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.

A NOTE TO READERS.—During the last Quarter we have published our Notes on the Sunday School lessons eighteen days before the day on which the lesson was to be taught. It seems desirable to bring them nearer together and we shall next week give the Notes on the lesson for April 1, which will allow eleven days between the publication and the time of teaching that lesson, during which time all our readers in this country will receive the paper.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON XII.-Mar. 25.

(For Questions see Star Quarterly and Lesson Papers.)

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 1: 1-26.
T. " 2: 1-47.
W. " 3: 1-26.
T. " 4: 1-37.
F. " 5: 1-42.
S. " 9: 1-15.
S. " 7: 1-60.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*And ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.*—Acts 1: 8.

TOPICS—See Daily Readings.

TIME, A. D. 30 to 36 or 37.

Concerning Luke, the author of the Book of Acts, we know but little. He does not mention himself by name in this Book, nor in the Gospel bearing his name, though he is the undoubted author of both treatises. Paul speaks of him three times in his epistle. It is probable that he was a Gentile, born at Antioch. He was a firm friend and frequent companion of Paul. This Book was probably written at Rome about A. D. 63. It contains an account of the planting and extension of the Christian church among the Jews and Gentiles, by establishing centres from which the work was carried on in different provinces. In the first lesson of the Quarter we have an account of the Saviour's last interview with his disciples on earth, in which he told them to stay in Jerusalem until they were baptized with the Holy Spirit, by which experience they should receive power, and after which they should go forth to be witnesses unto him in many places. We also have a brief description of his Assension, when, "as they were looking, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight." Angels appeared to them at this time and assured them that Jesus should come again in like manner as they had seen him going into heaven.

Ten days after this event, as the disciples were engaged in worship together on the day of Pentecost, the Holy Spirit manifested himself among them in an unusual manner, producing a sound like that of a rushing wind and appearing in the form of tongues of flame that sat upon each one of them; they were filled with a new power, so that they spoke with tongues, and people from many widely separated provinces came together and heard every man in his own tongue. Some thought they were drunk, but Peter declared that it was not so, but what they saw was only a fulfillment of what had been foretold by the prophet Joel eight hundred years before that time.

A great multitude was drawn together by the wonderful events of the day of Pentecost, and Peter, being filled with the Holy Spirit, preached to them with great plainness and power. He urged them to repent and be baptized in the name of Jesus, promising them that they, too, should receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. Many believed and three thousand were added to the church on that day. How many were converted to Christ who did not make a public profession of faith in him, we can not tell; nor do we know how many received into their hearts the good seed which afterwards bore fruit in their conversion. One afternoon, perhaps several days after the day of Pentecost, Peter and John went up to the temple to worship. A lame man was lying near the Beautiful Gate to beg of those entering; Peter, having got his attention, said to him, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee; in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk. At once he sprang up and went with them into the temple, leaping and praising God. The people were astonished, for the man was more than forty years old, and had never walked. A great crowd gathered under a beautiful piazza called "Solomon's Porch," and there Peter preached to them earnestly and faithfully, rebuking them for their hardness of heart and for their sin in crucifying Christ, and exhorted them to repent at once and seek the forgiveness of God. He told them distinctly that it was by no power of their own that they had healed the lame man, but through faith in Jesus Christ. The priests and officers of the temple were very greatly displeased at what was taking place, for about five thousand people had become believers in Christ. They arrested Peter and John, perhaps for causing a tumult in the Temple court, and put them in confinement until the next day, when, having gathered a large company of priests and prominent men, they called the apostles to give an account of themselves, and asked by what name or authority they had done such things. Peter replied that if they meant to inquire about the good deed done to the lame man, he would say, he had been healed in the name of Jesus, whom they had crucified, and proceeded to rebuke them with great boldness, and to assert the true character of Jesus of Nazareth. The priests were astonished at the speech, but the man whom they had healed was standing by, sound and strong, and they could say nothing against the miracle. They dared not punish the apostles, so they threatened them and let them go. Peter and John returned to their friends, with whom they gave glory to God, and prayed that they might be enabled to preach with boldness and to work miracles as proofs of the divine favor. While so engaged the place was shaken and they were filled with the Holy Spirit as on the day of Pentecost.

Great love and generosity abounded in the early church, and many who had property sold it and gave the proceeds to the apostles for the support of those who were needy. They did this of their own free will, and only those did it who chose. A certain man, named Ananias, a disciple, seems to have had a desire to have the name of being generous, and yet was unwilling to part with all his property. He formed a plan, with his wife Sapphira, to sell a certain piece of property and to give a part of the proceeds to the church fund and to pretend that he had given the whole. When he came to present it, the Holy Spirit revealed to Peter what Ananias was doing and he asked why Satan had filled his heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and told him that he had not lied unto men but unto God, and immediately he fell down and died. His wife, coming in afterwards, told the same story and was punished in like manner. So was the church taught the greatness of the sin of hypocrisy.

The apostles continued to work signs and wonders and many believed on Christ because of these proofs of his power. The rulers caused Peter and John to be put into prison again, but the angel of the Lord opened the doors by night and told them to go into the temple and speak to the people "all the words of this Life." They did so, and when the rulers knew it, they sent for them to be brought carefully, and when the apostles appeared before them, they administered a rebuke, but Peter said, "We must obey God rather than men," and went on, as before, to preach plainly and vigorously such truth as the priests and rulers needed to hear.

In the course of time, some complaints were made that justice was not done in the distribution of the charities of the church, and the apostles called the church together and directed the members to choose seven good men who should take charge of that matter, and leave them free to attend to "prayer and the ministry of the word," and it was done. One of "the Seven," so chosen, was Stephen, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Spirit." He wrought many miracles, and those who undertook to discuss religious subjects with him "were not able to resist the wisdom and the Spirit by which he spake." His influence was so great that the enemies of Christianity finally, by means of false witnesses, caused him to be arrested for blasphemy. At his trial, a vision of heavenly glory was granted unto him, but when he spoke of what he saw, though his face was shining like that of an angel, his persecutors were exceedingly mad and dragged him out of the city to a place where they could stone him to death, that being the punishment appointed for blasphemy. While they were hurling stones against him, he commended his soul to God, and prayed that he would not lay this sin to their charge, and, as Luke says, "when he had said this he fell asleep." Among the spectators was a young man named Saul who was soon to become a prominent man in the church. Great lamentation was made for Stephen, and a great persecution was made against the disciples, so that they were scattered abroad into all parts of the world then known.

SERMON:

PREACHED AT BARRINGTON, ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF THE LATE BRO. CAPTAIN MICHAEL WILSON, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT IN HALIFAX.

BY REV. T. H. SIDDALL.

Text, Proverbs 10-7. "The memory of the just is blessed."

What a precious gift and endowment is memory? By it we live life over and over again; the past is brought in to help and instruct the present. In memory are boundless stores, fragrant flowers and goading thorns; things sweet and bitter according to the nature of our spirits. As our lives so the delights in the stores of memory. But with all of us there are some things dimly writ as if in sand, there are other things as if engraved by a pen of iron in granite. As a rule, what we love the strongest and deepest makes the firmest and deepest impression in memory. But there is a something in all of us—even in those who love not God or His ways—which constrains us to admire and remember a just man and worthy, just acts and deeds. Bad men, when true to themselves, honor truly just men; even wicked Pilate secretly honored the good and just Jesus. The selfish Judas was smitten at heart, as he betrayed the world's Saviour. Infidelity and wickedness have mocked the Divine Word, the treasury of God, but no foul lips have touched the goodness and justness of the life of Jesus. One school of coarse infidelity has sought to prove that life a myth, but only to cover themselves with shame and contempt. Another school has tried to rob the beautiful and sublime life of Jesus of the Divine elements that are marked in each step, and crested upon each unfolding of the holiest and richest treasure of the world. But the life granted, admiration is rendered for its goodness, purity and justness. Yes! bad men secretly render homage to a just man.

It is revealed in experience that the memorials of a just life are the enduring and imperishable, that moral and spiritual acts are imperishable. Men and nations pass away, but the fragrant, fruitful memorials unfolded in a just life live on through the ages. Names may be forgotten, the monuments and tablets—the expression of hearts' best love—may and do perish in the wrecks of time; the silent lonely graveyard may become a pasturage of sheep and oxen, and all traces of the house of our beloved dead pass away; yet! in the lives of all just men and women the memory of the departed just men is blessed, honored by the new generation, and by all generations living on in the same just paths, delighting in the same principles, inheriting the same virtues, extolling the same graces, loving and glorifying the same God.

In a direct sense that is true. By a clearly expressed law of God in the natural world each kind produces its like: or reproduces itself. Flowers, flowers and fruits, fruits. One plant is a seed-plot for others. So in the moral world good deeds and sayings reproduce themselves. At all points of a just man's life he scatters undying influences that reproduce themselves, adding to the volume of good and enlarging the forces that make for righteousness and well-being. A just man broadens and deepens the sweep of heavenly influences coursing through the earth, whose centre is found in God revealed in Jesus Christ. Such a man brings nearer the promised day "when all shall know the Lord," and the still more glorious day when shall be ushered in "a new heaven and a new earth," and death shall universally be swallowed up in victory. Again, there is a physical gravitation and sweep, and a moral gravitation and sweep. All lesser bodies are attracted by and gravitate towards the larger bodies, and the larger bodies carry with them the smaller, and rule them. A just man is attracted by a centre, Christ, and is ruled by a spiritual force, he gravitates towards the centre of his life's hidden springs, and outwardly casts forth the influence received from the attracting force, and in his sweep or orbit of life, as a magnet, draws others within the influence of the centre's far reaching, ever renewing influence and power. Thus the memory of the just is blessed in every widening far reaching influence. Dropping along the pathway of life pearls taken from the ocean of Divine love, to reproduce themselves on and on through rolling ages. Further, in a positive sense, our text is true as relates to the narrow circle of life's round in a threefold relation, as to home, friends and society. The most precious influence of our life finds its birthplace in the home of our hearts, where we are best known and most cherished. There hearts are open to the good influence of our lives. Confidence and love are freely yielded to us, and our inmost selves is there read and understood. There love and affection responds to love and affection. So, when a beloved one is removed the memory—the remembrance—is by our kindred blessed, because best known and most deeply cherished. Among friends, by society the memory of a just man is blessed, but for other reasons often than those that encircle and well up in the minds and hearts of the bereaved ones. The wife has lost a help-mate, confident and ever willing guide and helper; the children have lost all that is embodied in a just father; the mother has lost a dutiful and faithful son; the sister and brothers have lost an esteemed and loving brother, a trusty counselor, a whole-souled companion whose heart was buried in their weal and prosperity. Such a memory must indeed be blessed to them, for the good of our departed brother's life lives in them, appearing in every fold and round of life.

In these various ways "the memory," the memorial—the remembrance "of the just"—the righteous—"is blessed"—is a blessing.

Life to the eye of reason is folded in deep mystery, and not one wit less to the same faculty divine is the law of death. Indeed death seems to us to be governed by caprice, and to unenlightened reason all seems confusion and disorder. At the threshold of death reason is baffled, all seems to be blind and dark. We see men of promise and to our thinking needed men cut down in the bloom and flower of life. We see men to our thinking less useful remain. Jesus died as man in the prime of life and ascended to Heaven, when to human vision He was needed to help the infant church; yet, He was borne hence.

Recently a French statesman, Gambetta, in the vigor of life was cut down by death, just when to our thinking needed to help the struggling republic. A young man leaves College after years of preparation for his life-work, and he no sooner is settled down to his occupation and calling than he is removed. A sea captain after years of struggle obtains his certificate and enters into a field of enlarged prosperity, and on his first voyage is lost. A man careless, living a godless life, with few claims upon him of home and family, lives on to a good old age. By his side is a man godly, true to himself and all responsibilities with many claims of home, family and society resting upon him, just when to us and our vision most needed he sickens and dies. To us the useful men taken hence when most required, and the less needed left and living to a green old age. By such experiences of the phenomena of death we are surrounded. We ask is there no light to help us? Is all caprice? Is there not something to aid us to comprehend the righteousness of a common law? Is all law known to us beneficent and good, embosomed in goodness and rule, and the law of death all caprice? Surely not! In nature nothing lost, is a well known law. "For there is hope of a tree if it be cut down, that it will sprout again! it will reproduce itself. The fragments of the hewn tree can be gathered perhaps. And if not gathered that tree in its decay has returned to its own elements. No waste, no loss in nature, change ever, ever change. The corpse of a departed one looks in form and feature the same. Same weight, appearance the same. How often of our dead we say, How natural they look? We speak to them and there is no answer. We mourn by their side and there is no response. We touch with our lips the forehead, and there is no smile of joy and pleasure. Whence the change? The house is empty—tenantless—the spirit has gone. Reason baffled. Man's highest flights in earthly wisdom lost. But amid our perplexity and in our anguish we hear a voice saying: "I am the resurrection and the life." Yes! to Revelation—the book of books—we turn for hope, light and comfort. Heavenly light—to chase away earth's darkness. Heavenly wisdom—to illumine heart and mind, and to give us sure paths for our feet.

I. Fact of life, "we all die." No certainty more certain. No mystery here. "We are born to die." It is appointed unto man once to die." "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death." The mode and manner of our death wisely is hid from us. How we shall die, when we shall die, where we shall die—all hid from our sometimes curious questioning. Death equalizes all as to the grave. Death comes to the palace and the cottage. No position can stave away, and no wealth purchase immunity from death. Yes! all must die.

II. Fact that in the mystery of death we have Divine certainty. We all possess an inner man, a thinking principle, a something that dies not; not of time but of eternity. And because of that soul Christ died, and He declares what is true. "Because I live ye shall live also." "He that believeth in me shall never die." Thus, man is a being possessing relations to time and to eternity. The essence of life is the immortal principle that knows no age. Revelation plainly declares man an immortal being, and that time does not end all, but that there is another state and condition, and according to our spirit here, so shall we be hereafter; that physical death is but the door opening to another existence. The revealed word means little if it gives no light here as to that existence. "In me is your life," and "Thy heart shall live forever." "I am the resurrection and the life." Jesus our life dies not, but "ever liveth," and because He lives we shall live also. Firmly we believe it, and to us it is as a bright sun to cheer us amid the chill and gloom of death and the grave.

In the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus death is but a change. Not a cessation of being but an expansion—to the just. Not a new life but a continuation of life surrounded by and centering in new and richer conditions to the righteous. The life begun here, completed hereafter. The education imperfectly unfolded here, made complete in the eternity of eternal progression. Thus we have no waste, "no loss in God's spiritual Kingdom, but a complete consistent whole." In such light we see in death not caprice but plain purpose, beneficent and good. Sovereign law revealing development from the celestial bosom of eternal love. The holy, wise God causing change to end in fruitful good to the children of His heart. The just ones saved and redeemed by Jesus, our undying hope and eternal life. Not only have we hope but absolute certainty that in His death we have life, and in His resurrection eternal life. By faith we climb over all doubts and fears, and ride safely across the gulf of despair, leaning upon our beloved. "O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

III. There is undoubted certainty with regard to life and death. "That the memory of the just, *i. e.*, righteous right men and women who live upright lives, that their memory is blessed, that their lives are honored and their influence an enduring memorial. In general as explained, and also in particular. In general as to influence in adding to the stream of good, enriching and ennobling mankind, and in particular as living in and helping those who come within the circle of their acquaintance. Hence they are memorials of blessing, or blessed memorials. They pass away but the fruit of their lives remaineth.

Examine the constituent elements of our character and what do we find—what shall we find? Numberless threads belonging to the good and great of the ages! and especially of our acquaintance. As Christians we delight in the "just" of God's Word! Why? because they live in us. The value of the word is that it speaks to us as God's Word through men and women, and especially through the God-man, Jesus our Saviour and friend. Its personality is the charm of our hearts, and we delight to drink at its holy fountain. If we look even cursorily at the flowers of our hearts we shall find that the worthies of the far past as well as our life friends and relatives are with us. They live in us and are the sum of the character we possess. First in influence is the Rose of Sharon and the choice plants of the word. Then mingled with them are parents, teachers and friends. Some dead, yet, although dead, speak in us and here are blessed and honored. Oh! how true that a just life is a blessing, and the memorial of it enduring. Truly a great legacy, a rich inheritance. Such a memorial our departed brother has bequeathed to us, and the remembrance of his life is a blessing to us in this our hour of sorrow.

His memory is indeed blessed to those who knew him best, to those who lived in his affections. As a son, he was kind, just and imbued with constant filial affection. As a brother, full of interest, thoughtful, self-sacrificing. Although richly esteemed in those relations, as a husband and father he was especially endeared to his bereaved wife and family. A good and true husband, and a beloved father. His home was a real delight to him, and his family were buried in his generous, kind, manly, christian heart.

As a friend and neighbor, the embodiment of helpfulness, trueness and kindness. In his business relations, just and upright. Testimony after testimony have come from men who for long years had the fullest opportunity to mark his conduct, and one and all speak of his integrity and uprightness. As a Christian, ever conscious of his weakness and imperfections, yet he strove to love mercy, walk humbly, do justly in the love and fear of God. He, in a chequered life, in storm, peril, and sunshine, full of bright hope, sought to live in peace with God and man. He deeply cherished his church and brethren, and loved heartily all God's faithful people. He lived in faith of the Son of God, and died in the full assurance of a blissful immortality. Peacefully, calmly he passed away, as sinks the sun at the close of a summer day, leaning upon Him who was to him "the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." His triumphant death was bright with assuring hope. The glory of the King of kings was shed around, and death's billows were smoothed by a Saviour's favor and love, and the cross and crown were visible to our dear brother's spiritual eye ere through the valley he passed. Oft had he sang:

"Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life, in death, Oh! Lord, abide with me."

It was his joy to realize that beautiful prayer in song, and by the arm of faith to leave to us comforting evidence of his undoubted entrance into the stormless sea of eternal peace and rest. "And his memory is blessed."

The lessons of his life are not writ in sand but in granite, they are legible and distinct. They stand out and we cannot miss their meaning. Review his life and work as now completed. And does it not speak to all? Can we not all drink at this goodly fountain? As we have pointed out the traits of character that enriched him, and causes his memory to be blessed, can we not all learn something? Something to add to our worth as children of Him who can make brass silver, and silver gold. By grace our departed brother was what he was, and the same grace and opportunity is ours; then let us go and do likewise, in richer, greater, purer, and higher things.

To all the mourners we extend our heartfelt sympathy, as a church and people. But, while we seek to comfort and help you in this your dark hour of heavy bereavement, we especially commend you to that God and Father who gave and has taken away, and who is able and now ready to give and impart solace to your stricken hearts. In the heart of God you will secure the needed solace and help. In His promises so rich and comforting you will find the needed light and comfort. In the fruitful hopes imparted by the religion of Jesus you will find rest to your troubled souls. Heaven to you has a richer, deeper meaning by your and our loss. It is nearer to you. Its many treasures have received one more, one that was buried in our affections, and by such a treasure we are drawn upward too, and many times and oft we shall be found in meditation by our loss upon that home of the sainted dead. For our brother is not lost but only gone before. Soon! ah! how soon who can tell? we shall be called to say adieu to earth. If it be near or distant, at home or abroad, may we each and all have the just man's hope, because we have lived the just man's life, and our memory will be blessed.

"Though to-night the seed be sown in gloom,
Amid darkness, tears and sorrow,
It shall spring from the tomb in immortal bloom,
On the bright and glorious morrow.
For the tears that we shed o'er holy dust,
Are the tribute of human sadness;
But the grave holds in trust the remains of the just
Till the day of eternal gladness."

SELFISH JOHN CLARK.

The meeting was a good one, in spite of the intense heat, and there was more singing done by the mosquitoes than the human species.

John Clark sat by an open window, where what breeze there was came in and kept him comparatively comfortable; and than he had on a clean linen suit which his wife had washed and ironed that day, notwithstanding the mercury mounted high in the nineties, and its freshness was an additional comfort.

His first crop of hay, much larger than usual, had that day been put in his spacious barns without damage by so much as a drop of rain. He was well, strong, prosperous, and therefore happy.

The ride home was charming, and as the new horse took them through Cairnley Woods with sure, fleet feet, he felt that life was very bright; and as he thought of Bro. White's remarks about weary burdens and feet tired with the march of life, he concluded that the aforesaid brother was not in the enjoyment of religion.

John's wife sat back in the carriage, resting her tired body and turning over in her mind the remarks her John had made at the meeting. "Bear ye one another's burdens," had been the subject of the evening talk, and John's speech had been listened to with evident relish.

"Your husband has the root of the matter in him," said the pastor as he passed out. I hope we will all take heed to his well-timed words."

"I think of hiring Tom Birch as a sort of spare hand or call-boy generally. I find this hot weather takes the starch out of me," John said, as the horses trotted through the cool pine grove, amid flickers of moonlight.

"Will you board him," asked Mary Clark in a constrained voice, with the memory of her husband's exhortations still in her mind.

"Of course. I want him evenings to take the horse when we come home from meetings, or if I have a friend out. It is rather hard to go right to work directly one gets home."

"You are going to hire him to help bear some of your burdens," said Mary in the same hard voice.

"Just so, wife. It stands me in hand to practice, if I preach; don't you say so?"

"I do! I am glad you are going to have help; as you say, it is hard to go to work the minute you get home. I have been foolish enough to have this ride spoiled by thinking of bread to mix, two baskets of clothes to fold before I sleep, for the ironing to-morrow, and dinner to get for four hungry men, and baby to care for."

"Don't crowd to-morrow's burdens into this present ride. And it seems to me that it would be better to get all the house-work done before meeting time."

"If I could; but this is impossible; milk to strain, dishes to wash, Benny and baby to put to to bed—all these duties to come together; and then I am tired enough to go to bed myself."

"Take it easy, Mary, keep cool, avoid all the hot work you can."

"I wish I could have a girl, John?"

"Mother used to say girls were more hindrance than help. I guess you would find them so; and then they waste and break more than their wages. I don't see how I can afford a girl. Do what you can, and leave some things undone; that's the way to work it, and John sat back with a satisfied air, and Mary thought of her husband's glowing words in the prayer meeting.

"I will do what I can," said Mary in a weary voice. What I am obliged to do is beyond my strength. The three meals come near together, washing and ironing must be done, baby shall not be neglected, and of course, I must keep the clothes well mended."

"One thing at the time is the way to think of your duties. Pick up all the comfort you can as you go along. I have made up my mind to do so in the future."

"So I see by your thinking of having an extra hand."

"Yes, I feel that I must take care of my health for your sake and the children's."

"Certainly!" Mary answered in a sarcastic tone: "how thoughtful you are for us."

John made no further comment, but inwardly wished that prayer-meetings did Mary the good they had once done, and wondered why his wife had so changed.

"I am going with Squire Town to see the new reaper; he says he hardly wants to buy without my opinion." This was the next day.

John left his wife ironing with the half sick baby sitting at the table in company of an army of flies, and in spite of the home scene, enjoyed his ride along the pleasant shaded road, well pleased to be seen in company with such a big man of the town. At supper-time he came home with the new reaper behind the wagon.

"By taking two we made a handsome saving, and as I intended to buy one, I thought I might as well take it now," he remarked by way of explanation. "It will save time and strength, and will pay for itself in a year."

Mary made no comment, but set her teeth tightly together when she remembered that she had asked in vain for something to make her work easier. A sewing-machine had been pronounced "hurtful; better have fewer changes of clothing than run a machine." John had decided when the subject was discussed; "a clothes-wringer would be constantly getting out of order. To bring the water into the house would be just to spoil the water. Mother would never have a pump in her day."

"My mother used to say all men are selfish; and I begin to think she was right," Mary muttered as she went to the kitchen for the plate of hot biscuit John was so fond of for his tea.

Her husband's appetite was good; but from fatigue and overheating herself Mary could not eat. His ride and the society of the genial squire had acted like a tonic; but there is no tonic in the air of a hot kitchen.

"A commonplace life," she said; and she sighed as she cleared away the dishes, while John tilted back in his arm-chair on the cool, drafty porch and talked over things with neighbor Jones.

"Why don't you buy Widder Patch's cranberry medder?" asked Mr. Jones; "it is going dirt cheap and you can afford it." The sum was named, figures that astonished Mary, and she was more surprised when she heard her husband say:

"I have half a mind to buy it. I've had an old bill paid in, and to tell the truth, affairs in the money market are squally, I don't know just where to salt it down."

No tears came to Mary's tired eyes, but her heart went out in one mighty sob as she stood, dish pan in hand, before the disordered table, and thought how cheaply she had sold herself, really for her board and two dollars a week, to a man who had promised to love and cherish her until death. The beautiful piano she had brought to the farm had never been opened, but looked like a gloomy casket wherein was buried all the poetry of her life. The "closed parlor" had long since assumed the grimness and mustiness of country best parlors, of which in her girlhood days she had made such fun. John was a rich man; and in spite of his marriage vows and his glowing prayer-meeting talk, was allowing burdens grievous to be borne to press on her slender shoulders in order to "salt down" his dollars.

Had she not a duty to perform? Ought she to allow him to preach and never to practice? Had she not rights to be respected? which were not by her husband; for she reasoned, if he allowed her to do what could be done by a hired woman at two dollars a week, then he rated her at that price.

"Widder Patch has had a tough time on't," said neighbor Jones; "she is going westward to Tom, if she sells the medder, and Jane is going out to work. She tried sewing but it don't agree with her. Dr. Stone recommends housework and it's a healthy business."

"Tis healthy business," chimed in John.

"Now my wife is a good deal better than when I married her. Why, she never did a washing in her life, until she came to the farm. I think washing and general housework much better than piano-playing and reading.

"So I say to the girls who pester me to buy an organ; better play on the washboard enough sight," was the elegant response.

"Are you going to buy the cranberry meadow, John?" Mary asked, as she saw her husband making preparations to go from home.

"Yes—why?"

"Can you afford it?"

"We shall have to figure a little closer in order to do it, but it's going cheap."

"You will have to give up Tom Birch won't you, and do the chores yourself?"

"I have thought of it; but Tom is poor and to give him a home is a deed of charity. No, we will save in some other way."

"How much do you pay Tom?"

"Three dollars and his board. And, by the way, he says you didn't wash his clothes. Washing and mending was in the bargain."

"I think Tom will have to go, for I have hired Jane Patch. She will be here to-night. Two dollars a week I am to give her. You want to practice 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' as well as preach from the text; so I will give you a chance. I will sit on the cool piazza after tea with a neighbor, while you do the chores. I think the time has come for my burdens to be lifted. By exchanging Tom for Jane you will save one dollar a week for the cranberry meadow. You say strong, active Tom is in need of a home; he can make one for himself anywhere. It is a deed of charity to give Jane a home, and an act of mercy to give your wife a little rest."

Before John could recover from his astonishment, Mary walked out of his sight, and taking the children, went to the shut up parlor. Throwing open the windows to let in the soft summer air, with baby in her lap, she sat down to the piano and began to play a "song without words," a piece John used to love to hear her play when he used to visit her in her home when she was a petted girl. The song crept out through the open windows and round to John as he sat on porch and memory compelled him to give the song words. Not musical poetry but rather somber prose, wherein washing, ironing, hard days at the churn, hours for cooking for hungry men, stood out before his mind's eye in contrast to the fair promises he had made the pretty girl he had won for his bride.

Jane Patch came that evening, and at once took upon herself many of Mrs. Clark's cares, and no one greeted her more cordially than did the master of the house. Nothing was ever said about her coming, and Tom Birch did not go away; so Mary knew her husband could well afford the expense.

She told me how she helped to make one man thoughtful and unselfish, as we sat on the cool piazza one hot August night; and I was glad that one woman had grit enough to demand her rights. If John Clark had been poor, his wife would have borne her burden in patience; but she had no right to help to make him selfish and indifferent as to her health and comfort.—*Christian Secretary.*

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

In one of the Western towns two or three years ago resided a widow who had a son sixteen and a daughter eighteen years of age. There had never been a dram shop in the place until some three years before; the men petitioned the country organization to grant a license to open a dram shop. The women are never guilty of such outrages. One was opened, and the boy who had been an exemplary boy from childhood up, a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school, soon was led astray—went there to play cards. Let me tell you, I never knew a boy in my life, who was ruined by letting cards alone, but many a boy has been destroyed through the influence of cards. You older ones here to-night, to you let me say, that it will do you no harm if you never play another card. If you do not, you will not set an example that may sometimes lead astray younger ones that look to you as patterns. This boy went into card playing and beer drinking, and from that to drunkenness, and in less than fifteen months, in a drunken spree, killed a comrade. He was arrested tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. The day of execution came on, and it found his sister at the State capitol before the governor, asking executive interference in her brother's behalf. The mother was in the prison cell, watching, praying, and comforting her boy as only a mother can. The hour of execution came on, and he was literally torn from his mother's arms as she fell fainting to the floor. He was taken to the gallows; the black cap was adjusted, the trap was sprung; the rope broke, and he fell almost lifeless to the ground. As they raised him and the blood gushed from his nose and ears he, thinking of his mother last, said in a husky tone, "Oh, mother, for God's sake have them hurry, won't you, please?" He ascended the scaffold; the rope was adjusted, the trap was sprung, and his spirit was sent to God who gave it. Men of Des Moines, men of Iowa, for God's sake I ask you to "hurry;" "hurry," do not open more of the places of iniquity, but "hurry" to blot them out, and drive them from your land. Be brave! Strike for a higher and better civilization. From all the saloons of this city there never flowed a blessing, not one. Curses, and only curses, have come from them. How long will you thus continue to give them the sanction of the law.—*From Gov. St. John's Des Moines Speech.*

THE UNBELIEVER'S CREED.

I believe that there is no God, but that matter is God, and God is matter; and that it is no matter whether there is any God or no.

I believe also that the world was not made but that the world made itself; that it had no beginning, and that it will last forever, world without end.

I believe that man is a beast; that the soul is the body, and the body is the soul; and that after death there is neither soul nor body.

I believe there is no religion; that natural religion is the only religion, and that all religion is unnatural.

I believe not in Moses; I believe in the first philosophy; I believe not in the evangelists; I believe in Chubb, Collins, Toland, Tindall, Morgan, Mandeville, Woolston, Hobbes, Shaftesbury; I believe in Lord Bolingbrook; I believe not in St. Paul.

I believe not in revelation; I believe in tradition; I believe in the Talmud; I believe in the Koran; I believe not in the Bible; I believe in Socrates; I believe in Confucius; I believe in Sanconiathan; I believe in Mohammed; I believe not in Christ.

Lastly, I believe in all unbelief.

The above was written about a hundred years ago. Would it not, *mutatis mutandis* suit many at the present day? Can any one tell who the author is (or was)?—*H. M. B., in Observer.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Purity, sincerity, obedience, and self-surrender—these are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

It is better to have thorns in the flesh with grace to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.

Peter was zealous to serve his Master; but when it was a zeal without knowledge, it was not accepted.

The nearer the soul is to God the less its perturbations, as the point nearest the centre of a circle is subject to the least motion.

No cloud across the sun,
But passes at the last, and gives us back
The face of God once more.
—*Kingsley.*

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief, than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—*Marcus Antonius.*

In a world where there is so much to be done, how happy that there is so large a portion of daylight—in a world where there is so much to be suffered, how merciful that there is so much night.—*Blunt.*

O fainting hearts, look up!
O sorrowing ones, be glad!
Howe'er the bitter cup
May render grieved and sad.
Who so can trust and wait,
His strength is as his day,
Behind the clouds of fate
Shines heaven's cheering ray.

Bishop Simpson made a good point at the laying of the corner stone of a new church recently. He said: "One answer to those who assert that Christianity is dying out, is simply this—build more churches. The line of argument cannot hold against the line of action. Infidelity builds no churches, founds no asylums, endows no universities. Unbelief provides no refuge for the infirm and poor, nor furnishes help nor comfort for those who weep.—*Ch. Advocate.*