

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

WHOLE No. 1249

The illustration here drawn from the affairs of life is suggestive of the importance of spiritual culture. The man who neglects himself in his worldly affairs by their neglect neglects his spiritual life. He is not able to give a serious and seasonable examination into their account, and so do multitudes of souls make shipwreck of their precious hopes of immortality by a failure to do so. They are not able to give a true faith of the gospel or not! A confidence of spiritual safety which rests upon anything less than evidence obtained by an impartial, and ingenious, and humble self-examination, is a confidence in a bubble. It is a confidence in a bubble, and this multitudes of professing Christians are, and the opening of this new year of grace, abiding. They believe they are Christians because they are in the current. They argue that they are in the current of heaven at last. They are in the current. They live in due and careful observance of religious ceremonies, and they substitute these for inward and spiritual affections, desires and prayers. They are not able to give a true conduct of the man of business, who should have his trust in the integrity and praiseworthiness of his affairs upon the punctilious observance of

Again, I notice in Eleazar's grip of the sword an entire self-forgetfulness. He did not realize that the hilt of the sword was eating down into the palm of his hand, and that while he was taking the life of the sword, the sword was taking the life of him. He was so intent upon his desire to destroy the Philistines. His hand clave unto his sword. Now in our Christian work we want self-forgetfulness. If we are all the time afraid we are going to get hurt, we will not kill the Philistines. Who cares whether or not we are hurt? What are we battling? Is such a glorious conflict, like the Philistine, such a glorious battle, like the Philistine, that we are sure to win? What is the nature into it, in entire self-abnegation and self-forgetfulness. I would rather live five years more and have them industrious and consecrate to Christ, than to live fifty years more and have them indolent and useless. What are pain and grief for? What are they for? What are they for when we are engaged in the service of such a Master? Do not be groaning because you are so tired, or because you meet with such severe rebukes from the world. Stop thinking of your wounded hand and think of victory. We have noticed how men can overcome physical hindrance and overcome the world, and win the enterprise. What were the everlasting frost to Dr. Kane engaged in Arctic exploration? What was gout to Torstenstén, the Swedish general, who was carried on his cot at the head of his army, the enemy flying when they saw the general? What was the handicap to the Scotch scrofula to Dr. Samuel Johnson, doing the work of five professors at Oxford? What was invalidism to Alexander Pope poetizing for all time, and for the nations, although so weak that even morning he had to be sewed up in canvas before he could stand at all? What was lameness to the man who, when he was asked to go to the land to beat back? What were dropsy and heart disease and a half-dozen other complaints to Commodore Vanderbilt when he had the stock of the New York Central Railroad to advance? When we see worldly men overcoming every kind of impediment in order that they may succeed in their worldly aims, why should we be envying of heavenly crowns for ourselves and our fellows? And yet, how many Christians are wringing their hands. They say, 'O! my hand! my hand! It is so numb and it is so wounded.' There is blood on the hilt and there is blood on the hand. They are so engaged into the conflict with such a holy recklessness that they think whether he had a hand, or an arm, or a foot, or think of anything but victory. "His hand clave to his sword."

There are in the United States a great many agile ministers. They are too decept or invalid to take parishes. They fought a mighty battle for God in other days. Their names are in the church records styled "*Energetic*," or the records are put down, a minister without a charge. They are not without some of the qualities and intricacies that you could count from noon until sundown. They were a self-denying race of pioneers. They had few books, and small salaries, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments, and, having no police, when they were called to a new place they would just make off their coat and go down in the snow, to thrash into silence the disturber of the peace, and then go back again to the pulpit, and put in their coat and pray the Lord that he would by his grace complete the work of subjection so vigorously begun! But that old, worn-out minister, Sunday into the pulpit, or put him in a sick-room where a dying man wants consolation, and he is the same old gospel ring of admonition and petition. The sword which for half a century has been wielded against the Philistines is so much in the old man's hand he cannot drop it, and he has never had a right to. He is a minister as was Joshua. You know when we have come home from battle they sometimes have on their flags the names of the battle-fields where they distinguished themselves; and that is appropriate. I see inscribed on the flag of old John is Jordan. He has never had a right to it, and, instead of having the flag sprinkled with stars, it has on it the sun and moon that stood still. He is a hundred and ten years old. He is flat on his back, but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle against idolatry, and the rallying of the hosts of Israel: "Behold! I am old, and I am near my end. I have said much, but I have not failed to perform anything he has promised concerning Israel." The old man's hand is laid on his sword. There lies the headless body of Paul on the road to Oates. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. His last days were full of triumph. "O! you say, the man is in Jordan," he says, "stop! stop! stop!" His back has been stung with the merciless elmwood rods. When the cornship broke up he was awash ashore, coming up drenched in the brine. He is an old man, worn out and decrepit with the damp cells of the Manerotte. Ever since the day when he was hauled out of the sea, and the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, until now in his sixty-eighth year, he has been outrageously abused, and he is waiting

seems almost irreverent to counsel you to patient with God; and yet you know that in against God you have cried out in your impatience. Your garden did not bloom in season bear fruit in abundance, and in your heart you said, "God will never reward me according to my works. He has flowers for others and not even for the ungodly, but me he leaves in wait. When will my turn come?" Be patient. Have one time, and you another. Your time when you desire; his is when you can use. He sees your day of real want; you see only the air of capricious wishes. You can afford to be patient.—*Methodist*.

most all are most ashamed. Every one desires only  
to rule and enjoy.

accessible wishes is boiling water poured on the leaves, which have already been used and allowed to stand twelve hours, then put in a bottle.