The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

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

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NEW

DRY GOODS

FOR

FALL AND WINTER.

October 1st, 1876.

THOMAS LOGAN

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Fredericton, Sept. 15, 1876.

The Intelligencer.

FROM MR. MOODY'S SERMONS.

CHRIST OUR SHEPHERD.

In the tenth chapter of John we find the Good Shepherd laying down his life for the sheep, or as Paul puts it: "He loved me and gave Himself for me!" and, in order to get the benefit of it we must put in that little word "me" just as much as if there were no other man in the world. In the twenty-second Psalm, in the seventh verse, we read; "All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the lip, they shake their head, saying, He trusted in the Lord that He would deliver him; let Him deliver him, seeing that he delighted in Him." And in the sixteenth verse: "For dogs have compassed me; the assembly of the wicked have enclosed me; they pierced my hands and my feet." Then in the twenty-third Psalm we find the Good Shepherd passing through the valley of death with His flock: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." There is the Good Shepherd leading His flock through death and judgment, and I do not know of any one passage in Scripture that is more misquoted than that. You hear people say "the dark valley," but the word "dark" is'nt there at all. All that death can do to the believer is just to throw its shadow across his path.

It is a precious thing to have Christ as our Shepherd. Some one has said that in this twenty-third Psalm we have not only Christ going before, but goodness and mercy coming after. An Englishman once said that if you see a man always walking, you can say he is not worth much, and if he has a carriage of his own, he is worth something; if he has a carriage with one footman, he is pretty well off, but if you see him with a carriage and two footmen, he is very well off. Now a good Christian has two footmen—goodness and mercy. Men who are away from the Good Shepherd you can read their condition on their foreheads—Want! want! Why are your places of amusement, your theatres, crowded every night? It is because men want and want. But the Christian can say, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." And then in the twenty-fourth Psalm we find Him on resurrection ground, and he says: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the king of glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in. Who is this King of Glory? The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory." And no one will ever see God's glory until they have got on to resurrection ground, and seen what Christ has done for them. Over here in the Hebrews, we find He is a God of peace. And another thing He does is to make us lie down in green pastures and leadeth us beside still waters.

Then in the tenth chapter of John we are told that He calleth His own sheep by name. A man was telling me that in the eastern country they still keep up that custom. And he asked one of those eastern shepherds to explain to him how he could tell the difference between them. And the shepherd called "Karl," and one sheep came out and looked up to him. And then he called another and then another. And then this man said, "I don't understand it. How is it?" "Don't you see," said the shepherd, "that sheep has lost a bit of wool there, and that one has a black spot on it?" And he said he found the shepherd knew every one of his sheep by their failings. He did'nt find any perfect sheep. I know some of these men in Boston are looking for perfect sheep, but you never will get into the fold that way. You needn't be looking for our failings, you have some of your own. A person came to me the other day and said, "Mr. Moody, why don't you preach bad temper? I think it is the worst thing people have to contend with!" I said: "The Good Shepherd will tell you how to do that. If He can take away the appetite of these men for strong drink, why can't He take away bad temper?"

GOD'S LOVE FOR THE SINNER.

We find a good many people in the inquiry room night after night that tell us they cannot pray. They would like to pray, they say. Their sins are troubling them; they are weary and heavy laden, many of them cast down under their sins. They want to get rid of the burden, but they keep running after this man and that man, asking them to pray for them. Now, if a man can't pray, it must be because he has a false impression about God. It is a false idea which hinders you from praying to God now in your hearts—praying to Him here, not in your closet at home, but here in the silence of your hearts. The great truth we want to remember is that God loves the sinner. He hates sin, yea, with a perfect hatred; but He loves the sinner. God is love. O that all in this assembly might feel this and be drawn toward Him. If you really want to be saved, just come to God, and He will save you. A man came to me in the inquiry room the other night and said, "I cannot pray, I have not strength to pray, I am too vile." Now, God has given us just the words to meet this case. In the fifth chapter of Romans, at the sixth verse, we read: "For when we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." It is a good thing to know that we have no strength, aud to bear in mind that Christ died for the ungodly.

Then this text has a lesson for another class. There was once a woman at an inquiry meeting who thought she was not very bad, and of course, she could not find neither peace nor light while she believed in herself, Soon after, she heard a minister preach from this same text: "Christ died for the ungodly." She thought over this for a moment and said: "O, if I was only ungodly, I might get salvation!" But before the sermon was over the woman found that she was a great sinner; and, at the close, she took her place with the ungodly and got salvation then and there. When we know that we are ungodly, then 'tis that we get salvation. I was talking with two ladies the other day at the inquiry room. One of them was in tears, and said, "I am lost." But the other stopped her and said, "Don't say that; don't say that you are lost; don't tell her that; I can't endorse that doctrine, Mr. Moody." "Well," I said, "my good woman, it's true. She is lost. And what did Christ come into the world for but to seek and save the lost? He can save you, and He will save you if you will accept Him." And this lady who knew she was lost, found the Saviour, while the other did not feel the weight of her sin and could not see the need of salvation.

In the next verses of the same chapter of Romans we find: "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die, yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." I want to prove to you from the Scriptures that God loves the sinner, and that God loves him while he is yet in his sins. There is an idea among some people that there must be a separation from sins before God will love us. If he will not love us till that, then He can never love us. While you are in your sins, God loves you and wants to save you. "But can there be love toward us while we are yet sinners?" I hear some one ask. The apostle says, in the next verse: "For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life." That is it. Christ comes to bring reconciliation between God and the sinner. Just call upon Him in your sin, tell it all out and ask God to save you, and see how quickly He will blot out all our iniquity.

A PHILIP AND ANDREW SOCIETY NEEDED.

I will read a few verses from the first chapter of John. A man wanted to know yesterday how he could tell if he had been born of God. Now one of the evidences that we are children of God is, we have a desire for others; our heart will go out after others. If a man has become a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ he will want to disciple some one else. Now we find here in the 41st verse that Andrew, after he had the interview with Christ, the next thing we hear of him is hunting up his own brother. He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, "We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ." And he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him He said, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is, by interpretation, a stone." The day following Jesus would go forth into Galilee, and findeth Philip, and saith unto him, "Follow Me." Then we read that Philip found Nathaniel and brought him to Christ. Many societies have been formed in Boston, but we want one more. We want a Philip and Andrew Society of those who will make personal efforts to bring some one to Christ. If you find Christ go and tell some one else. Let us follow the footsteps of Philip and Andrew. Now, in the third chapter of John, we find Nicodemus coming to Christ, and inquiring the way to be saved. The last time that we hear of him we were almost afraid that he would be turned away sorrowful that he never could become a true child of God, as in the case of the young man we were told of yesterday. But we read of him again in the seventh chapter, the fifth verse.

"Nicodemus saith unto him (he that came to Jesus by night being one of them), Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth? They answered and said unto him, Art thou also of Galilee? Search and look, for out of Galilee ariseth no prophet. And every man went into his own house." Then we find Nicodemus standing up for Christ in that council chamber, and again at the cross he takes his stand on the Lord's side.

We turn over again into the fourth chapter of John, and we find a woman that Christ met at the well of Samaria, and if we had only got the first part of that chapter, where He offered her the gift of eternal life, and it stopped there, we would have been afraid that she hadn't been saved; we looked for something else. Then in the thirty-ninth verse we read that "many of the Samaritans of that city believed on Him for the saying of the woman, which testified He told me all that I ever did. So when the Samaritans were come unto Him they besought Him that He would tarry with them; and He abode there two days. And many more believed, because of His own word." She got a good many converts and Christ got more, but it was because she went in there and confessed Christ that He went into that town and stayed two days.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

A great many want to be disciples, but they want to be secret disciples. If you want to have a great blessing for your soul, not only be a disciple of Christ, but come out boldly and confess Him. In the fifth chapter of Luke and the twenty-seventh verse, we read:

"And after these things He went forth and saw a publican named Levi sitting at the receipt of custom; and He said, Follow Me. And he left all, rose up and followed Him." Left his business and went right off at once. "And Levi made Him a great feast in his own house; and there was a great company of publicans and of others that sat down with them." There is the Gospel flowing right out. He went and got all the publicans together; he was just the man to reach the publicans; he was a publican himself, and if the Lord had blessed him he was the man. It seems to me we are getting back to the primitive days. I am glad to hear of the meeting among the marketmen and among the men who have been taken captive by drink. A man who has been a drunkard, and is saved, is the man to work among the drunkards, and tell them of a glorious hope. The young converts should imitate Levi, and invite their friends to a feast, and tell them what great things the Lord has done for them. Levi got up a dinner, and I haven't a doubt, but what there was an inquiry meeting after it, in which the ways of the Lord were explained more fully. Levi was trying to get some one to the Master. And I would say to the converts, get up a meeting, get up a dinner. If you cannot get up a great feast, get up a good, plain meal. If you are a wealthy man, get up a great feast, and invite all your friends and neighbors, and tell what great things the Lord has done for you.

Then we read; "But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against His disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners? And Jesus answering, said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." The Pharisees here were at their old business—murmuring and complaining. They kept that up all the time. It would have been a good thing if they had all died off in that generation, but we have a great many of their grandchildren left in Boston yet, who are always complaining, no matter what is done. If we are redeemed let us say so. Let him whom He hath redeemed from the hands of the enemy confess it. Zaccheus was another character. He had been taking that which was unlawful, and he made restitution. The Pharisees murmured at that; they would murmur at any thing, no matter what. Now let us come out as Levi did, as Zaccheus did, as the poor fallen woman at the well at Samaria did, and confess Christ.

THE BACKSLIDER'S PRAYER.

Then there is another class that we meet in the inquiry room—the backsliders. They say, "We have wandered away from the Lord. We have tasted his love and have fallen into sin, and we cannot come back, for we sinned against light. We once knew Christ, but we have betrayed Him; and now we cannot pray." If there is a backslider here this afternoon, I want to tell him that he can pray. There are prayers printed for him in the Word of God. A good many people don't like printed prayers; but God has put the words of reconciliation between the backslider and the Saviour in His Word. In Hosea, fourteenth chapter, we read the prophet's entreaty to his people: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thy iniquity. Take with you words and turn to the Lord. Say unto Him, 'take away all iniquities and receive us graciously; so will we render the calves of our lips.'" Again we read, "I will heal their backsliding; I will love them freely." If there is a backslider here, let him remember that God can save him; that He will heal his backsliding" to-day if he will only come to Him. You may have turned away from Him; but God loves the backslider as well as the sinner. He loves you just as if you had not fallen. Christ loved Peter after he had cursed Him and betrayed Him; and He gave Him new strength and greater usefulness in the work. Some of the most beautiful words in the Bible are written for backsliders. In the Old Testament, Jeremiah just pleads with his backslidden people to return to God. "Thus saith the Lord, What iniquity have your fathers found in me that they have gone far from me and have walked after vanity and have become vain?" A good many backsliders are full of complaints. They say that the church which they joined didn't treat them well; that it was cold; that the minister wasn't just what he ought to have been and didn't take enough interest in them. The church seems cold because they look at it with cold eyes. Their own hearts have become a cake of ice, and they think that the hearts of all the other church members are frozen. But if every one else has gone astray it is your duty to follow Christ. He is a perfect example. "What iniquity do you find in me?" saith the Lord. If you will only come to God—not to this church or that church, not this minister or that minister, if you will only follow Christ, you will find Him true. His salvation never faileth nor is His grace wanting. You who have forsaken the living waters for the broken cisterns, can yet find salvation. I never knew a backslider who was happy. The husks do not satisfy them. But you can return. In your sin and despair, God asks only that you acknowledge your iniquity. Others have stumbled. How much evil one backslider can do! But still God comes to the backslider with words of tenderness. You have been married to Him, so to speak, and have gone off and left Him. "Only confess your iniquity," He says; "that is all I ask. Just confess it, and it shall never be mentioned again."

"DO I LOVE GOD?

There are some who say, "O, well, I have no doubt about God's loving me. The troublesome question with me is, 'Do I really love God?'" That is what many want to know. In the inquiry room, if you ask a man if he is a Christian, he will very likely say, in a hesitating way, "Well, I hope so," or "Well, I am trying to be a Christian." That's what I hear a great deal in Boston—trying to be a Christian. There has been a good deal of complaint because I have preached the doctrine of assurance. It isn't my doctrine. Read the Bible and you will find it. When a man says, "I trust I am saved, or "I hope I am a Christian," or "I will try to be a Christian," I generally say, "Will you try to be an American?" This astonishes them, and they say, "Why, I was born an American." And then I show them that except a man is born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God. "Ye must be born again." You cannot be educated to be a Christian; you must be born into the Kingdom. And then when you are a child of God, you will love the things that God loves. What you once hated, you will love; what you once loved, you will hate. But while you will hate sin with a perfect hatred, you will love your brother. The Bible says, "If a man say that he loves God and hateth his brother, he is a liar." Hatred and love cannot reign in the same heart. Mere profession is nothing. Do you love your brother? The spirit of Calvary is the spirit of love. "Father, forgive them," said Christ, as He hung upon the cross, "for they know not what they do." Again, if you love God, remember that you will love the things which are of God. "Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world," said Christ. If you love the world, the love of the Father is not in you. It was the world which condemned the Son of God to death, and it must be crucified to the new man in Christ Jesus. If a man loves the world, it is a pretty good proof that he is not a Christian. The Christian is dead to this world. He lives a resurrected life, and has left behind the kingdom of darkness forever. Henceforth he lives the life of the Son of God on the earth. When you find a person who loves fashion and the pleasures of this life, or one who prefers the theatre or the opera to meeting with God's people, you have proof that the love of God is not in the heart. The world is at enmity with God, and fights against His kingdom. The love of the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, the pride of life, is not of the Father, but of the world; but the kingdom of God abideth forever. Don't you see that if you get your heart fixed upon earthly things, you will be disappointed; but if your heart is set on heavenly things you will find peace all the while.

"For this cause," says Paul, "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that you may be filled with the fullness of God." He prays for the whole family of saints, and entreats that they may comprehend with all saints the length and breadth, the height and depth of the love of God." What an army the Christians in this building would be if they could grasp this knowledge!

A SISTER'S LOVE.—Who can tell the thoughts that cluster around the word sister? How ready she is to forgive the errors and foibles of a brother! She never deserts him. In adversity she clings closely to him, and in trials she cheers him. And when the bitter voice of reproach is poured into his ears, she is ever ready to hush its harsh tones, and turn his attention away from its painful notes. But let him move in a flowery path, and she hangs clusters of smiles about him. In watching his favored career and listening to his eulogy, she feels the purest satisfaction. The cold grave cannot crush her affection for him. It outlives her tears and sighs. And hence she often wanders to the spot where he reposes with the fragrant rosebush and honeysuckle, and plants them on his tomb. And who will dare to affirm her love perishes when she fades away from earth? May it not live far off in that glorious land—and live on, increasing in fervor and intensity, during the endless ages of eternity?

CONSECRATED HOMES.

In the olden time the father of the household was its prophet and its priest. The father of the present fast age can hardly find time to make the acquaintance of his own children, to say nothing of decent and devout attention to the proprieties and sanctities of family religion.

It is a sad fact that in many households, nominally Christian, there is no family altar and no household recognition of God. The Bible is an unopened book, and there is no open acknowledgment of allegiance to God, the Father in heaven. A godless, prayerless household is a terrible spectacle, especially when there is an outward profession of better things. The evils are magnified many fold where there are young children. What can compensate for the sweet and tender influences of well conducted family worship on the minds and hearts of the little ones? Parents who omit it not only provoke the wrath of the Lord, but neglect the best and most natural means of religious education, and thus put in fearful jeopardy the souls of their children. It was not an idle superstition that bade the simple-minded, devout Norwegian girl flee from the house where she had engaged service, because there were no "prayers in the house." A prayerless soul is a fearful anomaly. But a home, where children are born and nurtured and reared, where loved ones sicken and suffer and die, where in the eyes of the children the father should be the type of the "All-Father in heaven," and the mother the ideal of all that is tender and affectionate and devout, where all precious memories should be garnered like hidden treasures, and where all holy and pure influences and associations should pervade the very air—with no open Bible and no voice of song, prayer or praise—what shall we say of that home! One can hardly conceive it possible that such a home could exist in a Christian land. No wonder that the curse of the Lord hangs in dark relief over the families that call not on His name.

We allude to family worship as a religious educator. One can hardly over-estimate the power of this service over young hearts, if wisely and earnestly conducted.

A daughter of irreligious parents spent not long since a few months in a Christian home. Selected passages of Scriptures, usually the readings connected with the current Sabbath school lessons, were read, each member taking a verse in course. Not seldom there was some familiar talk and comment on the passage and the Sabbath lesson. Then a song, and then all bowed, in brief and simple thanksgiving and prayer for daily grace and protection. The gay young girl soon found the God thus honored and worshipped in this house to be her God and Saviour. Not long after another daughter, gay, cultured, and highly educated, spent a few weeks in this humble home. She too, was sweetly won to the religion so magnified in the house in which she was a guest. Going to her own home she preached Christ to her mother, and now all three are rejoicing in the Lord. These girls attribute their conversion to the indirect yet powerful appeal that day by day came to their hearts and consciences from these simple ordinary services of family religion.

We fear that pastors and church officers are not watchful and faithful in the oversight of the chusch touching this matter, especially in the case of young couples just setting up their home. Habits of neglect once formed, are not easily overcome. Starting right at the outset is often a guarantee of life-long fidelity. Let the voice of the preacher and the Christian teacher be lifted up with no uncertain sound on this subject. We need nothing so much as consecrated homes.

WHEN WILL YOU BE READY?

Every minister of Christ must have been often saddened by the folly of men to postpone present duty. Procrastination characterizes all classes, more or less strongly, in whatever pertains to their immortal interests. Some, because they imagine that circumstances hereafter will be more favorable, and all because they are not now ready, are allowing day after day and year after year, of their precious and ever-shortening season of probation to pass away unimproved. Multitudes of this class readily confess their obligations to discharge this or that duty, but they are not ready to discharge it. Death is constantly thinning out their ranks; and death-beds, full of bitter and unavailing regrets, often warn them. But still they do not deliberately and seriously set themselves to do what they know they ought to do without delay. When will they be ready.

Here is a man who has, for years, hesitated to take a decided and consistent stand as a Christian professor. The vows of God are upon him. He assumes them voluntarily. He knows that he cannot shake them off. He is not a trifler; there is nothing in his external character that gives a decided lie to his profession; he is regularly in his place in the sanctuary, perhaps also in the room of conference and prayer. But he has never attempted deliberately and in humble reliance on God, to take an open and active part in the discharge of known and obvious Christian duty. Ask him why he has not done this, and his invariable reply is—"I do not feel *ready* to do it." Ah, yes, dear friend, we understand you, but will you answer this question—When will you be ready?

THE LORD'S CORN.

A mission station in the Indian Territory was at one time my house. Tobaccowell, one of our neighbors, was a member of the little mission church, and like many a white professor, was spasmodically zealous for the glory of God. One Sabbath he listened to a sermon from Gen. xxviii. 22, "And of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee."

At the close of the service he said to the missionary:

"Me plant big corn-field next week. Me make it ten pieces; plant all, then one piece be the Lord's corn."

He did so; the part of the field to be devoted to the Lord was ploughed and planted with great care. But when the time for hoeing had arrived, our neighbor hoed his own corn, but did not find it convenient to hoe the Lord's. As the season advanced, the Lord's corn, uncultivated and dwarfed, and Tobaccowell's, well hoed, tall and thrifty, produced a sad and striking contrast.

The sight of that cornfield has been a life-long lesson to me; and whenever I find myself more devoted to my own personal interests than to the glory of God, I say to myself, I am neglecting the Lord's corn.

That instrument will make no music that hath but some strings in tune. If, when God strikes on the string of joy and gladness we answer pleasantly, but when he touches upon that of sorrow and humiliation we suit it not, we are broken instruments that can make no melody unto God.—*Dr. Owen.*

WEDDING FEES.

Many years ago, a new York minister was sitting in the office of a lawyer who was one of his members, chatting on various subjects, and as the pastor happened to speak of the hard times, and the dilatoriness of the church in paying his small salary, the lawyer remarked:

"Now I hardly agree with you, pastor, in your assertion that ministers are paid less for their work than any other class of professional men. They have a great deal given to them in one way and another, donation parties, Christmas presents, &c. Then the item of wedding fees alone, which you seldom hear about, but which must amount to quite a sum several hundred dollars in the course of the year, brings them in a good revenue."

"Do you think so?" said the clergyman. "Now to come right down to dots, what do you suppose is the average fee that I receive?"

"I should say twenty dollars was a low estimate," said the lawyer. "Here in New York I have often known persons to give one hundred dollars, and a fifty-dollar fee is quite common, but considering the fact that you marry a good many of the poor, or those who are only moderately well off, as well as the rich, I should think, as I said, that twenty dollars was a pretty low average."

"That calculation is rather large," said the minister, "but still I cannot tell exactly, as I have not reckoned up what I have received this last year."

"No, I presume not," said the lawyer. "I have noticed that ministers don't generally know how much they have received, when the sum is pretty large, but I rather think they would if it was a small one. But I will tell you what I will do. I will give you ten dollars for half your next fee, and don't believe I shall lose anything by it either. Do you accept that?"

The minister hesitated a moment, and then said, "Yes, well, yes; I'll accept that—ten dollars for half the next fee."

He soon bade him good morning and went home to his dinner. While he was at the table the bell rang, and the servant came in saying a man at the door wished to see him a moment. He found a rough-looking farmer standing there, who accosted him thus:

"Good morning, Dr. A. I came to see if you could just tie me up this morning. Sal and I have been talking about it a good while, and we've come to the conclusion that 'taint any use to wait no longer,"

"Oh, yes," said the Doctor, "walk in, walk in. Where did you want to be married?"

"Right here," said the farmer, "if you're willin'. Sal's in the wagon and I'll bring her in."

So he brought in a blooming country maid, and the minister, who had doffed his gown and slipped on his best Sunday-go-to-meeting coat, made them one in his most impressive style. After the ceremony and the congratulations, the farmer said:

"About the fee, pastor, we hain't much money, but I thought your children might be fond of pets, so I told Sal I would just bring one of our pups." Saying which he tipped up a small box, and out rolled a little white pup upon the piano.

The minister could scarcely contain his mirth, but thanked the bridegroom and told him the children would be glad of it, and bade him a pleasant good morning. He finished his dinner, then putting the pup carefully back into the box, started with it under his arm for the lawyer's office.

His friend was quite surprised to see him so soon again, but the pastor relieved his curiosity by saying:

"I had no idea when I accepted your offer this morning that I should have to come so soon to claim it, and I hardly think I should have accepted it so quickly, had I known I was to marry a couple to-day, and receive such an unusual and unexpected fee. Generally there is not so much difference in them, but this was a perfect surprise to me."

"No backing out now," said the lawyer, "that bargain was fair and square, and you must hold to it. Here's your ten dollars; hand over the fee!"

The minister demurred a moment, told him he should beware how he made such rash promises again; but finally unfastening the cover of the box, said: "All right, I'll stand by the bargain," tumbled out the pup upon the lawyer's desk, and with the blandest smile upon his face, waving his hand and bowing politely, he said, "Here is the fee—which half will you take?"

The blank look of amazement and disgust which overspread the countenance of the lawyer as he looked at the roll of puppiness, was amusing to see.

"You don't mean it, that you married a couple and that was your fee?"

"Indeed it was," said the minister, "and the farmer who presented it thought he was doing a handsome thing!"

Then, with a hearty laugh, the lawyer handed him the gold piece, and told him that he thought he had nothing more to say in regard to the enriching of ministers by wedding fees.—*Standard.*

HURTFUL READING.

A bad book, magazine, or newspaper, is as dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body. Many of these papers have attained large circulations and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as it is at this time, and every father and mother should be on their guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Look to it then that your children are kept free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing-up boys.

EVERY MAN HIS WORK.—In the Drury Lane Mission, London, the services are conducted by a homely, droll, illiterate convert from the saloons, known as "Fiddler Joss." He is in dead earnest and is a power for reaching those where he once stood. There is a lesson in this for those who would discard all the ministers but the college bred of seminary drilled ones. Mr. Moody is a more noted commentary on the same important truth. But it by no means follows that we are therefore to discard the learned, such as Jonathan Edwards, Lyman Beecher, John Wesley, and William Ottebein.

LEADING AND FOLLOWING.

On a certain occasion Peter asked in regard to John, his fellow disciple, "Lord, what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, *what is that to thee?* Follow thou me." As Peter had already pointed out to him his path of duty, there was no special reason why he should halt to inquire what somebody else was to do. Hence the Lord rebuked Peter for his untimely and irrelevant question.

On the monument marking the tomb of General Israel Putnam is inscribed this characteristic sentiment: "He dared to lead where any dared to follow." But the course of the average man in the common throng is this: "He dares to follow where any dares to lead." Indeed, most men stand waiting to be led. This has been demonstrated in numerous instances since the days of Peter. Men, in large proportion, want to follow, rather than to lead; and as those around them either *move* or *halt*, do *they* move or *halt*. This is exemplified in the movement of the surging throng, of the assembling multitude, of the charging soldiers, and of men engaged in commercial pursuits. In these, and in other human activities, the instances are exceptional in which a man acts positively for himself, instead of being led by his neighbor.

And how do these principles and facts apply to the Church and the Sunday-school? Are there not too many Christian workers who give abundant evidence that they would rather follow than lead? This is thus evinced: There is a man who, in view of the prevalent indifference and formality, wishes more life and warmth in the church, in the prayer-meeting, and in the Sunday-school. He sighs and moans over the existing spiritual dearth and lifelessness; and wishes for more awakened interest and activity on the part of *all* the members. If they were only all fired with the spirit of devotion and zeal, what interesting and edifying meetings and services there might be even throughout the whole year. But, alas! none of the members are really alive, nor up and doing the Master's work. It is truly sad and distressing. But hark! The language of the Lord to *that* anxious brother is, "What is that to thee? Follow *thou* me." Do you hear it? If only that one warm-hearted, wide-awake, and spiritually earnest brother would lead the way, do his duty, without halting and waiting for other people to move and work, there might be a decided improvement in the spiritual condition and practical working of the Church and the Sunday-school.

THE PRINTING OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible production in our time is equal to more than a million copies a year, or say more than nineteen thousand every week, more than three thousand every day, three hundred every hour, or five every minute of working time. At this rate, the press is producing an English Bible or New Testament every twelve seconds. Those Bibles are not wasted—they are required—and more copies of the sacred Scripture are demanded in the English tongue than in the languages of all the other nations of the world, although the number of versions to which this country gives encouragement and assistance, over and above, and is considerably more than one hundred and fifty.

RANDOM READINGS.

Nothing brings such peace to the heart as a calm trustfulness in God's overruling care.

No one need be poor, because, if he chooses, he can have Jesus for his own property and possession.

Heaven is nearer when we meet a Christian gentleman or lady who sheds upon our pathway the light of unobtrusive kindness; it preaches Christ to us.

WHENEVER you hear a word you do not understand, do not ask mother, father, teacher or anybody; but open the dictionary. All good scholars go often to the dictionary.

Spare moments are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that "sands make the mountain, and the moments make the year." Of all portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil.

Am I intelligently able, and at all times willing, to give a reason for my faith as a Christian? Do I watch against that fear of man which bringeth a snare? Do I feel that if I loved and feared God more I should fear the world less? Knowing that my faith and hope as a Christian rest on the surest foundation, am I ever ready to defend them against either argument, or cavils, or sneers? Do I glory in the cross of Christ?

THE THREE PILLOWS.—"How are you today sir?" said a friend to a dying saint some years since. The dying man replied, "My head is resting very sweetly on three pillows—infinite power, infinite love, and infinite wisdom."

THE SKEPTIC.—If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said an old skeptic to a clergyman. "Why don't you have some knowledge of *this* world before you come into it?" was the caustic reply.

My Bible is my church. It is always open, and there is my High Priest, ever waiting to receive me. There I have my confessional, my thanksgivings, my psalms of praise, a field of promises, and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy; prophets and apostles, and martyrs and confessors—in short, all I can want, I there find.

"There is a creature," said Rev. Phillips Brooks, in his recent Yale lecture on preaching, "who ought to share with the clerical cheat the abuse of the people. I mean the clerical jester. He lays his hands upon all sacred things. He is full of Bible jests, and he talks about the Bible with jests that have come down from generation to generation. The principles, which, if they mean anything, mean life and death to the soul, he turns into material for jest."

"NINETY AND NINE."—Mr Sankey said: "As we were returning from Glasgow to Edinburgh, to hold a farewell meeting there, I looked over some newspapers I had bought at a news-stand just before taking the train, and in one I found these verses:

'There were ninety and nine that safely lay,
In the shelter of the fold,' etc.

I said to my Bro. Moody, 'That's just the hymn I have been wanting.' Next day this little tune or chant that it is set to came to me. At the noon meeting the tune had scarcely formed itself in my head, but I cut the words fom the paper, put the slip in front of me on the organ and began to sing, hardly knowing where the tune was to come from. A few days after, a lady, of Dundee, who had been present, wrote to thank me for having sung her deceased sister's words, written five years before."