Sept. 15th, 1876.

NEW FALL GOODS,

AND VERY CHEAP.

BUYERS OF

DRY GOODS

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MILLER & EDGECOMBE

are now opening NEW GOODS for the FALL TRADE from EUROPE and the AMERICAN MARKETS.

WE ARE NOW SELLING

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Yard Wide, for 7c., 8c., 9c. and 10c.

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from 7 to 13 cents.

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less than ever sold before.

GOOD FAST COLOR PRINTS, for 8 and 9c.

NEW GOODS received from the AMERICAN MARKETS every week.

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THESE GOODS ARE ALL NEW AND FRESH, AND WILL BE SOLD AT

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MILLER & EDGECOMBE.

Fredericton, Sept. 15, 1876.

NEW

DRY GOODS

FOR

FALL AND WINTER.

October 1st, 1876.

THOMAS LOGAN

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DRESS GOODS,

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One Case of

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Bought at a bargain, selling for

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THOMAS LOGAN.

Fredericton, September 29, 1876.

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

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The Intelligencer.

EVERY MAN HIS WORK.

A SERMON BY D. L. MOODY.

"To every man his work."—Mark xiii. 34.

To every man his work! The whole verse reads something like this: "For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home and gave authority to his servants, to every man his work; and commanded the porter to watch." Now it don't say to every man he gave *some* work or to every man *a* work, but to every man *his* work. It reads very much as though every man and woman in this world has a mission, as if every one of us have something to do. Some one has said that every man's life is a plan of the Almighty God. Away back in the secret councils of eternity, God laid out a work for each one of us to do, and if we do not do that work it will be left undone. This idea that some one else will do it if we don't is a false idea. The man don't live that can do the work that God has given for me to do except me; the man don't live that can do the work that God has given you to do except you. To every man and every woman has God given a work, and He will call us all by-and-by to an account of our stewardship to see if we have done what He gave us to do, and I do not believe there are any men or women in the church or out of it who are happy unless they have found out what their mission in this world is and what God has got for them to do. And whenever a man has found out what his work is and gone about it he is in the place that God would have him, and then he has peace and joy that flows through his life like a river. The idea that has got into the Church, that one man must do all the work because he has got more talent, isn't found anywhere in the Bible. Because Dr. Webb and Dr. Gordon have got ten talents and I haven't got but one, it is no sign that I should go and put mine in a napkin, and bury it, and say: "Because these men have ten talents I won't use mine at all." I haven't got when I stand before God's bar, to render an account for their talents, but for the talents he has given to me. The man who made good use of his two talents heard the same words as the man who made good use of his five. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Well done good and faithful servant," and if the man who had one talent had made good use of it he would have heard the same blessing as the man who had two, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But, undoubtedly, he was like a great many other men now, who, because they haven't got as many talents as some other men, are not using their talent, but are covering up what they have got. Now, the plan is not to cover up what talents we have given to us, but to make use of all we have got, and God will increase our talents just as fast as we can make good use of them. I have yet to find the man who makes good use of the talents that God gives him that God don't lend him some more. If he makes good use of five talents, just see how quick he will have ten; and if he makes good use of the ten, it won't be long before God will increase those again. But if he misuses what he had given them, he won't be long before he will have them taken away, because he didn't make good use of them. We have got a great many men in the Church now that have got an idea that the minister, and perhaps now and then the deacon, or even the superintendent, must do all the praying, and do all the visiting of the sick, and do all the work; but I am one of those who firmly believe that this lost world will never be reached until this idea is dismissed from the Church. In England they have what they call sleeping partners, just as we have here silent partners. A great many men go into partnership in business, but when you come to find out they are only silent partners, or, as they call them in England, sleeping partners. Well, we have

A GREAT MANY SLEEPING PARTNERS IN THE CHURCH.

Now, you may go into business as a silent partner, but you cannot enter into the fellowship of God and be silent partners; He won't take you, and He don't want you. You must be a working partner. And you will be disappointed by-and-by, you, men, who think it is a hard thing to work for God. It is a sign you have not been converted. I hope God will help me to throw it out of you to-night. Don't rest under the delusion that you are hastening on to heaven if you have no desire to work for God. The first impulse of the young convert is to work. Do you remember the words of Christ: "Wist yet not that I must be about my father's business?" These were the first words that fell from the Master's lips. And if we have Christ formed in us, the hope of glory, we cannot help but work, we will have a desire to use these talents that God has given us. We used to have in this country what they called meetings by early candlelight, and they used to have each man bring a candle with him. I was thinking of it to-night when I saw these reporters down in here (turning to the reporters' box) with candles. Now, suppose each man brought a candle here, the first one that got in here wouldn't give much light, but if every man brought a candle there would be plenty of light by-and by, and all we want to do is to let our light so shine before men that they, seeing our good works, may glorify the Father which is in heaven. If we cannot be a lighthouse we can be a candle, you can certainly give as much light as a little rushlight. A man said once he hadn't got as much light as a rushlight. "Well," said another, "I could set a whole city on fire with that." Set your light out before men. We talk about pillars of the Church—we have got too many pillars; we want more lights. We want men who just let the light of God shine out of them; and then, with all the work and all the improving of the talents God has given us, don't you see what a mighty work will soon be done. Think of the talents represented in this building to-night. Suppose we should just re-consecrate ourselves to God now and go out of this building and say, each one of us, "By the grace of God we will do what we can to build up His kingdom and use all the talents He has given us." What a mighty reformation there would be in Boston inside of twenty-four hours! Why is the Dead Sea dead? Because it is all the while receiving and never giving out anything.

WHY ARE ALL THE CHURCHES IN NEW ENGLAND DEAD?

Because they are all the while receiving, and giving out nothing. The spirit of the Gospel is to give and give, and if all the time we are receiving like a sponge, and never giving out, of course we become dead and stagnant. Now, if we have any good thing, let us give it out, and keep the coin of heaven in circulation. If it has been a blessing to our souls, go and tell it out to some one else, and in that way we will be a blessing to all we come in contact with. I know there are some wise men in the Church who think that it is a dangerous doctrine to preach; they say that men have got to be educated before they can work. A man took up his pen the other day and tried to write down this idea, and he said that the trouble was the Church was trying to mow with a dull scythe. "Well," I said, "what would you say of a man that was all the time whetting his scythe?" He would wear it out. No, let us keep whetting and using; if it gets dull whet it up again, not be all the time getting ready. There are a great many people in the Church who are so afraid they will make some mistake in the Lord's work that they don't do anything at all. Now, it is a great deal better to make some mistakes than to fold your arms and go to sleep. It is a great deal better for us to launch out into the sea, and trust to God to give us fish, than it is to stop shivering on the shore afraid to go out, afraid we won't fish right, or cast our net on the right side. There is nothing like experience, and if we are willing to do just all we can it won't be long before those men who are now acting so awkwardly will be good workmen. Now, we want to understand this principle of the diversity of gifts. Some men say: We can't preach. Well, we don't want all of us to be preachers. Suppose Boston was all full of preachers. It would be a strange thing, just as strange as if Boston was all full of carpenters or blacksmiths. Some men can preach, some men can teach, some men can circulate tracts, some men can find the children of the streets and bring them into the kingdom of God, some can go into the dark alleys and talk to the people there about Christ and pray with them, some can visit the prisons and hospitals, but all cannot do any one thing. Every one has a mission, every one has a place; and if they will only seek out and find that place it won't be very long before they will find it; and when they have found it, how they will rejoice in that work! When I was in England I was invited one Sunday to go to the Dog Market; and I went down in that part of London, though I had never been there before—and it is especially unattractive on the Sabbath. Not only were the sidewalks filled, but they were crowded with men, women and children, and nearly everybody had some animal. Some had a fighting cock, and wanted to fight and get up some betting on the fight; some had little doves; some had snakes; and they all had some live animals or some old garments they wanted to sell. It was down in the east end of London, and we got up there and tried to preach to them, but they didn't seem to listen to us much. We hadn't got the talent for them. But there was a man there—a man who couldn't read or write, or even spell his own name—and we got him and put him up on a chair, and they gave him attention at once. Had we been Spurgeon or Morley Punshon, or any other great English orator—or even if John Bright himself had been down there they would not have listened to them; but when that man who had been converted from among their own number got up and told them what God had done for him—to be sure he used poor language, and he only just said what God had done for his soul—they gathered around him, and the tears trickled down their cheeks, and there was a good number of them brought under conviction. Now,

THAT MAN HAD A TALENT.

There was a circle he could reach that nobody could. Some of us can reach the rich—some of us can reach the poor. Why, William Borset, the Yorkshire farmer, set all the farmers of England on fire. When they got to know that a Yorkshire farmer was coming around to ask them to repent and be saved, thousands of them flocked to hear him. So to-day, if we can only get every man and woman to work, using every latent force they have got, right among their own circle, it would not be long before we should hear the songs of new-born souls, and a glad shout of joy going up to God. And before this building is taken down there will be thousands whose feet will have been taken out of that terrible path that leads to destruction, and transplanted, with their faces turned Zionward and a new song in their mouths. But, bear in mind, we are not going to do it. A man came up and said to me, "I want you to go and talk to that man." I knew the man, and I knew that he could do it as well as I could, and I said to him, "You go and do it, we are not come here to do your work." I would rather set ten men to work than do ten men's work myself any time. (Laughter.) It is not the man who does the most work himself that accomplishes the most in this world, it is the man who gets others to work. and if we can only bring this about we will soon see what we have prayed for and what we have longed to see. We will see the light of the Gospel spread into the towns all around Boston, and there will be waves of salvation go out of this city that will

SWEEP ALL OVER NEW ENGLAND,

and a shout of gladness going up from the towns and villages all over the land. Now, the question is are you ready to begin? Never mind a mistake. I have found since I went out of Boston, that I always make mistakes enough to keep me humble. If we did not make mistakes we should get so full of egotism that there would be no living with us. The Lord lets us make mistakes in order to keep us humble. But if you are willing to go to work and make mistakes it won't be long before you are wise fishers of men. It wants men with a heart for work. In a meeting where I was a man cried out and said, "O, their weakness." I wish he had cried out, "O, their laziness." If a man has the heart and will, God will make him wise in winning souls. But if we are afraid to make mistakes and afraid that some scoffing infidel will laugh at us, we shall never do anything. Now, some men have told me since we came here that Boston was all ready. That is what they say to us in every city we go to, but we find when we get down to it that they are not ready at all. What do you mean by ready? Ready to come and hear us. Well, you have been doing that for years. You have been very good hearers by the word, but we want doers of the work. And I will tell you what I mean by doers. Suppose I should ask everybody here to rise. Suppose I should first ask all the Christians here to rise, and two-thirds of you should rise and the other third sit still. Are you ready to work for them? Are you ready? Ah! no, you are not ready. It may be that somebody is beside you weeping for their sins, but you go out of the building as quick as you can and leave them. And yet you say you are ready. We want you to come with your Bible and sit down and tell people how Christ came down to seek and to save the lost, how He came down to earth from that glory-land to save sinners. A great many of us are willing to do great things for the Lord, but these little things like talking to one soul they are not ready to do that. Some one has said that if God should send an angel to earth to rule an empire or to sweep some street it would make no difference; all they know is to do the will of God. Now, we want just that spirit. It is not to do some great thing, but we must be willing to do some little thing. If God says, "Go, speak to that young man," go, and who knows but he may become a John Wesley, a George Whitfield, a John Bunyan, or a Martin Luther that may reform some whole nation? A reformation may be in that man. It is no small thing to run and speak to a man and win him for Christ. Don't call that a little thing. The greatest sermons the Master preached were to one and two persons. He could afford to sit down by the well of Samaria and preach to one woman about the well of water that if she drank of it should spring up to everlasting life. He preached his sermon on regeneration to one man in Jerusalem. And if the Son of Man could afford to talk to one soul and preach to one man, shall we call that little work? That is the work we want in Boston for the next three months. We want not only to have meetings here, but work in your prayer meetings and in your pastors' studies, and in your homes. Let us not be seeking to do some great thing, but let us be willing to do some little thing, and if all are doing some little thing, don't you see that among these thousands it will amount to a great thing? And when we are ready to do these little things—to run on errands for Christ—then he is ready and willing to use us. I remember hearing of a man who was very ready to do some great thing. He had never done anything for the Lord, because he could not do a great thing; but he was going to get rich, and then do a great thing. A great many think they can build a college and give it to the Church, and the

PRESS WILL HERALD IT FORTH

that he gave $50,000 to this or that college, Harvard or Yale, or this or that church. But perhaps a man who hasn't got $50,000 to give, will go and win a man for God, and that man will go and win thousands, and that man has done more for the Lord than the other who gave $50,000 to a college or a church. Well, he could not do any great thing, and so he did nothing, and one night he had a dream. He dreamed that he had died and was taken into the temple to polish the temple, that was all the building, except one little stone that was left out; and an angel was there showing him the temple, and when he saw that little stone, he said, "How is this? Why is that left out?" "That?" said the angel; "the master builder intended that for you; but, as you wanted to fill some larger place, you were left out of the temple entirely." The man awoke from his sleep, and ever since he has been ready to be anything, even a check stone, if he can only get into the temple at all; and now his soul is blessed. So let us be willing to be anything or nothing—a broken vessel—nothing of self or egotism, but filled with the Spirit of God, and then see how the Spirit of God will shine through us. Now, God will take us up and use us. Yes, friends, are we ready to do something for God? I wish I could say something to make this text burn down into your hearts—"To every man his work." That little child down there may have talents; he may be used by God to win souls; that young man down yonder may have a talent—he may go out into the vineyard and win many souls to Christ. If the heart is loyal to God, God will give us success in our aims.

MY FRIENDS, ARE YOU READY?

Are you ready to go out to-morrow and win some souls for Christ? How many souls are willing to say: "Now, by the help of God, during next week, I will try to lead some soul to Christ." Is it too much for me to ask Christians here to do that in the next seven days. But suppose there are 3,5000 Christians that will commence now and say, "I will be one; I will try and lead one soul to Christ next week." Why, don't you suppose that next Monday night there would be a grand harvest of souls in this city? And shan't we do that? Is that not the least thing we can do? Don't you believe that the Spirit of God has been at work in this city—that God has been answering prayer and preparing the hearts of men for salvation? Is it not time to take the torch of salvation and go through the city and light it up? Is it not time to go to the men and women of this city and tell them the Son of God came to seek and to save that which was lost? In one of the Southern cities many years ago, when the yellow fever was raging, a father and a mother and their little boy moved into one of the stricken districts, and soon after the father was taken down and he died, and as soon as he died, the city authorities sent to the house, and his body was put into the dead-cart and taken away. Soon after the mother was taken down, and she knew when she was gone, there would be no one to take care of her boy, for, though she had neighbors, they were all afraid of going near them; and, therefore, she had no hope that any one would take care of her boy. She knew the disease was fatal; and when she was dying she called her boy and said, "I will soon be dead; and when I am gone, Jesus will come and take care of you." The little fellow was so young he did not understand what it meant, but he remembered the words of his dying mother, and after the dead-cart came and took her away, and the little fellow followed her to the grave, he returned home, and the night came on, and it was dark and gloomy, and he was lonesome in that home. He stayed as long as he dared, and then went out and sat down on the curbstone, and then he wept, and at last he went up to the gravestone and fell down on his mother's grave and fell asleep. The next morning a stranger passed there and found the little boy on the grave weeping, and he said to him, 'What are you waiting for here?" and the little fellow answered him, "I am waiting for Jesus!" And the stranger said, "Waiting for whom?" "Waiting for Jesus!" "What do you mean, my boy?" said the stranger, and then the child told his sad story, and it touched the heart of the stranger, and he said, "Jesus has sent me to take care of you!" The little fellow looked up through his tears and said,

"YOU HAVE BEEN A GOOD WHILE COMING;"

and it is just so with this poor sinful world. It should have been ready long since, and if we had used all the talents God had given us it would have been ready. Cannot we go out to-night and use all our talents? At the close of this service, I want to ask all who are willing to consecrate themselves to this work to remain.

When a person means to erect a handsome edifice upon the site of a great number of decayed buildings, it never once enters his mind, that he can convert them into any use for his purpose. "No," he says, "let them all be pulled down, and taken away." So the natural rubbish of the heart must be taken away, for it never can be employed in the creation of a holy temple to the glory of God.—*Dr. Huntington.*

UNGODLY SORROW.

"The sorrow of the world," says the apostle, "worketh death." Precisely what he meant we pause not now to explain—one thing is a simple matter of fact—sorrow affects persons differently. As fire softens iron and hardens clay, so sorrow will soften the heart of one man and harden that of another. To one it is the messenger which leads nearer to God; to another, it proves to be the messenger which drives further away.

It is a sad thing when serious trouble comes to a human being; when he bows in grief, and the world once so bright seems clothed in darkness. That which made life a pleasant thing is gone; and the cup of sorrow is full to the brim and very bitter. To see such a man well nigh crushed in spirit, is sad indeed; and you feel how vain are your words of sympathy. All that you can do is to point to the heavenly Father, in whom he should still trust, and to the heavenly life, for which he should still seek.

Yet there is a sadder sight. It is to see such a man refuse to learn the lesson God through sorrow would teach him, and to grow worse, not better.

To see him not submissive, but rebellious. To see him turn not to heaven, but to the world, for consolation, and to plunge into its cares and pleasures so as to drown in utter forgetfulness, if it were possible, the sorrow of the past. God meant the sorrow for good. Alas! that man, weak man, should pervert it to his own injury. Why should we be so cowardly as to try to banish forever the memory of a trial which once so deeply touched us. True, we should not always nurse it, neither should we cast it completely away.

A wild and wayward man once stood weeping at the grave of a pious wife. He trembled with grief. "She was the only friend, the only true friend, I had in the world," he sobbed, "and she is taken from me." In that awful hour, he heard no voice from heaven—"I am the resurrection and the life." He desperately turned to strong drink for consolation; the old appetite revived with tenfold power, and he fell into a drunkard's grave.

A woman wept for her son whom she had recently buried. In the language of scripture, he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." In vain for her were all "the exceeding great and precious promises" of God's word. She refused to be comforted. Because she could not understand the reason why she was afflicted, she refused to have faith or learn submission. To her distorted vision, God was not a father who punishes, but a tyrant who strikes without reason or justice. Her sorrow made her worse.

How many we have seen go to the world for consolation. They cannot altogether forget the past—they ought not to if they could. In the busiest life are some leisure moments, and in those moments memory is busy, and the past changes almost into the present. Happy if then the heart feels that "earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

Bear sorrow as a Christian should, with a brave and manly spirit. God lives, and "all things work together for good to them that love him." Beyond this life is another and a better. In this earth, where your pathway is so often clouded, and dark, live in the bright and glorious hope of reaching that land where God will wipe all tears away.

A WORD TO THE UNSAVED.

Will you accept of Jesus Christ and his salvation? You intend to do this some time, but what about to-day? God's call is to-day; you say, "By and by." But you can never change the Lord's terms. You can make no covenant with him till you agree to his requirements and accept his time. God speaks to you. "You are a sinner."—"I admit it."—"You need salvation."—"I acknowledge it."—You must repent of sin."—"I intend to."—"You must fly to Christ for refuge."—"I purpose to do it."—"Do it now!"—"No! not now; at a more convenient season I will attend to this important matter.

Fatal decision! The promise for the future you have no right to make, and may never be able to keep. He asks, he will accept, no pledge for days to come. He deals with you *to-day*. You agree with him in everything but the point of time. There you diverge. He demands your service *to-day;* you refuse it. You offer service by-and-by; something that you cannot give, and that he neither desires nor will accept.

If you are ever saved, God must save you. If he saves you it will be when *he* pleases, rather than at some season convenient for you.

And who are *you* that you should oppose your wishes to the will of God? Suppose the Queen of England should lay her commands upon a subject, and bid him appear at her palace on a certain day. Would he say, "By-and-by!" Would he say, "To-morrow?" No; he would hearken at once. He would count himself honored by the royal command, and would make haste to render his obedience.

But when the Eternal Majesty of heaven calls, you put his claims aside for your own convenience. You treat him with contempt; you neglect his invitations; you despise his reproofs; you refuse his calls; you disregard his admonitions; you spurn his love.

I pray you do this no longer. How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation—a salvation offered by the great God, and purchased by the great Redeemer;—a salvation from sin and pain, and sorrow, and death; from present guilt and coming wrath; a salvation in life and in death, in time and eternity? How shall we escape, if we neglect such a salvation as this? Let us accept the call of God, give heed to mercy's voice, and turn and live to-day.

To-day the Saviour calls! Ye wanderers come!
Oh, ye benighted souls, Why longer roam!

THE YAWNING CHASM.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, in a recent sermon at Faneuil Hall, uttered the following warning to the advocates of moderate drinking. Let every young man who sees it, read and heed its striking testimony. It is worth more than a whole volume of abstractions on the general questions of total abstinence and moderate indulgence. Not only they who carry about with them "the peril of hereditary weakness," should ponder its meaning, but all who are tempted. and especially they who are lulling themselves to sleep with the delusion that there is no harm in the cup. Said Mr. Murray: "You are talking like silly idiots, when you say there is no danger in the cup. I know, from the blood of five generations of cider-drinking ancestors in my veins, the danger there is in the thing. There is not a scent of liquor that is not pleasant to me, that would not be a precious drop on my tongue. Look at me. Do I look like a man easy to be overcome by temptation? Do you know my life? Go back and learn it, and see what I have suffered; and yet I say to you with this background of evidence, I declare to you as I value my manhood, and my standing, and my soul, I would not dare to drink for three weeks a glass of liquor a day. That chasm yawns at your feet, and at my feet. Those who say there is no danger in that first glass of liquor do not recognize the peril of hereditary weakness."—*St. Louis Evangelist.*

STORY OF A SAILOR'S PRAYER.

Forty years ago John Rutledge sailed from Buffalo as first mate of a Lake Erie vessel engaged in Canada trade. The owners were ambitious to be foremost in enterprise and gains, and cleared the vessel from port before spring navigation was fairly open, or at least before the lake was clear of dangerous ice. Unprepared for any wintry encounter, and expecting the wind to break and scatter the floating floes, the captain steered westward, under the orders to make the upper end of the lake as soon as possible. More than two-thirds of the voyage was accomplished, when, to the astonishment and dismay of all on board, they found themselves running in a furrow of water between two immense masses of ice, which were gradually closing together to crush them in! On one side the ice-field was stationary, and seemed to extend away to the Canada shore; on the other side the mass was moving slowly towards them before the south-west wind.

The fears would soon be turned to certainty. The ship would be locked in ice, and though she might not be stove at once, her captain and crew would be prisoners, with a prospect of starvation unless some new way of escape opened. John Rutledge, the mate, volunteered to reconnoitre on the ice, hoping to find communication with the shore, but after a perilous expedition and search, he returned only to report "open water" on the Canada side.

"Abandon the ship and put out in the boats!" said some; but it appeared certain that the moving ice must close upon them before they could reach open water, and, in small boats, the chances of destruction would be immensely multiplied. No way of deliverance appeared. Forward as far as the eye could see, ran that ever-narrowing channel, their only safety; but the wind was against them, and sails would not serve to get them through in time. While officers, crew, and passengers stood hopeless and helpless, the thought of God came to each heart, and made men tremble who were not used to fear.

The captain, not himself a religious man, impressed by the fearful emergency of the moment, called all into the cabin who were not needed on deck, and told them plainly, that, if they would be saved, they must ask God to interpose, for no human effort could avail them now.

After a moment's silence John Rutledge said softly, "Let us pray;" and immediately every one in the cabin knelt down with him. With childlike words he told in the ears of the Father on high the peril and distress of his ship, and the fears and anguish of the men at the thought of leaving their wives and children forever. confessed his sins and the sins of all in the most humble manner, and tearfully besought divine mercy and deliverance for the sake of Christ, the Redeemer. They rose from their knees and went on deck. Judge of their feelings when the man at the wheel sang out, "All right, cap'n! It's blowing nor' by nor' east now." While the mate was at prayer in the cabin the wind had changed. The ship was moving forward, and the same power that was wafting them through the channel now pushed the great ice-floe back so that it could not crush them. "Shall I put on more canvass, captain?" said John Rutledge. "No," said the captain, "don't touch her. *Some one else* is managing this ship." And, led by the unseen Hand, the ship did reach the open water, and came to her port in safety.—*The Companion.*

RUSKIN'S BIBLE READING.

How much I owe to my mother for having so exercised me in the Scriptures as to make me grasp them in their "concrete whole;" and above all, taught me to reverence them as transcending all thought, and adorning all conduct. This she effected, not by her own sayings or personal authority, but simply by compelling me to read the book thoroughly for myself. As soon as I was able to read with fluency, she began a course of Bible work with me, which never ceased till I went to Oxford. She read alternate verses with me, watching at first every intonation of my voice, and correcting the false ones, till she made me understand the verse, if within my reach, rightly and energetically. It might be beyond me altogether; *that* she did not care about; but she made sure that as soon as I got hold of it at all I should get hold of it by the right end. In this way she began with the first verse of Genesis, and went straight through to the last verse of the Apocalypse; hard names, numbers, Levitical law, and all; and began again at Genesis next day. If a name was hard, the better the exercise in pronunciation; if a chapter was tiresome, the better lesson in patience; if loathsome, the better lesson in faith that there was some use in its being so outspoken. After our chapters (from two or three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruptions from servants allowed, none from visitors—who either joined in the reading or had to stay up stairs—and none from any visitings or excursions, except real travelling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, and repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known; and with the chapters above enumerated, I had to learn the whole body of the fine old Scottish paraphrases, which are good, melodious, and forceful verse, and to which, together with the Bible itself, I owe the first cultivation of my ear in sound. It is strange that, of all the pieces of the Bible which my mother thus taught me, that which cost me most to learn, and which was, to my child's mind, chiefly repulsive—the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm—has now become of all the most precious to me in its overflowing and glorious passion of love for the law of God.

A FATAL HABIT.

Irresolution is a fatal habit. It is not vicious in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatal facility, the penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold. The idler, the spendthrift, the epicurean, and the drunkard, are among its victims. Perhaps in the latter its effects appear in the most hideous form. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison; yet he swallows it. He knows, for the example of thousands has painted in glaring colors, that it will deaden all his faculties, take the strength from his limbs and the happiness from his heart, oppress him with disease, and hurry his progress to a dishonored grave; yet he drains it. How beautiful, on the contrary, is the power of resolution, enabling the one who possesses it to pass through perils and dangers, trials and temptations. Avoid the contraction of the habit of irresolution. Strive against it to the end.

ORATORICAL ODDITIES.

When it fell to Canning's lot to respond to the toast of Her Majesty's Ministers at Fishmongers' Hall, the company looked for a great speech and an eloquent exposition of Ministerial policy. They were disappointed. Canning had no intention of exposing his hand and was not in a vein for talking much, and telling nothing, as Ministers have a trick of doing. "Gentlemen," said he, "we are invited here to meet the Fishmongers. Now the Fishmongers have dealings with a very large community, from whose habits I think we might be learning something. I mean the community of fishes. The fish is one of the most uncommunicative animals in creation; it says nothing, and it drinks a good deal. Let us, then, upon the present occasion, as we are to some extent brought into their company, imitate their habits. Let us not waste our time in talking, but drink a good deal."

Quite as economical of speech was the candidate who delighted a Nottingham mob by addressing in this comic fashion: "Ye poets, ye butchers, ye mute, inglorious Miltons, ye Cromwells guiltless of your country's blood, give me a welcome to Nottingham. This"—here he held up a sovereign—"this is the God you adore, your faithful, unchangeable friend." Thereupon one enthusiastic listener shouted, "That's Nottingham to the life!" but when it came to polling, only three votes were recorded for the unflattering orator. Abraham Lincoln proved that it is not always necessary to use talk and plenty of it, to win the suffrages of his countrymen. He made his debut on the political stage with the following: "Gentlemen and fellow-citizens: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by my friends to become a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet like the old woman's dance. I am in favour of a national bank, of the internal improvement system, and a high protection tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

"An old soldier, ambitious of entering Congress commenced his speech with "Fellow-citizens: I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle, with no covering but the canopy of heaven. I have walked over the frozen ground, till every foot print was marked with blood." He was brought up by a voter inquiring, "Is that true, Mister?" "Yes sir," said the candidate. "Well, then," was the unexpected retort, "I guess I'll vote for the other fellow, for you've done enough for your country."—*All The Year Round.*

AN OBJECTOR ANSWERED.

"I don't like so much talk about religion," said a rude stranger in a city boarding house, to a lady opposite, who had been answering some questions with regard to a sermon to which she had been listening. "I don't like it. It's something that nobody likes. It's opposed to everything pleasant in the world. It ties a man up, hand and foot. It takes away his liberty, *and it isn't natural.*"

"O, no!" answered the lady, "it isn't natural. We have the best authority for saying so. 'The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them, for they are *spiritually discerned.*' True religion is rowing up stream; it is sailing against wind and tide."

A pause for a few moments followed; then the stranger began again.

"People who speak and think so much about religion are queer, any how. I wish they could only know how people speak and think about them; nobody likes them, for they are like nobody; they are so very peculiar."

"Allow me to interrupt you again, sir," said the lady; "but I am so impressed with the manner in which your language accords with Bible language, that I shall have to introduce another quotation from that blessed book. 'Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a *peculiar* people.'"

"Does the Bible say they are peculiar, then? That's odd. That book, somehow, has got a dose for everybody. Yet, ma'am, you must allow that the commands that book lays upon us poor sinners are hard. It's thou shalt not, and thou shalt not, all the time. Why, its precepts and views of things are not only systematic tyranny, but they are narrow, very narrow."

"Yes," replied the lady, "they are narrow, for the Bible says they are. 'Straight is the gate, and *narrow* is the way that leads to life.' We have to struggle hard to keep in this narrow way, if we once get in it. It is too narrow for pride, worldliness, and sloth. It is too narrow for the service of two masters. It is too *narrow* for covetousness, envy, and all other evil passions. Hatred can find no place for so much as the sole of its foot, in the narrow way. Good deeds, kind words, faith, hope and charity, occupy all the ground, and will continue to hold it to the end."

The stranger listened, surprised and annoyed, and at last arose and left the room, apparently a more thoughtful if not a better man.

RANDOM READINGS.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday.—*Emerson.*

To Jesus, the Crown of my Hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O bear me ye cherubims, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

My Saviour whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
—*Cowper.*

If in the collision of personal interest through the day we are more careful to favor ourselves, to secure the best, to be served first, to gratify our own wishes and tastes, than to gratify and serve others, I care not what name we bear, the spirit of the Master is not in us.

Those who joy in wealth grow avaricious; those who joy in their friends too often lose nobility of spirit; those who joy in literature become pedantic; but those who joy in liberty—*i. e.*, that all should do as they would be done by—possess the happiest of joys. It is a solid joy no one can barter away. Exceedingly few possess it.

The fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty short supply,
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.