of all kinds.

COBURGS, LUSTRES, ALPACAS,
Merinos, Brilliantanes, &c., &c.
TWEEDS and WINCIES Fingerings,

YARNS, RIBBONS, CRAPES, SILKS,

GLOVES,

MEN'S BRACES,

WOOL SHAWLS, &c.

THESE GOODS ARE ALL NEW AND FRESH, AND WILL BE SOLD AT

BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.

MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Fredericton, Sept. 15, 1876.

The Intelligencer.

MORE SUBSCRIBERS WANTED!

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT!!

We are anxious to have a large increase to our subscription list, and therefore make the following offer to *new* subscribers:

New subscribers, sending in their names any time after this announcement, will receive the paper from the time of subscribing till January 1st, 1878, for one year's subscription ($2.00).

By taking advantage of this offer they receive the paper for the balance of the year *free;* and the sooner they subscribe the more free papers they get.

Our only reason for making this very liberal offer is that the paper may yet be introduced into many new families where we are sure it will do good. Our experience has taught us that the family that gets acquainted with the INTELLIGENCER does not readily part with it. Hence the extraordinary offers we occasionally makeit to new subscribers.

We know there are many hundreds of Free Baptist families in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, not now receiving the INTELLIGENCER, that might be persuaded to subscribe for it if its claims were properly brought to their attention. They would be better by being readers of their denominational paper; and it would be better by having them added to its list of subscribers.

We shall feel greatly obliged if the friends of the paper will do us the kindness of making known to their neighbors the offer made above. Cannot each one try to secure at least one new name? One name is but little to get, but *one from each* would be a great benefit to the INTELLIGENCER. *Try it.*

To the ministers we look especially for help in this matter. The work of the INTELLIGENCER is identical with their work. To them we earnestly appeal to give the recognized organ of their denomination a helping hand. Make our offer known from your pulpits, brethren, and then follow up the work by personal canvass as you have opportunity. If this be done we are sure a large increase of subscribers will result.

We have no travellings agents, and are dependent altogether on the kind offices of ministers and others who are sufficiently interested in the paper and the denomination it represents to canvass for it.

If the canvass is gone into in right earnest a large number of new subscribers might be brought to us at Conference. At least let the effort be made.

TWO DOLLARS *from a new* SUBSCRIBER *will pay for the paper till* JANUARY 1st, 1878!

A SERMON.

BY REV. T. D. TALMAGE.

THE MILITARY INVALID.

"He was a leper."—II. Kings v. 1

Here we have a warrior sick; not with pleurisies or rheumatism or consumption, but with a disease worse than all these put together. A red mark has come out on the forehead, precursor of complete disfigurement and dissolution. I have something awful to tell you. General Naaman, the Commander-in-chief of all the Assyrian forces, has the leprosy! It is on his hands, on his face, on his feet, on his entire person. Ulcers. Get out of the way of the pestilence! If his breath strike you, you are a dead man. The Commander-in-chief of all the forces of Assyria, and yet he would be glad to exchange conditions with the boy at his stirrup, or the hostler that blankets his charger. The news goes like wildfire all through the realm, and the people are sympathetic, and they cry out: "Is it possible that our great hero, who shot Ahab, and around whom we came with such vociferation when he returned from victorious battle—can it be possible that our grand and glorious Naaman has the leprosy?" Yes. Everybody has something he wishes he had not. David, an Absalom to disgrace him; Paul, a thorn to sting him; John, carbuncles to plague him; Samson, a Delilah to sheer him; Ahab, a Naboth to deny him; Haman, a Mordecai to irritate him; George Washington, childless to afflict him; John Wesley, a termagant wife to pester him; Leah, weak eyes; Pope, a crooked back; Byron, a club foot; John Milton, blind eyes; Charles Lamb, an insane sister; and you, and you, and you,

SOMETHING WHICH YOU NEVER BARGAINED FOR,

and would like to get rid of. The reason of this is that God does not want this world to be too bright; otherwise, we would always want to stay and eat these fruits, and lie on these lounges, and shake hands in this pleasant society. We are only in the vestibule of a grand temple. God does not want us to stay on the doorstep, and therefore he sends aches and annoyances and sorrows and bereavements ot all sorts to push us on and push us up toward riper fruits and brighter society, and more radiant prosperities. God is only whipping us ahead. The reason that Edward Payson and Robert Hall had more rapturous views of heaven than other people had was because, through their aches and pains, God pushed them nearer up to it. If God dashes out one of your pictures, it is only to show you a brighter one. If he sting your foot with gout, your brain with neuralgia, your tongue with an inextinguishable thirst, it is only because he is preparing to substitute a better body than you ever dreamed of, when the mortal shall put on immortality. It is to push you on, and to push you up toward something grander and better, that God sends upon you, as he did upon General Naaman, something you do not want. Seated in his Assyrian mansion—all the walls glittering with the shields which he had captured in battle; the corridors crowded with admiring visitors, who just wanted to see him once; music and mirth and banqueting filling all the mansion, from tessellated floor to pictured ceiling—Naaman would have forgotten that there was anything better, and would have been glad to stay there ten thousand years. But O, how the shields dim, and how the visitors fly the hall, and how the music drops dead from the string, and how the gates of the mansion slam shut with sepulchral bang, as you read the closing words of the eulogium, "He was a leper! He was a leper!" Ulcers—dripping, loathsome, excruciating ulcers.

There was one person more sympathetic with General Naaman than any other person. Naaman's wife walked the floor, wringing her hands and trying to think what she can do to alleviate her husband's suffering. All poultices have failed. The surgeon-general and the doctors of the royal staff have met, and they have shaken their heads, as much as to say, "No cure, no cure." I think that the office-seekers had all folded up their recommendations and gone home. I think that the employees of the establishment had dropped their work, and gone out to look for some other situation. What shall now become of poor Naaman's wife? She must have sympathy somewhere. In her despair she goes to a little Hebrew captive, a servant-girl in her house, to whom she tells the whole story; as sometimes, when overborne by the sorrows of the world, and finding no sympathy anywhere else, you have gone out and found in the sympathy of some humble domestic—Rose or Dinah or Bridget—a help which the world could not give you.

WHAT A SCENE IT WAS:

one of the grandest women in all Assyria in cabinet council with a waiting-maid over the declining health of the Major-General! "I know something," says the little captive maid, "I know something," as she bounds to her bare feet. "In the land from which I was stolen there is a medicine man by the name of Doctor Elisha, who can cure almost anything, and I shouldn't wonder if he could cure my master. Send for him right away." "O, hush!" you say, "if the highest medical talent in all the land cannot cure that leper, there is no need of your listening to any talk of a servant girl." But do not scoff, do not sneer. The finger of that little captive maid is pointing in the right direction. She might have said, "This is a judgment on you for stealing me from my native land. Didn't they snatch me off in the night, breaking my father and mother's heart? and many a time I have laid and cried all night because I was so home-sick." Then, flushing up into childish indignation, she might have said, "Good for them; I'm glad Naaman's got the leprosy; I wish all the Assyrians had the leprosy;" No. Forgetting her own personal sorrows, she sympathizes with the sufferings of her master, and commends him to the famous Hebrew doctor.

And how often it is that the finger of childhood has pointed grown persons in the right direction. O, Christian soal, how long is it since you got rid of the leprosy of sin? You say, "Let me see. It must be five years now." Five years. Who was it that pointed you to the Divine Physician? "O," you say, "it was my little Amie or Fred or Charley that clambered up on my knees, and looked in my face, and

ASKED ME WHY I DIDN'T BECOME A CHRISTIAN,

and, all the time stroking my cheek, so I couldn't get angry, insisted upon knowing why I didn't have family prayers." There are grandparents here who have been brought to Christ by their little grandchildren. There are [illegible] How did you get rid of the leprosy of sin? How did you find your way to the Divine Physician? "O," you say, "my child, my dying child, with wan and wasted finger, pointed that way. O, I never shall forget," you say, "that scene at the cradle and the crib that awful night. It was hard, hard, very hard; but if that little one on its dying bed had not pointed me to Christ, I don't think I ever would have got rid of my leprosy." Go into the Sabbath-school this afternoon, and you will find hundreds of little fingers pointing in the same direction, toward Jesus Christ and toward heaven.

Years ago the astronomers calculated that there must be a world hanging at a certain point in the heavens, and a large prize was offered for some one who could discover that world. The telescopes from the great observatories were pointed in vain; but a girl at Nantucket, Mass., fashioned a telescope, and looking through it, discovered that star, and won the prize, and the admiration of all the astronomical world, that stood amazed at her genius. And so it is often the case that grown people cannot see the light, while

SOME LITTLE CHILD BEHOLDS THE STAR OF PARDON,

the star of hope, the star of consolation, the star of Bethlehem, the morning star of Jesus. "Not many mighty men, not many wise men are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are." O, do not despise the prattle of little children when they are speaking about God, Christ and heaven. You see the way your child is pointing; will you take that pointing, or wait until, in the wrench of some awful bereavement, God shall lift that child to another world, and then it will beckon you upward? Will you take the pointing, or will you wait for the beckoning? Blessed be God that the little Hebrew captive pointed in the right direction. Blessed be God for the saving ministry of Christian children.

No wonder the advice of this little Hebrew captive threw all Naaman's mansion and Benhadad's palace into excitement. Good-by, Naaman! With face scarified and ridged and inflamed of the pestilence, and aided by those who supported him on either side, he staggers out to the chariot. Hold fast the fiery coursers of the royal stable while the poor sick man lifts his swollen feet and pain-struck limbs into the vehicle. Bolster him up with the pillows, and let him take a lingering look at his bright apartments, for perhaps the Hebrew captive may be mistaken, and the next time Naaman comes to that place he may be a dead weight on the shoulders of those who carry him—an expired chieftain seeking sepulture, amid the lamentations of an admiring nation. Good-by, Naaman! Let the charioteer drive gently over the hills of Hermon, lest he jolt the invalid. Here goes the bravest man of all his day, a captive of horrible disease. As the ambulance winds through the streets of Damascus, the tears and prayers of all the people go after

THE WORLD-RENOWNED INVALID.

Perhaps yon have had an invalid go out from your house on a health excursion. You know how the neighbors stood around and said: "Ah, he will never come back again alive." O, it was a solemn moment, I tell you, when the invalid had departed and you went into the room to make the bed and to remove the medicine phials from the shelf, and to throw open the shutters, so that the fresh air might rush into the long-closed room. Good-by, Naaman! There is only one cheerful face looking at him, and that is the face of the little Hebrew captive, who is sure he will get cured, and who is so glad she helped him. As the chariot grinds out, and the escort of mounted courtiers, and the mules laden with sacks of gold and silver and embroidered suits of apparel went through the gates of Damascus and out on the long way, the hills of Naphtali and Ephraim look down on the procession, and the retinue goes right past the battle-fields where Naaman, in the days of his health, used to rally his troops for fearful onset, and then the procession stops and reclines a while in the groves of olive and oleander, and General Naaman so sick—so very, very sick.

How the countrymen gaped as the procession passed! They had seen Naaman go past like a whirlwind in days gone by, and had stood aghast at the clank of his war equipments; but now they commiserate him. They say: "Poor man, he will never get home alive; poor man!"

GENERAL NAAMAN WAKES UP

from a restless sleep in the chariot, and he says to the charioteer, "How long before we shall reach Doctor Elisha's?" The charioteer says to a wayside, "How far is it to Elisha's house?" He says, "Two miles." Two miles. Then they whip up the lathered and fagged-out horses. The whole procession brightens up at the prospect of speedy arrival. They drive up to the door of the prophet. The charioteers shout "Whoa!" to the horses, and the tramping hoofs and grinding wheels cease shaking the earth.

COME OUT, ELISHA, COME OUT;

you have company; the greatest company that ever came to your house has come to it now. No stir inside Elisha's house. The fact was, the Lord had told Doctor Elisha that the sick captain was coming and just how to treat him. Indeed, when you are sick and the Lord wants you to get well, he always tells the doctor how to treat you; and the reason we have so many bungling doctors is because they depend upon their own strength and instructions and not on the Lord God, and that always makes mal-practice. Come out, Elisha, and attend to your business. General Naaman and his retinue waited and waited and waited. The fact was, Naaman had two diseases—pride and leprosy; and one was as hard to get rid of as the other. Elisha is humbling that General Naaman, so he sits quietly in his house and does not go out. After awhile, when Naaman, he thinks, is humbled, he says to a servant: "Go out and tell General Naaman to bathe seven times in the river Jordan out yonder five miles, and he will get entirely well." The message comes out. "What!" says the Commander-in-chief of the Assyrian forces, his eye kindling with an animation which it had not shown for weeks, and his swollen fist clenched until the bloody ichor issues from the cracks, and his swollen foot stamping on the bottom of the chariot, regardless of pain. "What, Isn't he coming out to see me? Why, I thought certainly he would come and utter some cabalistic words over me, or make some enigmatical passes over my wounds. Why, I don't think he knows who I am.

IS N'T HE COMING OUT?

Why, when the Shunamite woman came to him, he rushed out and cried: 'Is it well with thee? is it well with the ne treat an untitled woman like that and let me, a titled personage, sit here in my chariot and wait and wait? I won't endure it any longer. Charioteer, drive on! Wash in the Jordan! Ha! ha! The slimy Jordan—the muddy Jordan—the monotonous Jordan. I wouldn't be seen washing in such a river as that. Why we watered our horses in a better river than that on our way coming here. The beautiful river, the jasper-paved river of Pharpar. Besides that, we have in our country another Damascene river, Abana, with foliaged bank, and torrent ever swift and ever clear, under the flickering shadows of sycamore and oleander. Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

I suppose Naaman felt very much like we would feel, if by way of medical prescription some one should tell us to go and wash in the Danube or the Rhine. We would answer: "Are not the Connecticut and the Hudson just as good?' Or as an Englishman would feel if he were told by way of medical prescription he must go and wash in the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence. He would cry out: "Are not the Thames and the Shannon just as well?" The fact was that General Naaman needed to learn what every Englishman and every American needs to learn—that when God tells you to do a thing, you must go and do it, whether you understand the reason or not. One thing is certain: unless General Naaman does as Elisha commands him, he will die of his awful sickness. And unless you do as Christ commands you, you will be seized upon by an everlasting wasting away.

OBEY AND LIVE—DISOBEY AND DIE.

Thrilling, over-arching, under-girding, stupendous alternative!

Well, General Naaman could not stand the test. The charioteer gives a jerk to the right line until the bit snaps in the horse's mouth, and the whirr of the wheels and the flying of the dust show the indignation of the great commander. "He turned and went away in a rage." So people often now get mad at religion. They vituperate against ministers, against churches, against Christian people. One would think from their irate behavior that God had been studying how to annoy and exasperate and demolish them. What has he been doing? Only trying to cure their death-dealing leprosy. That is all. Yet they whip up their horses, they dig in the spurs, and they go away in a rage.

So, after all, it seems that this health excursion of General Naaman is a dead failure. That little Hebrew captive might as well have not told of the cure, and this long journey might as well not have been taken.

POOR, SICK, DYING NAAMAN!

Are you going away in high dudgeon and worse than when you came? As his chariot halts a moment, his servants clamber up into it and coax him to do as the doctor said. They say: "It's easy. If the doctor had told you to walk for a mile on sharp spikes in order to get rid of this awful disease, you would have done it. It's easy. Come, my lord, just get down and wash in the Jordan. You take a bath every day anyhow, and in this climate it is so hot that it will do you good. Do it on our account, and for the sake of the army you command, and for the sake of the nation that admires you. Come, my lord, just try this Jordanic bath." "Well," he says, "to please you I will do as you say." The retinue drive to the brink of the Jordan. The horses paw and neigh to get in the stream themselves and cool their hot flanks. General Naaman, assisted by his attendants, gets down out of the chariot and painfully comes to the brink of the river and steps in until the water comes to the ancle, and goes on deeper until the water comes to the girdle, and now standing so far down in the stream, just a little inclination of the head will thoroughly immerse him.

HE BOWS ONCE INTO THE FLOOD,

and comes up and shakes the water out of nostril and eye; and his attendants look at him and say: "Why, General, how much better you do look." And he bows a second time into the flood and comes up, and the wild stare is gone out of his eye. He bows the third time into the flood and comes up, and the shrivelled flesh has got smooth again. He bows the fourth time into the flood and comes up, and the hair that had fallen out is restored in thick locks again all over the brow. He bows the fifth time into the flood and comes up, and the hoarseness has gone out of his throat. He bows the sixth time and comes up, and all the soreness and anguish has gone out of his limbs. "Why," he says, "I am almost well, but I will make a complete cure," and he bows the seventh time into the flood and he comes up, and not so much as a fester or a scale or an eruption as big as the head of a pin is to be seen on him. He steps out on the bank and says: "Is it possible?" And the attendants look and say: "Is it possible?" And as, with the health of an athlete, he bounds back into the chariot and drives on, there goes up from all his attendants

A WILD "HUZZA! HUZZA!"

Of course they go back to pay and thank the doctor. People ought always to pay the doctor. When they left the prophet's house, they went off mad; they have come back glad. People always think better of a minister after they are converted than they do before conversion. Now we are to them an intolerable nuisance because we tell them to do things that go against the grain; but some of us have a great many letters from those who tell us that once they were angry at what we preached, but afterward gladly received the Gospel at our hands. They once called us fanatics or terrorists or enemies; now they call us friends. Yonder is a man—I speak a literal fact—who said that he would never come to church again. He said that two years ago. He said: "My family shall never come here again if such doctrines as that are preached." But he came again, and his family came again. He is a Christian, his wife a Christian, all his children Christians, the whole household Christian, and I shall dwell with them in the house of the Lord forever. Our undying coadjutors are those who once heard the Gospel, and "went away in a rage."

Now, my hearer, you notice that this General Naaman did two things in order to get well. The first was—he got out of his chariot. He might have stayed there with his swollen feet on the stuffed ottoman, seated on that embroidered cushion, until his last gasp, he would never have got any relief. He had to get down out of his chariot. And you have got to

GET DOWN OUT OF THE CHARIOT

of your pride if you ever become a Christian. You cannot drive up to the Cross with a coach and four, and be saved among all the spangles. You seem to think that the Lord is going to be complimented by your coming sinner, get down out of that. We all come in the same haughty way. We expect to ride into the kingdom of God. Never, until we get down on our knees will we find mercy. The Lord has unhorsed us, uncharioted us. Get down out of your pride. Get down out of your self righteousness and your hypercriticism. We have all got to do that. That is the journey we have got to make on our knees. It is our infernal pride that keeps us from getting rid of the leprosy. Dear Lord, what have we to be proud of? Proud of our scales? Proud of our putridity? Proud of this killing infection? Bring us down at Thy feet, weeping, praying, penitent, believing suppliants.

"For sinners, Lord, Thou camest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free,
O, magnify that grace in me."

But he had not only to get down out of his chariot. He had to wash. "O," you say, "I am very careful with my ablutions. Every day I plunge into a bright and beautiful bath." Ah, my hearer, there is a flood brighter than Croton or Ridgewood. It is the flood that breaks from the granite of the eternal hills. It is the flood of pardon and peace and life and heaven. That flood started in the tears of Chrsit and the sweat of Gethsemane, and rolled on, accumulating flood, until all earth and heaven could bathe in it. Zechariah called it the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness." William Cowper called it the "Fountain filled with blood." Your fathers and mothers washed all their sins and sorrows away in that fountain. O, my hearer, do you not to-day feel like wading into it?

WADE DOWN NOW INTO THIS GLORIOUS FLOOD,

deeper, deeper, deeper. Plunge once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times. It will take as much as that to cure your soul. O wash, wash, wash, and be clean.

I suppose there was a great time when General Naaman got back to Damascus. The charioteers did not have to drive slowly any longer, lest they jolt the invalid; but as the horses dashed through the streets of Damascus, I think the people rushed out to hail back their chieftain. Naaman's wife hardly recognized her husband; he was so wonderfully changed she had to look at him two or three times before she made out that it was her restored husband. And the little captive maid, she rushed out, clapping her hands, and shouting:

"DID HE CURE YOU? DID HE CURE YOU?"

The music woke up the palace, and the tapestry of the windows was drawn away that the multitude outside might mingle with the princely mirth inside, and the fact went up and down the dance, and all the streets of Damascus that night echoed and re-echoed with the news: "Naaman's cured! Naaman's cured!" But a gladder time than it would be in Brooklyn or wherever this sermon shall be read, if the soul should get cured of its leprosy. The swiftest white horse hitched to the King's chariot would rush the news into the eternal city. Our loved ones before the throne would welcome the glad tidings. Your children on earth, with more emotion than the little Hebrew captive, would notice the change in your look and the change in your manner, and would put their arms around your neck, and say: "Mother, I guess you must have become a Christian. Father, I think you have got rid of the leprosy." O Lord God of Elisha, have mercy on us!

Sin is to be overcome, not so much by maintaining a direct opposition to it, as by cultivating opposite principles. Would you kill the weeds in your garden, plant it with good seed; if the ground be well occupied, there will be less need of the labor of the hoe. If a man wished to quench fire, he might fight it with his hands till he was burnt to death; the only way is to apply an opposite element.

THOUGHTLESS TALK BEFORE CHILDREN.

Very often, all unconsciously and certainly unintentionally, grave injury is done to young children by the *careless talk* of parents and teachers. It is assumed that the little ones will not notice what is said in their presence, either because it is not addressed to them directly, or because it is above their comprehension or is unattractive or uninteresting to them. This is a serious error, from which we would be saved, if we attended to the wise teaching of the homely old proverb: "Little pitchers have big ears."

Notwithstanding the many things that seem to escape the notice of children, and which perhaps do in reality fail to arrest their attention at the time, it is astonishing how much they hear, and how quickly and largely they appropriate what is said or done before them. And the danger lies in the fact that this happens so silently and imperceptibly. The child may give no sign that it has learned aught whether for good or evil; but the seed has been lodged none the less surely in its mind, to bring forth fruit, in due time, after its kind. If it were in our power to weigh the influences of our most thoughtless words or actions upon the minds of the very young, or if we could trace to their results the impressions that are made upon them by what we estimate as trivial things, we would guard our speech and action far more jealously than we are wont to do; and from our observation of the power of these influences or impressions for evil, we would derive the lesson of the power that may reside in *little* things for good as well.

The writer well remembers a circumstance which happened when he was a little lad of seven or eight winters, and which for many years exerted an injurious influence upon him, darkening and rendering very unhappy many hours of his young life. It was in this wise:

The superintendent and teachers of the Sunday-school to which he was then attached were in the habit of assembling, with alternate groups of the children, once a month, at the house of one or other of their number, to consider the interests of the school, and to promote the more familiar acquaintance of teachers and pupils, and the growth of kindly feelings among them through the medium of a modest social entertainment. The writer has a very agreeable recollection of many happy evenings spent in this manner, and of many good and useful lessons that were imprinted on his callow mind at those delightful gatherings. On one evening, however, he learned a very different lesson, which made an impression that he was unable to shake off for many years.

The meeting on the evening of which I speak, was held at the house of the superintendent, a polished, courteous gentleman and a sincere Christian. Being a little fellow I was brought very early by a domestic, and was taken into the parlor, whither the ladies of the family had gathered with several of our teachers who had been invited guests evening's entertainment. It was before the era of close stoves, and we all sat around a fire that glowed in a huge grate, with bits of Liverpool coal thrown on the top, which now shot up in occasional bright darts of flame, lighting up the room in the absence of gas or candles, and now mouldered down leaving the rest of the apartment in comparative darkness.

I recollect that as I sat on a little stool near the hearthstone, watching the shadows dancing on the wall, coming and going with the rising and falling of the flame in the grate, one of the ladies began talking about the Witch of Endor; and it was not long before every teacher present had told some story bearing upon the popular belief in witches and their doings. One told a legend of a family the feathers in whose bed were converted by the agency of witches into wonderful shapes—such as bowls, and saucers and pitchers without handles, and the like. Another related the belief that prevailed among the colored people that witches gathered nightly on the draw of the bridge that spanned the river hard by, where they held carousal at the hour of midnight and prevented passengers from passing. Tales were told of witches who were transformed into cats, of witches that travelled through the air on broomsticks, of spells that were used to defeat the power of witches, of the virtue that lay in horseshoes, and there was a running conversation about the "evil eye," and bewitchments, and magicians, and sorcerers, and uncanny things in general. Not one of these good people believed in witches; and I have no doubt that the stories they recited were told to illustrate the credulity and superstition of the ignorant, and, perhaps, as an incitement to efforts for their enlightenment. But this was nothing to the open-eyed, fascinated, and thoroughly frightened child that cowed in the chimney corner. He understood nothing of the antidote and devoured the bane. I appropriated the whole repertory of preternatural lore that was laid before me, and my ears absorbed every word that celebrated the doings of the fearful beings who were in league with the Evil One. Of all that passed during the remainder of the evening, not a vestige remains in my mind; only this conversation is indelibly impressed upon it, though nearly fifty years have since intervened. But I do remember, vividly remember, the timorous shrinking with which I went to bed that night, the nervous fear of shadows on the wall, and the dread of darkness that oppressed me for many childish years, and the crop of wild fancies that my youthful brain conjured up wherewith to torture and affright me through many long and dreary nights, as the result of the thoughtless talk indulged in by elders in my presence, on that, to me, eventful evening.

THE STORY OF BARABBAS.

I have often thought what a night Barabbas must have spent just before the day when Christ was crucified. As the sun goes down, he says to himself: "To-morrow!—only to-morrow! And I must die on the cross. They will hang me up before a crowd of people; they will drive nails through my hands and feet; they will break my legs with bars of iron; and in that awful torture I shall die before this time to-morrow, and go up to the judgment with all my crimes upon me."

Maybe they let his mother come to see him once more before dark. Perhaps he had a wife and children, and they came to see him for the last time. He couldn't sleep at all that night. He could hear somebody hammering in the prison yard, and knew they must be making the cross. He would start up, every now and then, thinking he heard the footsteps of the officers coming for him. At last the light of the morning looks in through the bars of his prison.

"To-day—this very day—they will open that door and lead me away to be crucified!" Pretty soon he hears them coming. No mistake this time. They are unbarring the iron door. He hears them turning the key in the rusty lock. The door swings open; there are the soldiers. Good-bye to life and hope! Death, horrible death now!—and after death, what will there be then?

The officer of the guard speaks to him:—"Barabbas, you are free!"

He hears the strange words, but they make very little impression on him. He is so near dead with fear and horror, that the good news doesn't reach him. He hears it, but thinks it is a foolish fancy. He is asleep, and dreaming. He stands gazing a moment at the soldiers, and then he comes to himself.

"Don't laugh at me! don't make sport of me! take me away and crucify me; but don't tear my soul in pieces.

Again the officer speaks: "*You are free!* Here—the door is open; go out; go home."

Now he begins to take in the truth; but it is so wonderful a thing to get out of the clutches of the Roman law, that he is afraid to believe the good news. And so he begins to doubt, and to ask how it came.

They tell him that Pilate has promised the Jews the release of one prisoner that day; and that the Jews had chosen him instead of one Jesus of Nazareth, who was condemned to be crucified.

Now the poor man begins to weep. This breaks his heart. He knows this Jesus. He has seen him do some of his miracles. He was in the crowd picking pockets, when Jesus fed the five thousand hungry people.

"What! that just man to die—and I, a thief, a highwayman, a murderer, to go free!" And, in the midst of his joy at his own release, his heart breaks at the thought that his life is saved at such a cost.

Sinner, this is the gospel. Christ died for you—"The just for the unjust."—"He was bruised for our iniquities, and by his stripes we are healed."

Come you out of prison; throw off the chains of sin. You were justly condemned, but Jesus died for you. Let your heart break in patience; weep tears of love and joy. —*D. L. Moody.*

GRAPHIC TEMPERANCE SERMON.

"Will you please tell me where the Silver Lake Saloon is?" asked a woman of a gentleman walking along Jefferson street last Tuesday evening.

She was meanly clad, and her face was haggard from want and sorrow; but her lips were set with determination, though now and then a tremor ran over them, whether from hunger, or grief, or physical weakness, or womanly timidity, could only be conjectured.

She was not going after drink, the gentleman thought. Despair had evidently nerved her to some desperate course, repulsive to her nature. So he kindly pointed the way, and followed at a little distance to see what came of it.

She passed on hurriedly, as if anxious to get through her task, or urged by some pressing need. Entering a [illegible] the gentleman who had followed her drew near, and heard revealed one of the saddest phrases of the accursed liquor traffic—but one, alas! too common in this whiskey-governed city of ours.

Her husband is a working man, and like the rest of his class, can make at best but scanty provision for his family at this time of general depression, when the industries of the country are prostrate, and the few who can get work are glad to accept any wages. He had drawn his pittance a day or two before, and in the recklessness of desperation, or in the heartless selfishness of a debased appetite, he had spent it all in a saloon, and been sent home penniless and drunk! And now there was not a crumb of bread in the house for the famishing little ones, and she was unable to appease their piteous cries for food! Surely he would give her a little of what her husband had spent at his bar, to satisfy the hunger of her children? It was an appeal to move a heart of flint, and the mute anguish in look and attitude was as eloquent as the sad, sad story that fell in broken sentences from her trembling lips.

The fellow laughed in her face!

O, God! where were the lightnings of Thy wrath! All Thy ways are just—but sometimes they are also past finding out.

For a moment the woman gazed with wild, startled eyes into a mocking face before her. There was no mercy there! Her nerves had been strung to ordeal, but her last hope was cruelly shattered, and bursting into an agony of tears she turned and fled from the place.

Whither? To her desolate home and famishing children? or to the dark, rolling river, in whose murky tide so much of human misery has found rest? If the latter, who is responsible for the drowning of that body? If the former, who is responsible for the drowning of the soul in the flood of privation and wretchedness and desolation and blasted hopes that swept over that miserable home? Answer, ye who deal out the slow but sure damnation of the bowl!

A RABBIT CHASE.

More than sixty years ago, in a retired New England parish, three youths met by agreement every Sunday morning, and walked together to church. One, who was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker, was an earnest Christian; another was a skeptic; and between these two during the walk, the subject of religion was warmly discussed. Each, however, remained firm in his own convictions.

It chanced one day that the apprentice was in the hay-field, looking at the men as they were mowing. Suddenly a rabbit started up among the mowers, who threw down their scythes and gave chase. The lad too, joined in the pursuit, and carried away by the excitement, he unwarily set his bare heel on one of the sharp scythes. Help was immediately called for, but such was the loss of blood from the severed arteries, that the surgeon gave no hope of recovery.

The young skeptic called on his companion. In the apparently dying lad he saw the power of that religion he had so often attacked. Where argument had failed, the calm confidence, the lively hope and the dying joy of his companion preached success. He went from that presence a converted soul.

The lad, however, recovered, but was a cripple for life. Giving up the thought of learning a trade, he pursued a course of study, entered the ministry, and became the well-known and much loved missionary to the Choctaws, the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, D. D. The converted companion became the no less distinguished Dr. Joel Hawes, for so many years a preacher in Hartford, Conn. Two glorious lives dating from the chance running of a rabbit.

The truth of this story is vouched for by a son of one the three friends, Rev. H. D. Walker, of Bridgewater, Mass.

It must be one's self and not one's lover one loves when jealous.