The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

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The Intelligencer.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Either that phrase, as used, is a misnomer, or there are many Christian experiences that are not related. For I do not doubt that very many have had all the self-debates, struggles with the Spirit, and silent closet prayers, and yet never became Christians.

I deem my Christian experience a very short one—and more to my regret than words can express—and yet I have been praying for years. I have been earnest. I have been sincere in the seeking after truth, and yet I can lay claim to not one hour of real Christian life all that time. And had I been cut off before the glad tidings were whispered to my soul, I should not have died a Christian. My Christian experience has but just begun. To narrate the alpha and omega of the transformation, to give a tangible idea of how it all came to pass, is a difficult undertaking for me. My parents are Christians; two sisters were years since baptized in the faith. I am the oldest of the children, and, though I heard the same family prayers, attended the same Sabbath-school and sanctuary until I was of age, and ran the gauntlet of many revivals, yet I heard nothing and saw nothing that deeply impressed my soul with fear of the death eternal. I was, at most, in my early youth, merely somewhat in awe because of respect for my seniors; and, later, was much inclined to atheistical, then deistical views.

I am not, naturally, as reverential as many. Prof. Fowler, the great phrenologist, said of me: "Departed from the teachings of your youth—worship God, bat under your own vine and fig-tree." I am not credulous—must know all the whys and wherefores of everything, or my faith is weak. My happiness, consequently has been so postponed that the edge of enjoyment is not cut as clearly as it would have been. Alas! the years of opportunity I have lost—the "might have beens!"

I remember my first decided and permanent impression as to the existence of a Great Architect of the Universe. It was many years ago, and caused by a very short paragraph in a newspaper. This was to the effect that, look around wherever we might, there was an evident design, giving the leaf as an example; and that there necessarily could not be a design without a Designer. The idea came to me so forcibly it has lasted a life-time.

That might be called my "Alpha." Now then as to the rest of my alphabet. Regarding the Divine origin of the Bible I obtained an affirmative belief, in some measure also, from a source extraneous to the church and to the Bible itself, and I had more than doubted its authenticity. Strange that, not scholarly enough to know how to retrace the steps by which that and other "records of the fathers" have been brought down to us, I should be so willing to exclude only that as doubtful. But I came to view it as our great light. What hosts of thoughts followed. Then I summed up—"God liveth, the Bible is his letter to us, I shall be held strictly accountable for my record here; and why should n't I?" My past history, to my mind, was anything but favorable, if held out in God's hands to be judged by. Dangers were around me, too, of accident and disease. Wasn't I foolish to be so dilatory, I asked myself. I reflected further. I'll enjoy the more hereafter, the sooner I throw myself at his feet. Prayer followed; faint at first, but stronger as I familiarized myself with closet colloquy—for such I considered it to be.

But all this was woven in the web of years. As I said, I had been praying for years, though it has not been habitual. There have been long intervals of darkness—of threading along chasms of sin, with the heavens rarely even dimly visible. At last there came an interval, as it were, of traversing a desert. The heavens were now plainly in view, though the earth beneath was a parched plain, and a fever was consuming me. The sun would come and go, and, as I looked upward, gradually bright stars of truth glimmered out, one after another, until they appeared in constellations. Then I came to an oasis, and to what proved a life-giving fountain. This oasis I found in a Sabbath-school. On the wall, written as before Belshazzar, were the words, "*Teach me Thy way, O God!*" With an earnestness born of an intense hope, I quaffed the crystal waters, and each time with the belief that therein I should find the best remedy for the pains of my soul.

I have been uttering that prayer ever since, and trust I ever shall. It is a sufficient invocation for any soul, for it asks to be led to him who is "*the way*, the truth and the life."

Then came other oases, and finally the "Omega" of the great change. I arrived within the boundaries of a beautiful valley. Just when I entered it, or just where, I knew not. I was too much rejoiced to care to know—indeed would rather not know, but have the entrance closed behind me forever. I realized I was breathing a vitalized atmosphere; I became conscious of rich perfumes; everything seemed rife with melody. My soul was relieved of its burdens and weariness; my heart filled with adoration to God and with praise for such inexplicable gifts to me.

But the terminus was not yet reached. I now saw the guide-boards along my way, and observed them to be uniform in direction—the indexes pointing continuously up the valley—and that the path was well worn with the tread of other pilgrims and void of curve. I believe this valley terminates at the gate of heaven; that the leaves of the Bible are the Christian's guide-boards, and that, if I have faith in them and the Redeemer of whom they speak, and continue my journey, I be permitted to join the blessed throng that is gathering beyond the gate.

The acme of joy is that of the Christian; the most blessed of privileges, laboring in God's vineyard; the only trust that is complete, trusting in the Lord; man's greatest boon, the life eternal. These and many other exalted truths fill my heart with the deepest emotions. I long to send them greeting to all mankind—to telegraph an electric appeal over the surface of the whole globe, that will reach every heart and leave there seed that shall germinate and grow until the branches penetrate to heaven. But no! Moral words would fail. The emotions following the creation of a new heart may be experienced; the panorama of heaven moving before the Christian may be seen by him; but to adequately describe all their full force and meaning is impossible.

I never before could so appreciate the poet when he said:

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute in heaven is worth them all."

Aye, and more.

I would say to every one whose eye scans these lines, or whose ear hears them read, who has not found the peace and joy that religion and a firm faith in Christ give—to you, and you, and you—let your heart be attuned to learn truth; be fair-minded; be not deceived or blinded, or prejudiced, nor think these things savor of fanaticism, but investigate for yourself. First look into your own heart and see if there is all the assuring peace and joy there that it craves; if there is not *something* wanting. Think of the life after death, and see if there is not a feeling of uncertainity and insecurity. You will find it impossible to assume the negative and say *there is not.* I am happy with a happiness that will never cease, and I tell you, and hosts of others, all intelligent and truthful, will tell you. You may attain that peace that passeth understanding, and clothe your whole being with a sense of certainty and security that will satisfy you, no matter how exacting you may be.

Now, if this is true, it is worth your while to give this matter diligent inquiry. And you will naturally search the Scriptures as the only guide that promises to be complete. You can think of no other. It would be wise, too, to associate yourself with Christian people and listen to their experience. Then dare to utter a prayer, however silent, that you may be permitted to see the glory of God, and your heart to realize the triumph of a Christian faith, and you will not invoke in vain. "Ask and ye shall receive." Remember, too, he says, "And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Oh, that you may reach out to the hem of his garment and be healed. It will afford you consolation in the gloomy hours of dissolution, and assure you ineffable and eternal happiness in the world which is to come.

"Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side, and be not faithless but believing."

Praise to his name forever and ever.

Chicago, Dec. 15, 1875. JOPPA.

CHRIST AS A LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE.

It was predicted that Christ should be the leader of men. "Behold," God says through Isaiah, "I have given him as a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people." A true leader goes in advance of his disciples, in thought, in action, and in suffering. In the text which we have cited from Isaiah, Christ is represented as leading in thought and in action; as a witness, he reveals the truth of which they were ignorant, and, as a leader and commander, he advances before them into battle with their foes. But his precedence in suffering is plainly implied; foremost in the contest with sin, he receives its hardest blows.

Christ himself stated his office in more tender words: "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them; and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice." He calls them forth from the world. He selects their way; and if it lies through the valley and shadow of death, his rod and his staff, seen dimly in the twilight, comfort them with the assurance that he is before them in power. He encounters first the heat of the wilderness, the crag of the mountain-side, and the lurking beast of prey.

He is leader in thought. There is no doctrine of Christianity which we do not find, at least in germ-form, in his teaching. There is no question of duty upon which his words do not shed light. His expressions are so simple and clear that a child can master them; his thought is often so profound that sages study it as the divinest mystery; for, though he lived eighteen centures ago, and was not learned in the rabbinical lore of his generation, and died young, leaving no book and, indeed, no scrap of writing from his own hand, his teaching is almost as far in advance of this age as it was of that which crucified him; it is a star going before the wise men as they advance.

He is leader in action. Our Lord was not content to teach us merely; he has enforced his teachings by his example, and so long as we follow his steps we cannot go astray. In the western wilds of our continent, the air is so clear that the eye pierces to a surprising distance, and minute objects are enlarged and draw near; and frequently the traveller may discover the road which he is to pursue winding up a mountain-side many miles away. So the path which we are to tread is not dim; Christ has walked in it, and made it plain; and he has thrown around it such a limpid atmosphere of instruction that none need miss it. If we stray from it, our wandering is wilful; we do not desire to keep it; and if we plead ignorance as an excuse, it must be a culpable ignorance, such as those have who do not care to learn.

Our Saviour is also a leader in suffering. He has borne our griefs; He has taken our infirmities; nay, he has tasted deeper woe than any of His followers can feel. In Gethsemane, and in that most desolate hour of His crucifixion when the Father forsook Him, He labored under such anguish, as no other martyr ever endured. Our way may have its thorns, but every one is tinged with His sacred blood; it may have sharp stones, but each point has been pressed by his Holy feet. Is it not a consolation to know that we are made partakers of Christ even by our pains? The apostle Paul has spoken words concerning this joyous feature of affliction which all should remember, since all receive chastisement: "As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also abounded-eth in Christ." "As ye are partakers of the sufferings so shall ye be also of the consolation." And Peter utters the thought: "Beloved, think it not strange concernig the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." If we make our sorrows a sacrament and use them as memorials of that passion by which we are saved, and as evidences of our partnership with Christ, we shall bear them not only with resignation but with gladness. And since he has quaffed the cup of agony to its very dregs, He can give a perfect sympathy to all his troubled followers.

It is fitting that he who goes before us in thought, in action, and in endurance of affliction, should go before us also to glory. He is the first fruits of them that slept, the first to conquer death, the first to attain the full glory of the resurrection. He has gone before us as a forerunner; if He has entered the holy of holies, He will bring all his followers there; if He is enthroned, it is that He may give them to sit down on His throne; if He has passed forever the rough and craggy way and entered upon eternal felicity, it is that He may gather His people Himself, where He shall make them to lie down in green pastures, and lead them beside the still waters.

Thus from first to last, through suffering to glory, Christ is the leader of His people. Nor does he lead them merely as a flock, blind to their individual peculiarities and necessities. "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." "He calleth His own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."

A KIND HINT OR TWO TO INQUIRERS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

When great crowds are gathered, there is apt to be no lack of the light-fingered gentry who are in pursuit of other people's purses or watches. Hence the frequent notices posted up, "Beware of picpockets." When crowds of immortal souls are gathering to hear the Word of life, Satan's imps are apt to be unusually busy. The Devil is never so active as during a revival. He is intent on stealing away the truth from one heart, and in obstructing or frightening away another from the Saviour. The first hint we would offer to sincere seekers after salvation, is, beware of the wiles of the adversary. There is nothing the Devil is so much afraid of as the Bible. That is the "sword of the Spirit." Keep it in your hands constantly. No book for inquirers like God's book.

An illustration of Satan's cunning strategy is seen in the following brief request for prayer, which I received the other day, and presented at our evening meeting. "I have no hope, and would *give anything* for a hope in Christ. Pray for me; I am wretched." It was signed "a distressed soul."

Now the subtle enemy had a finger in the composition of that touching little note. The author seems to be under the delusion that he (or she) is intensely anxious to be saved, and Christ is *unwilling* to do the infinite favor. Whereas Jesus is actually knocking at the door of that writer's heart, and *asking* to be admitted. The fault is not with him. All the writer has to "give" is to give up self to Christ. Satan is misleading you, my friend, when he persuades you that you are doing all that God requires, and the blame of refusing you rests on the loving Redeemer. It is very likely that the "distressed soul," who sent that request, is clinging to his favorite sins all the time that he claims to be willing to "give anything for a hope in Christ."

Is there no giving up to be done in order to be saved? Yes; a vast deal. Repentance is not only sorrow for sin, but the prompt abandonment of sin. When Christ talked with a young inquirer who asked what he should do to inherit eternal life, he commanded the young man to give up of his estate to the poor, and come and follow him. The youth was not willing to make the surrender. His besetting sin was selfishness. Christ touched him "on the raw" when he made that demand. Much as the inquirer may have desired eternal life, he *flinched* from the Saviour's conditions, and went away sorrowful.

Jesus made Simon Peter forsake his nets and follow him. You must forsake your sin. It is the favorite sin (or sins) that has entangled your soul in its meshes. God knows you must; so do you. The snare of several persons whom I have met in our Brooklyn inquiry-meetings, is the social glass. I told them plainly that they must, with God's help, break that glass, or else it would break their hearts in the world of woe. More awakened sinners are drawn back to ruin by the stress of sensual temptations—like the decanter, the theatre, the haunts of frivolity and other lusts of the flesh—than by any other lusts of the Devil.

If you are making money dishonorably, against the protest of conscience, that "net" must be flung away. If you are cherishing a wicked grudge against any one, then that must be given up, cost what it may to your evil pride. Fear of ridicule by associates may be your "net." You cannot live on good terms with Christ's enemies, and hope to die on good terms with Christ. No cross, no crown! We cannot specify all the nets of favorite sins, or indulged doubts which you may be clinging to. No matter what the hindrance be, so that it keep you from Christ. A man may be crushed by an avalanche, or poisoned by an atom of strychnine; each one takes life. The sin that keeps you from Jesus *takes your life* for all eternity!

"When may I believe myself to be converted?" To this oft-asked question we would give the following answer: When you, by God's help, can say *No* to the sin that tempts you, and *Yes* to the commands of Jesus Christ, you are a Christian. An impenitent sinner always uses these two mighty monosyllables wrongly. Conversion is using them rightly. But observe that the "no" and the "yes" must come from the heart, and be practised in the life. Your crime hitherto has been that you said *no* to the atoning Son of God.

A SECRET DISCLOSED.

There is an art in everything. If, when the harvests are ripe, we should go in to the fields we would find that while one husbandman goes over the field, cutting down the grain with great exhaustion, halting at the end of the first swath before he has strength again to strike into the grain, another man goes for two or three hours without halting save to sharpen his instrument,—goes from one side of the field to the other without any especial fatigue. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to swing the scythe, and in the other he does not. One man will go out with a fishing apparatus that has cost him fifty dollars, and catch absolutely nothing the livelong day; while another man, with an apparatus prepared with his own jack-knife, will catch so many of the spoils of the water that his basket will hardly hold them. What is the difference? In the one case the man knows how to fish; in the other he does not. We acknowledge that there is an art in everything. Is there any art in religion? Why is it that one man starts out in the Christian life and makes rapid advancement? He seems to walk across the field, going from one degree of grace to another, getting stronger and mightier in the Christian life, with no especial drawback, his misfortunes and his trials becoming his coadjutors, so that at the end of thirty years he can look back and see that he has made one long, complete triumph; while another man will be thirty years in the Church of God and achieve nothing, standing where he was at the start, or having retreated, not really having so much faith or usefulness as the first year. Why is it that one man goes ahead and the other goes back? Is there any art in religion? There is. No man gets on in the Christian life by accident. There is no such thing as haphazard. If a man advances in the Christian life rapidly and mightily, it is because he employs certain means and does certain things in order to gain those achievements.

There is one great secret of advancement in religious experience, and that is *secret prayer.* It is very easy to come into a public assemblage, and stimulated by the hearty singing and by the cheerful faces of scores and hundreds of God's people, to bow our head and lift up our hearts in prayer; but to have some secret place where, day by day, either at morning, or at noon, or at night, we kneel down before God, no one in the whole world listening, and to do that thing day after day, and month after month, and year after year, and for scores of years,—that is not so easy a thing to do. It wants some perseverance, some high appreciation of duty, some grand Christian determination, some Almighty help. No one can pray in public his whole prayer. Take the best man in the world, and let him rise up before God in a public assemblage, and tell all his temptations and sorrows and annoyances and grievances and deficits, and he would clear the room in ten minutes. People would say, "We didn't come into the house of prayer to-night to have our ears and hearts insulted." We knew an excellent Christian man who had the habit, in prayer-meeting, of telling the most astounding things of what he used to do and where he used to go. We all believed in him as a useful man; but we all wished he would not go so much into particulars. It edified no Christian ear, and it advanced no Christian heart. And yet there is a place where a man ought to be able to tell everything to his God, to review all his past life, to count up all the wonderful deliverances, and take all the annoyances and grievances of the present moment before God, but if he has no closet of secret prayer, where shall he do that? There is no such thing as stalwart Christian character except that which grows in private and which starts from secret communion with God,—an out and out unlimited utterance such as a man cannot give in a public religious assemblage.

A QUIET TALK WITH BOYS.

"I shall be glad when I am a man. It is bad to be only a boy."

I am not quite sure of that, though no doubt many boys feel the same as he who made the above remark. But I think it is very good to be a boy. Think what a boy enjoys. He has many more holidays than a man could get, and he finds more pleasure in them. He can run and jump, play cricket with other boys, and croquet with girls. He can climb trees and swim rivers. He can spend pleasure hours sauntering about among woods and meadows, and catching butterflies as he goes. He can sit under a tree reading tales of travel and adventure until he feels like a hero himself. He can study diligently and perseveringly, and get to the top of his class, and win prizes to gladden the hearts of dear ones at home who love him. He is well and strong, and knows what it is to fall asleep directly he gets into bed, and one long nap till morning. He awakes, glad to find that it is daylight, and eager to begin pleasure. And all through the day he finds much to amuse and please him. Is it not good to be a boy?

Think what he misses. He does not have the headache almost every day of his life. He has no terrible cares and anxieties such as belong to almost all men of business. He has very little responsibility laid upon him. He has not to sit up far into the night to work. He does not lay awake after he is in bed, wondering where the money is to come from with which to pay his expenses. If he meets with an accident and tear bis clothes, he has not to buy new ones for himself. If he have made a mistake, he is forgiven as soon as he apologizes, and nothing comes of it. He misses many pains of head and heart, and many of those cares which make an old man.

And think what the boy can do. He has time and leisure for his own improvement. His habits are not all formed, and he can search and see what is wrong in his character and overcome them. And he can fill his mind with good and useful knowledge, such as will be most helpful to him in his future life. He can read good books, and receive good lessons and gain all kinds of information. He can prepare the way for future excellence, and lay the foundation of a really good manhood; and he can be of great use too. There are many things that boys can do better than other people. He can be kind and gentle, loving and attentive to his mother. He can lift the burden in part from his father's shoulder. He can bring smiles of joy to his brother's face, make his sister proud of him. He need not be occupied with his own affairs, but may live for others, making them very happy by his thoughtful care. Though he be "only a boy" he can make his little part of the world the brighter and better because he lives in it, for he can serve God and his fellows.

He need be in no hurry to be a man. Manhood will come soon enough, bringing with it cares, responsibility and work. But he will be ready for these things it he has been a good boy. He will be then very much what he is now. He is living in the morning, and the evening will be affected by these first hours. He is sowing seeds, of which he will presently reap the harvest. God grant that when it comes he may not have to spend weary hours in regrets over the sins and follies of his youth, but that he may have learnt well the lessons that will make him then useful, successful, and good!—*Marianne Farningham in Happy Hours.*

MADAGASCAR.

Six years ago the reigning Queen of Madagascar declared definitely and officially against idolatry, and in favor of Christianity. An earlier turning to the Christian faith, by a previous sovereign, had been followed by a persecution; and under the present Queen and her principal advisers the secret Christian element has come to the light, and is becoming so strong as to give good promise of permanence. The Malagasy are a Malay people inhabiting the whole island, and probably amounting to about 2,500,000 people, divided into three principal tribes; of these about 1,700,000 are under the dominion of this queen, while the others are still pagan independent tribes. The Christianization of the island has been chiefly carried on under the auspices of the London Missionary Society, and that body, when the Queen took so important a step as the one already spoken of, thought the occasion urgent enough to call for a special mission. Accordingly Dr. Mullens and another gentleman and his wife were sent. They have taken pains to make geographical surveys to the utmost of their opportunity, and to collect as much reliable information as they could; and this is all given to the public in simple and straightforward way. Those who hesitate to rejoice to see all the growing civilization of the country centering around a specific creed, will at least agree that there is something noble in the spectacle of a government which, hampered by treaty engagements with France, and compelled to admit French spirits on its shores, levies its duties in kind, and at once publicly pours the contents of each tenth barrel into the sea.—*Westminister Review.*

CHRIST OUR MODEL.

Once I was trying to walk across the field after a fresh fall of snow. I would try and see how straight a line I could make with my footprints in the snow. When I looked around to see how straight I was going, I always walked crooked; but if I kept my eye on the mark ahead of me, and did not take it off, I could walk straight enough. So if Christians only kept their eyes on the mark—on Christ Jesus, and followed in his footsteps, not turning around to see what kind of a path they made—they would walk straighter. He is our model. If, instead of asking, Why can't I do this and do that? Why can't I dance? Why can't I go to the theatre? Why can't I read the New York *Ledger?* I don't see why I can't do it! Can you? Then put it in this way, What is the use of it? "Will it make me a better Christian?" If it won't, then I won't do them. Instead of asking, What is the use? and why can't I? ask if it will be for the honor aud glory of Jesus, and if it won't, say, I won't do it.

I do not see that we can have any better example than Christ himself. Just consult the Word of God, and see what Christ would do. You will find that God never makes a man do wrong. Whoever heard of a man backsliding who walked with God? God never backslides. If we are going to keep company with God we have got to walk. God does not stand still and does not run. You must grow in grace or else in worldliness. Enoch walked with God. He found the right way back there in that dim age. He was the most unpopular man in that time. If they had had him up for office, I don't think he would have got to be even so much as constable. God and he agreed very well, so that at last God said to him, "Come up here and walk with me." Old Dr. Bonner said, "Enoch started on a very long walk one day—he has not got back yet." It is sweet to walk with God. We walk the wilderness to-day and the promised land to-morrow. Oh, that we all could say, "Father, take my hand," and put our hands in his to-day. There is a difference between our having hold of God and his having hold ot us. If God has hold of me I cannot fall, can I? If the great God who created heaven and earth holds us by the hand, what have we to fear? When my little girl was about three or four years old her mother got her a new muff, and then she wanted to go right out and take a walk with that muff. She teased me to go out walking with her. I told her I was tired, but after a while I got up and went with her. I said, "Emma, you had better let me take hold of your hand." She said, "No, I want to put my hands in my muff like mamma does." She was as proud as a peacock with the muff, and went strutting down the street. So a great many people start out with the idea that they are saved and can get along without the Word of God, but they find they need to have God hold them all the time. My little girl went along alone for a minute, got up she said, "Papa, I wish you would let me take hold of your little finger;" but I said, "if you do, when your feet go from under you, you will let go and go down." She insisted on having my little finger, so I gave it to her. Pretty soon her little feet slipped from under her, and down she went again. Then when she got up she said, "Papa, I wish you would take my hand." So I took her little hand, and held it by the wrist. Her feet went out from under her a number of times after that, but she did not fall because I held her. Oh, my friends, let us learn the lesson to-day of separation from the world. Enoch walked with God and God saved him. Abraham walked with God and God became his friend. Let us to-day put our hands in his as a friend, take hold and walk with him.—*Mr. Moody.*

"I CAN DO THAT TOO."

The Rev. Dr. Duryea thus beautifully concluded his address at the funeral of the late Baxter Dickinson, D. D., in Brooklyn:

"When last I conversed with him—it was the Sabbath, just as the evening was bringing its shadows over his couch—I shall never forget. May I never lose the inspiration he gave to my own faith and hope. Looking upon his features, with traces of his smile still lingering upon his face, in response to my last words, 'The anchor is cast within the vail; it will hold, it cannot drag.'

"I was forced to exclaim to those who were around him, viewing his peaceful departure into life, 'I can do that too.' And so I can. And I will. 'Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Christian brethren, we know not how near we may now be to the end. Sure I am some of us are very near. Let us enter the kingdom of heaven even as a little child, put our hands into the hands of the Man of Nazareth, our hearts against the heart of the Son of God, and pray the Prayer we so often sing in that sweet hyma,

'Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,—
'Let the sweet hope that I am Thine'—

as the Christian, as by an instinct so often makes the text, and then returns to it again, saying,

'Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine
And crown my journey's end.'"

NOAH'S FAITH.

There was something wonderful and divine in Noah's faith—I mean his patience. He knew that a flood was to come; he set to work in faith to build his ark, and that ark was in building for one hundred and twenty years. One hundred and twenty years! It seems at first past all belief. For all that time he built, and all the while the world went on just as usual; and before he had finished old men had died and children grown into years; and great cities had sprung up, perhaps where there was not a cottage before and trees which were but a yard high when the ark was begun, had grown into mighty forest timber; and men had multiplied and spread. And yet Noah built, and built on steadfastly, believing that what God had said would surely one day or other come to pass. For one hundred and twenty years he saw the world go on as usual, and yet he never forgot that it was a doomed world. He endured the laughter and mockery of all his neighbors, and every fresh child who was born grew up to laugh at the foolish old man who had been toiling for a hundred years past on his mad scheme, as they thought it. And yet Noah never lost faith, and he never lost love either; for all these years, we read, he preached righteousness to the very men who mocked him, and preached in vain. One hundred and twenty years he warned those sinners of God's wrath, of righteousness and judgment to come, and no man listened to him! That, I believe, must have been after all, the hardest of all his trials.—*Selected.*

GENTLENESS OF CHARACTER.

One of the early Christian teachers, who was born with a violent temper, became a a model of gentleness as he grew older. On one occasion he was assailed with a torrent of most furious words. The good teacher looked at the passionate man who thus addressed him with a tranquil eye, and did not reply by a single word. The furious man, enraged, spoke more bitterly than before. The Christian man preserved his patience.

When the fellow had at last retired, the Christian was asked how he could keep silence under such provocation. He said:

"My tongue and I made a compact, and we have agreed that while my heart is full of hot feeling my tongue shall not say a word. Could I teach this poor, ignorant man better how to govern and restrain himself than by holding my tongue? and would his rage have been sooner appeased had I not kept silence? Ought we not to have compassion on an unfortunate person who is carried away by his passion?"

RANDOM READINGS.

GIVING.—"The system of redemption from first to last is one grand system of giving. God loved the world, and *gave* his only begotten Son to save it from eternal ruin. The Son loved us, and *gave* himself to death for us. This giving does not rest at the point of bounty, but passes on to that of inconceivable sacrifice. Every man, on whose spirit the true light of redemption breaks, finds himself an heir to an inheritance of givings, which began on the eve of time, and will keep pace with the course of eternity. To giving he owes his all; in giving he sees the substantial evidence he can offer that he is a grateful debtor; and the self-sacrifice of him to whom he trusts says, far more pathetically than words can say, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Christianity ordains that giving shall be both beautiful and cheerful. It does not satisfy the demands of our religion that we give; we must give much. 'He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly.' This refers to the amount of gifts. But Christianity is not content here; that unsparing amount must be given with a cheerful heart, 'not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loveth the cheerful giver."—*Wm. Arthur.*

FILLED.—The gospel fills and fulfils. "Be filled with the Spirit." (Eph. v. 18.)

"May be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. (Eph. iii. 18, 19.)

"Being filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God." (Phil. i. 11.)

"And of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace." (John i. 16.)

"And I myself am also persuaded of you, my brethren, that ye also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another." (Rom. xv. 14.)

"I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil." (Matt. v. 17.)

"Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be like minded, having the same love, being of one accord, and one mind." (Phil. ii. 2.)

A wealthy capitalist, who had made most of his own fortune, and, what was harder, taking care of it, gives the following as the secret of his success: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty and thy presses burst forth with new wine." The philosophy of the matter is simply this, God governs barns. We are willing to allow that he governs nations, and guides congresses, and directs battle fields. But Solomon, moreover, knew that he presides over wheat fields, that God is to be worshiped in church with prayers and psalms; but Solomon will have it that he is to be praised also with threshing implements and grain wagons.

SETTLE DIFFICULTIES RIGHT.—Nothing is settled permanently until it is settled right. Shifts, concealments, subterfuges and evasions, amount to nothing. A wrong may be apologized for, defended, endorsed, covered up, lied about, daubed over, winked at, or silently endured; but so long as it exists, there is trouble in store. Build your house as big as you like, if there is a wrong in the foundation, you have put powder under the whole concern. While that is there, nothing can make the structure safe. By-and-by the spark will find the train, and then comes an explosion, and the whole mass goes hurtling in the air.

From every wrong decision there lies an appeal. It may be to conscience; it may be to impartial men; or it may be to the righteous Judge upon the great white throne. However the matter may be stifled, smoothed over, or misrepresented, every wrong not righted will come up and keep coming up.

CARD PLAYING.—I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet to be made to believe that a game which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked with itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations, the tendency of which is unduly to absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The use of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it. I have at this moment ringing in my ears the dying injunction of of my father's friend: "Keep your sons from cards; over them I've lost time and heaven."

A man of deep religious experiences is always effective. I care not how poor his voice is, or how uncomely his countenance, or how awkward his gestures, or how shabby his clothes, or how lame his grammar. By taking good care of our own vineyard, we learn how to help others in the care of their vineyard. If you cannot raise grapes in *your* garden, you cannot raise them in mine.—*Talmage.*

Did you ever think how every part of your house can remind you of the great truths which Jesus Christ taught about himself? The corner stone says, "Christ is the corner-stone;" the door, "I am the door;" the burning candle, "Christ is the Light of the world." You look out of the window, and the sight of the starry sky bids you turn your eyes to "the bright and Morning Star." The rising sun speaks of the "Sun of righteousness, with healing in his wings." The loaf on your table whispers of the "bread of life," and the water which quenches your thirst, "I am the water of life." When you lie down, you think of him who had not where to lay his head; and when you get up you rejoice that he is "the resurrection and the life."

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "are busy in the world gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon!"