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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The Intelligencer.

SQUIRE BREWSTER'S AMBULANCE.

Squire Brewster was laid up with the rheumatism. This was a painful thing to him, and it was not wholly a pleasant thing to his excellent wife.

The fact was, illness was a new experience to the worthy squire. When congratulated on his robust health he had sometimes replied, "Well, I am a busy man; I never have had time to be sick."

He took the time now, however, and plenty of it, though it was at his very busiest season of the year.

The squire never did things by halves, and probably few mortals ever groaned more vigorously, or appreciated their own misery more completely than did he. Not that he was selfish even in his affliction. The large-hearted generosity which had marked the whole life of the worthy man showed itself in the remark often repeated to his faithful wife, 'I hope, Hannah, you will never have to suffer as I do.' The patient but suppressed 'I hope not,' which came in reply, might have provoked suspicion had not the invalid's mind being pre-occupied with his bodily aches.

Sunday came, and the squire could hardly believe that it was only one week since he sat in church in the seat he had been accustomed to fill for thirty years. Surely that vacant pew would be the centre of thought to-day. Could it be that others would note his absence only as he had last Sunday that of Deacon Peters, with the passing remark, 'I hope the deacon isn't sick?'

The squire was certainly better this Sunday morning, and a great longing took possession of him to go up to the house of the Lord, and a feeling almost that he was hardily used in being deprived of the privilege.

When the doctor made his early call he said, 'Glad to see you so comfortable, squire. I was afraid yesterday your good wife would miss of hearing the new minister to-day;' and then he hurried off with directions so brief that the patient began to doubt whether Dr. Wise fairly understood his case.

Mrs. Brewster was not slow to divine that the double assumption of her husband's 'comfortable' condition, and of her own intention of leaving him, might not conduce to his tranquility; so she said as she rearranged the pillows,

'Dr. Wise proclaims himself a bachelor when he talks about my going to hear the new minister.'

'Aren't you going, dear?' was the relieved response, 'Well, I am glad, for you know I might have another bad turn; but I hate to have you lose the day.'

'Oh, I shan't lose it,' said his wife. 'Think of poor Widow Green, who has not been able to walk to church for years, and old Mrs. Armour, who only gets there once or twice in summer.'

The squire *did* think, as he had never thought before. After a pause he asked,—

'Are they able to go to church if it were not for the walk?'

'Oh, I think so. You know I used to take them when you were out West and the children were away.'

The squire pondered. He remembered that since he and his wife had been left alone, the latter had sometimes remarked that it was a pity to ride to church with vacant seats in their carriage; but the suggestion had failed to meet with encouragement from him.

Could it be that the Widow Green was saying to-day, and had been saying through years of infirmity, 'My soul longeth, yea even fainteth, for the courts of the Lord!' Was the Master saying to him, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me?'

The squire turned impatiently and said to himself, 'I sent those women two tons of coal apiece last winter. I can't keep a free livery for the benefit of widows and invalids.'

Just then Mrs. Brewster, who had left the room, re-appeared with a bouquet of choice flowers.

'Here,' she said, 'is a gift from little Florence Evans, with her love. She said prettily, 'When my mamma made the bouquets for the church last night I made this for Dear Squire Brewster.'

'Bless her dear little heart!' said the squire, 'I didn't know a posy could do me so much good. Mrs. Evans manages to make her children as well as her flowers a great comfort to other people. I suppose that is what my horses are for,' he added, *sotto voce.* Then aloud, 'Wife, send John here, please.'

When John appeared he was instructed to run over to Mrs. Armour's, and then to the Widow Green's and say to them, that if they would like to go to hear the new minister, the squire's carriage would call for them promptly.

'Nobody is to go to church late in my carriage,' added the squire with determination.

John departed, the invalids accepted, and that first Sunday of the Squire's illness became to them a white day and a beginning of days.

Squire Brewster did not go to church for six long weeks, but his carriage went every Sunday, and it was always full. It held the Widow Green and her lame boy, old Mrs. Armour and a blind girl. 'The squire's representatives, they were called by some of the witty young men peculiar to that locality, who were accustomed to choose their post of observation on the church steps.

The first Sunday that Squire Brewster was able to be out, John remarked diplomatically,—

'Sure, and the old leddies will be afther missin their ride now entirely.'

'Not a bit of it, John; not a bit of it,' said the squire, 'I don't want anyone to be sorry to see me out again. We will take two of them in with us, and you can come back for the rest. I told Mrs. Armour to take her daughters to-day.'

So it happened that the witty young men, assembled as they said for a 'view of the halt and the blind in the squire's ambulance,' witnessed the squire's stout figure and beaming face descend therefrom; and more than one received from him a hearty greeting and an approving 'Glad you get to church in good time, young man. *That's right.*"

Sunday after Sunday the 'ambulance' made its rounds, and brought the new minister some of his most appreciative hearers; and these, Squire Brewster said, helped him to understand the eighty-fourth psalm, which was first expounded to him by the rheumatism.

'The ambulance' performed a more extended mission; for by its means some of the other wealthy members of the First Church began to think that they too might imitate the early Christians in having some things in common with their less-favoured brethren, which they had been wont to call their own. And thus it came to pass that more of the lame, the halt and the blind assembled in the sanctuary than had been their custom in many a long year, 'and the poor had the Gospel preached to them.'

The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.—*William Penn.*

"IT IS IN TO STAY."

"Hurrah for Uncle Joseph!" shouted Edward; and Edward's brother and sister, Arthur and Annie, echoed the sentiment.

According to promise, Uncle Joseph had called to take his nephews and niece to see the pottery works, not far from the place in which they had all taken up Summer quarters, Uncle Joseph at the hotel, and his relatives at a comfortable cottage near by.

It was a fine, bright day, and not uncomfortably warm, so the walk of a mile and a half to the pottery was enjoyed by the whole party. So was the visit itself and the walk home, the latter made lively by a discussion of the many interesting sights which had been witnessed.

The young folks had each brought away with them a souvenir of their visit in the shape of a very ordinary looking drinking-cup, decorated in blue and brown colors. These tokens they esteemed not for their value in money, but because they had witnessed the manufacture of hundreds like them. They had seen between thirty and forty girls sitting before as many flat plates, which, by the aid of machinery, were kept spinning around at a very rapid rate. Again and again, as occasion required, a workman placed a small lump of clay upon each of these plates, when the operators, with dett fingers, would work them into shape, and fashion out a cup. The form secured, the operator would dip a camel's-hair brush into the blue or brown coloring matter as desired, and, with a light touch on the whirling vessel, make the rings upon its surface. Each ring was but the work of a second or so. The coloring finished, an attendant workman removed the cups from the fast-spinning wheels or plates, a further supply of clay was placed upon them, and the process was repeated.

The young visitors were exceedingly anxious to learn how the ware was hardened and glazed, and the proprietor of the place very cheerfully showed them the whole process. These soft cups were carried to an oven, which had been raised to a high temperature. Here they were baked with as much caution as a good cook pays to a Thanksgiving turkey or a batch of homemade bread, lest they should harden too speedily. From this oven the cups were removed to a second and hotter one, and from the second oven they were transferred to a third, which was still hotter. In the burning heat of this last oven they acquired the bright gloss or glaze so familiar to all of us on the surface of brown stoneware and pottery generally.

"There, sir," said the proprietor to Arthur, as he showed him one of the cups that had not yet had time to cool off after its fiery ordeal, "easily as that color was applied, neither you nor I can by any means get it out. It is in to stay. You may break the vessel to pieces, but the color remains firm and fast."

The young folks examined many of the broken pieces of pottery, and found indeed the color was permanently burned in. They were assured that neither acid nor alkali would effect a change. There was no agency, however powerful, that could do it.

Much interested, and not a little edified, Uncle Joseph and his small party left the factory and started for home. The journey seemed far too short, so pleasant was the conversation as each spoke of the object that had been to them the chief attraction.

They were almost home when Uncle Joseph said, "There is one thing, I think, I shall never forget in connection with our visit. I refer to the words of the proprietor, who made us so welcome. 'It is in to stay,' he said, and Annie, Edward, Arthur, I think our pleasant morning's trip may be of lasting use to us if we remember those words and the lesson they suggest. It is almost as easy, I think, to color our character with a bad habit as it was to the operators to color those cups. While you are young you will find that your impressions for good or bad are more easily made than is the case with those who are older. You are now the soft clay. Your after life in the world, with its varied scenes, will prove like the three furnaces, making permanent the coloring of youth. Many a young person who in youth has given way to some foolish and, indeed, sinful habit, with the idea that it could be as quickly thrown aside, has in after years discovered that it was 'in to stay.'"—*N. Y. Observer.*

DIOTREPHES.

All that we know about him is that he belonged to some church to which the apostle John was writing, and that he was characterized as one "Who loveth to have the preeminence among them." Very severe is the denunciation which the apostle levels against him, and all the more severe when we consider the source from whence it is fulminated—the beloved disciple, the apostle of love: "Therefore, if I come, I will bring to remembrance his works which he doeth, prating against us with wicked words."

But we are not concerned so much about the man himself—John was entirely competent to attend to his case. We are concerned about his imitators. Diotrephes loved the first place; he was disposed to be troublesome unless he could have it. The race of Diotrephes is unfortunately not yet extinct. It is a curious illustration by the way, of the fact that human nature does not change from age to age, that one of the very things that gave the apostle John trouble in one of the primitive Christian churches, is precisely one of the difficulties with which we must contend in our churches to-day. The matter will bear looking at a little.

There are not a few in our churches now-a-days who are willing to work—if they can be prominent. They are not born, so they think, "to blush unseen." They will not "waste their fragrance on the desert air," if they know it. They would consider it a gross defrauding of the left hand if they kept from it a knowledge of what the right hand was doing. If they can really or apparently be leaders, they will work, not otherwise.

Undoubtly some of these persons are very efficient. The work that they do is of real service. But for all that they are not models whom it is desirable to follow. They work, in no small part at least, for the praise of men. They tend, moreover, to crowd out others and prevent them from doing what they gladly would accomplish. This was precisely Diotrephes' method. "Neither doth he himself receive the brethren, and them that would he forbiddeth, and casteth them out of the church." Along with a love for preeminence, or more correctly prominence, goes an envy of others, a fear lest some measure of praise will accrue to them. The Christian who "loveth to have the preeminence" fails to think that the world is wide, and that there is need for every willing worker in the great field. The good report that one may have of faithful service rendered does not derogate in the slightest degree from the similar good report that may come to another.

There are born leaders in every department of human activity. They are specially endowed. Occasions open before them. There seems to be necessity laid upon them to take the advance in thought or action. The temptation in all such cases is to desire the preeminence. Ambition grows. Once a leader, it is hard to sink back into the ranks. Once prominent in any measure, it wrenches the feelings to fall back into obscurity. But that rightful prominence can be associated with true humility is witnessed in many cases. There are men who have moulded the thought of the age who have been as guileless as a child. There are those who have been active in affairs, shaping the policy of state or church, who have acted from pure love of the good cause, in which they were engaged, and upon whom no one would think of charging an unworthy personal ambition.

But these persons are the exceptions. The most of us need to contend against an unholy desire for preeminence. The most of us need to learn the lesson that Jesus taught his disciples: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." We may worthily desire to be preeminent in service. Whether we are preeminent in receiving the applause of men need not concern us.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

BY MRS. E. L. GRAVES.

"Elijah was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit." Rain was withheld at this time, because Israel had departed from God, and were worshippers of Baal. Thus God in his mercy deals with his people, when they wander from him. Elijah at this time called upon the prophets of Baal to make a sacrifice unto their god, and he would offer an offering unto the Lord his God; and the God that answered by fire was to be the true God. The prophets of Baal first called on their god, cutting themselves until the time of the evening sacrifice, when Elijah called upon the God that made the heavens and the earth; and immediately fire came down from heaven and consumed the sacrifice, burned up the wood and stone, and licked up the water. This manifestation of God's power caused his people to return to him, and turn away from worshipping the works of their own hands.

Jacob was also a man of prayer; he wrestled all night, and prevailing with God, was delivered from the wrath of his brother, who came out to meet him with three hundred men.

Daniel, a man greatly beloved, did not forget to pray three times a day; and when he was cast into the lions' den, God remembered him.

The three worthies worshipped the God of Heaven, and were delivered from the fiery furnace without the smell of fire upon their garments.

God has ever styled himself a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God. His eye is over the righteous, and his ear is open to their cry. The Saviour our great pattern, was often pleading with his father in prayer, not for himself, because he knew no sin. He was the Lamb without blemish, which was made an offering for the sins of the world. His love for his people was so great that he often plead with God for them. He knew that if possible the enemy would come in to divide and scatter the flock; and he prayed that his people might be one, as he and his father were one. Will his prayer be answered? The prophet Isaiah says, "Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion." Jesus also looked to the perils of the last days, when the enemy should come down having great wrath, because he knoweth that his time is short; and he exhorts his people to watch and pray that they may be worthy to escape the things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of Man. Oh! shall we heed his words, that we may be ready to hail him with joy when he comes with all the holy angels to reap the harvest of the earth?

"Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

"When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side:
But when through weariness they failed,
That moment Amalek prevailed."

QUENCH NOT THE SPIRIT.

"Mother, that man looks tired and dusty, and I'm sure those children would like a cold drink."

"Nonsense? What if they would? You'll have enough to do if you commence waiting upon every emigrant that halts under our trees for five minutes."

Some way last Sunday's sweet lesson, that had haunted Annie Snow ever since, came to her mind in strange mockery of her mother's rebuff, "A cup of cold water only in my name." She wanted to give it to the dirty, tired-looking children, peering from the white-covered emigrant-wagon, but she could not now; the sweet bud of generous impulse was crushed; the tiny spout from the good seed of the Sunday lesson, trodden heedlessly under foot; the Spirit was quenched.

"Mother," said she, tremblingly, a few days later, I've broken two goblets. I didn't mean to, but"—

"O, you careless child! And then you come and *tell* of it, just as if you were glad! I'm more out of patience than ever!"

Annie turned away with slow-filling eyes. She only meant to be truthful in the truest sense. Did it occur to her mother that she would have given her a more severe reprimand if she had *not* told her at once of the accident?

Once more the sweet Spirit was quenched, the trembling feet had tried the path of truth, but rude hands made it too thorny, and they turned back bleeding and bruised. Ah, what were a thousand goblets in comparison!

Yet Annie loved her mother dearly, for she was not always hasty or unjust, only "nervous" at some times, and exceedingly irritable at all. And when one day, years after, Annie's boy-lover at school gave her the fairest moss-rose buds his little garden afforded, with a whispered word that made her cheek flush with pleasure, she went straight to tell her mother the story.

"Dear mamma," the tremulous voice and speaking eye almost completed the poem, "Dear mamma, may I tell you something?"

"Don't bother me, Annie, I've no time to stop now. I must get this tucking done before dark. Go and set the table for tea."

Quenched once more. Yet the mother would hardly believe it her own work if Annie engaged herself by and by without waiting to tell her mother.

O friends, do we not too often forget that to be truly Christ-like we must reverence the Spirit which is moving the hearts of "these little ones," that of *them*, not of us, was it said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

Let us be careful that we "quench not the Spirit," which moves them to do anything generous, loving, truthful or confiding, though it is not in the most convenient season or pleasing manner, lest these good impulses that would render our latest years our happiest, the holy truth which would be at once a girdle of strength and a coronet of beauty, that sweet confidence which countless wealth cannot buy, be with the Spirit which prompts them, *forever quenched.*

CHRISTIANITY IN MADAGASCAR.

Rev. J. Sibree, Jr., who for more than sixteen years labored in Madagascar under the patronage of the London Missionary Society, bears testimony to the wonderful power of the Scriptures in that country:

"The Bible is purifying society; it is raising the tone of morality and social life; it is shaming out immorality, polygamy and divorce; it is sanctifying family life, and making marriage more and more a sacred thing; it is putting down cruel customs and laws; and it is ameliorating war. Some six years ago the central government felt it to be necessary to send an army to put down an insurrection; but before the army went away, the Prime Minister called the officers together, and said 'Now you are going to fight with the Queen's enemies; but remember they are the Queen's people, too. You know how we carried on war in former times; but remember you are Christians now, and the cruelties of heathen times are not to be done again.'

"Well, that army went away; and one division of it was able to pacify the country, without taking a single life. The native chief was invited to the tent of the commander, and here he was shown the New Testament. The Commander said, 'This is a book from which we Christians learn what is right, and according to this book, we never put to death or punish the upright, as we often did while still heathen; but the guilty must be punished—for this is the Word of God and the law of the Queen." The following day there was another interview; terms of peace were agreed upon; a beautiful copy of the New Testament was given to the native chief, and the commander said to him, if ever we make war upon you without just cause, or kill or punish the guiltless, show us this book; then, indeed, we shall be self-condemned.'

"And so when that army was about to return, a more favorable impression was left upon those heathen, and they said, 'We see that this religion you Hovas have is not a weakening of your strength, so that you cannot fight, but it is a showing of mercy." That was a valuable testimony to the reality of the change which the study of the Word of God had worked upon many of these Hova people. The heathen saw it was more than mere words, talk or preaching, and that the Gospel had produced a very real and unmistakable change in their conduct and their lives. That military expedition really became a missionary expedition to some of the most enlightened tribes, and opened up the way for the advance of the Gospel."

POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS.

The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* evidently believes that political campaigns have their good uses, and states its belief thus:

We are familiar enough with the abuses of political campaigns, but not so much is said about the uses of popular politics. There is no doubt that a chief cause of the decline of national life is the decline of the middle class, and a loss of popular interest in politics. We know that it was not until the industrious and well-to-do classes of France lost their interest in politics that Jacobinism sprang up, and democracy became another word for political and social chaos. Nor was it until the appearance of political debate among the people that modern Europe began to exist. In a few weeks we are to begin another political campaign, and we hear many people deprecating the debate and agitation which are likely to be engendered. * *

On the contrary, it is probably true that but for the freedom of debate and the excitation of political contests, there could be no fate before the country except increasing corruption in official life and increased sense of irresponsibility in public officials * * * Hence, we ought to welcome a political campaign as one of the indispensable public educators in politics. The more debate and discussion, the more intelligent the units on whom the character of the government depends. So long as people meet in parliament on the street corner, in the shop and in the parlor, to debate questions of state, so long will the state be likely to be intelligently governed. It is a credit to no man that he should boast he has no interest in politics. * * *

Let public questions and public measures and the men who father them, be riddled with the hot shot of political campaigning! Nothing more needs agitation than politics,—'tis the only way of winnowing the chaff from the wheat. Men may bawl reform and criticise the existing order; but voters are learning to think, and in some degree to measure political creeds by the characters and political records of the men who promulgate them. People learn that they are not necessarily the elect whose business it is to fill the air with loud charges of "hypocrisy and cant" against political antagonists.

In actual experience it is not found that personalities and charges falsely invented to serve an immediate end, injure those against whom they are directed. * * The political canvass gives the public about all the facts, but also nearly, if not all, the lies, and the voters are taught to think for themselves.

FRANCE'S NEW SCHOOL LAW.

The principal features of the new school law in France are as follows:

1. Instruction in primary schools comprises instruction in morals and civil duties; reading and writing; elements of the French language and literature; geography, especially of France; elements of law and political economy; elements of natural, physical, and mathematical sciences; their application to the agricultnre, hygiene, industrial arts, manual work, and the use of the tools of principal trades; elements of drawing, modelling, and music; gymnastics; for boys, military exercise; for girls, needlework. 2. The public primary schools shall be closed one day in every week, and every Sunday, in order to enable parents to send their children to religious instruction outside of the school buildings. Religious instruction is optional in the private schools. 3. Primary instruction is obligatory for all children of both sexes between six and thirteen. This instruction may be given in public or in private schools; or at home, by the father himself, or any person he may select. 4. The parents or guardians have to inform the mayor of the commune, at least fifteen days before the opening of the schools, whether they intend to send their children to public or private schools. 5. The mayor of the commune prepares every year a list of the children of school age, and sends copies of the same to the directors of public and private schools and to the schools and to the school inspector. 6. Whenever a child leaves a school, the parents or guardians must inform the mayor at once. 7. The expenses for building, furniture, and heating are at the charge of the commune, and the salaries of teachers and all other functionaries are at the charge of the State.

My experience is that the Bible is dull when I am dull. When I am really alive, and set in upon the text with a tidal pressure of living affinities, it opens, it multiplies discoveries, and reveals even faster than I can note them. The worldly spirit shuts the Bible; the spirit of God makes it a fire, flaming out all meaning and glorious truths.

HOW TO STUDY THE BIBLE.

I once visited Mr. Prang's chromo establishment, in Boston, and saw the process of a picture. The first stone made hardly an impresssion on the paper. The second showed no sign of change. The third no sign. The fifth and sixth showed only outlines of a man's head. The tenth, the man's face, chin, nose, and forehead appeared. The fifteenth and twentieth looked like a dim picture. The twenty-eighth impression stood forth as natural as life. It looked as though it would speak to you.

So carefully and prayerfully read the word of God. Read the same chapter again and again, and the twenty-eighth time Christ Jesus will shine forth. You can not read the Bible as you do other books. The newspaper tells only what has happened; the Bible tells what will happen—the most interesting of all the news.

I study the Bible topically, and spend two or three weeks on a subject, as "Love." Get a Cruden's Concordance, and a scripture textbook by the American Tract Society. Scripture interprets itself. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned. You see God's love to you from Genesis to Revelation. Love always descends as a mother to a child. So take faith. It is our privilege to know that we are saved. Take the promises. God's children are rich. Not one is in trouble that God does not have a promise for.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things. God has no poor children. We are all rich.

Two or three weeks' study on such a topic as the promises would fill you so full you could not hold your tongue. Some people have nothing to say in a prayer-meeting. You cannot get water out of a dry well. The pump will squeak, and that is all. We shall draw the world to Christ when we are filled with religion.

Another way to study the Bible is to take one book at a time. Do not be in a hurry. read it over and over, and God will give you light. The sixty-six books are sixty-six battering-rams for Christians to conquer Satan with. Try different ways of studying the Bible till you succeed.—*D. L. Moody.*

TRUST.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

During the burning of a mill recently in our town there was a strong threatening of a large conflagration. People even two blocks off began to pack their household treasures. For many blocks around the coals from the flaming building were scattered over the white snow. From my window the scene was really magnificent. The wild, hot flames soaring aloft, the burning elevator looking as if suspended in the heavens, the countless millions of sparks ascending, the sway and surge of this terribe power of fire. It seemed to me that a row of cottages within my sight must soon be swallowed up too, and as I thought of an elderly friend—helpless in her bed—I wrapped myself up warmly, and went out in the night to her. She was white and trembling with excitement, for the fire was only two buildings distant, and her room was light as day, illuminated by the flames.

"I was just wondering whether it was best to get her up upon her chair," said the girl to me.

"No don't," I said, "I do not believe there is any danger, and if there is, she shall not suffer."

"Don't you believe there is any danger?" asked the invalid as I reached her bedside.

"No, I do not, unless the wind should change. Just lie still and don't worry. If the next house should catch fire, we will come for you the first thing."

She accepted our word and kept her bed, thus escaping a cold, for her outer door kept being opened and closed; and morning found her all right. I wondered then why we could not accept our loving, helpful Father's word as unquestioningly as she did the word of a mortal. Why we will persist in borrowing trouble when He has promised "As thy day so shall thy strength be." Why we do not always assert proudly yet humbly, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust."—*Christian at Work.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded soldier in the Crimea to his comrades, who were carrying him; "put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him: "Can I do anything for you?" Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind hearted officer. "No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it to the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'peace.' Will you read it.

The officer did so, and read the words:

"Peace I leave with you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Savior. God is with me; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with him he loved.—*Ex.*

AN UNSANCTIFIED SMELL.

A Christian worker from Boston was holding some evangelistic services in a neighboring town. At the conclusion of one of the meetings a deacon of the church came to him and said:

"So you think you are sanctified, do you?"

"Well, yes, I rather think I am"

"Then you think that you can't sin any more?"

"Oh, no! I do not think that; I am afraid I shall."

"Well," said the deacon, "I don't think I am sanctified."

"No," replied the brother, with a little hesitation and deliberation, should not think you were; you don't smell like a sanctified man."

The deacon was soaked with tobacco juice from head to foot. The conversation closed, he went home and thought. For the first time in his life the idea dawned on him that there was any difference between the smell of a sanctified man and a tobacco user. He could hardly dismiss the matter from his mind. The words struck him, until at length he renounced the filthy weed, and now it is to be hoped, smells more like a sanctified man. Surely when men lay apart "all filthiness," and superfluity of naughtiness," pipes and tobacco will be quite likely to be discarded, with the other abominations.—*The Wayside.*

If men blacken your character, the Lord will find time to wipe of every spot: he will "bring forth thy righteousness as thy light." Can you trust him to do this?

BE SOCIAL.

A young man comes to your church; he is a perfect stranger to the majority of those he meets; his home is far away; his church he has left behind. He listens attentively to the service, and is pleased and profited by what he hears. The service over, he goes out. Although many know him to be a stranger, yet no one extends the friendly hand or in any manner notices him. He is somewhat discouraged, a little home-sickness steals over him, but he resolves to go there once more. He goes, with the same result. Discouraged, he seeks another sanctury where the warm grasp of the hand, information about the evening meeting, invitation about the Sunday-school, and the interests taken by the members of the church in his whelfare, at once decides his course. The result is, a zealous worker is gained by one church and lost by the other, and simply because the young men were social.

Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice; never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy.—*Zion's Watchman.*

BE THOROUGH.—It pays to do wall that which should be done, and little duties unperformed are liable at times to result in great damage. A letter carrier in one of our large cities a few months ago found on reaching the post office, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. It would have taken him half an hour to return and deliver it. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary unimportant looking missive. He put it in his pocket, and delivered it on the first round next day. What consequence followed? For want of that letter a great firm had failed to meet their engagements, their notes had gone to protest, and a mill closed, and hundreds of poor workmen were thrown out of employment. The letter carrier himself was discharged for his oversight and neglect. His family suffered during the winter for many of the necessaries of life, but his loss was of small account compared to the enormous amount of misery caused by his single failure in duty.

TRUST—NOT SIGHT.—"Under His wings shalt thou trust!" Not "shalt thou see!" If a little eaglet wanted to see for itself what was going on, and thought it could take care of itself for a little while, and hopped from under the shadow of the wings, it would be neither safe nor warm. The sharp wind would chill it, and the cruel hand might seize it then. So you are to trust, rest quietly and peacefully "under his wings;" stay there, not be peeping out and wondering whether God really is taking care of you! You may be always safe and happy there. Safe, for "in the shadow of thy wings will I take my refuge." Happy, for "in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

Remember, too, that it is a command as well as a promise; it is what you are to do to-day, all day long. "Under his wings shalt thou trust!"—*F. R. Havergal.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Keep trouble at arm's length. Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

The seal of suffering impressed upon our destiny announces in clear characters our high calling.—*De Geraudo.*

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

Old gentleman (military man) conversing with smart-looking Irishman: "Wounded in the Crimea, were you? Badly?" Irishman: "The bullet hit me in the chist, here, surr, an' came out at me back!" Old gentleman: "Come, come, Pat, that won't do! Why, it would have gone right through your heart, man!" Irishman: "Och, faith me heart was in me mouth at the toime, surr!"

"It is a little strange," says a religious exchange, "that families who never attend a church or ask for counsel of a minister demand his best services when death invades the home. Ministers find it the most perplexing task they are ever called to perform, that of preaching a funeral sermon over the remains of a man or woman who in life wholly neglected both the practice and precepts of Christianity."

"Get all the good I can,
From all the sources I can,
In all the ways I can,
By all the means I can,
And as long as I can.

"Do all the good I can,
To all the persons I can,
In all the ways I can,
By all the means I can,
And as long as I can.

"Have you ever heard the Gospel before?" asked a missionary at Ningpo of a respectable Chinaman, who he had not seen in his mission room before. "No," he replied, "but I have *seen* it. I know a man who used to be the terror of his neighborhood. If you gave him a hard word he would shout at you and curse you for two days and two nights without ceasing. He was as dangerous as a wild beast and a bad opium smoker. But when the religion of Jesus took hold of him he became wholly changed. He is gentle, moral, not soon angry, and has left off opium. Truly the teaching is good.

The missionary cause is the greatest, grandest of all our Christian enterprises. It is worthy the attention and support of the church it has never received. Says the London *Watchman*: "We must place the missionary enterprise in the forefront of all our philanthropies. Christ has not changed His mind in reference to the world's salvation, neither has He yet laid aside the Methodist people as unfit to win the world to Him. While He determines to save men, and to save them by us, we must not withhold one atom of strength, one mite of money, or one deed prompted by a generous enthusiasm."

Here is a true anecdote, and one showing a very practical way of testing the character of Christian profession: An old Methodist preacher once offered the following prayer in a prayer meeting: "Lord, help us to trust thee with our souls." "Amen," was responded by many voices. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our bodies." "Amen," was responded with as much warmth as ever. "Lord, help us to trust thee with our *money*;" but to this petition the "Amen" was not forthcoming. Is it not strange that when religion touches some men's pockets it cools their ardor at once, and seals their lips? We often hear men talk of the "peace of God in the heart," and to the phrase we raise no objection; but it has often occurred to us that if the "peace of God" could only get into some people's *pockets*, it would be a blessed thing.