

# The Evening Mail

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

Rev. J. McLEOD,

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"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."—Peter.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1877.

Editor and Proprietor.

Whole No. 1219.

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Fredricton, June 1, 1877.

## The Intelligencer.

THE DEATH OF ELISHA.

BY WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D.

2 Kings xlii. 14-17.

This is the last glimpse we get of Elisha, and the lesson may be profitably divided into three parts. Let us look at

1. THE DYING MAN.

Elisha must have been very advanced in years. His ministry had lasted from at least the beginning of the reign of Jehoram, and as that king reigned twelve years, Jehu twenty-eight, and Jehozabab seventeen, the prophet must have been the recognized servant of Jehoram for fifty-seven years. He could not have been less than twenty when he was called by Elijah, and as he was seven years in the service of the Tishbite, that would make him at least 84 years old when he was "fallen sick of his sickness where he died." For at least forty-five of these years we have no record of the doings or the sayings of the prophet. Possibly indeed some of the miracles enumerated in the fourth of Kings may have been performed during the reign of Jehu or that of Jehozabab, but we have no account of any public act or utterance which we can certainly connect with this portion of Elisha's life. This is very suggestive; for we must not suppose that Elisha was idle all those years. The probability indeed is that he was as earnestly at work during them as at any other portion of his career. But we are here reminded that incident is not necessary to usefulness, and we are encouraged to labor on at the work which has been given to us, without concerning ourselves about the record which may be made of it. The "unwritten life" is by far the greater part of it; and the life, not the history of it, is that which we ought mainly to concern ourselves.

It is remarkable, also, that though reference is made here to Elisha's death, we have no record of his personal experiences in the prospect of dying. Yet this is no exception to the rule of biographies. It is surprising how little note is taken in the Word of God of "last sayings" and "dying declarations," and perhaps this may be regarded as a reproach to us for giving exaggerated importance to death-bed utterances of our friends and neighbors. The few days or hours before we leave the body are really of no greater moment than the same number of days or hours taken from any other portion of our earthly existence. The living, not the dying, is the important matter; and he whose life is devoted to the service of the Lord Jesus, is thereby giving a more valuable testimony to the Lord than he could do by any death-bed saying. Elisha here says nothing about himself, but he carries on the Lord's work as usual.

But now let us look at

2. THE DYING MAN.

While Elisha was sick the young king, Joash, who had just succeeded to the throne, came to see him. Presumably he desired to consult him in regard to the affairs of the kingdom, which was just then in a very critical condition. During the reign of Jehu, Syria had made great encroachments on the domain of Israel, and in the reign of Jehozabab these had been increased to such an extent that the continued existence of Israel was imperiled, and the army, "made like the dust by threshing," had been reduced by the victories of Hazael to "fifty horsemen, and ten chariots, and ten thousand footmen." This made the monarch turn unto Jehoram, and he raised for Israel a savior in the person, as it seems, of the young Joash, who now comes to the prophet for advice and direction. But when the king saw Elisha's weakness he wept, and cried, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof." The tears were an appeal to the prophet's heart, and the words, recalling his own expression when Elijah was taken from him, must have deepened the impression which the tears produced. So Elisha said to him, "Take bow and arrows;" and when he had done so the king, in obedience to the prophet's further orders, placed his hand upon the bow. Then when the prophet had put his hands over the hands of the king, the latter shot through the window which was opened eastward, and Elisha cried, "The arrow of the Lord's deliverance." All this was symbolic; the shooting of an arrow was a common way of declaring war, and so Joash, especially after he had heard Elisha's words, must have known that it denoted victory over the Syrians. When, therefore, the prophet asked him to take the arrows and shoot them into the ground, he ought to have felt that it now depended upon himself whether the victory was to be complete or not. But, alas! he stopped at the third arrow, and so revealed that lack of persistence in his character which has been distinguished of Jehu and his descendants. This made the prophet wrath with him, and caused him to say, "Thou shalt have smitten five or six times, for then hadst thou smitten Syria till thou hadst consumed it, whereas now thou shalt smite Syria, but shalt not." Here many practical lessons are suggested, but attention may be restricted to three: 1. God cannot bless us save through our willingness to be blessed. It was said of Christ on one occasion that He could do no miracles because of the unbelief of the people. So here God could not permanently deliver Israel because of the unbelief of Joash. 2. We are often tested for great matters by little things. The shooting or not shooting of arrows was a little affair, but it indicated character, and by it, therefore, Joash was tested. 3. Probation once over does not return. Joash could not purchase by any effort, or by any money, a new opportunity.

Let us look at

3. THE MIRACLES AT ELISHA'S GRAVE.

Elisha was buried, but there is nothing said of his funeral, though Josephus has it that the funeral was magnificent. But after his body had been for some time in the grave a wonderful thing occurred. Bands of Moabites invaded the land, "as the entering in of the year," and the sight of one of these in the distance by a company of mourners who were carrying the body of a friend to the grave so alarmed them that, instead of waiting to finish the funeral, they lay out the remains into the sepulchre of Elisha, and so it was that the one dead body touched the other, "the man revived and stood upon his feet." This miracle stands alone among all the "wonders recorded in Scripture. It belongs indeed to the same class as the healing of the diseased through the touch of a garment or by the passing of a shadow (Matt. ix. 20; Acts v. 16, xii. 12). But it differs even from these. Still, if we remember that a true miracle, wherever wrought, is the work of God Himself, it is nothing here to awaken incredulity. It is only to our human ignorance that there are degrees in the supernatural. All

things are equally easy to Omnipotence. And we can see that the purpose of this miracle was to endorse the whole ministry of Elisha, and to stimulate the people by the remembrance of the words which in his life he uttered.

Thus even from his grave there came a quickening influence; and if all this came from the touch of a dead prophet, what must come to us from living union to the risen Christ?

We may be reminded also of the deathless influence of every man. What force can have gone even from the desecrated grave of Wycliffe! But, alas! it is true also that "the evil that men do lives after them." And it ought to be our daily endeavor so to live that all our influence shall be only good, and that continually.

## INSPIRATION OF REVELATION.

By revelation I mean all self-manifestation of God, in His words and His works both; inspiration in His self-revelation in the Scriptures alone. Allow me to assert that Christianity would stand on the basis of revelation; that is, on the self-manifestation of God in His works, including the facts of the New Testament history, even if the doctrine of inspiration were altogether thrown to the winds. You have been taught too often by the rationalists that Christianity stands or falls on the truth of the doctrine of inspiration, whereas the nature and the degree of inspiration are questions between Christians themselves. Christianity, as a redemptive system, might stand on the great facts of the New Testament if they were known as historic only, and the Testament literature were not inspired at all. Religion, based on axiomatic moral truth, would stand on revelation, as defined, even if inspiration were given up as a dream.

Will you remember that the configuration of New England is the same at midnight and at noon, or a kind of outlook committee of the learned brethren here, and I carry a guide book to this delicious nook of the globe world; but what if I should lose that volume? Would not the Merrimack continue to be the Merrimack river within your borders, the Connecticut the most majestic, the White Hills and the Green Mountains the most stately of your elevations. Would there be any gleaming shore on your coast, where the Atlantic surge plays through the rocks, that would change its outline at by midnight and by noon? Would the loss of my guide book? Just the same? Inspiration gives us a guide book—it does not create the landscape. Our human reason, compared with inspiration, is as a starlight contrasted with the sun; it is the landscape of our relations to God in the same, whether it be illumined or left in obscurity. We might trace out by starlight much of the map. The sun of inspiration, however, and we know of no other, can create the Merrimack or the Connecticut. On all our shores the orb of day shows to the eye the distinction between rock and wave, but it does not create that distinction, which we do not dimly know before by the noise in the dark, and by the wrecks!

There is a soul, and there is a God; and, since law is universal, there must be conditions of harmony between the soul and God; since the soul is made on a plan, there must be natural conditions of peace, both with itself and with God; and these conditions are not altered by being revealed. Newton did not make the law of gravitation by discovering it, it did not exist before him; but his discovery reveals the nature of things. As long as we remain true to life there is a best way to live; it will be best to live the best way, and religion is very evidently safe, whether the Bible stands or falls.—Lecture by Rev. Joseph Cook.

## FAMILY PRAYER.

Reader, are you at the head of your family? If so, do you have prayer in your family? He who does not read the Bible and pray with his family, sacrifices to the most precious privileges ever given to man.

There are multitudes of men we fear, who never read their Bibles at all during the day, except the brief portions read in their family devotions. A much larger portion should be read daily, but the very least that is read is infinitely better than none at all. The prayers offered round the family altar while they are a source of exquisite blessing upon the heart of him who prays, react in the most happy manner upon the family. And it is not surprising that the children of professedly religious parents have so little regard for religion, and go to the bad as rapidly as they do. Their religious retrospect at home is a dreary blank. They have no faith in the religion of their parents, because they never pray with them. As long as they look back over life, from their young manhood or womanhood, there is not one religious act in their family that they can recall. There has been nothing fixed or pleasant in their religious life—if it can be called religious—training.

As they go out into the world to fight life's battles for themselves, they have no cheering retrospect of the hour for family prayer at home. They cannot sing, when far away, when the hour arrives. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Though sundered far by faith they meet Around one common mercy seat.

And having no ties of a family or a social nature to bind them to morality or religion, it is not surprising that they frequently run into vice.

## THE LAST HOUR.

To all things beneath the sun there cometh a last hour. Time, like a fast flowing river, is fast hastening towards eternity, with a majestic flow, and will soon be lost in the mighty gulf, bringing the last hour to all things that are mortal; moment follows moment in quick succession—day presses on day—year treads upon year, until earthly existence at every breath, behold them, as they move along in a silent, solemn procession, witnessing the last hour to our fellow-beings at every step!

All our joys, griefs, pleasures, smiles and tears, will find their last hour. To those who are now living it will be of the greatest interest; our souls will be on the fine verge of time, ready to step on the threshold of eternity. What can be of deeper interest to us than the approach of the moment, which to us will be the boundary between time and eternity, which closes our existence in this world, and begins our eternal, never-ending existence in the world unknown to us! But its approach is certain; the young imagine it far off; the aged judge it still at a distance; but it comes to both unawares.—Orphan Friend.

## A STORY OF A WELSH COILIERY.

The liveliest interest has been felt all over England and Wales in a story which illustrates with startling clearness the dangers that lurk in the bowels of the earth, and the pluck and heroism which sometimes enable the dull, hard life of the miner. On Wednesday evening, the 11th of April, as the men were on the point of leaving work in the Tynewydd Colliery, Porthcawl, the roar of rushing water was heard and the water and tunnels suddenly began to fill. The water had broken through an abandoned and flooded mine, and of course rose in the main shaft and the lateral workings until it found its level. Most of the men—about 100—were missing. An exploring party went down to look for them. They found all the galleries within a few hundred yards of the bottom of the shaft, but a knocking heard behind a wall of coal indicated that some of the missing men were imprisoned alive in a gallery which sloped upward, its mouth being under water. The wall was a few yards thick. Volunteers went at it with picks and shovels, and in a few hours they could hear another's voices. But the moment a hole was broken through, the confined air, kept under great pressure by the rising water, burst out with a terrific explosion, and one of the imprisoned miners was blown into the air, and he had been blown from a gun. He was taken out dead. Four others in the chamber with him were rescued uninjured. Knockings, however, were heard further on, and it appeared that some missing men were in a similar but still worse predicament, in a chamber of compressed air. It is with the efforts to release this second party that the chief interest of the story begins.

The wall behind which they were confined was in a hanging that was flooded, and nothing could be done with the pick until the water had been pumped out. Divers first attempted the perilous feat of reaching the trapped men from the main shaft through half a mile of water, and it was afterwards ascertained that one of the men who had tried to escape in the same way. This, however, was impossible. It was not until Monday, the fifth day, that the volunteers were able to begin digging. The distance to cut was 120 feet. The work went on day and night with an eager and desperate determination, and yet it was so slow! Cutting through the solid coal, in a gallery not more than three feet high, where the water, only kept down by constant pumping, threatened every moment to be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet. The thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in danger, and attacks of cramp, diphtheria, or fatal sore throat, have been known to result from neglecting the feet. Exercise common sense and remove the shoes. If chilly, take a warm foot-bath, ending with the cold dip and rubbing dry. If, in a judicious way, people would wet their feet often—clean up to their ears—it would be better for their health.

## SOCIAL AND SANITARY.

VALUE OF HEALTH.

Health is the greatest of all earthly blessings. We never realize this truth, however, till health is broken. If one's health then is worth more than all else in the world, to preserve and health must be at once the first duty and the highest privilege. Gain all else, were it possible, and yet lose health, and all is lost. While nothing can compensate for such a loss, nothing can, indeed, be held in any enjoyable sense under it. Health often-times is dependent upon apparently very trivial matters, and it is astonishing how often disease and death steal in upon our frames through our toes, finding a way to organic abode in lungs or heart or brain, till it strikes sure and fatally the death-bolt.

COLD FEET.

Cold feet usually result from unequal circulation. People of active minds will generally find relief by wearing at times, during their mental tasks, a linen or cotton skull-cap, frequently wrung out in cold water. The brain is thus cooled and the blood sent more fully to the extremities. A brilliant New York minister was compelled to write his sermons with his feet in a hot bath. A prominent hydropathist advised the wet head-cap, and it worked like a charm, enabling him to dispense with the inconvenient tub of water.

The feet should be washed in tepid water every day or two, but not in water so hot as to make them tender. In concluding the bath, dip them into quite cold water, which closes the pores naturally, and then wipe and rub them entirely dry and warm. When your feet are cold stop and warm them. No business at the desk, the counter, the bench; no domestic task or conventional circumstance is of so grave importance as to warm one's feet when they are cold. You can't afford to neglect to wash and rub your feet, and to the discomfort nature is given you as a premonition of danger. Keep your feet dry. If by accident you wet your feet, don't be foolish and sit till death-damp steals to your vitals. Exercise common sense and remove the shoes. If chilly, take a warm foot-bath, ending with the cold dip and rubbing dry. If, in a judicious way, people would wet their feet often—clean up to their ears—it would be better for their health.

CHILDREN'S FEET.

Life-long discomfort and sudden death often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the mothers or nurses. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet. The thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in danger, and attacks of cramp, diphtheria, or fatal sore throat, have been known to result from neglecting the feet. Exercise common sense and remove the shoes. If chilly, take a warm foot-bath, ending with the cold dip and rubbing dry. If, in a judicious way, people would wet their feet often—clean up to their ears—it would be better for their health.

HEALTH AND TEMPER.

Bad health and good health have obviously a strong influence on the formation of character, and yet it is almost impossible to say a priori how either will act on any given individual. It seems easy for a large and jolly-looking man to have a good temper. The wind blows more gently about his large frame. It visits with a sharper inquisition the meagre angles of a lean and physically ill-conditioned person, and it is not surprising if the former is comfortable and happy while the latter is exasperated and peevish. A large man can endure more fatigue before his energy droops to that languid state in which all the wheels of being are slow, and the body and mind receive every sort of contact. But the favored of nature in health are apt to deprecate the value of reason of what may be called a "physical pride." Physical pride is only too real a failing, and causes only too much unhappiness in families. The healthy member, who is a great eater of beef, has merged his imagination and his sympathies in a tyrannical thirst. The result of his natural gifts is a certain hardness and cruelty. He believes that boys should "rough it," and is an advocate of flogging and bullying.

THE HEALTHY TYRANT.

is all for hardening every one, and he revives the cold-water torture of the theological past for the benefit of his more delicate children, declaring that "nerves are all nonsense," and calling to every one, "Look at me!" It is a question whether it is better for a family to fall into the hands of the healthy or of the nervous and debilitated tyrant. For the latter, had as been the influence of his health on his character, some excuse may be made. He deserves pity for having drifted into that state which the Scotch idiom describes as "all egg-shells." When there are such people in a house it is impossible for any one to do anything rightly.

CHRIST'S ABILITY.

Abie went to subdue all things unto himself.—Phil. iii. 21. Abie to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having also abounded in all things, may abound unto every good work.—II Cor. ix. 8. Abie to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.—Jude 23. Abie to save them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18. Abie to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him.—Heb. vii. 25. Abie to perform what he hath promised.—I Tim. iv. 8. Abie to make him stand.—Romans xiv. 4. Abie to keep that I have committed to you.—II Tim. i. 12. Abie to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.—Acts x. 43. Abie to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we can ask or think.—Eph. iii. 20. Believe ye that I am able to do this.—Matt. ix. 28. Queen Room.—A New York lady takes Dr. T. J. J. to task for saying that if all the women in his congregation would give up "three-button gloves" and wear one-button, the saving would be enough to secure a support for his orphan house. She asks: "Why, if it is self-denial to be done, is it always required of women?" and concludes with this closing observation: "If Mr. T. J. J. does not succeed with his gloves, let him try upon cigars; there would be more saving than in gloves. He would gain by it, and the men of his congregation would be cleaner and live longer."

## A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

More than sixty-five years ago, when but a child, much through the influence of parental instruction, thoughts of heaven and of God, induced me to prayer and penitence. I could not go to sleep without tears for childish follies and filial ingratitude. At this time but little was said by the churches to children on the subject of religion. But the reading of the Bible by some member of the family, the exercises of the conference meeting, parental advice and sympathy, sickness and death of neighbors, together with Mr. Watt's hymns, all impressed me. Once, at school, when about eleven years of age, I read Matt. 11: 28-30, and my mind was powerfully but sweetly drawn to Christ, and an earnest desire to become a true Christian was inspired, and that others of all classes might be converted.

At the age of fifteen a revival of religion was experienced in the churches of our attendance, which sensibly interested and cheered me, but in which my timid spirit failed publicly to engage. But the conversion of sinners and their testimony for Jesus thrilled my spirit with solitude and joy. Oh, that this information might never cease to be my prayer. Made the acquaintance of a man and failed. I thought how much time I am losing when I ought to be inviting sinners to Christ. And these words were thundering in my ears: "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." At the age of nineteen, with many misgivings, temptations and difficulties, arising from long neglect of duty, by the grace of God, I took up the cross, struggled and prayed till through faith I felt that though "God was rich in mercy, his anger was turned away and he comforted me."

Now I saw the need of a full salvation which Christ, through faith, was able and willing to give me, and which I trust my poor heart experienced. But through the neglect of some duties and delay of a public ministry, I lost much of its power and glory. Now, at the age of three-score and eleven years, and a ministry of 48 years, although it seems I have done nothing, for God, I rejoice in the way he has led me, and the acquaintance formed with his people, of the purpose of obedience, and the hope of being "made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light."

## THE EVERLASTING REST.

One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this one, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached on; perhaps because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the Divine support! The first idea of infancy is resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. School-room experiences confirm the impression when we have seen a feeble mother or sister lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger ones of the family. The arms of the Father are felt, but not seen. The invisible secret support comes to the soul in its hours of weakness and trouble; for God supports our feebleness. He remembers us as we are but dust.

We often sink very low under the weight of sorrows. Sudden disappointments can carry us, in an hour, from the heights down to the very depths. Props that we have leaned upon are stricken away. What God means by it very often is, just to bring us down to "the everlasting arms." We did not feel our need of them before. We were "making flesh our arm," and relying on human comfort or resources.

## I WILL TELL IT.

Many a physician has gained his practice by one patient telling others of his cure. The neighbors that you have been to the hospital of Jesus, and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat, and drew near to the gates of death; and maybe a poor soul in the same condition, you tell him of it, saying, "This is a message from God to me." Above all, publish abroad the Lord's goodness, for Jesus' sake. He deserves your honor. Will you receive this blessing, and then, like the nine lepers, give him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the temple, who was healed by touching the hem of his garment, and then would have slipped away? If so, I pray that the Master may say, "Somebody has touched me," and may you be compelled to tell the truth and say, "I was sick in soul, but I touched thee, O my Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of thy grace I will tell it, though devils should hear it; I will tell it, and make the world ring with it, according to my ability, to the praise and glory of thy saving grace."

## GLADSTONE.

A London paper relates the following: The rector of a London parish one day called on a sick boy. The boy was one of the neglected outcasts of the great city. Accustomed to earn his living by sweeping one of the mud-crooked streets, his face had become familiar to many of the passers-by. The clergyman asked him if any one had called on him during his sickness. "O yes," replied the boy. "Mr. Gladstone came to see me." "Mr. Gladstone!" exclaimed the rector, "what Mr. Gladstone?" "Why," said the boy, "the only Mr. Gladstone." So the great English premier could find time amid all the onerous duties of public life, to seek the abode and minister to the wants of a "dirty street-sweep." All the attractions of aristocracy and grandeur of royalty did not dispel from his heart the sense of duty to the little outcast. Nothing in the long, eventful life of the great man seems to us so noble and Christ-like as this simple incident.

## A SELF-SACRIFICING BLACKSMITH.

One night a large company of men, women and children were assembled in one of the almshouses of Germany. In the midst of their mirth a mad dog made his appearance at the only door of exit in the room. The people were alarmed. What could be done? A blacksmith, a great, sturdy fellow, arose and said, "Friends, it is not right that we should all perish. Escape by the door, and I will encounter him." The dog made a spring upon the blacksmith, and while they were fighting together the crowd escaped. The poor blacksmith managed to throw the dog off and escaped through the door and closed it after him. Soon they procured guns and shot the dog through the window. The poor man was torn and mangled by the dog. He stood before those who had escaped and said, "Friends, it is evident that I soon shall be mad and die; but I have received these wounds for your sake. Feed me in my shop till I am gone. Farewell, farewell." He went to his forge and made a heavy chain with which he bound himself so that he could injure no one when he became mad. His

friends brought him food, and after suffering intensely for nine days, he died.—Rev. Geo. C. Needham.

## RANDOM READINGS.

The surest mark of true piety is to fill up the duties of our own station with the utmost fidelity.

Said Louis Agassiz: "I do not believe that I am descended from a monkey; God is my Father."

Nothing purifies the conscience but the blood of Christ, and everything that denies it is high treason against the King of Kings.

When thy last hour is come, thou wilt begin to have a far different opinion of thy whole life that is past, and be exceeding sorry that thou hast been so careless and remiss.

Moody has point and pith in his sayings. "I have come a hundred miles," said a minister, "to get some of Mr. Moody's spirit." "You don't want my spirit," was the reply: "What you want is the Spirit of God."

"Prayer, in its fullest exercise, and most intimate approach to God, is the pouring out of the desires of a whole heart. Such pray in the Holy Ghost. They have power with God, and over men in prayer. Through this instrumentality many are brought to Christ; and the intimate connection between the prayers of devoted Christians and revivals of religion, if not known, is every case, will be clearly shown in the light of eternity."

Commit yourself to Him; cast your care upon Him, and He will care for you. Let Christ be your scope and mark to aim at; let Him be your pattern to work by; let Him be your ensample to follow; give Him, as your heart, so your hand—as your mind, so your tongue—as your faith, so your feet; and let His Word be your candle to go before you. From the gate, guard not with Christ scattereth abroad.—Brother Adams.

"Made in the likeness of men" (Phil. ii. 7) Christ's incarnation is Israel's consolation; for all sound comfort stands in happiness, all happiness in fellowship with God, and all fellowship with God is through Christ; who, for this cause, became very God, became very man, that He might reconcile God to man and man to God; He became little that we might be great; the Son of man, that we might be the sons of God.—Boys.

"To-day's duty is no discharge for to-morrow; every day has its own preeminent demand upon us, not only for repetition but advancement. It is a saying of St. Basil, that the soul would starve, as well as the body, without a continual renewal of its proper food; and St. Paul's motto 'in the midst of such a course of labor and activity he would quite have been worn out, if the spirits of another man was, forward.'—Rev. C. Bridges.

A poor, simple-hearted African once went to Mr. Moffat, the missionary, and told him, with a lugubrious face, that his dog had torn his copy of the Testament, and swallowed some leaves of it; and that the dog was grieved about it, for the dog was very valuable. "But," said the missionary, "why do you grieve so? You can get another Testament, and the leaves will not hurt the dog."

"Ab!" said the savage, "that's what I fear. He is a good hunter and a good watchdog, and the New Testament is so full of gentleness and love that I am afraid he will never be of service again."