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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THOMAS LOGAN.

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The Intelligencer.

SERMON

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

The Hornet's Mission.

"And the Lord will send the hornet."—Deuteronomy vii. 20.

It seems as if the insectile world were determined to extirpate the human race. It is bombarding the grain fields and the orchards and the vineyards. The Colorado beetle, the Nebraska grasshopper, the Jersey locust, the universal potato-bug seem to carry on the work which was begun ages ago when the insects buzzed and droned out of Noah's Ark as the door was opened.

In my text the hornet flies out on its mission. It is a species of wasp, swift in its motion and violent in its sting. Its touch is torture to man or beast. We have all seen the cattle run bellowing under the cut of its lancet. In boyhood we used to stand cautiously looking at the globular nest hung from the tree branch, and while we were looking at the wonderful pasteboard covering we were stung with something that sent us shrieking away. The hornet goes in swarms. It has captains over hundreds, and twenty of them alighting on one man will produce certain death. The Persians attempted to conquer a Christian city, but the elephants and the beasts on which the Persians rode were assaulted by the hornet, so that the whole army was broken up, and the besieged city was rescued. This burning and noxious insect stung out the Hittites and the Canaanites from their country. What gleaming sword and chariot of war could not accomplish was done by the puncture of an insect. The Lord sent the hornet.

My friends, when we are assaulted by great Behemoths of trouble we become chivalric, and we assault them; we get on the high-mettled steel of our courage, and we make a cavalry charge at them, and, if God be with us, we come out stronger and better than when we went in. But alas! for these insectile annoyances of life—these foes too small to shoot—these things without any avoirdupois weight—the gnats, and the midges, and the flies, and the wasps, and the hornets. In other words, it is the small, stinging annoyances of our life which drive us out and use us up. In the best conditioned life, for some grand and glorious purpose God has sent the hornet.

I remark in the first place that these small stinging annoyances may come in the shape of a sensitive organization. People who are prostrated under typhoid fevers or with broken bones get plenty of sympathy; but who pities anybody that is nervous? The doctors say, and the family say, and everybody says, "Oh! she's only a little nervous; that's all." The sound of a heavy foot, the harsh clearing of a throat, a discord in music, an inharmony between the shawl and the gloves on the same person, a curt answer, a passing slight, the wind from the east, any one of ten thousand annoyances, opens the door for the hornet. The fact is that the majority of the people in this country are overworked, and their nerves are the first to give out. A great multitude are under the strain of Leyden, who, when he was told by his physician that if he did not stop working while he was in such poor physical health he would die, responded: "Doctor, whether I live or die the wheel must keep going around, and though I may be disappointed in it, if before I die I don't surpass Sir William Jones in profound Oriental literature may no tear of grief for me ever profane a borderer." These sensitive persons of whom I speak have a bleeding sensitiveness. The flies love to light on anything raw, and these people are like the Canaanites spoken of in the text, or in the context—they have a very thin covering and are vulnerable at all points. "And the Lord sent the hornet."

Again, these small insect annoyances may come to us in the shape of friends and acquaintances who are always saying disagreeable things. There are some people you cannot be with for half an hour but you feel cheered and comforted. Then there are other people you cannot be with for five minutes before you feel miserable. They do not mean to disturb you, but they sting you to the bone. They gather up all the yarn which the gossips spin, and peddle it. They gather up all the adverse criticisms about your person, about your business, about your home, about your church, and they make your ear the funnel into which they pour it. They laugh heartily when they tell you, as though it were a good joke, and you laugh too—outside. These people are brought to our attention in the Bible, in the Book of Ruth; Naomi went forth beautiful and with the finest of worldly prospects and into another land, but after a while she came back widowed, and sick and poor. What did her friends do when she came to the city? They all went out and, instead of giving her common sense consolation, what did they do? Read the Book of Ruth and find out. They threw up their hands and said: "Is this Naomi?" as much as to say, "How awful bad you look!" When I entered the ministry I looked very pale for years, and every year, for four or five years, a hundred times a year, I was asked if I had not the consumption! And passing through the room, I would sometimes hear people sigh and say: "A-ah! not long for this world!" I resolved in those times that I never, in any conversation, would say anything depressing, and by the help of God I have kept the resolution. These people of whom I speak reap and bind in the great harvest field of discouragement. Some days you greet them with a hilarious "good morning," and they come buzzing at you with some depressing information. "The Lord sent the hornet." It is astonishing how some people prefer to write and to say disagreeable things. That was the case when four or five years ago Henry M. Stanley returned after his magnificent exploit of finding Dr. David Livingstone, and when Mr. Stanley stood before the *savants* of Europe, and many of the small critics of the day, under pretence of getting geographical information, put to him most insolent questions, he folded his arms and refused to answer. At the very time when you would suppose all decent men would have applauded the heroism of the man, there were those to hiss. "The Lord sent the hornet." And now at this time, when that man sits down on the western coast of Africa, sick and worn out with perhaps the grandest achievement of the age in the way of geographical discovery, there are small critics all over the world to buzz and buzz, and caricature and deride him, and after a while he will get the London papers, and as he opens them out will fly the hornet. When I see that there are so many people in the world who like to say disagreeable things, and write disagreeable things, I come almost in my weaker moments to believe what a man said to me in Philadelphia one Monday morning. I went to get the horse at the livery stable, and the hostler, a plain man, said to me: "Mr. Talmage, I saw that you preached to the young men yesterday." I said "Yes." He said: "No use, no use; man's a failure."

The small insect annoyances of life sometimes come in the shape of local physical trouble, which does not amount to a positive prostration, but which bothers you when you want to feel the best. Perhaps it is a sick headache which has been the plague of your life, and you appoint some occasion of mirth, or sociality, and when the clock strikes the hour you cannot make your appearance. Perhaps the trouble is between the ear and the forehead, in the shape of a neuralgic twinge. Nobody can see it or sympathize with it; but just at the time when you want your intellect clearest, and your disposition brightest, you feel a sharp, keen, disconcerting thrust." "The Lord sent the hornet."

Perhaps these small insect annoyances will come in the shape of a domestic irritation. The parlor and the kitchen do not always harmonise. To get good service and to keep it is one of the great questions of the country. Some times it may be the arrogancy and inconsiderateness of employers, but whatever be the fact, we all admit there are these insect annoyances winging their way out from the culinary department. If the grace of God be not in the heart of the housekeeper, she cannot maintain her equilibrium. The men come home at night and hear the story of these annoyances, and say: "O! these home troubles are very little things." They are small, small as wasps, but they sting. Martha's nerves were all unstrung when she rushed in asking Christ to scold Mary, and there are tens of thousands of women who are dying, stung to death by these pestiferous domestic annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

These small insect disturbances may also come in the shape of business irritations. There are men here who went through 1857 and the 24th of September, 1869, without losing their balance, who are every day unhorsed by little annoyances—a clerk's ill-manners, or a blot of ink on a bill of lading, or the extravagance of a partner who overdraws his accounts, or the underselling by a business rival, or the whispering of store confidences in the street, or the making of some little bad debt which was against your judgment, just to please somebody else. It is not the panics that kill the merchants. Panics come only once in ten or twenty years. It is the constant din of these every-day annoyances which is sending so many of our best merchants into nervous dyspepsia and paralysis and the grave. When our national commerce fell flat on its face, these men stood up and felt almost defiant, but their life is going away now under the swarm of these pestiferous annoyances. "The Lord sent the hornet."

I have noticed in the history of some of my congregation that their annoyances are multiplying, and that they have a hundred where they used to have ten. The naturalist tells us that a wasp sometimes has a family of twenty thousand wasps, and it does seem as if every annoyance of your life brooded a million. By the help of God to-day, I want to set in a counter current. The hornet is of no use? Oh yes! The naturalists tell us they are very important in the world's economy; they kill spiders and they clear the atmosphere; and I really believe God sends the annoyances of our life upon us to kill the spiders of the soul and to clear the atmosphere into the skies. These annoyances are sent on us, I think, to wake us up from our lethargy. There is nothing that makes a man so lively as a nest of "yellow jackets," and I think that these annoyances are intended to persuade us of the fact that this is not a world for us to stop in. If we had a bed of everything that was attractive and soft and easy, what would we want of heaven? We think that the hollow tree sends the hornet. You think the devil sends the hornet. I want to correct your theology. "The Lord sent the hornet."

Then I think these annoyances come on us to culture our patience. In the gymnasium you find upright parallel bars—upright bars, with holes over each other for pegs to be put in. Then the gymnast takes a peg in each hand and he begins to climb, one inch at a time, beginning, or two inches, and getting his strength cultured, reaches after a while the ceiling. And it seems to me that these annoyances in life are a moral gymnasium, each worriment a peg with which we are to climb higher and higher in Christian attainment. We all love to see patience, but it cannot be cultured in fair weather. It is a child of the storm. If you had everything desirable and there was nothing more to get, what would you want with patience? The only time to culture it is when you are lied about, and cheated, and sick, and half dead. "O," you say, "if I only had the circumstances of some well-to-do man I would be patient too." You might as well say, "If it were not for this water I would swim; or, "I could shoot this gun if it were not for the caps." When you are chin-deep in annoyances is the time for you to swim out towards the great headlands of Christian attainment, and when your life is loaded to the muzzle with repulsive annoyances—that is the time to draw the bead. Nothing but the furnace will ever burn out of us the clinker and the slag. I have formed this theory in regard to small annoyances and vexations: It takes just as much trouble to fit us for usefulness and for heaven. The only question is whether we shall take it in the bulk or pulverised and granulated. Here is one man who takes it in the bulk. His back is broken, or his eyesight put out, or some other awful calamity befalls him; while the vast majority of people take this thing piece-meal. Which way would you rather have it? Of course in piece-meal. Better have five aching teeth than one broken jaw. Better ten fly-blisters than an amputation. Better twenty squalls than one cyclone. There may be difference of opinion as to allopathy and homœopathy; but in this matter of trouble I like the homœpathic doses—small pellets of annoyance rather than some knock-down doses of calamity. Instead of the thunderbolt give us the hornet. If you have a bank you would a great deal rather that fifty men would come in with checks less than a hundred dollars than to have two depositors come in the same day each wanting his ten thousand dollars. In this last case, you cough and look down to the floor and you look up into the ceiling before you look into the safe. Now, my friends, would you not rather have these small drafts of annoyance on your bank of faith than some all staggering demand upon your endurance? I want to make my people strong in the fact that they will not surrender to small annoyances. In the village of Hamelin, tradition says, there was an invasion of rats, and these small creatures almost devoured the town and threatened the lives of the population, and the story is that a piper came out one day and played a very sweet tune, and all the vermin followed him to the banks of the Weser, and then he blew a blast and they dropped in and disappeared forever. Of course this is a fable, but I wish I could, on the sweet flute of the gospel, draw forth all the nibbling and burrowing annoyances of your life and play them down into the depths forever. How many touches did Mr. Church give to his picture of "Cotopaxi" or his "Heart of the Andes?" I suppose about fifty thousand touches. I hear the canvas saying, "Why do you keep me trembling with that pencil so long? Why don't you put it on in one dash?" "No," says Mr. Church; "I know how to make a painting; it will take fifty thousand of these touches." And I want you, my friends, to understand that it is these ten thousand annoyances which, under God, are making up the picture of your life, to be hung at last in the galleries of heaven, fit for angels to look at. God knows how to make a picture.

If I had my way with you I would give you all possible worldly prosperity. I would have you a garden, each one a garden—a river running through it, geranium and cactus on the sides, and the grass and flowers as beautiful as though the rainbows had fallen. Then I would build you a house, a splendid mansion, and the bed should be covered with upholstery dipped in the setting sun. I would have every hall in your house set with statues and statuettes, and then I would have the four quarters of the globe pour in all their luxuries on your table, and you should have forks of silver and knives of gold, inlaid with diamond and amethyst. Then you should each one of you have a roan span and a silver gray span, and your pick of the equipages of the world. Then I would have you live a hundred and fifty years, and you should not have a pain or ache until the last breath. "Not each one of us?" you say. Yes, each one of you. "Not to your enemies?" Yes; the only difference I would make with them would be that I would put a little extra gilt on their wall and a little extra embroidery in their slipper. But you say, "Why does not God give us all these things?" Ah! I bethink myself. He is wiser. It would make fools and sluggards of us if we had our way. No man puts his best picture in the portico or vestibule of his house. God meant this world to be only the vestibule of heaven, and that is the great gallery of the universe towards which we are aspiring. We must not have it too good in this world, or we would want no heaven. You are surprised that aged people are so willing to go out of this world. I will tell you the reason. It is not only because of the bright prospects in heaven, but it is because they feel that seventy years of nettlesomeness is enough. They would lie down in the soft meadows of this world forever, but "God sent the hornet."

My friends, I shall not have preached this morning in vain if I have shown you that the annoyances of life, the small annoyances of life, may be subservient to your present and your eternal advantages. Polycarp was condemned to be burned at the stake. The stake was planted. He was fastened to it, the wood was planted around about the stake, it was kindled, but, by some strange current of the atmosphere, history tells us, the flames bent outward like the sails of a ship under a strong breeze, and then far above they came together, making a canopy; so that instead of being destroyed by the flames, there he stood in a flambuoyant bower planted by his persecutors. They had to take his life in another way, and by the point of the poniard. And I have to tell you this morning that God can make all the flames of your trial a wall of defence and a canopy for the soul. God is just as willing to fulfil to you as he was to Polycarp the promises, "When thou passest through the fire, thou shall not be burned." In heaven you will acknowledge the fact that you never had one annoyance too many, and through all eternity you will be grateful that in this world the Lord did send the hornet. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." "All things work together for good to those who love God." The Lord sent the sunshine. "The Lord sent the hornet."

THE GIVERS OF THE FUTURE.

Where are they? Most of them, of the coming generation, are in our Sunday-schools. Scattered here and there, in the different classes, are the Lawrences, Merriams, Pages,—the men and women who are to be the bankers of the next half century. Many of them are poor children, and their gifts at present are small coins. The prosperity of the churches of the future depends much on the way they are now being trained. Charles Stoddard was one of the most magnificent givers of Boston. The secret of his generosity was discovered in the account-books which he kept when a young apprentice, showing that he gave regularly from fifty cents to a dollar a month to different benevolent objects. From these sums his gifts increased as his wealth grew, till he gave his entire income to religious purposes. The principle learned in boyhood made him in mature life a noble benefactor.

This subjects demands more wise teaching than it commonly receives in our Sunday-schools. A single test of this may be mentioned. A pastor who has lately received large accessions to his church, mostly young people from the Sunday-school, invited them to give their reasons why they believed they were converted. He wrote down before the meeting twelve reasons, and whenever one was mentioned by a young convert, he checked it off. At the close of the meeting, all were checked but one. The one not mentioned was this,—"Because I have consecrated my possessions to the Lord." It is one of the first duties of the pastor and Sunday-school teacher to make this principle an element of life to those who are born into the kingdom of God.

It is hard to understand why the deepest spirituality is not commonly associated with this subject. Many believe that the deepest fervor would be chilled by it, and reserve allusions to it for times of the least religious interest. But the Bible connects lack of the fervor with unfaithfulness in giving. It declares to the dead church of the old dispensation, that if it will return to the payment of its tithes, a spiritual blessing greater than it can take care of will be given to it. It introduces this subject into the happiest and loveliest visions of the early Christian church. The crime of Ananias in endeavoring to cheat God is all the darker because seen in contrast with the grace enjoyed and the mercy displayed. The most touching scenes in the life of Christ are connected with this subject. The raising to life of the widow's son, and her grateful joy, do not appeal to the emotions more strongly than the picture of Jesus sitting over against the treasury and watching the other widow as she cast in her mites. The sublimest visions of the future of which the Bible speaks, are intimately connected with this subject. Paul concludes the grand climax in which he has described, the glories of the resurrection by saying, "Now as to the collection." There are opportunities to teach this grace of giving, connected with almost every lesson in the Bible. Often, it is like the unwritten word of Christ, of which his whole life was the utterance, but which failed to be recorded in the Gospels, and was finally preserved in the tenderest of Paul's farewell address, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

It is not always the most talented boys in our classes, nor those most likely to be rich, who are marked to be the greatest givers. I know a man of no remarkable brilliancy of prepossessing appearance, who has been a day laborer all his life, never earning more than five dollars a day. More than forty years ago, in his boyhood, he heard an address from a returned missionary. The appeal greatly moved him. He was conscious that he had not the talent likely to make him successful as a missionary. He was poor also. But he secretly consecrated the earnings of his life to the spread of the gospel. For forty years he has lived economically, worked faithful at his trade, and though a member of a church which includes men worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, his contributions to charitable causes often led the list. He has been known to give $1,100 in a single year, when his whole income could not have been more than $1,500. And we know few Christians who seem to have richer experience than he of communion with God. We cannot tell what incident or what lesson it may be that shall turn hidden wealth into the Lord's treasury. But by his own teaching our Lord shows that he meant to have this subject of giving often before men's minds.

Faithful teaching of this generation ought to revolutionize the present habits of Christian giving. There are noble gifts at certain times, and from some men, but the streams are intermittent and fitful, and the vast machinery of societies and pleaders, with their peculiar expedients, ought not to be needed. A good brother lately compared some of the churches to an old-fashioned pump, to which you have to carry about half as much water as you expect to get, and pour it down a tube. Then you pump long and hard, and the moment you cease, you hear the water gurgling back again, and in an hour the pump is dry enough to hold powder. It is the faithful teaching of the children in this matter that is to lift the church above the possibility of the contempt of business men of the world.—*S. S. Times.*

SPEAKING FOR CHRIST.

Do not be afraid to talk about religion with those who are not Christians. It is not necessary, however, for you to lecture them. It is not best to go at them in a formal, official sort of way, as if you had a duty to discharge and felt bound to do it, whether they liked it or not. You can converse on the subject of religion without "giving him a talking to." That is what a few of us enjoy, be the subject what it may. When you assume by your air and tone that you are in some sense superior to the person with whom you are conversing, that you a saint have come to him a sinner, to reclaim him from the error of his ways, you immediately put him into the attitude of resistance. Of course you do not feel any such superiority, and your method of approach should not convey such an impression. Talk with him, not to him. Draw him out. Get him to tell you what his thoughts of the religious life are, (for all of our neighbors have thoughts about it) and what his purposes and experiments have been in trying to live religiously, (for there are very few who have not at some time in their lives tried to be Christians.) Perhaps you can help him out of his difficulties; if you cannot you may be the means of putting him into communication with some one who can. At any rate you can show your interest in him and your desire to do him good, and you can make him see that you have no wish to dictate to him or to exalt yourself above him.

You must not, however, be obtrusive. Do not force this kind of conversation at unseemly times and in rude ways.

When you talk, talk naturally. You require no holy tones and no theologic phrases. There is no call for cant. Be cheerful about it. Don't give any color to the notion that religion is a gloomy subject; that it can never be mentioned without bringing a shadow upon the face and a drone into the voice. Let your talk be talk, not snuffling, nor wailing nor maundering. And if with a hearty good will and a cheerful confidence in the truth of what you are saying, you thus beside all waters sow the seeds of truth divine, doubtless you shall come again with rejoicing bringing your sheaves with you.

But there is need, sometimes, of talk in public places in prayer and conference meetings, and in other public meetings for religious purposes. If these social religious meetings could be made less formal and more social, so that the exercises should more resemble a familiar but decorous conversation, and be less like a series of set speeches, the result, I am sure, would in many cases be beneficial. If each person, male or female, would feel free without rising to put in a sentence or two pertinent to the theme or the occasion, our conference would often be greatly enriched. Often, the substance of what one has to say is summed up in one or two sentences. Amplification only weakens it. Tersely put it sticks in the memory, and quickens the feeling. If we could have more of these sententious and informal utterances our meetings would be greatly improved, and many who now shrink from participating in them might do so with profit to themselves and to the rest of us.

But even such short sayings must have thought in them and life behind them. Some preparation is necessary even for this unpretentious service. At this preparation should be carefully made. None of us should wait until the meeting and then expect a sudden inspiration. Beaten oil in the sanctuary makes the flame burn brightly; and it matters not whether the candlestick be set in the pulpit or in the prayer-room. I believe in inspirations most heartily; but I believe that they come to those who work, not to those who shirk. When I have been lazy in my preparation for the pulpit, then I cannot be confident that the Lord will do my work for me; but when I have been diligent in making ready for the service I am always sure that He will stand by me and help me to preach his word. And the same rule must, I am sure, hold good of those who speak in the prayer meetings. We do not need to prepare set speeches—far from that; but we do need to be thinking during the week of the subject of which we will speak; of the truth to which we will bear witness; and we ought to be in readiness to utter it clearly and promptly. If we can condense it into a very few words so much the better.—*Rev. W. Gladden.*

CONSECRATION.

A revival season is favorable to self-examination, testing of old hopes and experiences, with renewal of the vows already resting upon us. It is manifest that many, not only of the unconverted, but church members, are inquirers. They are not satisfied. When they look at the terms of discipleship given by Christ, (John 3; 1-5; Matt. 19; 16-22; 5; 1-16,) they feel that they are lacking in essential requisites. It is not to have the name of disciples, to attend upon the means of grace, to have good repute, and even a quiet mind. All such may those have who are but almost Christians. To meet the demands of God upon us, to do our part in his vineyard, fulfil our mission, and secure the great reward, we must be not only almost but altogether Christians. Better know the real and act upon it now.

There are also multitudes outside the pale of the church, who are in a similar condition. Much can be said in favor of their integrity, kindness, generosity, and they look upon their lives with much complacency. Comparing themselves with church members, they strike the balance in their own favor, and rest in security. But what if these church members have no good foundation? If we make shipwreck, it will be a poor consolation to know that others foundered as well as we. Our rule and standard are furnished in the word of God, not in the lives of men. Each one must give account for himself at the great tribunal.

Consecrations, to be availing, must be real. The question is not what others think of us, or what we think of ourselves, or how we compare with our neighbors; but how does our case stand before God? Have our sins been forgiven and washed away through faith in the Saviour? If so, are we still walking in Christ, as we received him, growing in grace, and abounding in the work and labor of love?

Consecration must be entire, God accepts not a divided heart. Many a real consecration is but partial. Some devote a portion, and keep back the rest. Some are liberal with the lip, but defective in the life. Some give bountifully of their substance, but withhold themselves. It is easy to make compromises, while failing to do the very thing required. The commandment of the Lord is very broad, and no subterfuge can evade it. In every path lies the cross, which has to be taken up and carried, or we can find no acceptance.

Consecration must be perpetual. Not once for all, but constant. Many have began well, really gave up all, and entered upon the Christian life, but have fallen back. They have failed to keep their gift on the altar, their love has become cold, they have gone to their old ways. To all such the word is, repent and do the first works. The promise is not to those who begin well, and do well for a time, but to those who endure to the end.

Here are the great obstacles to the progress of the gospel. Professed Christians are not really, fully consecrated, and so are stumbling-blocks to the world. When they arise, renounce false dependencies, and enter heartily upon duty, a great excuse is taken away from the impenitent. Thus most revivals begin, the way of the Lord is prepared, and his power descends upon the people. Why within a few months have hundreds and thousands been converted in Philadelphia, New York, and Chicago? Because Christians have had a mind to work, and truly consecrated themselves to it.

It is not necessary that all should use the same course of means; but they must comply with the gospel plan. The way is plain, simple, easy. Does any church feel the need of revival? They can have it. Does any community? It is open to them. Does any individual feel that he needs divine consecration? He can have it without delay. Behold to-day is the accepted time, the day of salvation.—*Star.*

TAKE YOUR CHURCH PAPER.

Some families cannot, as the parents honestly think, afford to take and pay for a religious paper. It may be that there are such families in our own church. To all such we commend the following from an American exchange:—Let us look at the case. It would cost them little over a half a cent each day to have the weekly visits of our church paper. Is it possible that in a family of from three to seven there could not easily be saved of that which is expended for little or no benefit ten times this daily amount—at least this amount? Again, how many families suffer to go to waste, those things which would readily bring ten times the cost of the paper. But where is the family which could not earn, with little effort, ten times the cost of the paper, additional to that which they now earn; and this often by simply rendering utility the strength or skill of some of its members who are the worst off for want of labor? But if we look at the value of a religious newspaper, the absence of it from a Christian family is the more to be wondered at and deplored. Such a family is informed as to the affairs of the church in general, and even concerning portions of it quite near them. Some of the most important events in all the Christian world—events that fill all heaven with joy or commiseration—are transpiring, and this Christian family care nothing about it and of course know nothing about it. Revivals occur, not only in places of which the members of the family have had no knowledge, but also in places which they have known well, and they know nothing about it. But some say it is *better* to read the Bible. We would not have a family read the Bible less, but *more;* and it is a fact that those who do not take a religious newspaper do read the Bible *less* than such as take such a paper. This is especially true of the children. The religious paper not only increases the taste of children to read, but it also calls their attention to subjects which lead them to consult the Bible and become regular readers of it. But it may be said by some that few of their children have any taste for reading. Well, has *one* of them a taste for it, and, if so, will it not pay for *his* sake alone to take that which is food to his mind and heart? But why have some no taste for reading? It is because such taste has been uncultivated in consequence of want of a newspaper in the house, or by the careless example of the parents as to the reading. It is not time to do all that can be done to remedy this want of taste for reading? Is it a taste which grows with daily food. Give yourselves and children current religious reading, which you can find nowhere so well as in your own church paper.

WHAT A BOOK CAN DO.

An old Puritan Doctor wrote a book, years and years ago, called the "*Bruised Reed,*" which fell at the right time into the hands of Richard Baxter, and brought him under the influence of the enlightening power of the Spirit of God. And then Baxter's ministry was like the sun in his strength, and he wrote a book called "*The Call to the Unconverted,*" which continued to speak long after Baxter himself had ceased to speak with human tongue.

That "*Call to the Unconverted,*" went preaching on until it got into the hands of Philip Doddridge, (prepared by his pious mother's teaching from the Dutch tiles of a mantle-piece, with very quaint scriptural stories,) and it was the means of enlightening him to a broader knowledge and a richer faith, and a deeper experience of the things of God.

And then Doddridge wrote a book called "*The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,*" which, just at a critical period in his history, fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, who wrote a book called "*Practical Christianity,*" which far down in the sunny Isle of Wight fired the heart of a clergyman, who has attained a broad and wide reputation, and most deservedly too—for who has not heard of Leigh Richmond!

He wrote the simple annals of a Methodist girl, and published it under the title of "*The Dairyman's Daughter,*" and into how many languages that has been translated, and been of God-power for the spread of truth! The same book on "*Practical Christianity,*" went right down into a secluded parish in Scotland, and it found there a young clergyman who was preaching a gospel that he did not know, and it instructed him in the way of God more perfectly, and he came forth a champion valiant for the truth upon the earth, until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers.

Look at it. Not a flaw in the chain. Richard Gibbes, Richard Baxter, Philip Doddridge, William Wilberforce, Leigh Richmond, Thomas Chalmers—is not that apostolic succession?

COST OF A DRINK.

I knew a prominent New York lady who gave a great reception to a new pastor from across the water, four or five hundred people being present. Many of the young men, Sunday-school teachers, etc., became so boisterous that the hostess was greatly mortified, and resolved never again to offer wine at her public entertainments. A prominent New York merchant, originally an Englishman, never sat down to table without his wine and brandy, and his three sons, in consequence, all grew up drunkards. One became so abandoned that his father cast him out of the house. At last some temperance people brought about his reformation, and he came to see his father on New-year's day. The old gentleman said, "My son, I'm delighted to see you again. I'm glad you've reformed." Thoughtlessly he said, "Let's drink to your better life one glass of sherry." The young man hesitated a moment, and then thought he would just drink one glass of sherry. The old appetite revived, and that night his father found him dead-drunk in his stable.—*Wm. E. Dodge.*

ANOTHER TEMPERANCE SERMON.

A young lawyer in Lewis County, Kentucky, brilliant, but addicted to drink, was recently appointed a judge in a criminal court. Soon after he appeared on the bench, intoxicated. The following day, on opening court, he addressed the persons present as follows: "Gentlemen and fellow citizens: I appear before you to say I am a victim to a vice which has disgraced me before you and my country. As I entered this court room I heard some one say, 'There goes pretty timber to make a criminal judge of.' I felt that remark as steel through my heart, for it is just. I am unworthy of the high honor and trust you have conferred upon one so young, and I return to you the office I have lost, being unworthy of it. Pardon me, friends and countrymen, but you shall bear this no longer. My judicial integrity and official acts are blameless. Thank God, I am no longer criminal judge of Lewis County. May Heaven keep me in my affliction!"

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Eternal salvation is the great purpose of life

There is no better every day virtue than cheerfulness.

Truth itself, severed from the love of the truth, may be an idol.

Life to him who wishes not to have lived in vain is thought and action.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

It is sad but true that we can silence our consciences easier than our desires.

Those men are worthy to be remembered who have left the world better than they found it.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his heart; the next to escape the censure of the world.

To the generous mind the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.

Talents are best nurtured in solitude; character is best formed in the stormy billows of the world.

Philosophy is the right exercise of reason, in the pursuit and attainment of a happy life.

All the members, head, heart, hands, tongue, eyes and ears, must be brought into willing captivity to the obedience of Christ.

Of all things, purity in acquiring wealth is pronounced the most-excellent, since he who gains wealth with clean hands is truly pure.

When a man begins to love money for money's sake, and not for what it will procure, it is no longer a desire for independence; but the provision of avarice.

ONE WAY TO GET RICH

Nothing is easier than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody; to befriend none; to get all you can, and save all you get; to stint yourself and everybody belonging to you; to be the friend of no man, and have no man for your friend; to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean, miserable, and despised for some twenty or thirty years; and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty nearly enough wealth is collected, by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment, death comes to finish the work—the body is buried in the hole, the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?

CARE FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"I passed a florist," says one, "so absorbed with his 'cuttings' that he did not hear my 'good morning' until twice spoken. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' said he, 'but, you see, one must put his whole mind on these young things if he would have them to do well, and I can not bear that one should die on my hands, for I should feel almost as if I had murdered it by neglect. Young plants need a deal more care than old ones that are used to storms and blight.'" Here is a word for us all. Tenderly, patiently, perseveringly, wisely, let us care for the little ones.

BAD FOUNDATIONS.

Wise men men do not urge masons and builders to put under their houses bad foundations. Wise parents do not urge teachers to put into the lives and characters of their children bad foundations for the future. Hard work and all you can carry, is the greatest kindness. *Early, often* and *always* are the infantry, cavalry and artillery that equip the soul for battle and victory.

RANDOM READINGS.

Kind words fall on the weary, bruised soul, as the rain drops on the thirsty earth—to purify, to refresh, to strengthen.

"Insults," says a modern philosopher, "are like counterfeit money. We cannot hinder their being offered, but we are not compelled to take them."

In the pathway of life it is not the great obstacles but the little hindrances which overcome us. It must be a high wall which we cannot surmount, but it is the little stone that trips us up.

When we have practiced good actions awhile they become easy, and when they become easy we begin to take a pleasure in them, and when they please us we do them frequently. Form then the habit of doing good.

Good, kind, true, holy words, dropped in conversation, may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers of fruitful trees falling by the wayside, borne by some bird afar, happily thereafter to fringe with beauty some barren mountain, or to make glad some lone wilderness.

What we want in religion is not new light, but new sight; not new paths, but new zeal and earnestness to walk in the old paths that have led such multitudes safely to heaven; not new duties, but new strength from on high to fulfil those that are plain before us.

A scoffer once scornfully asked "What advantage has a religious man over any one like myself? Does not the sun shine on me as well as on him, this fine day?" "Yes," replied his companion, a pious laborer, "but the religious man has two suns shining on him at once—one on the body and the other on the soul.