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. XXX.—No. 40. SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1883. WHOLE No. 1548.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 stops, $125. Pianos, $297.50. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J.

Sabbath School Libraries
AT HALL'S BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS
AT HALL'S BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL PAPERS
AT HALL'S BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL CARDS
AT HALL'S BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.

SUPERINTENDENTS REGISTERS
AT HALL'S BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.

SABBATH SCHOOL CLASS BOOKS
AT HALL'S BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.

LIBRARIANS' BOOKS
AT HALL'S BOOK STORE, FREDERICTON.

Very Low Prices.

M. S. HALL,
Opposite Normal School,
may 18—1y FREDERICTON.

Agents wanted for "Our Western Empire"
[illegible] Educational and Religious Condition, Resources, Industries to present it; Climate, Soils, Products, Railroads, Homesteads, Pre-emptions, all Statistics; Areas, Population, Indians, British Columbia, Alaska, Texas and Central America. Fifty-seventh thousand. Big money for live workers. Circulars free. Hubbery Bros., Chicago, Ill., Cincinnati, O., or Toronto, Ont., Canada.
jan. 7.—1y.

1883.

Spring and Summer.

Merchant Tailoring.

THE SUBSCRIBER is now showing a most complete Stock of

FINE WORSTEDS,
SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEED SUITINGS
WEST OF ENGLAND TROUSERINGS,
SPRING OVERCOATINGS,
FANCY VESTINGS, &c., &c.

All of the above goods will be made up in the latest NEW YORK STYLES, and in a superior manner.

WM. JENNINGS,
Corner Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley,
may 26—ap 6—1y. FREDERICTON, N. B.

John Richards & Son,
General Insurance and Ticket Agents,
QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

Insurance:
Merchandize and all Description of Insurable Property at Lowest Rates.
—ALSO—
COUNTRY DWELLINGS, BARNS, CHURCHES SCHOOL-HOUSES, AND DETACHED CITY DWELLINGS
Taken at Lowest Rates for *THREE YEARS.*
None but First Class Reliable Offices Represented.

Tickets:
As we keep the only Railway Ticket Office in the City, parties going West will find it to their advantage to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere.
Tickets to all Points in the United States and Canada.

Organs:
Sole Agent for Wilcox & White's celebrated Organs, acknowledged to be the cheapest in the market. Warranted for *Six Years.*

Wrapping Paper:
New Brunswick Paper Company's well-known make of Wrapping Paper always on hand; in all sizes at mill prices.

Paper Bags.
Nelson's Paper Bags—all Sizes. Liberal Discount to the Trade. Country Orders promptly attended to.

Hard and Soft Coal Always on Hand.
JOHN RICHARDS & SON,
MANUFACTURERS' AGENTS,
jan. 14—1y Fredericton, N. B.

CATARRH
To any suffering with Catarrh or Bronchitis who earnestly desire relief, I can furnish a means of Permanent and Positive Cure. A Home Treatment at no charge for consultation by mail. Valuable Treatise Free. Certificates from Doctors, Lawyers, Ministers, Business men. Address Rev. T. F. CHILDS, Troy, Conn.
dec 15—1y.

"Buy where you can buy the Cheapest for Cash."

The Subscriber begs to inform his numerous friends and customers that he has on hand one of the largest and best assorted stocks of

CLOTHING, &C.,

NOW IN THIS MARKET.

THE STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF
MEN'S AND YOUTHS'
READY MADE CLOTHING,
Very cheap ranging in prices from $4.50 a suit upwards.
MEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'
BOOTS, SHOES, AND BROGANS,
VERY CHEAP.
HATS, CAPS & SHIRTS,
Of all Descriptions at the very Lowest Prices.
Gents' Underclothing,
At Greatly Reduced Prices.
Gents' Neckties, Scarfs, and Bows
Of the Latest Patterns, Very Cheap.
TRUNKS AND VALISES.
RUBBER AND RUBBER-TWEED COATS
Cheaper than can be bought in the Province.

Custom Tailoring!
In the Custom Tailoring Department I am prepared to make up Suits of Clothing of all descriptions, and in every style to suit the various tastes of our customers, in a workmanship manner that cannot be outdone.
☞ Parties in want of anything in my line had better inspect the stock and ascertain prices before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. W. SMITH,
FISHER'S BUILDING.
Fredericton, June, 1883. jul3 tf

The Intelligencer.

HOW TO ATTRACT A CONGREGATION.

Under this title Mr. Spurgeon publishes in the current number of the *Sword and Trowel*, an address to his students, which we hope will be widely read by all who are engaged in the high work of Christian teaching. To the title are added the words "Now published on behalf of the times." We are inclined to think that the latter words might have been altered into "all time," for we fear, whilst the preacher still has a place in this world, he will be glad to learn the secret Mr. Spurgeon has to reveal. After remarking that no one can suspect *him* of over-delicacy or narrowness as to methods of winning the popular ear, he refers very unmistakably to the operations of the Salvation Army. "The age," he says, "of the tin-kettle and the banjo has arrived, and with these weapons of our warfare the strongholds of evil are to be thrown down. In certain districts the Sabbath is made hideous, the streets are rendered dangerous, and quiet is banished, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and with the view of attracting the masses to Him. The design is admirable, the method intolerable. Among our natural rights and liberties there is one which is in some danger in those turbulent days, and that is the right of occasionally being free from the banging of drums and the blaring of trumpets in the open streets. A contemporary has been asked: 'Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?' It replies, 'We see no impediment in the way; but if he is a member of a brass band, and is given to practising on his cornet or trombone at home, it is an impossibility for the man next door to be a Christian.' This verdict is one in which I heartily coincide, only I extend it a little further, and include the equal difficulty of displaying a Christian temper when Salvation Bands go banging through the streets day after day." Mr. Spurgeon next deals with the advertising method of attracting a congregation. "It consists," he remarks, "in little puffs instead of big blasts. Odd ways of making yourself known are supposed to be effectual. One advertises on small tissue bills, 'Do you like sugar? Then hear Rev. T. Offey.' Another thus emblazons himself, 'Have you heard Richard Tones?' repeated ten times in separate lines, and followed next week by the advice, 'Go early if you wish to hear Richard Tones.' This can be supported by, 'Over the garden wall! There is no need to attempt this feat in order to hear Richard Tones, if you are at the chapel by six o'clock.' This style of proceeding has its admirers, but it does not add much to the influence exercised by Mr. Tones over judicious minds. He will probably be left in the limbo of quacks by those who give so much as a passing thought to him." Ritualistic methods, Mr. Spurgeon admits, show far greater taste, but he does not believe in the permanence of the attractions offered. For Nonconformist imitations he has only supreme contempt. "Our Dissenting Gothic," he writes, "is an utter abomination to all architectural taste, our organs are usually of the baser sort, and if a fine service is attempted, it is a ridiculous travesty. Why will men pine to do that which they can never do well? And the more especially when, if they succeeded to perfection, the thing would not be worth a bad halfpenny. With the noblest architecture, the best music, and the most gorgeous scenic apparatus, the people are not to be drawn to the worship of God: the question is—if they were drawn, would the performance be the worship of God after all? Would it not be as well for them to see millinery, and hear music, and smell incense in the usual depots for such luxuries?" The best, surest, and most permanent way to fill a place of worship is, Mr. Spurgeon believes, to *preach the Gospel*, and to preach it *in a natural, simple, interesting, earnest way.* "Why should a truthful Gospel," he asks, "be so frequently preached in a false and artificial manner? I know a brother who undoubtedly preaches the Gospel; but one would suppose that he was originally ordained to wear a black cap and pronounce sentence on the condemned: do you wonder that he is not followed! Another bawls at the beginning of his sermon, and raves towards the close, and the friends complain that he gives them the headache: can you not see that he is himself to blame for his thin congregation? A third has a pronounced nasal twang, and somehow people do not enjoy the good news when it savours too much of the nose. Another friend is earnest and good, but he is supernaturally monotonous. I suppose that spiritual men take no notice of monotony, but I am sure that carnal men do; and they carefully get out of the way of Mr. Dronish." Simplicity in preaching the Gospel must also be aimed at. "Crumble down the bread," says Mr. Spurgeon, in his characteristic way, "when you serve it out to the children. Break the loaves and fishes for the multitude. The common people like to hear that which their minds can grasp, but they shun the jargon of the schools."—*Ch. World.*

TRIVIAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

It is related of an eminent Christian lady that, walking one day with a friend, through the narrow and filthy streets of a great city a miserable, ragged boy sallied forth from a dark entry, and rushed across their path. "That child should be followed to his home, and seen after" was the strong conviction that seized Mary Carpenter, resulting in the formation of a society designed to alleviate the poor and reclaim the fallen. Thrilled with the one absorbing thought, she immediately wrote to a friend: "It is my earnest desire, if God sees it well in his own good time that it should be so, to devote my life entirely to the blessed employment of aiding the poor and destitute. I feel sure that I should most cheerfully give up for this all other employments, but as all things so in this, I must wait for the pointing of his providence."

Her desire was more than fulfilled. After a lapse of a few months this record was made: "It has been a half year of much anxiety, but the labor has not been without its reward. Our pupils have improved. Our poor have been well cared for; we see families decently clad; fathers rescued from intemperance and brought to the house of prayer."

What an illustration is here of much that is transpiring in the daily life of every one! How trivial seem the circumstances that unexpectedly come, and give, under the providence of God, direction and impulse to our highest successes! Truly we "live and move and have our being" in God. The slightest change in our human relations, the falling of an autumnal leaf, the shadows lengthening around us at eventide, the pale sad face of the sufferer whom we casually met by the way—these with ten thousand other incidents, are profoundly significant. God watches every one of them. Intent upon our highest good, he touches us, and through the smallest events; nothing is overlooked. His ordering of our minutest affairs is in love. These slight variations, so insignificant, less visible in their effects than the unobserved ripple that breaks upon the shore, are suddenly invested with wondrous meaning. These variations are, in the Divine thought, the connecting links through which the whole subsequent life may be resplendent.

Trivial circumstances! Say not this. When we rise to the real dignity of living nothing seems to us more erroneous than such a view. God is not in the greater if he be not in the lesser incidents of our lives. He who is "above all and through all and in you all" does not ask us to give him our infinite measurements of events or their issues. Our estimates are necessarily valueless, because we are incapable of judging, both as to the special work he has for us in this life, and as to the peculiar circumstances which will aid us in accomplishing our mission. That morning walk through the desolate alleys of Bristol, England, had in it for Mary Carpenter a providential meaning, the hallowed influence of which eternity alone will fully disclose. So it is everywhere, and with us all. O! such an investiture of our personal life should fill us with adoration, and, at the same time, with meekness and humility of spirit.

When we go forth each day to our appointed tasks, what consecration and Divine trust should mark our choices! How near to him should we live! How painstaking to seize all those little threads of influence which are secretly woven into the texture of life—little in human thought, but mighty, so often, in the formation of character in ourselves and others! How can we live a single hour without prayer? How ought we to cherish habits of charity toward all, increasing the happiness by godly cheerfulness, stimulating the virtuous, helping the weak, sympathizing with the distressed, advocating the cause of the oppressed! So it will be found that the Master will meet us daily in the way, going before us in everything to direct our steps. Thus, in companionship with him, we shall be always ready to hear him speak the final word, "Well done thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make you ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—*N. Y. Advocate.*

"HE SAVED OTHERS."

BY REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM.

It is evident to one who has any just conception of Christ's spirit and mission that he could not save himself *because he loved.* To avoid the very conditions by which alone his loving purpose was to be realized would be not to save; but to deny and defeat love's self. He loved too well not to suffer; too faithfully not to die. The necessity that was upon him, the force that urged him to toil and endure, that set his face steadfastly toward the crisis of the Passion Week, and impelled him to hasten to the cross, was not material nor external. It was the irresistible impulse of his own eager heart. All of Christ's earthly life is an exhibition of love; but that love has its supreme exposure on Calvary. So great was it that it seized upon the cross, an abhorred instrument of death, anointed with infamy and steeped in shame, and transformed it into a perpetual emblem of itself. Once the cross meant all of guilt and degradation that men could condense into a symbol; now it means love that passeth knowledge. The grimness has all gone out of it, and in place thereof is a tender beauty. No more does it express cruel pain and languishing; but, instead, a "soft strength" that clasps the world to the heart of infinite goodness.

What a wonderful transformation is this! Has history its parallel? The executioner's axe smote off the head of a saintly Paul; but is there any beauty to men now in that weapon's cold glitter? The stake upheld John Huss, amid the roaring flames of martyrdom; but is the stake henceforth winsome? The guillotine sheared off the head of many a heroine of whom the world was not worthy; but has that engine of death taken on any dear and tender symbolism? But the cross of Christ, rude wood and iron though it was, was sublimed by the love and greatness of him who hung thereon and has become for all time, for all eternity a spiritual fact and a spiritual power. Well may the Christian poet sing:

> "In the cross of Christ I glory,
> Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
> All the lights of sacred story
> Gather round its head sublime."

We talk about the love of Christ in words that vainly strive to bear the burden of its vast meaning; we endeavor to illustrate it from the shining deeds of human heroism; but our best illustrations are faint shadows of the "love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." The mother sacrificing herself for her child, as that mother in New Hampshire, who, in the dead of winter and far from help, wrapped her last garment about her babe, and, when late rescue came, lay a stiffened corpse, while her babe smiled an unconscious welcome in the rescuers' face; the patriot, some Arnold Von Winkelried, gathering into his own breast a sheaf of Austrian spears and bathing their pitiless points in his warm blood, while his countrymen of the Alps find a way to liberty through the broken wall of the hostile phalanx; the friend, some Pythias, mounting the gallows with tranquil smile in the place of his condemned and delaying Damon—these and countless other examples of love triumphing over fear and death, the gems that shine fadelessly amid the murk of wonted human selfishness, help our thought as we strive to grasp the wonder of Jesus' love; but all these pale, like stars about the glorious sun, when we look at the cross.

In the supreme act of Christ—his voluntary submission to death for the salvation of men—this act, so natural to Christ and showing the culmination of his whole life's movement, we have embodied, dramatically expressed, a root principle of holy life. It is the inability of love to save itself, to think of itself, to do anything but give itself for the blessing of its object. This is the nature of love. No pain deters it, for it quenches pain in the fountain of its own life. No cost bankrupts it, for it lives by self-expenditure. No danger appalls it, for it fears naught but want of opportunity for its sweet ministry. No extremity can exhaust it; for its supply is the unsounded, unmeasured sea of God's heart. Its name is God, for GOD IS LOVE. —*Independent.*

RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

Religion is the art of being and doing good, and the school for the learning of the art is not in the closet, but in the world; not some hallowed spot, where religion is taught, and where proficients, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world, but the world itself, the coarse, profane, common world with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever recurring trials of temper and character. This is an art which all can practice, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that whatever he writes he learns to write well. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but a copy line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learns to live well. The form is nothing, the execution everything. It is true, indeed, that prayer, reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the Church are necessary to religion, and that these can be practiced only apart from secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are but means to an end, and that end perhaps be best obtained by him whose life is a busy one, whose vocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world.

No one can be a thorough proficient at navigation who has never been at sea; no man has become a soldier by studying books on military tactics in his closet; he must in actual service acquire these habits of coolness, courage, discipline, address, rapid combination, without which the most learned in the theory of strategy or engineering will be but a schoolboy soldier after all. In the same way, the man of solitary study must become a most learned theologian, or may train himself into the timid effeminate piety of what is technically called the "religious life." But never in the highest, holiest sense can he become a religious man until he has acquired these habits of daily self-denial, of kindness, gentleness, humility, sympathy, active beneficence, which are to be acquired only in daily contact with mankind. Religion is not a continual moping over good books, is not even prayer, praise, holy ordinances; these are necessary to religion; no man can be religious without them. But I repeat, religion is mainly and chiefly the glorifying of God amid the duties and trials of the world, the guiding our amid the adverse winds, and currents of temptations, by star-light of duty, and the compass of divine truth, the bearing us wisely manfully, courageously for the honor of Christ, our Leader in the great conflict of life.—*The Rev. John Caird.*

A GIRL'S EQUIPMENT FOR SELF-SUPPORT.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* very justly calls attention to the absurd, if not *cruel* manner in which our daughters are prepared or rather *not* prepared for life's struggles.

It is all right that our sons should be educated or taught some "manly art" in order that they may be able to secure a livelihood, but it does not strike many parents that it may ever fall to the lot of their daughters to be compelled to master a living for themselves. There is, no doubt, that very erroneous notions prevail; having come down to us from the "dark ages," concerning the treatment of our daughters; not only do parents not provide for them a suitable education, but when the time arrives that the property of the family is to be divided, the sons are amply provided for and the daughters left with the hope that somebody's sons will kindly take care of them. The system is wrong, it is more, it is cruel. Read carefully the following:

No one will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support; and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls, no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that the ill may never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say an idiotic—thing to do.

Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any breadwinning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or, if she is a skilful needle-women, at twice or thrice that pittance.

It is beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fondest indulence, should neglect to take the simple precaution in their behalf? We are a dull, bling, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made up our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge with which bread and shelter may be certainly won in case of need. If the necessity for putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case, because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees its professor from apprehension, and adds to that confident sense of security without which contentment is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not one whit less necessary. It seems to me at least that every girl is grieviously wronged who is suffered to grow into womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable still.

REVIVALS.

Revivals will always have opposers, but they are a part of God's plan in saving the world. The church was begun in a revival, and in spiritual outpouring it shall end, nations being born in a day, the glory of God filled the earth. Earth's hope is in these visits of God to His people.

Revivals awaken respect and awe for Christianity. Skeptics who have ridiculed the Bible feel the might of God, and the testimony of bad men converted shuts the mouth of boasters, shaking down the castle of self-righteousness. Revivals make the Bible a new book. They deepen piety, incite to prayer, lift up the family alter, and quicken all the drooping graces of the Church. Laymen are set to work, new streams of influence are opened, and men are raised up to special service. Difficulties are healed, alienations set aside, brotherly love made to abound, and knowledge and experience of Christian truth extended. In revivals God and eternity seem great, Christ's love near and precious, Christian duty pressing.

Revivals bring the Church back to the simplicities of doctrine and worship and Christian living. They awaken regard for the Sabbath and the house of God, the prayer-meeting and all the divine ordinances. They fill up the evening service, and make that hour the best in the Sabbath for reaching and saving the masses. By revivals ministers are more united, pastors and people are drawn into more endearing fellowship, and better established, benevolence is enlarged, lost joy restored, and both home and public standards of piety are elevated. Revivals make preaching more scriptural and pointed. The Word of God, pure and simple, comes to the front. A personal Christ is set forth, and the evil of sin and the eternal loss of the soul without salvation.

The doctrines of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, forgiveness of sin through the sacrifice of Christ, and the rewards and retributions at the judgment day, are made vivid and weighty, and half truths and heresies starve. Revivals take churches out of the ruts of formalism and the fashions and pomps of the world, putting new life into everything. They lighten the burdens of the ministry. It is never so easy to preach and pray as in the Spirit's presence. They pay church debts, lift up the fallen, and give the Church a wider field and a fresh lease of life and usefulness. Many, "almost persuaded," will never start till this time comes. Missionaries and ministers and teachers are born in revivals, and great Christian societies which bless the world follow them.—*Dr. Goodell.*

THE TWO FARMS.

Riding with a friend, the other day, through a beautiful farming region, I noticed two farms side by side, on one of which the crops were luxuriant, and on the other exceedingly poor. I asked, "Does the soil here run in streaks, that these two places are so different?" "No," was the reply "the soil is the same. These two farms were equally productive a few years ago. But one of them has since been cultivated by its owner, the same owner all the time, while the other has been rented, and the tenants have been changed every year or two. The non-resident owner of this rundown farm is a jealous and fickle man. If the tenant does well, he thinks that the rent is too low. He raises it, drives him away, and gets in his place one who will 'skin' the land. In this way the farm has been depreciated in value, and now it is hard to get anybody to take it on any terms."

Looking at the farm, and then contrasting it with the other, I thought: Here are pictures of some of those farms of the Lord that we call churches. Why are so many of them distracted and discouraged, weaker than they were ten or twenty years ago, coming back on the Home Board for aid, after being self-supporting? Study their history and the answer is obvious—they have been changing ministers every year or two. When they secured a good man, they did not try to keep him. They let a little dissatisfaction—the result perhaps of the minister's fidelity—drive him away. They yielded to the popular demand for novelty. They thought they could do a little better—get a smarter man or a cheaper one.

They did not realize that a true minister roots himself in the affections of the pious, praying people; that the knowledge of the character, circumstances, and wants of the congregation gathered by pastoral visiting, is of great value, and that a new man will have to spend months if not years in acquiring it. They did not consider how many cords of sympathy unite a pastor with those to whom he has ministered in sickness and sorrow, those children he has baptized: whose fathers and mothers he has helped to bury.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

THE FORMATION OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

It is with the building up of Christian character as with the formation of crystals. In order that a crystal may be properly and perfectly formed, at least three things are needful; there must be ample time in which all unnecessary fluid can be dissipated, and the component parts of the crystal come gradually together; there must be sufficient room for all the angles and planes of the crystal to attain their requisite size; and there must be the absence of agitation, so that all the points and proportions of the crystal shall be evenly and symmetrically formed. Christian character, when it is what it ought to be, is more beautiful than any crystal that nature's laboratory ever produced; and, in order that it may reach its perfectness, time is necessary. It is a thing of quiet growth; it has to rise gradually, and by many stages, into form and beauty; to hurry through religious processes will be to mar and spoil the result; we must "let patience have her perfect work." And space is as needful as time. If we shut ourselves up in a narrow place, if we go away from the broad, open world and confine ourselves to a monk's seclusion, to a hermit's solitude, we shall be cramped and restricted; and while some parts of our character may become finely and delicately developed, others will be stunted and dwarfed, and the character, as a whole, will be anything but perfect. The absence of agitation, too, is important. Whatever may be going on upon the surface of our life to interrupt its tranquility, deep down in the depths of the spirit in which character has its beginnings, and from which it grows, there must be the unruffled calm which trust in the Father's will and purposes never fails to inspire; otherwise character will be built up by fits and starts, and so will lack the fullness of harmony, symmetry, majesty, which it ought to possess.—*Baptist Weekly.*

GOSSIP—SCANDAL.

A lively social tongue, and a gossipy, social disposition is not that to which we here refer. It is rather the kind of gossip that hurts—that makes scandal. What can be meaner than for a friend to intimate to another that his or her associate is not perfectly reliable and upright, without bringing forward proof of the accusation?—at the same time insisting on silence relative to the person who brings forward the charge? A person who really has the interest of another at heart and is anxious to save a person from folly and sin, will be open in his suggestions, and not for a moment hesitate to bring forward convincing proofs of his accusations. Intimations that one is no better than he should be, and enforcing silence as to the accuser, betrays a mean and sordid mind; and the person thus guilty deserves and should receive the censure of all upright, Christian men and women. Persons cannot be too careful when they speak in condemnation of others, and should never lisp a word to their discredit, until fully satisfied of the truth of their assertions. Would it not save a large amount of ill-feeling and suffering, if, when an evil report is circulated, we should go at once to the person censured or betrayed, and satisfy ourselves of the truth of what we hear? It is always best to refuse to listen to a slandering tongue, and to give a wide berth to those who seem to delight in censuring others and casting reproach upon characters, in many cases superior to their own.—*Ex.*

A man crossed the Mississippi River recently on the ice, and fearing it was too thin began to crawl on his hands and knees in great terror, but just as he gained the opposite shore, all tired out, another man drove past him gaily sitting upon a sled loaded with pig-iron. And for all the world that is just the way most of Christians go up to the heavenly Canaan, trembling at every step lest the promises shall break under our feet, when really there are secure enough for us to hold up our heads and sing with confidence as we march to the better land.

SUNRISE.

How glorious is the sunlight. As I strolled out in the early, early morning before the hour of sunrise, that hour which is said to be the darkest of the night, I found nearly all things hid from my view. But presently I seen tokens of coming light in the eastern horizon, and in a short time all things plainly appeared as the "King of Light" lifted himself above the tops of the neighboring hills. What a scene of joyous beauty was spread before me. The river, in front, sparkled in the glorious light, yon hills reflected *their* beauty and the dew on every blade of grass and flower reflected the light of the morning.

How many of the care-worn souls of earth, wearied by the care of the past day, miss the strength-giving, the refreshing, the health-producing balm of the hour of sunrise.

While it occurred to me that, perhaps, there were some who had never seen the sun of nature rise in all his majesty, I thought also that perhaps there were some, if not many, upon whose sight "the Sun of Righteousness" had not yet risen.

What a similarity there is between the two; the world in its darkness before the "King of Light" had shed forth his brightness; and the benighted soul, which has never felt the life-giving rays of "the Sun of Righteousness." Although there is a great change, a striking change in the look of things in the material world, before and after sunrise; yet, the change from nature's darkness to the marvellous light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is still more striking.

As I before remarked, many have not seen and therefore not enjoyed the effects of a morning's sunrise, so there are many who have not enjoyed the blessings of the Sun of Righteousness, neither felt the peace and comfort which His presence gives.

My earnest desire and prayer is: that the day may soon come when earth's sin cursed sons shall bathe

> Their weary souls in floods of light
> More clear, more sparkling and more light,
> Than that which flows from nature's sun,
> May stand completly clothed in grace
> Before the Sun of Righteousness,
> And hear the welcome "Come."

E. G.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which, it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody under-estimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is common as air, as speech, so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, make more or less complaining that statement of something or other, which most probably every one in the room, or on the stage, or the car, or the street corner, as it may be, knew before, and which most probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we were born to trouble as sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke there is blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—*Ex.*

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

A young lady in South Carolina, just returned from school with a heart full of love for the heathen in Africa, to whom she meant to devote her life, was asked to take a school in her own State, while waiting an opportunity to cross the ocean. She consented and found, as she expressed it "a bit of as real heathen living as though I had been in the country of the Hottentots." She started to her school, but learned that there was no school-house, and so great a prejudice against a school that the parents had declared they would not send their children. Somewhat daunted, but not inclined to give up without an effort, she found an empty log hut, with loose logs for seats. On the day set for beginning the school she started for the hut, stopping on the way to pick up a half naked little girl, whom she found by the wayside. This was her school-house, and this was her school. With the child she visited a few of the nearest houses, and begged for scholars. She was often repulsed, but when morning came seventeen savage looking recruits, some of them accompanied by their parents, were at hand at the beginning of school. Before long it had grown to number seventy-six; and the Sabbath-school which she also started, averaged forty.

Who can estimate the amount of good done by this little school among these American heathen?

DOING GOOD.

Doing good—how few, comparatively, feel that they are to live in this world to do good! They live as if there was nothing to be done but to secure honor, fame and the shining dust. They move, breathe, live, and soon pass away and are forgotten. They did nothing worth remembering. Nothing they have done has comforted, elevated, blessed humanity; not a word or deed will be cherished in grateful remembrance by those they have left in life's journey. They lived, died, and pass out of mind like the insects of a day. They lived for no high, noble, valuable purpose; they sought not to write their names on imperishable monuments. Alas! how strange, bewildered, mistaken is man—immortal man! Do something that will make others happier, better, more useful. Kind words, generous acts, noble deeds, may be yours. Lend the helping hand, dry up the tear of sorrow, lighten the burdens of the oppressed, cheer the fainting heart, and bid the care-worn, disheartened pilgrim take courage and rise to a new and better life. Write your name high on monuments of virtue that none of the storms of time can ever destroy.—*Herald.*

SOMETHING TO CRY OVER.

Dr. John Hall, in an article entitled," A Thing to Cry Over," touches in a pathetic manner the common habit of laughing at drunken men. Dr. Hall stood on a boat in New York harbour. Not far off was a well-dressed but tipsy young man. Besides the doctor was a plainly dressed man. When Dr. Hall saw the people laughing at the drunkard, he saw in his neighbour's eyes such a sad, pitying look, that he said to him, "They should hardly laugh at him." Said the man: "It is a thing to cry over." Then he told Dr. Hall of his own wife, who took to drink in Scotland, and who promised to reform if he would come to this country, but did not, and died of drunkness, and when the doctor hoped that he had comfort in the children he said: "One, the second, is; she is a good child. The oldest is not steady—I can do nothing with her,; and the youngest; a boy, can't be kept from drink. I've sold my place, and am going to a town in Ohio, where, I am told, no liquor can be had—to try to save him." Dr. Hall closes as follows: "Who would not wish for abstinence societies, tracts, books, ministers, sermons, young people's pledges, humane laws? One always cries out for *anything* that will stop this slow, cruel murder of home love, of men, of women, of little children, of home, of immortal souls."

THE FOLLOWING extract from a letter sent to the *Indian Witness*, of Calcutta, needs no added comment. It speaks eloquently to every parent's heart, and urges a query of solemn weight, as well as practical importance:

"'Mother, you have forgotten my soul.' So said a little girl, three years old, as her kind and careful mother was about to lay her in bed. She had just risen from repeating the Lord's Prayer. 'But, mother,' she said, 'you have forgotten my soul.' 'What do you mean, Anna?' 'Why,

> 'Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord *my soul* to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord *my soul* to take.'

We have not said that.'" The child meant nothing more, yet her words were startling. And, oh, from how many rosy lips might they come with mournful significance! You, fond mother, so busy hour after hour, preparing and adorning garments for the pretty little form, have you forgotten the soul? Do you commend it earnestly to the care of its God and Saviour? Are you leading it to commit itself, *in faith and love*, to his keeping?"—*The Christian.*

SHALL MAN, amid the sins and struggles of earth, ever outgrow his need of the Bible? Shall its gracious design, so far as he is concerned, be useless, and of no avail? Shall the time ever come, in the progress of events, in the lapse of ages, in the onward march of art and science, when the Bible shall be superseded altogether by clearer light and higher truth, and man may say once more of the present dispensation, succeeded by a better, "The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth?" Those who imagine that man will ever outgrow his need of the Bible upon earth have formed altogether mistaken notions, both of its contents and of the nature of man. There may be no need for the written word in heaven, but man will never be able to do without it upon earth. Existing forms and embodiments of Christianity, the merely human in creed, in dogma, in system and polity, will doubtless during the lapse of ages disappear, but the Bible, the *permanent, the real, the absolutely needful in Christianity*, which will be as much required by the generations of a thousand years hence as it is at this moment, will never disappear.—*Alexander Wallace.*

A STRANGE FACT.—It is wonderful, the exquisite pain we contrive to give to people whom we really love—very much. We drive it by snarling and snapping, saying sarcastic, biting things; the *idlers* of the family being often the busiest in this occupation. Now, with the bee, we forgive the sting for the sake of the honey, but who can forgive the bee if it stings not his enemies, but his friends? And that is what some of you do; and oh! the sting rankles and poisons the life of people for whom, I verily belisve, you would lay down your own. Yes, you would *die* for them, but will not check your ill-feeling enough to enable you to live with them.

"When two conscientious people quarrel, both think themselves right. But hard words will not mend the matter; one might as well try to mend glass windows by pelting them with stones."

CHASTISEMENT.—There is one other result which chastisement aims at producing in us—greater nearness to God, and so greater meetness for heaven. Health, money, friends, advancement, society, knowledge, business—these are the gods that we worship, on these we rely; and we do not discover that they are but broken cisterns which hold no water, until God shatters them at a blow, and so we fall back on him as our only abiding portion, in whom alone are the fresh springs of our life. With many of us it is only when health is impaired, or money is lost, or friends die, or occupation is suspended, that our eyes are fully opened to discern good from evil, and we made willing to say, "I will arise, and will go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee."—*A. W. Thorold, D. D.*

THERE ARE many in various sections of the Christian church who fail to see the true character of the Lord's Supper as being simply an act of commemoration, in which we have fellowship with our blessed Lord, and with one another in him, as being all alike "partakers of that one bread." There is nothing in it of a sacerdotal character, and no act of worship should be associated with a greater degree of sacred joy and hallowed freedom than that in which we celebrate the love of him who hath made all his true disciples to be equally kings and priests unto God; all alike redeemed and sanctified by his precious blood. In no service should the child of God feel more at home than when he is thus seated at the Father's board, and feasting on the provision made by the Father's love through Christ his Son.—*The Christian.*

RANDOM READINGS.

> No man can serve two masters.
> Make good resolutions and keep them.
> They that seek the Lord shall find him.
> A godly old age deserves respect.

It is not scientific demonstrations, nor miracles, nor a voice from heaven, which is needed now so much as manhood and self-sacrifice, the aggressive and fervid spirit, and, above all, the Christlike consecration which befit the simpler and stronger views of Christian truth, the more catholic conceptions of the kingdom of God, and the more enlightened views of the Christian life which are the joy and honor of our times.—*Pres. Noah Porter, D. D.*

A poor child, straying into a Sunday-school one day, asked simply: "Is this the way to heaven?" The superintendent was for a moment startled. Was the school, indeed, the way to heaven? Was he trying to make it so? Were his teachers intent on the same object? The artless question struck home. From desk to class the question went round with a thrill. What were they all doing? Whither were they all tending? The question was like an angel suddenly come into their midst to make a record of all that transpired in that school. Oh, superintendents, teachers, make sure of this one thing: with all your efforts to impart knowledge, make the salvation of the soul of paramount interest; whether your school be a model or struggling up to perfection, be sure that every scholar shall feel that it is the road to heaven.