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.

VOL. XXV.—No. 50. SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1878. WHOLE No. 1298.

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The Intelligencer.

ONE WAY TO DO A CHARITY.

BY EDITH BRIGGS.

"Somehow, dear mother, I feel so restless to-day! I do not know why," said a young and sweet-faced girl, who had been all the morning bending over a table strewn with colors and brushes and pieces of china.

"I know why, my dear child," said the mother, who a moment ago had entered the room and stood now by her daughter's side, watching dainty touches that were completing a border of morning glories around a figured vase. "You feel restless because you are overworking. Here you have been these beautiful June days shut in the house hardly resting an hour between daylight and dark, and then going to work again by lamplight. You cannot go on in this way, Amy. You will be ill."

"Oh, mother! Don't say that!" said Amy, instantly arousing herself to vivacity and urging a tone of gayety into her languishing voice. "I am only too glad to have all this work to do. These vases for Miss Harrison will be finished to-morrow, and then I can begin to decorate the breakfast set for dear Mrs. Howard. I shall take such pleasure in that. And it is such a privilege to earn something toward keeping up this house that my dear father left to us. *I am not tired.* But I think I was worrying a little."

Tears started in Mrs. Malte's eyes at something plaintive in the tone in which Amy said "I am not tired." She drew the girl's head fondly toward her, pushed softly back the rich waves of dark hair, and kissed the fair young forehead.

"And what were you troubled about, darling?"

"Oh! I was fretting because I thought perhaps I ought to go to some city with my work, and dispose of it there for better prices. I was thinking of those candlesticks that Mrs. Deane bought. They were worth so much more than she gave. I told her so. I repeated what I had heard my teacher say of the value of such things. But Mrs. Deane could not give more, so I sold them. And now I am afraid I feel irritated about it. So much time and toil for such a trifling sum! It seems like a sacrifice."

Mrs. Malte looked puzzled and sorrowful. She had a sad, indignant thought that she did not wish to express. So she only replied to Amy:

"Come with me. You are already so nearly ill that you need medicine, and the medicine shall be fresh, sunny air. We will take a walk through the woods, for my good too. We will go down to the river-shore, and sit a while on the bank under the wild grape-vine. It must be in full blossom now and deliciously fragrant. And we will look at the river view your father loved so well. Come."

"Then, mother dear," said Amy, obeying, "you must not say a word if I work two hours later to-night, to make up time."

"No," said her mother with a sigh, "I will not say a word."

Mrs. Deane came into her parlor that bright June morning and found her husband, whom she had supposed to be already far on his way to the village, for his business day, standing, hat in hand, beside the fireplace, examining the ornaments of the mantlepiece.

"Where did these new fangles come from?" he asked, in a voice not particularly indicative of pleasure.

Mrs. Deane approached him rather nervously and said:

"Why, Edward, those are the candles Cousin Caroline painted for me, and I hadn't a candlestick in the house to put them in. So when I was in New York I inquired the price of those candlesticks—"

"Inquired the price of them?" interrupted Mr. Deane, roughly. "Bought them, you mean."

"Oh! no," said Mrs. Deane. "I did not buy them. They cost ten dollars a pair. I would not spend such a sum for trifles. But I bought these," added the little woman, triumphantly—"I bought these of Amy Malte for *four*, and they're a good deal handsomer than the New York ones. She asked nine dollars; but I beat her down to four."

"Well," said Mr. Deane, with a modified air, "I don't hanker after grimcracks. I don't believe in piling up parlors, as you women do nowadays, with chiny poodles and bull-dogs, and chiny washing-girls and chiny dimijohns, till a man feels in 'em like a bull in a chiny-shop. But I shan't blame you for buyin' these Nancy. They're mighty fine paintin', if I'm any judge. And, if buyin' of them has been the means of givin' that handso——" Here Mr. Deane changed his adjective with a jerk, not unlike, to use his own simile, a "bull in a china-shop," who had just escaped breaking something—"that *handy* little Amy Malte a lift, I don't mind the expense."

"I told her you would not," said Mrs. Deane. "I told her it gave us pleasure to *encourage* her. Why, just look at these butterflies flying over the wheat-stalks," continued Mrs. Deane, taking one of the ornamental objects tenderly into her hand. "I tell you, Edward, if you were to put these candlesticks into an auction, they'd bring twelve to-morrow."

"Yes, Cousin Caroline has really a gift for decorating," said Mrs. Deane to her neighbor, Mrs. Rogers, who was making her an afternoon call, and to whom she had been displaying her new acquisition. "She is more artistic, I think, than most amateurs, with a stress on the word *amateurs*." "And the candlesticks, how do you like them?"

"They are lovely," said Mrs. Rogers. 'Twas in fact the sticks and not the candles that her eyes had been regarding admiringly. "The design is exquisite. Are these, too, the work of your cousin?"

"No," said Mrs. Deane. "They were a purchase of mine. Do you really like them? I was not quite sure whether they were strictly in good taste. A little too florid, perhaps. But I bought them to help a poor young person—Amy Malte, a neighbor of ours, a poor girl in whom I am interested."

At the mention of the name Amy Malte other ears than those of Mrs. Rogers became alert—the ears of two young people, Miss Folger and her brother, who were visiting Miss Deane, and who, like Mrs. Rogers, were new-comers to the town. They were both excited—Miss Folger because she had heard Amy Malte described as "the prettiest girl in the place," and she had not yet seen her; and the brother because he had seen her, and had been secretly smitten by her dainty charms.

"And who is Amy Malte?" asked Mr. Rodgers. "Not, surely, the daughter of Auguste Malte, the distinguished author of B.?"

"Yes. The Maltes are old residents here. You have probably not seen them because they live so quietly. They are obliged to live quietly or not live at all. Auguste Malte died and left his family *perfect beggars*. Of course, the neighbors are all kind. We all [with a sigh] try to help them along. I [with another sigh] do my part. But they are so poor!" and here Mrs. Deane, evidently aware that she was addressing an audience, raised her voice accordingly. "I don't suppose they know one day where the next day's meal is coming from. I have been credibly informed that they live on pancakes the year round."

"Live on *pancakes*!" was repeated, with a titter, by some one on the sofa.

Mrs. Deane, warmed with her subject, went on. "And I don't suppose those Malte girls—do you, Clarissa?" appealing to her daughter—"wear an atom of clothing that is not a cast-off thing of some relative. And Amy, the oldest girl——"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Rogers—not loudly, but with such an unmistakable cry of pain that Mrs. Deane thought her guest had been seized with a "stitch in her side," and was relieved to find the stitch only a mental one by the instant addition of "Don't say any more. *How I pity them!*"

"They are, as you say, objects of pity; and so I bought these candlesticks of Amy. It was," she added, blandly, "*a very pretty way to do a charity.*"

Mrs. Rogers was "returning calls," and in the first house that she entered after leaving Mrs. Deane—a house elaborately adorned and surrounded by the most picturesque grounds within the limit of the town's environs—she found Mrs. Multon "at home."

Conversation turned in the course of the visit to that very frequent topic of the day, 'charities,' and somewhere indirectly in this connection Mrs. Multon appealed to her visitor.

I wish you would tell me, quite frankly, do you think I did right? I gave a picnic last week in our Chestnut Grove. It was a petite affair, to be sure. The invitations were only extended to a few young people, Adele's intimate friends; but I wanted so much to invite Amy Malte. Somehow that girl's life touches me; she is so sweet-looking, so refined. And I know, at least I fear, the poor child is injuring herself by incessant work. She paints china, you know I wanted to ask her to our picnic. I thought the change of a bright afternoon would do her good. But I don't know the Maltes very well; so I consulted my neighbor, Mrs. Deane. She knows them intimately. Indeed I imagine she is *very* good and helpful to them. She did not say *how much* she has done for them. She was delicate about it. But I could draw from her intimations that they are special objects of her care and liberality."

"I never fancied Mrs. Deane particularly," Mrs. Multon continued, confidentially. "She is not a pleasing person to me. I had even thought of dropping her from my visiting list. But this kindness of hers to the Maltes has quite won me. I am her sincere friend now. So I asked her advice about inviting Amy. She opposed the idea decidedly. 'The girl's time,' she said, 'is fully occupied with her life-work. She has no leisure for society.' 'But,' I said, 'this ought not to be. She is so young and interesting; and there's a ban for youth certainly against 'all work and no joy.' The truth was that argument of Mrs. Deane did not convince me at all. But then she said: 'And if you give these working-people a taste of pleasure, it unfits them for their toil. They see a world entirely different from their own—a world that does not and cannot belong to them; and they become restless and discontented. The well-meant kindness only *aggravates* them. Now there was something in that. So I did not invite Amy Malte; but ever since I have felt reproached. I can see her sweet face—she sits in one of those side pews in church very near ours—growing every week paler and paler. She was as rosy as Adele six months ago. I thought a pleasant afternoon in our grove, with girls and boys of her own age, would do her good. Now tell me, what do *you* think?

Mrs. Rogers had turned slightly pale. Her lips were set, her eyes had dimmed with some sad emotion. She answered very pleasantly: I think that I am very sorry you did not ask her. I think your impulse was kind and right. Even the invitation, if it could not be accepted, would have given pleasure. And accepted, I believe the picnic would have done Amy good If I were you, I would invite her the very next time that you have a gathering of young people."

"I will," said gentle-hearted Mrs. Multon, "Twill give me sincere pleasure to do so. I shall take your advice."

"*A very pretty way to do a charity.*" These words haunted Mrs. Rogers. They 'rang in her ears' when she was going to sleep at night. They stimulated her to a course of action quite foreign to her softly sympathetic and rather passive nature. They aroused her to an action of reproof.

A visit to the studio of Amy Malte, where the guileless girl, won by the 'motherly way' which was a genuine outflow of the matron's lovingness, gave to Mrs. Rogers ungrudgingly and almost unconsciously her artless confidence, had served to establish this resolution and precipitate the reproving act.

It was in a Saturday evening twilight that Mrs. Deane and Mrs. Rogers were seated together within garden-walls in a secluded arbor, hung thickly with blossomed clematis, and overlooking from a shrubbered eminence the rolling hills and the valley, amid whose foliage, rich with the emerald color of June, the spires of the village and its roofs and in the east the rising moon poured a silver luster. This mingling of lights enhanced everything. The scene was so sweet and tranquil that a spirit of silence preluded the conversation, which, now that the moment for it was come, Mrs. Rogers hardly felt courage to make.

The first words gave Mrs. Deane a singular thrill of anticipation.

"To-morrow we shall meet at church," said Mrs. Rogers. "We shall meet at the *communion*, and before we kneel there side by side in the presence of our Lord there is something I want very much to say to you."

Mrs. Deane made no reply.

"Dear Mrs. Deane," continued her neighbor, impetuously, "if you had a darling relative who placed in unhappy circumstances, was struggling against them to earn her own living, would you not think it a friend's part to come and tell you if some one was persistently representing that relative as 'an object of charity,' and exposing to careless view the ignominies that, in order to keep herself from becoming a burden to others, she was forced to endure?"

"Indeed, I should," said Mrs. Deane, with a vague sense of relief. "And I am happy to say that I have no relative who is an object of charity. Mr. Deane's cousin, to be sure, Mrs. Malborough, a much-esteemed woman with a host of influential friends, was left a widow in straitened circumstances, and has taken the position of housekeeper in the house of a distant connection But if ever a woman fairly earned her living she does. It would take the diplomacy of a bureau of state to steer straight through the complications and the tempers of *that* family And Mrs. Marlborough does it. 'An object of charity' indeed! I should like to know who said so."

"You agree with me, then," said Mrs. Rogers, "that to such a woman a representation made to strangers that she was an incumbent upon gratuitous bounty, and the unnecessary exposure to cold eyes of whatever indignities her brave soul has to bear, would be an unkindness and an insult."

"Indeed I do."

"Because," said Mrs. Rogers, 'I have noticed that among even what we call the 'lower classes' of working-people there is a certain upright spirit which does not willingly submit to accepting charitable help unless such help becomes absolutely necessary. I consider this sort of independence a sacred endowment of character and a saving one in human economy. Don't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Deane, feeling again something of the thrill of anxious anticipation; for Mrs. Rogers had turned toward her, with a face full of agitation.

"I was thinking," she went on, "of Amy Malte. I am sure, with her refined feelings it would pain her to have strangers told that she 'lives on pancakes' all the year, and wears only 'cast off clothes,' and that her neighbors buy her handiwork 'for charity.' I think such a picturing of herself would pain her. And when I learned, accidentally, that the slight purchase, 'below price,' of some pieces of her artistic work was made not only a boast of 'charity, but was actual capital to the purchaser, winning by a generalized form of 'goodness and liberality' a valuable friendship not granted otherwise, I felt there was something wrong that should be dealt with. I will not say reprovingly, for we are all so full of faults that reproof seems hardly to belong to any of us—to the elders of the church, perhaps, but not to us women; so I will not say reprovingly, but a wrong that should be dealt with *awakeningly*.

I think sometimes," said Mrs. Rogers tremblingly, for she was by this time quite unnerved by her unwented errand, "that we cannot too gently and too reverently do our Lord's will, especially in the manner of our charities. Perhaps he had some deeper, insight into the needs of the oppressed than we are aware of when he said, 'But thou when thou doest alms let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth, that thine alms may be in secret'; and when in his example he attached to his most startling gifts 'Go and tell no man.' Perhaps in his divinely comprehensive reach of sympathy he took part with something worthily sensitive that he would not be willing to have wounded."

And here Mrs. Rogers put her arm gently around Mr. Deane and leaned her head confidingly against that little lady's shoulder."

"It would be so dreadful"—she spoke now in that softened, slightly pain-sharpened voice that we all involuntarily use in prayer—"it would be so dreadful if ever we or those we love should come into the presence of our Lord and say, 'In Thy name we have cast out devils, and in Thy name we have done many wonderful works,' and that then he should profess unto us: 'I never knew you.'"

Mrs. Deane had many opportunities after this to display the painted candlesticks that she had bought of Amy Matte; but never again alluding to their purchase was she heard to say:

"A very pretty way to do a charity."

—*Independent.*

"Put yourself in the publisher's place" for a little time, and see if you will not feel that prompt payment is the right thing.

THE CHIEF CORNER-STONE.

BY REV. E. B. SANFORD.

From certain standpoints, with our backs to the light, the outlook over this gray old world is sad and disheartening. We hear the wail of want, the cry of breaking hearts. We see the fierce struggle of contending interests and the slavery and ruin of evil habits. It is only when we turn our faces toward the light which shines from the Cross, and witness the progress and triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom, that our hearts take courage. The stone which the builders rejected has become the head of the corner, and upon this foundation we see rising the temple of the world's hope. As we listen, there comes to us the voice of singing, the uplifted song of those redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; redeemed from the thraldom of appetite and passion and made new creatures in Christ Jesus; redeemed from the lust of gold and cankering selfishness and filled with desires after the heavenly inheritance, and ready to serve their Lord whereever He may call them.

We behold the onward march of a Christian civilization, bearing light and blessing to all men and see the messengers of the Gospel of Peace going to every land, and harvests springing up where thorns and brambles have choked the earth. The life of Christ, as an historic fact, in its influence upon the growth and advancement of civilization, is incomparable. From the precepts of the religion He taught, from the inspiration which finds its source in His truth, there has sprung those forces in government, society, art, literature and invention which to-day rule the world. An English statesman once boasted that he was a citizen of an empire upon which the sun never set, but every follower of Christ can boast of citizenship in that kingdom the power of which is more and more dominating the nations of the earth, and will continue to extend its leavening influence until "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God the Father."

The centuries have seen the rise and fall of the proudest nations on earth. The greatest monuments of human skill and industry have crumbled into dust. Names that once filled the world with renown are lost in the deep and swift current of that resistless stream that sweeps into oblivion the memory of high and low, the ruler of an empire as well as the humblest subject bending before the throne. On every foot of earth, trodden by the coming and passing generations, time, with remorseless hand, has written the story of change, and the brevity and uncertainty of all human life and effort. But there is one kingdom whose power increases and the strength and glory of which is ever advancing. Christ is the Chief Corner-stone upon which rests its sure foundation. Nations will still rise and fall, dire revolutions may for a moment seem to threaten the fabric of society, but the kingdom of light shall at last gain a complete triumph over the power of darkness. It is the privilege of the believer to be as a living stone in this superstructure that shall stand when the elements melt with fervent heat and the heavens are rolled together as a scroll. It is for us to choose upon what foundation we will build up the fabric of our hope and life in these probationary days. Woe be to them that build upon the shifting sands. Blessed are they who rest all upon Christ, the Chief corner-stone, elect, precious. They shall not be confounded.

It costs much money to publish the INTELLIGENCER. The money to pay the bills is in the hands of delinquent subscribers. We need it.

An increased circulation is increased opportunity for good doing.

"If God be for you, who can be against you?" The wind may howl, the billows may roll, and the tempest rage horribly; it matters not, if the peace of God is your keeper, you are safe. Oh! the magnificence, the grandeur of this promise; and yet, dear reader, it is yours and ours through Christ Jesus. Shall we grasp it, embrace it, and walk in the comfort and joy it is meant to supply? The Lord evermore give us this peace.

TRIAL BY TEMPTATION.

Some of the sorest trials that come to the Christian are those from temptation—temptation in some to enter specific sin, in others to distrust God, in others to abandon all hope and give up the struggle. These come often when least expected, and in the most powerful forms when the heart is least prepared to resist them. The Christian says, "Now I shall be free from the assaults of Satan, for grace has conquered my heart;" but alas! in a new method Satan regulates his attack.

Young Christians who are rejoicing in their early love for Christ are often flattered that temptations are no more to molest them. But still again and again the enemy of their salvation seeks their overthrow. It is not possible for all persons to attain to a freedom from temptation. Some of the best men who have ever fought in the army of Christ have fought against monster temptations. Surely it is no evidence of goodness absolute if there are no temptations. We should not look for a certain uniformity here. John Knox the day before his death could exclaim, "I have been in heaven, and have possession. I have tasted the heavenly joys where I presently am." Yet on the day of his death he encountered the most fearful temptation of his life. Only a few hours before he died he said to his wife, "I have formerly, during my frail life, sustained many contests, and many assaults of Satan; but at present that roaring lion hath assailed me most furiously, and put forth all his strength to devour and make an end of me at once. Often before has he placed my sins before my eyes, often tempted me to despair, often endeavored to ensnare me by the allurements of the world. Now he has attacked me in another way: the cunning serpent has labored to persuade me that I have merited heaven and eternal blessedness by the faithful discharge of my ministry." Of course the dying man triumphed. Indeed, the temptation afforded an opportunity for a brighter evidence of his soul's complete rest in Jesus.

He who wins a victory over temptation may bless the Lord in his heart for the conquest and for the enemy. "All are yours;" for even the enemies of the soul in this way call out the Christian's hidden resources.

It is hardly probable that the same class or kind of temptations shall annoy the conquering soul for a great length of time. Grace will overcome and experience will fortify until the foe will no longer attack at the old points. When the victory is gained by the heart at one point, Satan leaves, and, as in the case of John Knox, makes his appearance at another.

It is possible for the Christian to be strengthened by divine grace that the tempter will have but little power. If there is that building up of character before the Lord that is possible for the Christian, the temptation will be resisted largely before it comes. Some neglect this, and seem only to exert themselves powerfully when thrown under powerful necessities. Nothing else seems to bestir them. It is better that the heart be grown up to powerful strength and faith in God, then resistance and conquest will be easy.—*Religious Telescope.*

If you have not yet paid for this year, pay now. Every subscription due is needed now.

BE KIND TO THE LIVING.

We live in a world where nothing is sure. To-day our friends are about us in the freshness of bloom and health and spirits; to-morrow we bend in anguish over their still forms; and it is well if no bitter regrets mingle with the tears we shed upon their white faces. Oh! life is insecure, and the brightest and most promising of all our treasures may, perhaps soonest droop and fade. And when one dies, how anxious we are to do him homage! We speak of his virtues, we excuse his faults, and spread the mantle of charity over his vices, which, while he lived, we had no patience with. If we only had, we might have won him to a better life. Had we exercised toward him a little of the forbearance and kindness with which we now speak of him, he had had fewer faults. How often his heart ached and cried out for human sympathy—for our sympathy—we may never know; and if we could, it is too late to undo the past, too late to soothe and benefit him. We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of hope and joy, but toward those who are still left to us, who have ears to hear and hearts to throb with pain and grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving, and kind.

Do not wait till the faithful, devoted wife, who has tried so hard to make your home pleasant and comfortable, is dead, to show her kindness. No funeral pomp, no costly monument with loving words inscribed thereon, will make up for past neglect. Could the fond kisses that are now imprinted on her cold lips, and the murmured words of endearment that fall unheeded upon her ear, have been hers while living, there would have been no woman in all this wide world fonder or happier than she.

Do not wait till the hands of the tired, patient mother are folded over the heart that she so often thrilled with joy, or beat wildly with pain on your account, to do her honor. By the memory of all the loving offices which she has performed for you from infancy all the way up to manhood or womanhood, keep your love for her deep and ardent, dutifully respect and reverence her, repay with interest the tender love and care that she has lavished upon you, and strive to make her last days restful, happy, and peaceful.

Be especially kind to the little ones. The world will deal harshly enough with them; it is a rough world at the best. Surround them with an atmosphere of love, and instill into their hearts noble feelings and principles while you may; for, sooner than you think, other and less holy influences will be brought to bear upon them.

Be kind to the sad, the sorrowful, the unfortunate, the erring, and the fallen. Kind words and kindly acts can not hurt them, and may do them a world of good.

The Golden Rule is a safe one for everybody, especially for newspaper subscribers.

THE ONE-SYLLABLED TEXT.

Jesus must have known that the little children would want to know the way to be saved, for He has told it so simply in a sentence which contains no long words; every little one can read that text for his or herself. They are all words of *one syllable*, easily spelt out and quickly learnt, and yet they tell us of our need of Jesus, and His love and work for us. This is the text:

"*For the Son of man has come to seek and save that which is lost.*" (Luke xix. 10.)

Now, firstly, we learn that Jesus is called by the precious name "Son of man." He was like you and me; first a little baby, weak and helpless; growing into childhood and knowing how children feel, suffer, and rejoice; then in time growing up into noble manhood, and making daily toil and daily care glorious by His example. You can tell Jesus anything and everything, children, because He was once just like you, and will be sure to understand all about it.

This precious Saviour "came to seek." Ah! we often look for things, but fail to find them. Jesus seeks "until he finds it." He comes to seek *and to save*. Who? The *lost*. And who are the lost? Every man, woman, or child in this world is either *lost* or *saved*. We are all born lost, and need not wait in order to know that we are not saved. We are away from Jesus, straying like silly sheep upon the dark wilderness-mountains, never thinking of going back until we hear His voice close to our side, calling us by name, and see His dear pierced hands outstretched to save us. Little lost child! have you felt your need of a good Shepherd? Turn to Jesus; he is close by; close to you, stooping to catch your faintest heart-whisper, and ready to take you up in His kind arms and bear you safely home.

Is any little child reading this, who has been saved by the Son of man? You must do as He does; go forth to seek and to save. Do not wait for the wandering ones to come to you; Jesus does not do that, He goes to them. Though the way be long, and His feet grow tired, yet His loving heart counts nothing too hard or painful to suffer for a sinner's sake. Go and seek that little sister who does not yet love Jesus; try and win that school friend who can join in everything you like but the praise and service of Jesus. Be child-saviours. You can not give up *your* life for them, but you can tell them of one who laid down His life for the sheep. I want all of you to remember that "Christ left us an example that we should follow His steps," and we can trace those steps out in the world-wilderness, over rocks and mountains of difficulties, to the place where lost sheep lie perishing. Jesus saith, "follow Me." "Who will go for us? Whom shall we send?" Will you answer, "Here am I; send me?" Will you try and win *one* soul this week for Jesus?—*Eva Travers, in (London) Christian.*

Every friend of the paper may give it valuable help by prompt payment.

Every Free Baptist family should read the INTELLIGENCER.

FOUR IMPOSSIBLE THINGS.—1. To escape troubles by running away from duty. Jonah once made the experiment, but it did not succeed. Therefore, manfully meet and overcome the difficulties and trials to which the post assigned you by God's providence exposes you.

2. To become a Christian of strength and maturity without undergoing severe trials. What fire is to gold, such is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed lustre.

3. To form an independent character, except when thrown upon one's own resources. The oak in the middle of the forest, if surrounded on every side by trees that shelter and shade it, runs up tall and comparatively feeble; cut away its protectors and the first blast will overturn it. But the same tree, growing in the open field, where it is continually beaten upon by the tempest, becomes its own protector. So the man who is compelled to rely on his own resources forms an independence of character to which he could not otherwise have attained.

4. To be a growing man by looking to your position in society for influence, instead of bringing influence to your position. Therefore prefer rather to climb up the hill with difficulty than to be steamed up by a power outside yourself.

Do not persuade yourself that witholding your payment will not be noticed.

A SISTER'S TEARS.—A young man, not very long since, was on examination for ordination. In relating his Christian experience and call to the ministry, the question was put to him:

"What first led you to see yourself a sinner, and to feel your need of Christ?"

His simple reply was:

"A sisters tears."

He said he had been thoughtless and wicked, using the name of God profanely, and giving himself up to infidel sentiments. He had a pious sister, and he would argue with his sister on the claims of the Christian religion, the genuineness of the Scriptures, and argue her down but the sister would not yield. She was is earnest in seeking the salvation of her brother. So she brought in her minister. But the young would-be infidel disposed of the minister as easily as he did of his sister, and came off victor.

At length, on one occasion he sought an argument with his sister, but she was silent; she had nothing to say. But he only stormed the more. Still she said nothing; and when he spoke ill of her God, her Savour, her Bible, her religion, she made no reply, but burst into a flood of tears; "those tears of my sister," said the young minister, "reached my heart and melted it. I then saw myself a sinner and fled to Christ for help."

What a lesson of encouragement is this to those who are striving for salvation of the souls of beloved friends. Jesus wept over sinners, and when we are so earnest for the souls of our loved ones that we weep over them, then they will be won to Christ. "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Hundreds of 1878 subscriptions are unpaid. Ought they be delayed any longer?

"THE NINETY AND NINE."—On the Aletusch Glacier I saw a strange, a beautiful sight—the parable of the "Ninety and nine," reacted to the letter. One day we were making our way with ice-axe and alpenstock down the glacier, when we observed a flock of sheep following their shepherds over the intricate windings between crevasses, and so passing from the pastures on the one side of the glacier to the pastures on the other. The flock had numbered two hundred all told. But on the way one sheep had got lost. One of the shepherds, in his German *patois*, appealed to us if we had seen it. Fortunately, one of the party had a field-glass. With its aid we discovered the lost sheep far up amid a tangle of brushwood, on the rocky mountain side. It was beautiful to see how the shepherd, without a word, left his hundred and ninety-nine sheep out in the glacier waste, (knowing they would stand there perfectly still and safe), and went clambering back after the lost sheep until he found it. And he actually put it on his shoulder and "returned rejoicing." Here was our Lord's parable enacted before our eyes; though the shepherd was all unconscious of it. And it brought our Lord's teaching home to us with a vividness which none can realize but those who saw the incident.—*Exchange.*

The payment of small bills—newspaper subscriptions, for instance—makes the payment of large bills possible.

There are sceptics, I believe, who think to find excuse for the scepticism they persist in on the ground that "one of the twelve" was a sceptic like themselves. And so he was, *for a time*; but if his scepticism had not yielded to the evidence, or, in other words, if he had *continued* faithless or unbelieving, Judas Iscariot was not more certain to be ejected from his apostleship than he. Those who think themselves innocent and safe because they *begin* as the apostle did, must take care that they *end* as the apostle did.—*Dr. James Walker.*

SEEK THEM NOT.—When Jeremiah the prophet was pouring out his words of warning and lamentation over apostate Israel, he said to Baruch the Scribe, the son of Neriah, who wrote at the dictation of the prophet the words of warning and of doom: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not." Jer. 45: 5.

Baruch may have been young, and life may have opened before him with promise of blessing and prosperity; earthly ambitions may have absorbed his soul, and his gaze might thus have become fixed upon earthly honors and pleasures which awaited him, but the warning of the prophet was: "Seek them not."

However desirable such great things might be, in a world of sin and sorrow such as this, the pursuit of them was attended with too much danger and uncertainty for him to make them the objects of his care and toil.

The same advice to-day may be fitly given to many an aspiring soul: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Let your soul aspire to things higher than this world. "The world passeth away and the lust thereof;" its grandeur and its glory fly like a dream; those who seek great things fail to win them, and those who win them fail to enjoy them. Let the Christian take the Lord to be his portion, and build his faith and hope upon the Living Rock; so, when earthly sorrows and storms shall beat upon him, his inheritance will be incorruptible, undefiled and unfading; his portion will be eternally secure —*The Christian.*

Do not wait till after the new year to make your payment. Send it now.

THE TWO STRONG ARMS.—A great scholar in Germany went one day to church. On his way he met a poor old man, to whom he wished "Good morning." The poor man thanked him, but he added he did not exactly remember ever having a bad one.

"Well, then, I wish you much luck."

"I thank you, sir; but, to tell the truth, I never yet have had bad luck. I have never had yet a sorrowful morning; for if I am hungry, I praise God; if I am cold, I praise God; if it rain or snow, thunder or lightning, I praise the Lord, and am always joyful. And I have never had a bad week. I resign myself to my dear Lord and Saviour, and am sure He does nothing wrong."

The scholar was astonished at the faith of the poor man, and asked again what he would do if God should thrust him into hell at last. "Thrust me into hell? *that* he will never do," answered the poor man; "but if he should, I have two arms—the arm of *faith* and the arm of *love*—with them I would hold Him so fast that He must go with me; and where my Lord and my guide is, there is my heaven."—*Christian at Work.*

The INTELLIGENCER needs every dollar due—needs it now.

WHAT IS WANTED.—We want in you a Christianity that is Christian across counters, over dinner tables, behind the neighbor's back as in his face. We want in you a Christianity that we can find in the temperance of the meal, in moderation of dress, in respect for authority, in amiability at home, in veracity and simplicity in mixed society. Rowland Hill used to say he would give very little for the religion of a man whose very dog and cat were not the better for his religion. We want fewer gossiping, slandering, gluttonous, peevish, conceited, bigoted Christians. To make them effectual, all our public religious measures, institutions, benevolent agencies, missions, need to be managed on a high-toned, scrupulous, unquestionable sense of honor, without evasion or partisanship, or overmuch of the serpent's cunning. The hand that gives away the Bible must be unspotted from the world. The money that sends the missionary to the heathen must be honestly earned.—*Banner of Holiness.*

Will each present subscriber try to get one new subscriber. It can be done.

SHIPWRECKS.—There are two shipwrecks against which the Christian is warned in Scripture: The wreck of faith and the wreck of himself. Who "*concerning the faith have made shipwreck*," is Paul's sad illusion to certain ones; the faith which, like a richly-freighted ship, they were appointed to guide and keep amid the storm of unbelief, wrecked in their hands, though they may possibly have escaped safe to shore on broken pieces of the ship. "Lest, having preached to others, *I myself should be a castaway*," is yet a sadder suggestion of the apostle—the shipmaster who has faithfully guided the vessel of faith, yet himself swept overboard and lost.

Readers of a religious paper do more for the support of the ministry, and for all Christian work, than any others.

RANDOM READINGS.

To hide a sin is to nurse a serpent.

Heart-work must be God's work. Only the great Heart-maker, can be the Heart-breaker. If I love Him, my heart will be filled with His Spirit, and obedience to His commands.—*Baxter.*

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It is much easier to meet with error than to find truth; error is on the surface, truth is hidden in great depths; and the way to seek does not appear to all the world.

The Conference, each year, urges the ministers to make effort to increase the circulation of the INTELLIGENCER.

Father! take not away
The burden of the day,
But help me that I bear it
As Christ his burden bore,
When cross and thorn He wore,
And none with Him could share it
In His name, help! I pray.

I only ask for grace
To see that patient face,
And my impatient one;
Ask that mine grow like His—
Sign of an inward peace
From trust in Thee alone,
Unchanged by time or place.
—*E. R. Champlin.*

Send your subscription by next mail, if possible.

God is not in eternity, but eternity in God.

Whosoever hath Christ cannot be poor; whosoever wants Him cannot be rich.

Righteousness and self-righteousness are as far apart as the east is from the west.

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