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A SERMON

BY REV. J. P. CARR, SPRING HILL, N. B.

"Remember Lot's Wife."—Luke 17:32.

It was night in a great and opulent city. All was stir and animation. Lights flashed and dazzled. The sound of human voices, and laughter, and music filled the air. The scene was one of mad revelry, of boastful bargaining, of manifold wickedness, of deepest, blackest iniquity. As on a thousand nights past a whole city was holding high festival in sin, thoughtless of the morrow, forgetful of the end. And surely, swiftly, relentlessly, that morrow was coming upon them. The end was at hand. But a single drop remained to be poured into their cup of wickedness ere it should overflow and fall in devouring fury upon their own heads. Already the Messengers of Heaven had crossed the threshold of the one, the only righteous family in all that city. Already the merciful words of warning had been spoken: "We will destroy this place because the cry of them is waxen great before the presence of the Lord; and the Lord hath sent us to destroy it. Arise and take thy wife and thy two daughters which are here, lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain lest thou be consumed." Already just Lot was fleeing from sinful, fated Sodom.

Then suddenly a brightness as of mid-day filled the city and struck terror to every heart. Showers of fire seemed falling from Heaven. Columns of fire seemed springing from the earth. The whole atmosphere was ablaze. It seized on the doomed place. It leaped from palace to garden, from garden to palace. It swept through the streets. It enveloped the city around—a wall of living flame.

The sounds of revelry were exchanged for the roar of the conflagration and the cries of lamentation. The pursuit after sin was lamented into terrible, vain flight for life.

Meanwhile Lot fled with his family towards the mountain. They heard the rage of the devouring fire. They saw the shadows formed by its awful brightness. But they dared not look back on the burning city. The command was ringing in their ears: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee."

Just one heart in that little company yearned for the fair city they were leaving. One heart was filled with regret; one heart was faithless. Lot's wife looked back on her perished home, her consuming possessions, her lost family. And she, too, perished. She turned, and as she turned she remained—a fixed, motionless column. The others pressed on, and at daybreak entered Zoar safe, delivered from the destruction of Sodom.

As the sun rose that morning how changed from that of a day before was the scene it revealed. Where once had stretched a fruitful and luxuriant plain—where once had stood a city splendid in its wealth, the abode of a pleasure-seeking and iniquitous people, was now only a desolate landscape, strewn with blackened cinders, overhung by a dark, heavy column of ascending smoke. And there overlooking this sad spectacle was a solitary pillar, of human form, but without life, without sight, without voice, without beauty. Before was the gloomy, desolate plain; above, the dense funeral cloud; around, the awful silence, and there alone, senseless, silent, what once was Lot's wife.

Centuries after the Saviour of the world is foretelling to His disciples the destruction of Jerusalem, an event that in suddenness and awfulness resembled that of Sodom. In that day, when the signs of impending calamity shall surround them, He warns them to flee for their lives. "In that day," He says, "let him that shall be upon the housetop and his staff in the house, let him not come down to take it away; and he that is in the field, let him likewise not turn back." And then, as if the deeper to impress this warning upon their minds, He stretches His hand, as it were, backward through the centuries, and traces upon that solitary pillar guarding the desolation of the plain these solemn words: "Remember Lot's wife."

Very weighty and important words, then, must these be even among the warnings of Holy Scripture. And well may we infer what meaning they possess for us—why we should "remember Lot's wife." There are, no doubt, many reasons why we should do so. But on two only will we dwell now.

1st. We are to "remember Lot's wife," because she declares to us the nature of sin. Consider the circumstances of her case. When she went out from Sodom that awful night she knew all. She knew the city she was leaving was doomed. She knew that all its splendor, its riches, its beauty, its inhabitants, even her own home and family were doomed to destruction. She knew that their lives only were left them. She knew the Divine command, "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee." Yet knowing all, she went out reluctantly; knowing all, regret filled her heart; knowing all, she yearned for the things she was leaving; knowing all, she doubted. She was faithless. With the command of the angel still sounding in her ears she yielded to her reluctance, her regret, her yearning, her faithlessness. She turned and looked on the burning city. Knowing all, remembering the Heavenly command, she would look, she did look, and she perished. She proudly, willfully disobeyed, and God cut her off in

her sin. And thus in her fall she declares to us the nature of sin. It is disobedience, the transgression of God's will, God's law. Whether we consider the sin we inherit through six thousand years, or the sin we daily commit, one word sums it up, includes it all, and that word is Disobedience. Thus sin began. Thus it continues and abounds. Adam was created in harmony with Heaven's immutable laws, and placed in Paradise subject to those laws, transgressed them and so sinned, and plunged the whole world in sin. And the whole world since, by reason of a corrupt, fallen nature, continued to sin in transgressing them. Men, considering Adam's act of transgression, object to the Scripture account of man's fall. It is absurd, they say, that so stupendous a result should follow from so simple an act, that for so trivial an offence a whole world should be subject to Divine wrath. But they forget the nature of sin. It matters not what the command is; it is the disobedience itself, the breaking any law, which is sin—not the breaking this one or that one. God said to Adam: "Thou shalt not eat of it." Adam did eat of it and so sinned and fell. He would have fallen no more had he taken a world instead of an apple. The sin would have been no greater. God said to Lot's wife: "Look not behind thee." She did look behind her and so perished. It seems a little thing to man—just to look once and perish so awfully. It was disobedience—neither more nor less, than the sin of Sodom. And had she escaped, that fiery vengeance which she turned to look on had been exacted on God's just law. It is because men take this wrong view of sin, that they are always drawing distinctions and classifying, stamping misdeeds with different names, calling one mortal, another venial, speaking with severity of one, with leniency of another. All this is false—mere theological trifling. Sin, in God's sight, is sin, and every act of disobedience is sin. Let us not cheat ourselves with the delusive thought that if we keep this law we may break that one with impunity. To break any single one, even the least of God's laws, is to sin, and so, in effect, break all. Let us try to look aright on sin. It is no graduated absence of good only, no mere negative quality. It is terribly real; it is positive; it is active; it is powerful. It is the fearful self-will of a corrupt nature opposed to the pure and holy will of God. It is the blind striving of a corrupt nature for present gratification in unholy and forbidden ways. It is Satan's rebellion against Heavenly rule; it is the flesh, lustful against the spirit; it is the intense, the constant, the mighty concentration of a corrupt heart upon self. And all this finding, as rivers flow to one common sea, this common expression in daily life—Disobedience. Let us open the record of our fleeting lives and read the characters written there from day to day. Are we following other Gods than our own eternal Father in Heaven? Then we are sinning. Are we loving and cherishing any false idol of the world, wealth, vice, talents, friends, honors? Then we are sinning. Are we dishonoring God's holy name in thought, word or deed? Then we are sinning. Are we profaning His sacred day of rest? Then we are sinning. Are we honoring not father and mother? Then we are sinning. Are we, even in thought, guilty of murder, of adultery, of theft, of bearing false witness, of coveting? Then we are sinning. Are we loving not the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our mind, and with all our strength, and our neighbor as ourselves? Then we are sinning. Are we breaking any, even the least law of Heaven, and that in the inmost recesses of our heart? Then we are sinning. Who is there that doeth good? Not one. Who sins not? None of all living. After we have done all, be careful, zealous to keep God's law, we are at the best, sinners and disobedient. Ah, what need we have of a loving, gracious Saviour, one who ever lives to make intercession for us—one who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. Well might we despair, well might we dread the punishment of Lot's wife, could we not look up into the splendor of indelible love and mercy, and see there the offering of precious blood, could we not take upon repentant lips every sin-sotted day, these blessed words: "The blood of Jesus Christ His son cleanseth from all sin."

2d. Again, we are to "remember Lot's wife," because she ever speaks to us of the danger of falling from divine grace. She felt the strivings of the spirit, she yielded to the power of grace, or she never would have gone forth from the gates of Sodom. She was included by angelic messenger in the number of the righteous; "Take," she said, "thy wife and daughters." Amidst scenes of corruption, surrounded by the overflowing of ungodliness, she lived uncorrupt. She was the head of a godly household. She entertained angels. She listened to their warning. She passed out of Sodom. A few steps more and she would have been in Zoar. But even then, even there she looked back and perished. And in this she is especially our warning. "Remember Lot's wife."

Lot's wife had many privileges, but she perished. Lot's wife felt the strivings of the spirit, heard the teaching of Heaven, but she perished. Lot's wife had a godly husband, but she perished. Lot's wife had been often been prayed for, even by Abraham, the man of faith, God's friend, but she perished. Lot's wife had a good example set her, but she perished. Lot's wife had been warned by God, saw her

danger, knew all, but she perished. Lot's wife had been led by angels out of Sodom, but she perished. Lot's wife was almost beyond danger, just by Zoar, nearly saved, but she perished. The cords of divine love were all around her drawing her on to the city of refuge, but she cast them off, she broke them, she cast them aside. She gave herself a willing and wilful captive to the chains of wickedness. Heavenly mercy drew her, but she scorned mercy. She grieved mercy, and mercy forsook her and where mercy left her, justice found her and destruction seized her. God loved her, but she loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and at last God suffered her to drink to the dregs of her bad wilful love. The Lord took her graciously out of Sodom; she felt the guiding of his hand, his radiance was on her path. But she sinfully took Sodom out of Sodom with her. As she heard and knew she said, let me get one more look at all the fair things I am leaving, and it was her last look forever. As she turned, God said: "She is joined to her idols, let her alone." And she was let terribly alone—a silent, lonely pillar, a monument, forever, of divine wrath.

Ah! that consuming, deadly love of Sodom. It blinded, it hardened, it deceived. Sodom was more to her than her daughter, more than her husband, more than her soul, more than her soul, more than God. In judgment she was wedded to her evil choice. And the wife of just Lot, the warned of angels, entered eternity in fellowship with those who suffer the vengeance of eternal fire.

Ah, brethren, you see how near being saved you may be, and yet come short of it finally. Much good may be yours, and yet you may lose it. Privileges and means of grace may be yours, and yet you may never enter heaven. You may sit here at the Lord's table, and yet never sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven. You may sing of salvation here, and yet never join your voices with those who sing the new song before the throne. You may break off from some sin, and do many things and yet in the end go down to destruction. You may be all but finally saved and yet find to your everlasting sorrow that from the very gate of Heaven there is a path which leads down to the deepest hell. Listen, then, to the warning speaking from the page of Revelation:

"Remember Lot's wife." Believers in Jesus Christ faithful children of your heavenly Father, ye who sit in Heavenly places in Glory, ye who are filled with the fullness of God, "Remember Lot's wife." She but repeats to you the manifold warnings of the Spirit in the Holy Scriptures. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation." "Commit the keeping of your soul unto God." "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation." "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, if they shall fall away to renew them again unto repentance." "I keep under my body and bring it into subjection, lest when I have preached the Gospel unto others I myself should be a castaway."

"Remember Lot's wife." Be not deceived. Only they who are faithful unto death shall obtain a crown of life. Only they who endure unto the end shall be saved. Seekers after God, ye who are anxiously inquiring for the Way, the Truth and the Life, "Remember Lot's wife." You are out of Sodom. Thank God and take courage. But remember you are not out of danger. Flee on for life. Look not behind you. "Remember Lot's wife."

Ye who are drawing back, who are turning away from God and going, like the prodigal son into a far country, "Remember Lot's wife." You are just where she was when the devouring fire, the consuming wrath overtook her. She was looking back. So are you. Her heart was in Sodom. So are yours.

God speaks to you: "If any man draw back my soul shall have no pleasure in him." "Remember Lot's wife." You are trifling with God. You are trifling with mercy; you are trifling with love; you are trifling with your own immortal soul; you think there is time enough; you think there is no fear of judgment. How do you know? The sin of Lot's wife is your sin. Take heed lest her end be yours. You may die to-night; to-morrow, what then? Would you be better prepared than Lot's wife? And if you live live, live on in your sin. God may give you your own way and let you alone. Let alone! Left behind by a merciful God! Fixed in sin! A reprobate. Child of God, awakened inquirer, prodigal son, blind procrastinator, a voice calls to you from the infinite depths of mercy and love, and its words are:

"Remember Lot's wife."

The sun colors the sky most deeply and diffusely when he hath sunk below the horizon; and they who never said, "How beneficently he shines!" say at last "How brightly he sets!"—*London.*

Entrustment, inimitableness, is indispensable to faith. What we believe we must believe wholly and without reserve; wherefore the only perfect and satisfying object of faith is God. A faith that sets bounds to itself, that will trust far and nigh, is none. It is only doubt taking a nap in an elbow chair.—*Julius Hare.*

Faith and Works.

The emphasis placed upon faith as a condition of salvation by the New Testament writers, has led many to think that alone is sufficient. It was so in the earliest period of the church, inasmuch that men were disposed to boast of their faith who neglected the common duties incumbent on Christians. St. James labored to correct this error, declaring that "faith without works is dead, being alone," and teaching the utter inability, if not the impossibility, of faith without works; that they are of co-equal importance as means of human salvation. Not faith alone nor works alone can save men. Not God's help only, nor human exertion only, but the two united, the *faith* which secures God's gracious aid to enable the soul to work out its own salvation. The two must go together, they are inseparable. No man can have saving faith without showing it by his works ("By their fruits ye shall know them"); and, *vice versa*, no man can manifest the fruits of the Spirit without saving faith—the "faith" which works by love and purifies the heart," and consequently the life.

"Heaven helps those who help themselves." In the matter of salvation from wickedness and weakness, he who will not work cannot be helped. He that worketh not shall be damned, is just as true a statement as "he that believeth not shall be damned." While God works men must work. They are commanded to "strive to enter in at the straight gate," to strive to repent and believe, to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance," to "give all diligence" in the cultivation of Christian tempers and graces; and "work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his own good pleasure." If men, with hands at work and hearts uplifted, will strive to save themselves from sin, God's helping hands will uphold their hands, and his holy heart will inspire their hearts. But if they will not work, though he longs to save them, and follows them with a yearning, pitying, infinite love, seeking their salvation, yet he can not save them. It is character that determines destiny, and God can not make character for men. The character that fits men for heaven can only be formed by the persistent exertion of their powers in conjunction with the divine aid. Men are not mere mechanisms. If they were, God could save them without their own consent or co-operation. But they are free agents, endowed with wills which can not be coerced, and with capacities for spiritual excellence and happiness which can not be developed without their own effort; therefore, infinite power itself can not save the unwilling, incorrigible soul. God's willingness to save men is a constant factor which can always be relied on. "He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to him and live." But they must "come," and their coming depends upon their own will and effort.

Wherefore, all reliance upon a supposed faith which is not constantly active and fruitful in good works, is a dangerous mistake. The only "well-grounded" hope of salvation is that which is based upon a union of faith and works, by which the believing and diligent soul, builds up a character after the pattern of Christ which shall fit for an eternal participation in the blessedness and glory of his Divine Model.—*Methodist.*

The Poverty of the Pope.

Our readers will remember the recent letter of Cardinal Antonelli, lamenting that owing to the "financial straits" of the Pope, and the cruel "deprivation of his States of which he had been the victim," he could not carry out his desire of sending a large contribution of articles to the Centennial Exhibition in this country, but must content himself by showing his sympathy for and admiration of the United States with sending a few specimens of mosaic and tapestry. The venerable and excellent William Howitt, who is now in Rome, has written a remarkable letter showing the fallacy and hyperbole of this plea of the Pope; and contrasts with the Pope's allegation of poverty the real luxury he enjoys, and the wealth which he revels in. Mr. Howitt, addressing himself to the statements of the Pope's American letter, says: "All this is in true beggars' whine, which the Church has made universal as far as its rules are extended. Deprivation of his States has been the finest thing in the world for the Pope, and the means of working on the feelings of the whole Catholic universe; and of pouring into his coffers treasures such as his predecessors in their halcyon times never possessed. The fiction of his miserable imprisonment, with his lying on rotten straw, the open sale of little bundles of the fabled straws in most Catholic countries, the photograph of him peeping through his prison bars, with a soldier, with a musket and bayonet fixed, on each side of him—all these outrageous lies have drawn an actual river of gold from the bosoms of the silly Popish peasants that far outvalues the ancient Pachtos. By these means no less than twenty millions of francs have been poured into the Pope's chest during the year of jubilee just passed, and all this is described as the voluntary tribute of the faithful! And all this time this so-called miserable prisoner has been living in a palace of eleven thousand rooms, crammed with such wealth as was never before collected

in one place, not even in the Bank of England. Treasures of gold, of silver, of all precious gems, of the most beautiful and noble works of art, statues, pictures by the finest masters, bronzes, coins, medals, crosses sparkling with the most valuable diamonds, rubies, emeralds, etc.; vessels and ornaments in silver and gold of the most exquisite workmanship, by such masters as Benvenuto Cellini, by the richest armées and tapestries, all these arranged in galleries miles in length, and this wretched prisoner attended by hundreds of guards in an old costume very like our Windsor Beef-eaters, and by crowds of cardinals, monsignors, archbishops, bishops, priests, and laqueys without end. As for money, besides the 20,000,000 francs paid in for Peter's pence and jubilee indulgences in 1875, the impetuous Emperor of Austria has left him \$3,000,000, and rich arras and gold vessels to adorn his chapel. The Duke of Modena, the father-in-law of the ex-King of Naples and Count Chambord, has made him his heir, and it is said he will derive £10,000 sterling from that source annually. And yet the Pope has the unparalleled impudence to tell the Americans that he cannot send much to their Exhibition because of his poverty."

Lot in Sodom.

Lot did not call upon God. He was covetous in his choice. Whenever a man has made a choice without calling upon God, he has made a mistake. If he had followed God, God never would have led him into Sodom. How many times we led into darkness because we will not let God lead us. I suppose he said, "I know that Sodom and Gomorrah are bad places, and that it will be bad for my children, but I am not going into them to live; I am going to live outside of Sodom." When you see a man pitch his tent toward Sodom, you will soon hear that he has got into Sodom. There, he has got in! Undoubtedly he said: "My business has taken me in there. I want a good many things that I can not get anywhere else. I have to do my marketing there. I know it is bad for me, but I must attend to my business. I find that there are more advantages there, and I think that I will just move in," and in he goes. I have no doubt but that they would have told you that Lot was a long-headed man, and that he had got on wonderfully. But now there is trouble in Sodom and Gomorrah. Now the news comes to Lot's uncle Abram that a battle has been fought, and that Sodom has got the worst of it, and a great number have been taken, and among the number Lot and his whole family. And now his uncle musters all his forces and he goes out in pursuit, and he retakes and brings back the souls that had been taken, and among them Lot and his family. And now you would have thought that Lot had had enough of Sodom; but he goes back. Let us bear this in mind, that if we are going into Sodom, and are going to take Sodom's name, we must also bear Sodom's judgment with it.

Lot was no doubt an officer. He held a high position. Let us just bring this down to the present time. If Lot lived now he would have been called the Hon. Mr. Lot, of Sodom, and no doubt Mrs. Lot would have been looked up to, and no doubt Mr. Lot would have been sent to Congress. He was a very influential man. He had been in Bethel, and he had met the God of grace. But he was an earthly Christian. Many a man comes up from the country, and before he comes you can see him speaking in the prayer-meeting. He comes up to the city during the war, and he makes a great deal of money, and it turns his head. You then find him out riding upon the Sabbath day. I know a good many earnest Christian workers; they are teachers in the Sunday school; but soon they get to be very successful, and they do not have time to teach in the Sunday school; but you will find them on Sunday driving their fast teams. Well, there is Lot; he brought in something to Sodom, of course, but he had more than tripled his fortune. He was getting on amazingly. His children are not quite so pure as they were when he was with Abram; but they are wiser. They have got a good deal of culture. They are at the theatre three or four times a week. They like to attend it better than they did the church. "The church is a good thing; but if you want to get enjoyment you had better go to the opera or the theatre; that is the place where you can enjoy yourself." He was a successful man in the eyes of the world. But if you want to see a successful man, you must not look at him at one period of his life glancing but the end. Now we see that this man has been in Sodom twenty years; and yet he did not have a single solitary conversion to record. He had not led a single man to God.—*D. L. Moody.*

That may be right which is not pleasant, and that pleasant which is not right; but Christ's religion is both. There is not only peace in the end of religion, but peace in the way.—*Matthew Henry.*

Retribution, atonement, grace, redemption, a great pardon, a great salvation, a great and divine Saviour, all become creditable when there is truly realized the idea of sin. They all rise as it rises in the moral estimate, they all fall as it falls.—*When it goes out they become incredible.*—*Taylor Lewis.*

"My Mother's God."

At a fashionable party a young physician present spoke of one of his patients, whose case he considered a very critical one. He said he was "very sorry to lose him," for he was a noble young man, but very unnecessarily concerned about his soul, and Christians increased his agitation by talking with him and praying for him. He wished Christians would let his patients alone. Death was but an endless sleep, the religion of Christ a delusion, and its followers were not persons of the highest culture or intelligence."

A young lady sitting near, and one of the gayest of the company, said, "Pardon me, doctor, but I cannot hear you talk thus and remain silent. I am not a professor of religion; I never knew anything about it experimentally, but my mother was a Christian. Times without number she has taken me to her room and prayed that God would give her grace to train me for immortality. Two years ago my precious mother died, and the religion she loved during life sustained her in her dying hour. She called us to the bedside, and with her face shining with glory, asked us to meet her in heaven, and I promised to do so. And now," said the young lady, displaying deep emotion, "can I believe that this is a delusion? That my mother sleeps an eternal sleep? That she will never waken again in the morning of the resurrection, and that I shall see her no more? No, I cannot, I will not believe it." Her brother tried to quiet her for by this time she had the attention of all present. "No, brother," said she, "let me alone. I must defend my mother's God, my mother's religion."

The physician made no reply and soon left the room. He was found, shortly afterward, pacing the floor in an adjoining room in great agitation and distress of spirit. "Oh," said he, "that young lady is right. Her words have pierced my soul." And the result of the convictions thus awakened was that both the young lady and the physician were converted to Christ, and are useful and influential members of the Church of God.

Don't be Sullen.

No, don't. Don't keep your fine manners for five days and fine company. It is so easy to be kind, social, courteous, when the sun shines, when the birds sing, when the roses bloom, and all sights and sounds chime in with your cheerful mood; when the gas-lights blaze, the music is merry, and smiles and words of flattery make a holiday for your vanity; but how easy, too, when nature is cross or sullen, to be cross and sullen with her; when there are no roses in the garden, no birds in the boughs, no sun in the sky, no gay company in the drawing-room; when it is dark, and drizzly, and lonely, and all the members of the family are dull and dispirited—is it then the kindly word that leaps first to your lips? Do your eyes smile of themselves? Do the little children grow glad and content in the sunshine of your cheer? Do their games and pleasures gather inspiration from your presence and sympathetic helpfulness?—then, indeed, your temper is tenderness itself, and you need no "exhortation" of mine; for you were born to brighten the day, and your smiles quite outdo the sunshine. How blessed to the world is the boon of your being. But to you who are sullen, and sour, and disagreeable, when you are not amused or flattered; when you are dull or disappointed, when fickle fortune does not favor your whims; to you whose temper is tart and whose faith frosty save in the very sunniest exposure, I do say, "Mend your manners."

Mothers as Doctors.

Practical mothers learn much by their experience with the little bodies entrusted to their care. Some of the most common sense facts in the physical culture of these little ones known to the more experienced mothers, may not come amiss to those who have had but little care of children.

The foundation must be well laid to insure healthy and happy children. The child must be well slept, well aired, well fed and well bathed. By a thorough understanding and practise of these four simple rules, much of the physical, mental, and moral suffering in life would be avoided by parent as well as child. If a healthy child (and a delicate one proportionately) is regularly put to bed about dark, in a quiet, well-ventilated, or even cold room, after a supper of plain food, it will naturally awake at daybreak, good-natured, with a keen appetite for a wholesome breakfast.

Nutritious plain food, at regular hours, with no candy or stimulants, and free bathing, help the system to ward off many prevalent children's ailments, and to bear with much less danger the few that must necessarily come to the majority of little ones. The child that is just given a little confectionary, or any unsuitable food, and then rocked to sleep, should cause no surprise at waking peevish and feverish. It is simply the result of imaginary affection and want of knowledge on the part of the one in charge. It will certainly pay in the end to search diligently for the cause when a little child is proverbially cross.

The movement of the soul along the path of duty, under the influence of holy love to God, constitutes what we call good works.—*Erskine.*