

The Religious Intelligencer.

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Rev. J. McLeod.]

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"That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ."—PETER.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, JULY 27, 1877.

Editor and Proprietor.

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The Religious Intelligencer

"No Time to Lose."

BY PETER STRYKER, D.D.

Perhaps no person has lately passed from earth to heaven who was a more indefatigable and successful Christian worker than Mrs. Thomas Doremus, of New York. For many years before her death she was engaged in holy labor, although much of the time she was very weak physically. Many persons would have confined themselves to bed had they been in her condition; certainly they would have felt excused from benevolent work, and remained at home in preference to seeking mission work abroad.

One could not see the bent form of this dear Christian lady hurrying through the street on some labor of love without being impressed with her earnestness and determination. For years past hardly a missionary has gone out from the port of New York to a foreign field without being honored with her personal presence at the wharf, and receiving not only her smiles and words of good cheer, but many little delicacies carried by her own kind hands. Her work in hospitals and homes was immense, but perhaps the crowning glory of her busy life was in connection with the Women's Union Missionary Society, of which she was the president, and which is the mother of other Women's Missionary Societies that are now accomplishing great good. In this work she was the pioneer, and she lived long enough to see thousands of other Christian women, influenced by her noble example, laboring for Christ in connection with foreign missions. What multitudes of poor heathen will rise to call her blessed! Her crown will sparkle jewels, and these jewels will be from every grade in society and every land under the sun.

Some seven months ago Mrs. Doremus, then in her seventy-fifth year, and worn out with sickness, was laying upon her bed. All supposed her earthly work was finished. The physician when questioned by her, gave his opinion that she could not live. "How long before I shall die?" said she. "Perhaps six weeks," was his reply. "Then," said she, "I have no time to lose." She arose from her bed and dressed herself, and went forth on her mission to the various societies, and among the poor. Strange to say, she lived six months instead of six weeks, and then she died, not from disease or old age, although, doubtless, these hastened her death—but as the result of an accident.

Just such a determined and persistent person may not appear again in a century. We hope the life of this wonderful Christian will soon be written by an able pen, for it cannot but stimulate all who read it to good and gentle deeds.

But that expression *No time to lose*, has been haunting us ever since we heard it. We have vividly pictured before us that feeble body containing a mighty soul going forth on her last mission, and we ask: Who will hear and heed those words? Who will catch that noble spirit? Who will imitate that aged disciple who has gone to her rest and reward?

1. Do not aged people often make a mistake by retiring too early from busy life? We believe no one is so happy or likely to prolong his existence as the individual who has something to do. And especially is this true in regard to the Lord's workman. An esteemed clerical friend, now near eighty years old, and who still preaches frequently with acceptance, said, not long since: "I made a mistake. I stopped my regular pastoral work ten years too soon." An aged person should not attempt to carry too heavy burdens, but if he has the spirit of the Master, he will want, as long as he is able, to be engaged in holy work. He will flourish like the palm-tree, which brings forth its best fruit in old age. Which of the apostles or prophets sought or found leisure in his declining years? Is there not something beautiful in the sight of an old blind woman knitting stockings for her grandchildren or for the poor? Who does not love to see the venerable disciple totter into the church door, and slowly wind his way up to the pulpit, that he may hear the message of the Lord? He feels he has no time to lose.

2. The believer in middle life is very busy. How he hurries! Every moment counts. He can hardly intermit his work for the Sabbath, or for his annual vacation. Woman is beginning to be as hurried as the men. With shopping and dressmaking, and calling, and domestic duties, they are driven almost to death. You see a business man or woman going down Broadway or Chestnut street, and you perceive at once, by his countenance, he has no time to lose.

But is not this as true with regard to the Lord's business entrusted to our care, as to our own? If you are a Christian, my friend, you have a special work committed to you. What is it, you are to seek carefully to know. Saul of Tarsus, as soon as converted, asked, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" Peter, and James, and Phillip, and Lydia, all went to work at once, and kept at it. And so you, if truly consecrated as they were, will employ every leisure moment in trying to do good. You will have time to rest and recreate, no doubt, but no time to lose, to waste, to throw away. You

will be as careful of the Lord's time and money committed to your keeping, as that which is commonly called your own. 3. And how with the young disciple? Did you ever read "The Record of a happy Life," or the memorial of Franklin Whitall Smith, written by his mother? Every young man who can get the opportunity should read it, and as he closes the volume he will be sure to feel he has no time to lose.

How was it with Samuel in the temple, and Timothy in his tender years? If the Christian youth knew he was just beginning a long life, he should desire to make that long life useful, and to this he should be forming industrious habits, and every day seeking to prepare himself for accomplishing great things for God. If he thinks on account of bodily frailty he may die early, then surely he cannot afford to squander the precious moments as they fly. "No time to lose." Each has his life work to perform. God has appointed it to him. No one should be restive and ambitious to do what may be some other person's work. But his own work—what is it? Let him inquire, and then ask for disposition and strength to accomplish it.

Industry not only increases happiness, but in many instances prolongs existence. We see this illustrated in every-day life, and it is philosophical. And while industry is healthy for the body and the mind, it is equally so for the soul. It is to be feared that many a Christian who just crowds into heaven will appear very dwarfed there. How small he must be who has done nothing to develop himself spiritually! One has written:

"I would not waste my spring of youth
In idle dalliance; I would plant rich seeds,
To blossom in my manhood, and bear fruit
When I am old."

This is well. But the Christian, be he young or old, should remember his immortality, and feel he has no time to lose because time is given him to prepare for eternity. Very soon we must stand before the Judge of quick and dead, and when he calls us to an account for our use of time and money and opportunities, what shall we say?

The Good of Giving and the Victory of Giving In.

There is much to be got by giving. There is much to be gained by giving in. It is a mistake to suppose that we promote our self-interest by insisting upon the demands of our selfishness. It is always better to have people act towards us by the law of love than by the law of obligation. If a man give under compulsion, he will only give that which he is compelled to give; but if he be pulled toward us by a sense of friendly generosity, his generosity will endeavor to outstrip ours.

It is so in argument. It is always best to grant your opponent every point possible, without yielding your convictions or the citadel of your own argument. It will make him under obligation to grant you something in return. It disarms him of the suspicion that you are determined to take by force what you cannot get by logic. It makes by-standers feel that you are so fair that when you do come to the point upon something which you feel to be absolutely essential to your argument they will not suspect you of dogmatism.

The fact is that no man would dare to announce to another man a proposition which he knew to be entirely false. All the errors which men have sought to maintain have had in them some germ of real truth. Now, in an argument, it is always well to have the sagacity to detach that truth, the perspicacity to expose it to your opponent—the feat he may not have been able to achieve for himself—and the candor to grant what truth there may be in the error. You thus get inside a man's fallacy and burst it to pieces. He understands to compel you to walk a mile. Walk a mile! why, you will go with him; and by the time you have reached the end of your walk he will desire to come back with you, and you will have won your opponent.

It is so in trade. You must secure your customer. One thing essential to that is that you shall convince him that, even in conducting commercial operations, you are not intent on your own gain alone, but while not oblivious of that, that you can make a comprehensive study of the customer's interest. The people who side with you wish you to yield something from selfishness. Go with them their mile, go with them twain; not with the despicable intent to obtain such influence over them as to be able to blind their judgment so that you can take advantage of them, but with the intent that you may so gain their confidence in your generous ideas of justice, as well as your just ideas of generosity, that thereafter they may trade with you, feeling that, while you gain by having their custom, they lose nothing by trading with you.

No man likes to do all the following: There would be no courtesy but for yielding. The strongest must not simply accompany the weakest one mile, but go with them twain, in order that they may so obtain the confiding regard of the weaker, that in their strong arms those weak may be carried many a mile.

There seems to be something else behind the words of the Master which we have quoted. On one side there is compulsion on the other there is freedom. A man comes to you with an exacting spirit and insists that you shall walk a mile with him; with the intention of compelling you if you offer any resistance. What are you

to do? Simply to avoid an unpleasant collision are you to go with the man over his mile doggedly? No. But assuming that some form of moral compulsion is exhibited to a Christian, his good heart should lead you to rise right up and say "Go with you a mile, my friend? Certainly, I will go with you twain."

It is always to be remembered that a man may discharge a duty, because it is a duty, in such a manner and in such a spirit as to make even obedience unprofitable. Life is sweetest when to us every duty is a beauty.—C. F. Deems, D. D., in *Christian at Work*.

A Tribute to the Bible.

Take the Bible out of our literature and you not only rob it of its glory, but you destroy it altogether, for if in the years of the past it has seemed to be like a tree bringing forth its fruit in its season, and having leaves for the healing of the nation, the reason has been because it has been planted on the bank of that mystic river which the prophet saw, and because it drew from that its vital nourishment. Now what the gospel has done for the literature of our mother tongue it is out of the question to say. I am not unmindful here of the immense literature of China; even that which is purified and elevated, and more completely utilized when the gospel shall have pervaded the land in which it grew. But that, like everything about China, is an exceptional case; for in the great majority of instances, our modern missionaries have had to reduce language to writing, and have given to the people among whom they labor their first specimens of literature, in the shape of portions of the Word of God. What a wonderful part the book has played in the literature of nations! Luther's Bible first gave fixity to the German tongue; Calvin's writings about the Bible did more, perhaps, than most other things to mould the language of France, which was then in the process of formation; and the work of William Tyndale—for it is the aroma of his style that gives its fragrance to an English Bible—has given a standard to our noble tongue. Now just what Wycliffe and Tyndale have done for us in regard, our missionaries have done for more than 150 different people, and who shall tell what the after results may be? Five hundred years ago, when Wycliffe was patiently writing out his passage on the banks of the Swift, his translation from the Vulgate, who could have foreseen that the literature he was then inaugurating should fill the libraries of England, America and Australia. And who shall conjecture what shall be in those newly-written languages five hundred years hence? The other day, at the unveiling of the Livingstone statue, in Edinburgh, Moffat, his venerable father-in-law, said: "When Livingstone was led into the unknown regions of Africa, he had a future before him of which they had often spoken together. They had frequently talked with each other, when they imagined they could see yessels sailing on those magnificent lakes, and cities with churches rising on their shores." So I think our missionary brethren, when they see what the translation of the Bible has done for our language, may comfort themselves with the assurance that, as the centuries roll on, there shall spring up out of the work they have accomplished literatures which shall do as much for other nations as that of our tongue has done for those to whom it was vernacular.—From Dr. Taylor's Sermon.

Let Him Sleep.

Don't call your boys in the morning with a sudden shake and a loud voice, dragging him out of some fairy land of dreams to strain sleepy eyes open, with the first impression on his drowsy senses of the blackness of everything outside the dream and the necessity of a struggle to keep from falling asleep again. If it need be that he shall get up early, send him to bed early. He cannot sleep for ever, any more than he can hurt himself sleeping just as long as his two eyes will remain closed. Let him sleep till his sleep be flushed; till he can't help waking up. The time will come soon enough when all night long he'll lie awake; or when troubled dreams will rouse him at the cock crowing, though he should not shut his eyes till after midnight. Let him wake up slowly, too, and never get up till he's wide awake. Though he be but two years old he will be a happier child all day for it; and a happier man his life long, if through the morning of that life he sleeps enough and wakes easily.

Watch him some morning while he is waking. Take time enough, for he will be a good half hour about it, and it will be a safe venture to say that never again will you wake a child in the morning unless the house is burning, or some like contingency. Sit by the bedside. Do not take your eyes off or you will miss something. Two little arms are thrown up above his head; one little foot outside the blanket is crossed upon the other underneath. He is flat upon his back, his head thrown over and his nose tucked under his night-gown sleeve, a picture of perfect ease, with rosy lips pouting, and chubby fingers half clenched. Watch for the first sign of Morpheus loosening his grasp, when the little fingers slowly straighten till rigid and far apart each trembles to its tip; the under lip quivers, and naked toes are stretched just as far as the foot can carry them, while he holds

his breath for an instant, and then with such a long, comfortable sigh, turns upside down and is sound asleep again, with the soles of two little feet turned upward, and two little palms far apart upon the bed.

Over and over again he will go through the motions, each time a little more of a stretch than before, until his face is puckered and wrinkled as it will be in three score years and ten indelibly, and becomes fairly purple with the straining. And by-and-by his eyes will open just a bit, and fall on you. Ah! the sleepy smile, that only uncovers the tips of the teeth, and the whispered "Papa" will repay your half hour of waiting, and when the drowsy deity of sleep sweeps over the lids and shuts them again, the smile will remain. The heart is too happy to sleep, though the blue eyes slumber.

A child is hungry in the morning. Get a Graham cracker or an oatmeal cracker (nothing better in the world for a lunch before breakfast), put it under the edge of the pillow where the little hand will strike it, and watch the sleepy nibble, and munch and smile. If he has a favorite toy, a rubber doll or lamb, put that on the other side and see his recognition and welcome when he feels it and hugs it up in the folds of his night gown while he takes a last nap with his papa, his cracker and his lamb. Then he is ready to wake up (wide awake) and kiss you and laugh without even a cause for it, and long for his bath and breakfast. And you? You are ready to swear that the house shall be still as the sandy Sahara, thereafter at morning, till the little king chooses to call for a noise.—*Harford Evening Post*

Anointing Beforehand.

When Mary broke the alabaster vase, and anointed her Lord, he said, "She is come beforehand to anoint my body to the burying." A great many people would have kept the vase sealed up till he was dead, and would then have brought it out and broken it, to anoint the cold body, as it lay all gashed and wounded, wrapped in the burial garments. But Mary did not wait till he was dead. She brought out her ointment when he could enjoy its sweet perfume, and when his sore and weary feet could feel the delicious refreshment which it gave.

A husband covered his wife's coffin with flowers, and built a magnificent monument over her grave when she was dead, and spoke in glowing words of her noble sacrifices. But it was whispered that he had not been very kind to her when living. A daughter showed great sorrow at her mother's funeral, and never could say enough in praise of her; but it was known that she had thrust many a thorn into her pillow while she was living. Do not keep all the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled by them. The things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffins, send to brighten their home before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us anoint our friends beforehand for their burial. Post mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—J. R. Miller, in *Evangelist*.

Church Manners.

Ought we not to behave as well in the house of worship as in that of a neighbor? Many do not. Lack of reverence is general; of decency frequent. When one enters the church he should quietly be seated, and reverently bow his head in devotion to God, the recognized Master of the house. To lobby around the door, and gossip, and create confusion, is a serious fault, which detracts greatly from the sweet enjoyment of worship. In many congregations this is disgracefully prevalent. Another practice is to scribble in hymn books. Would we venture on such an offence in a gentleman's house? A person presuming to do so would be regarded as a boor. But why write in books belonging to the church more than in those of private families? Are not good manners quite as becoming in the house of prayer as in other houses? The practice of doubling hymn books back, so as to bring the covers together and break the leaves from the binding, is another disorder. It is more than a disorder, it is a sin. The best made books are soon destroyed by such abuse. What right has any one to make havoc of church property in this needless manner? Singing the sweet hymns of Zion grades in moral discord while the sinner is destroying property not his own. And if it is his own, he has no right to destroy it in this public way.

The three whom Christ raised from the dead were—an only son, an only daughter, and an only brother.

Pulpit Reflectors.

The eminent Lyman Beecher used to say that the reason why his ministry was so blessed to the salvation of men, was that he had so many pulpit reflectors in the Christians who lived out and diffused in every practical way the Gospel which he proclaimed. A light placed alone scatters its beams on every hand, but a number of well placed reflectors can concentrate and reflect its rays and cause them to reach places where the direct rays of light never would go; to these pulpit reflectors, these Christians who take the Gospel up into their lives, and who talk it, and act it, and live it from day to day, multiply the preacher's usefulness an hundred fold, and carry down into the deep and hidden corners where sin and darkness lurk, those beams of light, without their aid, would never reach the souls that sit in the shadow of death.

We need more pulpit reflectors. Let the ministers of the Gospel preach with all fidelity, and then let Christians on every hand take up the words of life which he proclaims, and reflect and echo them, and bear them to the souls which walk in darkness and yet long to behold God's marvelous light, even the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.—*The Christian*.

"I Can Never be a Drunkard."

In our youth we had a very dear friend who often used this expression. He was a proud boy and a prouder man. He was fond of what the world called pleasure, and finally rushed into the vortex that leads to ruin. Social in his nature, he was often tempted at parties to take wine, and he had friends who refused when he accepted. And when, in his calm moments, these very friends would warn him of his danger, he would reply, "I can never be a drunkard."

The habit grew upon him, and after a while he commenced taking his dram regularly. Ashamed of his habit, and fearful that his friends would discover it, he used cloves and other articles to destroy the smell of his breath. Often remonstrated with by watchful friends, he would deny that he had gone to excess.

The writer removed to Texas, and returning to his old home where his friend lived, about seventeen years afterward, the first time he saw him he was down on the sidewalk drunk, and a year afterward he was found dead in the same street. Young men, beware! There is not one in ten thousand that can always be moderate in drinking. If you touch it at all you are in danger. The ingenuity of man has truly given you the means of destroying the smell of liquor upon the breath, but not of saving you from a drunkard's fate.

An Adroit Preacher.

A story is told of the preacher of a hospital Sunday sermon, in illustration of the wisdom of the serpent that is sometimes exhibited by divines. In a district inhabited by wealthy people, but mostly connected with trade, and in which "commercial credit" is everything, the clergyman in question prefaced his remarks with these words: "Before commencing my appeal to your purses, my friends, I will mention a case of conscience which has been put to me this morning by an esteemed member of this congregation. He is, he says, to all appearance a rich man, but in reality is on the verge of bankruptcy. He would wish to put his \$5 in to the collection plate as usual; but would it be honest, he asks, seeing that what money he has left is his creditors', and not his own. I have advised him, dear friends, not to give; and if any of you are in the same plight, I also say, Be just before you are generous. Those, on the other hand, in good circumstances, will give according to their means." It is said that so many five pound notes were never seen in the collection plate before as on the occasion of that sagacious appeal.

Kind Words—Why use them.

I. Because they always cheer him to whom they are addressed. They soothe him if he is wretched; they comfort him if he is sad. They keep him out of the slough of despond, or help him out if he happens to be in.

II. There are words enough of the opposite kind flying in all directions—sour words, cross words, fretful words, insulting words, overbearing words, irritating words. Now, let kind words have a chance to get abroad, since so many and so different are on the wing.

III. Kind words bless him that uses them. A sweet sound on the tongue tends to make the heart mellow. Kind words react upon the kind feelings which prompted them, and make them more kind. They add fresh fuel to the fire of benevolent emotion in the soul.

IV. Kind words beget kind feelings toward him that loves to use them. People love to see the face and hear the voice of such a man.

Kind words are, therefore, of great value in these hard times.

From *S. S. Times*: "A little girl three or four years old learned the Bible text, 'Love one another.' 'What does 'Love one another' mean?' 'What does 'Love one another' mean?' asked her next oldest sister. 'Why, I must love you, and you must love me, and I'm one, and you're another,' was the answer. Who can improve on that exegesis?"

Random Readings.

Faith is the hand with which we grasp Christ; assurance is the ring God places on it.

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

It is only in the Bible that the all pure Spirit of God breathes. I am afraid of human theology, lest it "savours the things which be of man."

We cannot walk in two ways at the same time. We cannot follow our own will and the will of God. We must choose the one or the other. We must deny God's will to follow our own, or we must deny self and self-will to follow the will of God.

WHAT WE HAVE IN CHRIST.—Believers are in Christ for a covering of beauty, as in a fair, unadorned garment; for protection, as in a city of refuge; for nourishment, as in a "living vine;" for guidance, sympathy, and impulse, as the members of the body are dependent on the head.

There are men whose presence is a blessing and a benediction; whose company and conversation have the effect to confirm our faith, to strengthen all our good purposes, and fill the future with bright visions of honor, success, and usefulness. Again, there are those in whose company you cannot be for half an hour without feeling that virtue has gone out of you; "their feet go down to death, their steps take hold on hell." You are to make your choice between them; and remember, it is for your life!

Did you ever notice how soon some boys get angry, and call each other bad names, and sometimes even strike each other over a game of marbles? This is why some mothers dread to have their little boys play marbles. The trouble must be with the boys. There is no mill into which boys who get angry quickly, and strike, "who play for keeps," who cheat and steal, can be put, and be turned out gentle, honest boys; but we sometimes wish there was. You must keep watch yourselves, boys, and be sure that you "play fair," and keep good-natured.

What progress have I made in holiness since I professed to be a Christian? I am taught that sanctification is a progressive work. I am taught that Christ's kingdom in the individual soul has a development. How much more am I like Christ now than I was years ago? How much better prepared am I now for heaven than then? A pilgrim, during the year referred to, surely should have made a perceptible advance towards his journey's end. I know that I am nearer the grave, and am I any nearer heaven? Am I any better prepared for heaven?

The grace which God gives is for the real occasions of life. To forget this is to make the whole of our moral and religious life morbid and unreal. For a man to ask himself deliberately on his wedding morning whether he is so resigned to the will of God that he is perfectly prepared to consent to his bride's immediate death, is preposterous folly. The grace he needs just then, is grace to make him heartily grateful to God for the new brightness and joy which have come to him, and grace to enable him to treat his wife with the chivalrous devotion she has a right to claim, and grace, while he loves her with what seems all his heart, to love God still better. If we have honestly accepted the will of God as our supreme law, we shall receive strength from God to do God's will and submit to it as occasion demands. When God sends us to work, He sends us strength to do it; and when He sends us trouble, He sends us strength to bear it. For troubles which we imagine for ourselves, we must go for strength to our imagination—not to Him.—*Rev. R. W. Dale*.

The first step toward the abyss of infidelity, is a doubting or sceptical state of mind in regard to some parts, or the whole of the Scriptures; the next is either into the wilderness of universal doubt, or into the abyss itself. Scepticism is a most dangerous state of mind. Like moderate drinking, it leads on to its unhappy victim from bad to worse, till both mind and heart are ruined and damned forever. It is the moral incubation of the man in its incipient stages. Beware of it, ye young men, as ye would the contagion of death. It has no power of fascination. Its breath is tainted and repugnant. Its administrations to the soul are those of sorrow. Break from the first symptoms of its deadly approach. Let not a corrupt and unbelieving heart beguile thee with the promises of a proud and vain philosophy. There is no safety in a cultivated intellect, nor in all the resources of a Christian education, the watchfulness and teachings of friends,—no, not even under the "droppings of the sanctuary." In the fifth of Jesus only there is safety. Believe in Him to the salvation of the soul; then you will "know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Willingness.

When I was a little girl," said a lady, "my dear grandma asked me to bring her a glass of water. I was at play, and did not like to be disturbed, so I obeyed reluctantly. 'Thank you, my dear child,' said grandma; 'but it would have given me more pleasure had you brought it willingly.' That was forty years ago; but the lady says it is to-day a little sorry spot in her memory.