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. 40. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1876. Whole No. 1184.

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, Brilliantines, &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.

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 POINTS,

AT 8 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.

The Intelligencer.

"GROWING INTO HIS LIKENESS."

BY MRS. M. P. BUTTS.

One reason why we do not get along faster in our religious life is, that we compare ourselves to the lower instead of the higher. "I do about as well as my neighbors," says one. "There's nobody in our church that gives more than I do," says another. "I try about as hard to do right as most people," says a third. And so, content with the poor, imperfect standards around us, we live dwarfed, unworthy lives.

There is a beautiful and suggestive phrase —"Growing into His likeness"—that should be oftener in all our thoughts. And how can we grow into his likeness if we do not turn our eyes from that which is untrue, and unfinished, and fix them upon our perfect Guide?

In all matters of intellectual and artistic training, the student is directed constantly to the highest and most beautiful models. In that way the mind and soul are inspired with the desire to imitate that which is so admirable. In religious training the same course should be pursued. We should not ask if we are doing as well as our neighbours, but if we are doing as well as we possibly can do. Some are organized for making rapid progress in spiritual life; for such to be content with ordinary attainments, is to waste precious gifts, to hide in a napkin the talent that should be put at interest.

If our eyes are fixed upon those who are higher than ourselves, we shall be conscious of our own deficiencies, and such consciousness is the first step in attempting a nobler life. The self-complacency that comes from comparing ourselves with those who are living upon a low plane, is fatal to earnest effort. Why, indeed, should a man sacrifice ease, and set himself at the difficult work of selfconquest; why should he bear the pain of the spiritual pruning-knife, if he is not good enough already?

That he is not good enough, every man knows in his truest and best hours; yet all are prone to become the victims of a dangerous complacency. This subtle danger is best combatted by earnestly fixing the soul upon those sublime examples of spiritual heroism and faithfulness recorded in the annals of the past; upon the saints of to-day, who, through warrings within and without, are pressing on "toward the mark of the prize of the high calling;" and especially upon the sublime image of incarnate Love, into whose likeness we must grow if we are ever to be counted among those who run with patience the race that is set before them.

BIBLE MARKING.

What is the best Commentary on the Bible?

The one you make yourself.

For this purpose you need a good reference Bible, a Bible text book, a Bible Atlas, (unless yours is a Teacher's Bible, which contains all these conveniences,) a Concordance, a black lead pencil, or a good pen and ink, and—brains. It is a great mistake to suppose that the first will suffice without the last.

We will suppose that your theme for study is the first chapter of John. Your Bible lies open before you, presenting the page, a facsimile of which we give herewith from the *large print edition* of the Teacher's Bible. You believe that no prophecy is of private interpretation. You therefore begin by asking the Spirit of God to open to you the truth contained for you in this chapter. Then you read it over at first rapidly; you aim to get a birdseye view of it as a whole; you see that its theme is the character, office, and work of Christ. Your question then is this: What does this chapter teach me of Christ?

The first thing that strikes you is that a number of names are given to him here. You count them: Light, Only-begotten of the Father, Jesus Christ, Only begotten Son, the Lord, the Lamb of God, Son of God, Master, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph, King of Israel, Son of Man. Then he is the Teacher, the Son of God, the Saviour, (Jesus Matt. 1, 2,) the Master, the Atoning Sacrifice, the Incarnate One, the true Man and therefore the perfect example, the future King. You draw a heavy black line under each title; you connect them, by a light line. You now have a body of Christology on a page of your Bible. If you have wrought this out for yourself, you have done a good day's work; certainly if you have taken home to yourself the truth that he is *your* King, *your* Saviour, *your* Sacrifice, *your* Example.

The next day you return to your study again. You take up a single passage, verses 12 and 13. Who are the sons of God? As many as received him and were born of God. How? You put your references now in requisition. You look them up. You turn to your Bible text book under *Regeneration*. You pass by many texts that at another time will strike you, but do not now. The result of your studies is embodied in a note at the foot of the page: They are born of the Spirit, John iii, 15; *by* the word of God, 1 Peter i, 2, 3; *with* the word of truth, James i, 18; *in* Christ Jesus, 1 Cor. iv, 13; who is himself the Only-begotten Son of God, verse 18. You have here in four verses of Scripture, the source, the instrument, the accompaniment, and the result of the new birth. You begin again: What is it to receive Christ? The result of your studies is embodied again in certain references which impress you and which you accordingly underscore, and in certain other references, which you discover, and therefore add in the margin.

But you have not exhausted this subject. You return to it on the morrow. You study the negatives. Not of blood; nor of the will of the flesh; nor of man; but of God. Your Concordance will tell you the meaning of born of blood, if your own thought has not suggested it to you; the sons of God are not brought out by merely good breeding, good parentage; Rom. viii, 3, 4, 8, 9, tell you what is the meaning of *flesh*, viz., man in his natural state; we are not born into the kingdom by our own resolution; the will of man is interpreted to you by 1 Cor. iii, 5, 7; we are not brought into the kingdom of God by human endeavors. There are three theories of moral reform, good blood, strong will, good education—all repudiated; and in contrast with them the true Scripture view, the new birth by the Spirit of God, as interpreted in your verses below.

We have scarcely opened the theme; but we have done enough to give those of our readers who desire to study the Bible, and to preserve the results of their study in their Bible, some idea of how to do it.

Every student will invent, to some extent, his own system, but certain principles of universal application are inculcated by Mrs. Stephen Menzies of England, from whose little book, "Hints on Bible Marking," we have taken some of the markings, using however the Teacher's Bible in place of Bagster's on account of its having more references.

In any given verse underline *only* the word or words required to suggest the thought.

Connect these *underlines* by the fine line, always at the end, never in the centre of the underline.

If a connection is needed with a reference to another page, carry the fine line, which she calls a *railway*, to the margin, and write the reference there.

Draw all lines with a ruler, and as lightly as possible, particularly the "Railways," with a very sharp hard lead pencil, or with a fine pen and India ink, or some good black ink; the latter is better.

Make your own marginal references as freely as possible, referring at *each* verse to the other.

It should be added that a good Commentary is a great help in such a study, in giving information as to the meaning of the original and other points, provided it is used as a help to study, not as a substitute for it. Mrs. Menzies uses Alford and refers to it by a. with a circle. But the reader may easily make his own system of notation to favorite writers, provided he does not have too many. —*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

"VICTUALS FOR CROSSING JORDAN."

BY REV. T. W. WYLIE.

Some twelve years ago, the writer visited an aged Christian woman who lingered for several months at the gates of death. She was uniformly calm and cheerful at the prospect of her departure, and upon one occasion she remarked: "For many years I have had victuals laid up for crossing Jordan." This expression made a deep impression on my mind, which has never been effaced since. She had stored her mind with passages of God's Word, which are intended to give comfort and strength in that hour in which the believer is called to pass over the Jordan of death. Like a wise housekeeper who has "a place for everything and everything in its place;" or, like a store-keeper who, in a large building containing thousands of articles of endless variety, is able in a moment to lay his hand on any one which he requires, even to a needle or a pin, this godly woman had such portions of Scripture as were suitable for that extremity, laid away so that she could in a moment lay her hand upon them. How rich is God's Word in those truths which are suited to *all* our need. In the Old Testament and in the New, in the writings of Moses and of the prophets, and in the psalms, as well as in the words of our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles, there are words of comfort suited to our necessities when we shall pass through the waters. David sang in triumph: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me."

Paul exclaims in yet higher notes: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Again, in view of the breaking up of his earthly house, he says: "We *know* that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we *have* a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The traveller who passes from the eastern to the western slopes of our country, rises to the highest point attained by the road, and sees the mountains still rising above him. In a moment he enters the tunnel, and for a little time he moves on in darkness and silence, but the passage to the other side is brief, and he emerges into the sunlight and beauty which lie beyond.

Into the dark, short passage-way between this world and the world to come, the tide of humanity is ever pressing. From earth to Paradise is not a long journey, for Jesus on the cross said to the dying penitent: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." We shall arrive there the day if not the hour we start.

Let us "lay up victuals for our passage over Jordan," while in health and life. The faithful performance of present duty is one of the best preparations for future peace. If faithful in the duties of to-day, we need not trouble ourselves about to-morrow. "Take no thought for the morrow."

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." One way in which the terror and the sting of death may be removed, even before he meets us at the entrance of the dark valley, is by our storing up, in mind and heart, those precious passages of God's Word which are given for our support and comfort: "His rod and his staff, they comfort me."

ITCHING EARS.

Many men go into the meeting-house on a Sunday, as iron-clads go into battle, all cased over with impenetrable plates. Safe from uncomfortable shots, they are ready to be amused with the opening of the Word of God. The faster and heavier the shots, the more they are amused. They seek for intellectual diversion, and look upon the preaching as a rhetorical exhibition. Long weary of hearing the gospel, their ears burn for some new sensation. Do men hear about the five bleeding wounds of Christ? They do not care so much as they do for five dollars. Men hear of heaven,—and they think it is pretty. Men hear of hell,—and go to sleep. If they hear of moral duties, they watch a little to know if there be anything said that is spicy. This is nothing new. The same thing was true fifteen hundred years ago in Constantinople. Chrysostom said in a sermon:

"This has ruined the church, that you seek not to hear a discourse which produces a change of heart, but one which delights by the splendor and order of beautiful words; as if the church were established to the end that singers and harpers migh here display their skill."

Good singing and preaching with point to them are pleasing. Sermons keen edged and highly polished, or even those that are rough toothed and jagged, gratify the literary taste. A good sermon is like a good debate or a good lecture or a well written book. "Smart" ministers who can tickle itching ears are in great demand; and if the church and congregation tends towards fashion and perdition, ungodly hearers do not care for that so long as their ears feel good. Is it not desirable to have style? to have a minister who can get up "great sermons"? Men who care little for the water of life, like to see it carried around in a good looking pitcher. If it be borne about in brown earthern, they despise the Fountain at which it was filled. To such men plain and homely addresses to sinners or saints, on such topics as faith and repentance, are mere "bosh,"

There was a time in France, during the reign of Louis XIV., when it was all the fashion to go to church and hear famous orators. The king and the court heard highly rhetorical and pungent sermons. There was, however, little good done, save that the itching ears of the people were duly annointed with the perfumed salve of the gospel. Whenever there was a very close searching sermon, designed to lead men to repent and to bewail their sins before God, the people went out praising the preacher, saying that the king ought to make him a bishop. His earnest words and action took their fancy.

With such hearers a pastor had better shut up the meeting-house, or for a time put away the lute and the silver trumpet, and take an instrument of brass, or blow a ram's horn. There are some in every congregation who love to hear rams-horns. If, therefore, Pharisee and Sadducee will not be saved, it is wise to turn to the publican and harlot. An American minister went to hear Spurgeon, the preacher told a story which disgusted him. A laboring man, standing close to him, nudged his wife, saying,—"Do you hear that?" It just suited him. It was the gospel of God to him. That illustration, so vulgar in critical eyes, let light into a dark mind. The difference was partly owing to the fact that the laboring man went to save his soul; the American minister was there to learn something about Spurgeon's style and manner.

Paul had an experience not uncommon. Some of the churches did not like him very well. His letters, said they are weighty and powerful; he can write well when he lays out to do it. But his bodily presence was weak and his speech contemptible; they could not stand Paul's elocution. It is doubtful whether Paul could get a call to some of our modern congregations where the disease of itching ears has broken out. It is expressly noted that some slept under his preaching; and by the same sermon some believed and others believed not. Dr. Nettleton preached a sermon in one parish which was the means of the conversion of fifty persons. He preached the same sermon the next week to two large congregations, and no special result followed. The adaptation of the words to the people in the one cause and the want of adaptation of the people to the words in the other, tells the secret. The sermon of Peter at the day of Pentecost was not a "great sermon;" it was a mere talk. But it was to the point. It fitted the hearers. The Holy Ghost worked with the sermon and multitudes were saved. It matters little what the sermon is if it fits. If a minister studies the condition of his people, and knows that certain persons in the congregation need instruction on a definite point, he may address them as best he can; while other persons in the same congregation who go to church to hear a great sermon may be disgusted and go to sleep. Let them sleep. The trumpet, that shall wake the dead and call men to the Judgment, is the only complete cure for itching ears. They will hear that and obey; and not criticise Gabriel or the trumpet.

If a pastor pander to this disease of itch in the ear, minister and people may go to hell together, praising each other.

THE WORK TO BE DONE.

BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.

The question is repeatedly put to temperance workers, "What is there to do?" While all are ready to acknowledge intemperance to be a "monstrous evil," few seem to have any clear idea of how it is to be handled. There seems a strange uncertainty as to which end shall be taken hold of first. Why not attack both ends at once?

The general impression seems, however, to be that our main work is the salvation of the drunkards; that if we can only get the inebriates all saved, the curse will be removed. But this is but lopping off here and there a leaf or twig from the great overshadowing upas, while the roots remain firmly embedded in the soil, and its growth uninterrupted. We would not undervalue this part of the work. Far be it from us, when the blessed Lord declares each soul to be of priceless worth. And we consider, likewise, that every one rescued is one the less to patronize the traffic, and one the more to preach the glad gospel of temperance.

But after all, work as diligently as we may, and should God bless our efforts to the reclamation of every one of the five hundred thousand inebriates who stagger and reel through the land, how much have we really accomplished towards the extermination of the curse of intemperance, so long as an uncounted army of moderate and occasional drinkers are continually pressing on to fill up their ranks? What is the hope and encouragement in this work, unless something is done to stop the *drunkard-making?* And how shall we do this?

Here every man, woman and child may find appropriate work. Stop taking the poison yourselves. Cease to use it in cooking. Make no more home-wines, albeit the custom has been handed down from generation to generation, and you imagine your summer work incomplete until the currants, gooseberries, blackberries and grapes have been converted into the much esteemed luxury. Forbear to offer wine or cider to your guests. Let your right hand forget its cunning ere you give the dangerous portion to your sick child or friend. How cunning are the devices of Satan! How well he knows the result of all the various "innocent" alcoholic medicaments of the present day! How sure he is of his victims, if he may only beguile them at the first by assurances of "harmless," "for the stomach's sake," "a usage of polite society," "only a drop now and then," and all the numerous delusive pleas.

To shield one's self is work for each; and then to shield the brother, sister, child, or friend next to us. Solomon says: "Leave off contention before it be meddled with." It is certainly the only safe course to pursue with regard to alcoholic drinks.

Down with the rumsellers, many say; the liquor-dealers are at the bottom of all this mischief. Stop the supply, and the demand will cease. True, we must work here too. We will carry the Gospel to them. We will tell them of their sin and its remedy, the one remedy for all sin—the blood of Jesus. And supposing all the rumsellers also were converted, would the liquor-traffic cease? No; there are thousands of others, blinded by appetite and avarice, ignorant or falsely educated, without principle or moral sense, ready to step at once into their places. We should have the work to do over again and again *ad infinitum.*

Are the liquor dealers alone responsible for this accursed traffic? Most of them are foreigners, who have never been taught the sin of liquor-drinking, who do not comprehend the direful effects of the alcoholic poison, either physiologically, economically, or morally. And another large portion consists of men and women, with families to be supported, who are enticed by the large profits the traffic offers. Can we lay all the blame of this iniquitous traffic at their doors?

They come to you, Christian citizens, to ask permission to enter this avenue of trade. The toll-gate, as it were, stands at the head of this road to death; you are the keeper, and every one that enters must pay you for the privilege. You put their money in your pocket, and bid them go on undisturbed—to do what? To spread their snares and mix their drugs to poison you and your children. Think of it! You know what they are doing, and you know they will not spare your children, because you have sold them the privilege. They are not so kind, so grateful, so considerate as that. No; their purpose is deliberate. Before they come to you with their gold, they have said in their hearts: We will have it all back again, and more, no matter if it be at the expense of that which is dearer than money—the honor, the happiness, the lives of their sons and daughters. And yet you stand and blandly smile, while you sell them the right to do this infernal mischief. Men who love your children, who profess to love your country and your God, what are you thinking about? Where is your common sense?

Is there nothing to be done about this? Have not men and women a responsibility besides trying to medicate and save a few of these poor poisoned wretches? This temperance reform must begin at the roots. If you want to save the victims of the fatal appetite, begin at the beginning and prevent its formation. If you want to suppress the traffic, prohibit it, and see that men are put in office to execute the law. And to whom shall we look for this radical work but to the Christian men and women of our nation?—*Temperance Advocate.*

ACCIDENTS?

The cracking of a picture placed in the sunshine, set Van Eyck experimenting to produce a varnish that would dry in the shade; he found what he sought, and found beside, that by mixing it with his colors, they acquired greater force and brilliancy, and required no subsequent varnishing; and so came the discovery, or re-discovery, of the art of painting in oil. Mezzotinto owed its invention by Prince Rupert to the simple accident of a sentry's gun-barrel being rusted by the dew. Henry Schanward, a Nuremburg glass cutter, happened to let some aquafortis fall upon his spectacles, and noticed the glass was corroded and softened where the aqua-fortis had touched it. Taking the hint, he made a liquid accordingly, drew some figures on a piece of glass, covered them with varnish, and applied his corroding fluid, cut away the glass around his drawing, so that when he removed the varnish, the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground; and etching upon glass was added to the ornamental arts. Alois Senefelder, playwright and actor, thinking it possible to etch upon stone in lieu of copper, polished a slab for the purpose. He was disturbed by his mother coming into his small laboratory with a request that he would jot down her list of things for the wash, as the woman was waiting to take the basket away. There being neither paper nor ink handy, Senefelder scribbled the items on his stone with his etching preparation, that he might copy them at his leisure. Some time afterwards, when about to clean the stone, he thought he might as well see what would be the effect of biting the stone with aqua-fortis, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. Taking up a pelt-ball charged with printing-ink, he inked the stone, took off a few impressions upon paper, and he had invented lithography. The pelt-ball used by Senefelder was long indispensible in a printing-office. A Salopian printer, in a hurry to get on with a job, could not find his ball, and inked the form with a piece of soft glue that had fallen out of the glue-pot, with such excellent results, that he thenceforth discarded the pelt-ball altogether, and by adding treacle to the glue, to keep it from hardening, hit upon the composition of which printers' rollers have ever since been made.

Three very different discoveries are recorded to have resulted from the unintentional application of intense heat. Pliny attributes the discovery of glass to some merchants travelling with nitre, who, stopping on the banks of a river to take a meal, were at loss for stones to rest their kettles upon. Putting them upon pieces of nitre, they kindled their fires; the nitre, dissolved by the heat, mixed with the sand, and the merchants were astonished to see a transparent matter flowing over the ground, which was nothing else but glass. Charles Goodyear had for years experimented in vain, hoping to deprive india-rubber of its susceptibility to the action of heat and cold. Conversing with a friend on the subject, he emphasized an assertion by flinging a piece of sulphured rubber across the room. It lighted upon the stove, and when he picked it up, a few days afterwards, he found the intense heat to which it had been subjected had conferred upon the india-rubber just the quality he had so long striven to impart to it. According to some he stumbled upon the discovery in a different manner: but, at any rate, vulcanized india-rubber was the creation of an accident. A Limerick tobacconist looking dolefully at his poor neighbors groping among the smouldering ruins of his burned-out shop, noticed that some of them, after trying the contents of certain canisters, carefully loaded their waistcoat pockets from them. He follwed suit, and found that the snuff had come out of the fiery ordeal very much improved in pungency and aroma. Like a wise man he said nothing, but took another place, set up a lot of ovens, and before long, Black Yard Snuff—otherwise "Irish Blackguard"—was all the rage with lovers of nasal titillation; and in a few years Lundyfoot was a rich man, owing to the accident he thought had ruined him.

Cornelius Drebbel placed in his window some extract of cochineal with which he intended to fill a thermometer; into this some aqua-regia dropped from a broken phial standing just above it, and Drebble's purple liquid was converted into a beautiful scarlet one. How this came to pass puzzled him not a little, but he ascertained that the aqua-regia had dissolved some of the tin of the window-frame on its way to the cochineal. Telling this to his son-in-law, Kuffelar, a dyer at Leyden, the latter turned the information to such good account, that "Kuffelar's Color," as it was called, proved a little gold mine to its god-father. Beckman says: "Through the means of Colbert, one of the Gobelins learned the process used for preparing the German scarlet dye from one Gluck, and the Parisan scarlet dye soon rose into so great repute, that the populace imagined that Gobelin had acquired this art from the devil."—all because Drebbel chose to make use of a broken bottle. Mrs. East, the wife of an English paper-maker, is said to have been the first producer of blue-tinted writing-paper. Going among the vats while the workmen were away for their dinner-hour, she let a blue bag fall into one of them, and horrified at the mischief she had done, said not a word about the matter. The spoiled paper was hidden away in his warehouse by the angry paper-maker for four years; then he sent it to his London agent to be sold for what it would fetch. The novelty was admired, and the agent not only sold the whole stock of blue paper at a high price, but asked for more. Then Mrs. East unbosomed herself, claiming a new cloak as the reward of her fortunate carelessness; and her husband was enabled for a while to reap a rich harvest, until the demand became so great that other makers devised means for the same end, and manufactured blue paper as a matter of course. Even those now necessary utilities envelopes, originated accidentally. A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his window with piles of writing-paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use, and to finish the pyramids off nicely, he cut cards to bring them to a point. Taking these cards for diminutive note-paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that dear little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut some paper to the desired pattern. But there was no space for addressing the notelets when they were folded; and after much cogitation, he invented the envelope, which he cut with the aid of metal plates made for the purpose. The sale increased so rapidly, that he was unable to produce his envelopes fast enough, so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing stationery trade.

THE THREE HOUSES.

On my way to and from my office, I pass three houses of about the same size and general appearance. The first is unoccupied. At evening it is dark and desolate, and I hurry by. The second is occupied, but the family live in the rear of the house and a dim light shines from the kitchen window. The third warms and cheers me only to look at the outside; it is so bright with the ruddy glow of light from the large front windows. The darker the night the more it lights up my way.

These three houses seem to me like three characters. The first is a noble structure, but there is no light within. It is cold and silent. The Sun of Righteousness never shines through the windows of that soul. You may admire the outside comeliness, but you have no desire to take refuge in that heart, be the storm about you ever so pitiless.

With the second the Christian light burns dimly. It has not the front and foremost place in the heart, but is elbowed into the rear by worldly interests, and you look a second time to assure yourself that the light really burns.

The third is a full rounded Christian character, which sheds its brightness upon every hand, convincing you of the light and warmth within, and invites you with a thousand cheering rays to go yourself to him who is the Light of the world, that he may lead you into the path of the just, "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." B.

A CONTRAST.

BY REV. N. BURNS.

I heard John B. Gough describe, in his own inimitable style, the desperate effort of a slave of tobacco to emancipate himself from his thraldom. What a tremendous will-force it required! What an amount of suffering it cost in the effort to destroy the fierce craving for the *weed!* How the agony was prolonged through days, weeks, and even months before complete success was achieved, and the "black-devil" effectually conquered and trampled under foot. Now this description, though so vivid, the hearers felt was not overdrawn, but that it only too truthfully portrayed the painful process by which the inveterate smoker or chewer gets rid of the habit.

I knew a minister, who for many years was an enormous consumer of tobacco; but, under the Spirit's teaching, he became doubtful of the propriety of his continuing its use. One morning, having lighted his pipe, the Holy Spirit urged the subject of abstinence upon him with unusual force. He laid down the pipe, all aromatic with fuming tobacco on the table, and asked the Lord, if it were better for him not to smoke, to take from him the desire to do so. Immediately he felt all inclination to smoke vanish away, nor has a desire to again indulge in the habit ever returned, although years have since then passed away.

Thus, to him, relying on divine strength, it was easy work to break up the habit, whilst to the man who relied on his own strength the battle was long and doubtful.

Now, granted that it is possible to conquer many bad habits by sheer will power is it not better to take the shorter, more pleasant way by the cross? The instance given above is not a solitary one, even in the knowledge of the writer, and might be indefinitely repeated, if Christians cursed with bad habits would come to the great Physician with all their maladies, in perfect faith that he is both able and willing to effect a perfect cure.

How many of Christ's professed followers are fighting heroically to cut off one bad habit after another, with but partial success, often depressed by conscious failure, when the road to perfect and easy success is ever open to them. Like Christian in Doubting Castle, they lie captive, apparently ignorant of the fact that they have the key in their bosom, which, if used would immediately open the way to complete liberty; wasting the energies on themselves which ought to be used against Satan's kingdom. Our Captain has called us to be soldiers of offence; to fight the enemy, not be to everlastingly tinkering at our armour. It is a noble thing to destroy evil habits by indomitable will-power, but Jesus shows a more excellent way.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

All the men who have been very much used of God have been well versed in the Scriptures. Moses rehearsed God's dealings with the children of Israel; Peter told it out on the day of Pentecost, and Stephen did the same. Christ conquered Satan by the sword of the Word.

How am I to know the Word of God? By *studying* it with the help of the Holy Ghost. As an American Bishop said, not with the *blue* light of Presbyterianism, nor the *red* light of Methodism, nor the *violet* light of Episcopacy, but with the CLEAR light of Calvary. We must study it on our knees, in a teachable spirit. If we know our Bible, Satan will not have much power over us, and we will have the world under our feet.

For a number of years I have made it a rule not to read any book that does not help me to understand the Word of God. I am a greater slave to that book (holding up his Bible) than any man is to strong drink, and I am sure it does me more good too. If I go into a meeting without this Bible, I feel lonesome, and don't know what to do. But if I have got it, I am ready to get up and talk about any subject. Every Christian ought to have a good Bible—not so good that you are afraid to mark it—a Cruden's Concordance, and a Scripture text-book—not a *birthday* text-book, but a *Scripture* text-book.

I think I have got the key to the study of the Bible—take it up *topically*. Take "Love," for instance, and spend a month studying what the Bible says about love, from Genesis to Revelation. Then you will love everybody, whether they love you or not. In the same way take up "Grace," "Faith," "Assurance," "Heaven," and so on. When you read the Bible, be sure you *hunt for something*.

Spend six months studying Genesis; it is the key to the whole book; it speaks of death, resurrection, judgment—it is the seed-plant of the whole Bible. Read the same chapter over, and over, and over again, and don't leave it until you have understood it. About the twenty-eighth time you have read a chapter you will see the man Christ Jesus, who is on every page of Scripture.

Here is another way. Take up *one word* in a book, such as the "believes" of St. John's Gospel. Every chapter but two speaks of believing. Look up the nineteen "personal interviews" with Christ recorded in that Gospel. Take the "conversions" of the Bible. Take the seven "overcomes" of Revelation. If you want to get the best book on "assurance," read 1 John iii., and the six things there worth "knowing." Take up the five "precious things" of Peter, or the "verilys" of St. John.—*D. L. Moody.*

DRINKING AMONG FASHIONABLE WOMEN.

The *Sun* of New York in a recent editorial upon "Drinking among Fashionable Women," says:

"It is undoubtedly true that many of our women who indulge in the dissipations of fashionable society are given to drinking champagne, and even spirituous liquors. The practice also is growing, and its baleful results are apparent to any one who is well acquainted with the lovely creatures who adorn our gay saloons of fashion. Not long ago a young girl, who had developed a charming capacity for music and a happy social tact, became so hopeless a victim of dipsomania that she was taken to an asylum, where her appetite could be restrained, a complete and shattered wreck at the opening of womanhood. This is only one case out of many. The habit starts with the experience of the stimulating effects of liquor after the exhaustion of fashionable dissipation, or when it is desired to start a gayety that does not come spontaneously. The stimulant soon and easily becomes a necessity, and before she herself is aware of it the woman is a toper.

"Within the last twenty years the freedom with which women drink wines and other liquors has become greater and greater. There are some of them in fashionable life who really seem to have stronger heads than men, and to be able to carry their wine, brandy, and liquors with a steady gait and a tongue in nowise thickened; but the more delicate, nervous organization of a woman causes the effects of the strain to be more serious than in the case of a man. A woman, too, who once acquires the habit of drinking, is apt to consume an enormous amount of liquors of all sorts. If our physicians who practice among the fashionable people of the city could reveal their knowledge on this subject, it would astound the public."

Though the presentation thus made by the *Sun* is of a startling character, there is good reason for the belief that it is by no means overstated.

RANDOM READINGS.

A gentleman name More proposed to a lady by letter, and she asked time for consideration, closing her letter with the words, "No More at present."

We shall find difficulties in all great enterprises; if we are sure we have begun them from God, we may securely cast all events upon his providence, which knows how to dispose and how to end them.—*Bishop Hall.*

Don't grumble and find fault. If you see where you think changes for the better might be made, put your shoulder to the wheel in a hearty way, that will do good, and open the way for advancement and change, if you are in the right of it.

Never yet did there exist a full faith in the Divine Word which did not expand the intellect, while it purified the heart; which did not multiply the aims and objects of the understanding, while it fixed and simplified those of the desires and feelings.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

The religion of the gospel calls us both out of the world and into the world; out of it, as to its principles and maxims and temper; into it, as a field of labor and a sphere of usefulness, where we are to be diligent in business, to relieve the distressed, to teach the ignorant, to reclaim the vicious, and to do good to all as Christ did.—*Jay.*

I saw yesterday a park in which they were felling all the trees, and yet there were the poor crows building on elms that were marked to be cut down. I thought to myself: "You foolish birds, to be building your nests there, for the woodman's axe is ringing all around, and the tall elms are tumbling to the ground." We are all apt to build our nests upon trees that will be cut down.—*Spurgeon.*

We find no ordination of woman in the written word, and the duties of mothers, with their multiplied hindrances, manifestly incapacitate her for the duties of the gospel ministry, with its constant and pressing demands. Yet if Miss Smiley, or any other competent Christian woman on whom God sets his seal, can prophesy as did the daughters of Philip, and observe the Scriptual rules of propriety as they did, we bid them a hearty God-speed.—*Rev. J. H. Potter.*

O, fainting heart, the Rock is near and it is great. He who hath led you hither, because this way leads home, has provided for this weary and burning hour. He chose no tree that might be leafless, no human planting of grove and garden that might be wasted ere you come. He has made shelter sure by placing himself across your weary pathway. The blessed Rock that beckons you to security has sheltered millions in these burning wastes, and it will surely shelter you until the weary land is behind you.—*The Methodist.*

DOUBTS.—I once told my congregation that I had passed through a season of doubts and fear. One of my elders said to me, "I am sorry you told the people that. Just suppose you had been swearing or stealing, you would not have told them of it?" "No," I answered, "that would be a terrible thing." "Well," replied he, "I don't think it is much worse than disbelieving God, and if you go and tell them that, you set them a bad example." And he was right. It is not for the leader in any cause to doubt the success of the enterprise.—*Spurgeon.*