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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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON VIII.-May 20.

(For Questions see Star Quarterly and Lesson Papers.)

HEROD AND PETER.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Herod and Peter. Acts 12: 1—17.
T. The apostles inspired. Acts 5: 17—26.
W. Angelic guardians. Ps. 34: 1—10; Heb. 1: 1—14.
T. Preserved by an angel. Dan. 6: 16—23.
F. Prayer for ministers. Eph. 6: 17, 18; 2 Thess. 3: 1—3.
S. Help promised. Job 5: 17—21; Ps. 34: 17—22.
S. Herod's death. Acts 2: 20—25.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him.*—Ps. 34: 7.

TOPICS.—A wicked king.
A strong deliverer.
Surprised friends.

TIME, A. D. 40—44.

NOTES AND HINTS.

Connecting Link.—Soon after the conversion of Cornelius, Peter returned to Jerusalem. Being accused of mingling too freely with the Gentiles he told the whole story of his visit to Cornelius, whereupon the church rejoiced at the admission of Gentiles. About this time many were converted at Antioch, and the work among the Gentiles went on successfully.

Dr. Arnot very happily says: "In the beginning of Chapter XI. we learned that sufferings separated those who were united; and so the truth was spread: in the end we learned that sufferings united those who were separated; and so, by contributing food to the Jewish Christians, the Gentile Christians bridged, with love, the dividing gulf." The shutting of the door at Jerusalem caused it to be opened in Antioch. The persecution at home drove the preachers abroad. We come now to the study of a new phase in the history of the Christian Church.

I. *A wicked king.* It is not an easy thing to get a complete mastery of the genealogy of the Herods mentioned in the New Testament. There are four or five of them, and their relationships are very complicated. They were Idumeans, men of great ability, keen, shrewd, fond of intrigue, ambitious and unscrupulous. The one here spoken of, who began to vex certain of the church about that time, was Herod Agrippa I., the grandson of Aristobulus. He was sent to Rome to be educated, where he became involved in debt and fell into disgrace, and in the latter part of the reign of Tiberius was imprisoned. He was released by Caligula and treated with great favor; he gave him the tetrarchies of Philip and Lysanias, lying east of the Upper Jordan and the Anti-Lebanon mountains. To this territory, additions were made until his dominion extended over nearly or quite all of Palestine. In a certain way, he manifested great zeal for the religion of his people; he honored and adorned it, and protected it from the insults of the heathen, and from the folly of its own devotees. He had a certain sort of religious convictions, and with them a bad heart. This combination of forces in his character made him a fierce fanatic, and a relentless persecutor of all followers of "the Way," as the Christian life seems to have been called. He was quick to kill James and, when he saw that it pleased the people, was ready to dispose of Peter in the same way.

II. *A strong deliverer.* James seems to have been taken and hurried swiftly to destruction. In Peter's case there was more deliberation. It was easy to arrest him and to put him into prison. There need be no haste after that, and as the Passover was near it was decided to defer his execution until after that festival. This gave the disciples an opportunity to use the only power that they possessed, and prayer was made unto God for him without ceasing. The supplications of those apparently weak and insignificant Christians in Jerusalem were heard by One whose arm is stronger than Herod's; One who can send, not merely four quartornions, but legions, of helping angels. One is enough, and in the silence of the night he came. Into that prison he went without disturbing the guards, easily released the sleeping prisoner and delivered him from the chains and fetters with which he was bound.

"The watchmen saw no light at midnight gleaming,—
They heard no sound of feet:
The gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,
Stands free upon the street."

III. *Surprised friends.* Delivered from the dungeon and led by his deliverer into the open street, Peter was left then to take care of himself, under divine guidance, by a wise use of the powers with which he was endowed. He was not long in deciding what to do. He knew where friends could be found and quickly betook himself to the home of a Christian family, where, as seems likely, the disciples were accustomed to meet for mutual conference and prayer. Here they were, and had been all the night, earnestly pouring out their supplications to God on his behalt. With some difficulty he gained admission, and presented himself to a company of Christians utterly astonished that the very thing for which they were praying had come to pass. They had not thought of its coming in that way. Their minds had been turned in a different direction. But God's ways are not our ways, neither are our ways his ways. In his own way he can do for us all that we desire and all that he purposes for us.

We ought not to be surprised that our prayers are answered, though we may sometimes be surprised at the mode of the answer. The fact is according to the nature of things in God's economy, and we should never be astonished at it.

The power used in behalf of the imprisoned Apostle is available for all God's children, for all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ. We do well to make constant use of it, and need never be surprised at its marvellous success.

THOUGHTS AND APPLICATIONS.

I. God's children should pray in all times of trouble.

II. God can lock the senses of sentinels as easily as he can unlock the chains of prisoners and the gates of prisons.

TOPICS FOR FURTHER STUDY.

I. The Herodian family.
II. Eastern prisons.
III. Specific prayers.

THE RIGHT WAY.—We feel best if we give to the Lord something of our own—something that it has cost us an effort to get. Said a little girl to her father, "Papa, please let me have an apple tree this season."

"Why, my daughter?"

"So that I could call it my own and use the fruit as I wish."

"But how do you want to use it?"

"I want to pick the fruit and sell it, and make missionary-money, which will then be truly of my own getting."

It would be well for boys and girls to have a chicken, a sheep, a tree, a patch of ground or something, and use the proceeds for church work.—*Young Disciple.*

THE EVANGELICAL WORK IN SPAIN.

BY THE REV. GEORGE W. LOOMIS.

While Europe is undergoing such remarkable changes, both in its political and religious life, and while Spain herself is so variable in her politics, one would naturally expect the same condition of affairs in her religion.

Such, indeed, has been the general expectation among Protestants. Most have thought, and with apparent reason, that as she shook herself loose from political thraldom, she would free herself, too, from that more galling burden of superstition under which she has groaned for so many centuries. But this unhappy people seem even yet unable to rise up into the light and freedom of this era of progress; owing partially to their appalling ignorance, full half of the people being unable to read even, and partially to a deep grounded prejudice against any change from the established order of things.

From the outlook of Madrid the Evangelical work in Spain seems progressing very slowly. From the Rev. John Jameson, head of the Scotch United Presbyterian Mission here, who for the past eleven years has been doing a heroic work in this Catholic city, I have obtained the following statement of the present condition of Evangelical Missions in Spain:

There are in the whole country perhaps 5,000 Evangelical Christians who are leading consistent Christian lives, with perhaps 3,000 additional attending, more or less, the various Mission services. Of these some 500 are regular members in Madrid and about 300 in Seville, the rest being found in the various towns of Corunna, Oviedo, Bilbao, San Sebastian, Valladolid, Salamanca, and Barcelona, with a few minor stations.

The work thus far has been only among the poorer classes, those of middle rank being indifferent, and the higher bitterly antagonistic to any propogandist movements. The power of Rome is still felt in Spain with much of its ancient strength, though in these days it dare not assert itself in open persecution. Still the country is thoroughly Catholic. The women are almost universally devoted to the Church, and ready to make any sacrifice for it. The men, though they rarely, if ever, attend Church, though they scoff at all things religious, and though they profess any and all kinds of *isms* through life, yet when death comes, send in haste for the padre and seek the consolations and absolutions of the Church. It is the present policy of Rome to allow her children full liberty to be or to do any thing through life, provided only they return to her bosom at the last.

Though there have been many men of prominence who have professed themselves as antagonistic to the Romish faith, yet of them all only three have had the courage to stand by their convictions to the end.

1. Don Julian Sanz del Rio, a Professor of Philosophy in the University of Madrid, who introduced German Pilosophy into Spain, and who was an acknowledged freethinker.

2. Don Fernando de Castro, ex-rector of the University, a great friend of the Evangelical workin Madrid, but who did not dare to give it his open support.

3. Don Estanislao Figueras, the acknowledged head of the Fedral Republican movement in Spain, and an openly professed deist.

These three men repudiated all connection with Romanism, and left orders in their wills to be buried in the Protestant cemetery. These are the only men of prominence there buried, and the only ones that have had the courage to leave as a legacy to their families the persecution and ostracism that the Church could bring upon them.

Yet the outlook is not as dark as one might expect. The work is moving on. The last quarter of a century has produced marvelous changes in this unhappy land—not alone in its political life. A thirst for education has taken hold of young Spain. While full 50 to 60 per cent. of the population above thirty-five years of age are unable to even read, yet the younger classes are all craving for knowledge. The universities and the schools are bringing light into Spain, and are daily increasing in influence and power. More and more are they making themselves *felt*, and it is noticeable that just as they gain a foothold does the Church lose her power, and the people their bigotry and prejudice. This can especially be seen here, where the schools are well patronized and the people are becoming more tolerant, liberal, and progressive.

Madrid to-day has five Protestant chapels representing the Church of England, the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, the Irish Presbyterian Church, and the American Baptist Society. It also has two special Missions, one supported largely by German Christians, and the other maintained chiefly by Mr. George Muller, of Bristol, England. These are all laboring manfully in this city, and gradually gaining a foothold. It is their hope that as young Spain shakes off the bonds of ignorance and superstition they may be able to lead her into a pure Christianity.

Sunday last found me in a large building in the Calle del Legenitos. Here, on the ground floor, is the English chapel, and on the second the headquarters of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland. In the chapel of the latter were gathered together a Spanish congregation of about 100 persons. The pastor told me they had an average attendance of about 150. I sat down and looked upon this little Christian company with peculiar interest, and, as I heard them singing in their own sweet tongue our old familiar hymns, I could not help thinking that better days must be in store for Spain.

The building now devoted to Protestant worship is a very old one. Underground passages lead from it to the palace of Inquisition opposite, It must formerly have been part of that establishment. Its massive walls, its heavy iron doors and windows, and the great bars of solid iron fastening them in, doubtless, could tell strange stories had they tongues. But the sunlight has free play there now, and the great doors stand wide open. There is no need of iron bars now, for the Prince of Peace has taken possession of this ancient palace of cruelty and torture, and he needs no defenses.

I stood in the Panteon at the Escurial yesterday, and looked upon the marble sarcophagi in which sleep those two mighty monarchs whose word was law to so many millions. There they sleep, father and son, whose whole lives were devoted to the destruction of heretics and to the extirpation of their hated religion. There they sleep, Charles V. and Philip II., helpless and inert, while that very religion which they strove to drown in blood is to-day singing its hymns of praise in the halls of the Inquisition itself. Surely the skies are becoming brighter, and Spain can look forward hopefully to the future. Yet, if any nation needs the prayers of the Christian world surely this unhappy country does. Centuries of terrible persecution, of iron, despotic rule; of Inquisitions, and of *auto-da-fes*, have worked with baneful effect upon even the character of the nation. Rome, for centuries has drank her life-blood until from being the richest nation of the world she has become almost the poorest. Poor, weak, and helpless, she is trying to shake this oppression off; but O how feeble are her best efforts. She stretches out her hand to a true Christianity to-day, and seems to say, "Pray for me; I am striving to find the light; I am longing for the truth; I am battling against forces stronger than myself. Pray for me; ye who are strong and mighty, help me. Put your stalwart arms around your sister, who lies, even yet, bound hand and foot, and aid her to arise." Shall her appeal go unheeded?—*Ch. Guardian.*

The Moss Growths of Journalism.

Even the novice in journalism soon begins to recognize certain appendages or outriders to his profession that seem as natural to its progress and development as the prize-package boy to the railroad train, the lemonade and peanut vender to the circus, the idler at the corner grocery, and the man who picks his teeth in the hotel corridor. These persons are not in the least essential to the management of the train or the success of the circus. But there they are. They have become a part, and so essential a part, that it is impossible to think of them as disconnected from the whole. To say nothing of the dullness of a circus without peanuts and lemonade, a prize-package boy would seem out of place anywhere else than on a railroad train—unless, of course, it were at the bottom of a pound. The man who picks his teeth is an outcast and a freak of nature on the street or in a private parlor; but at the hotel he seems quite necessary to its continuous operation. The grocery loafer is like a fish out of water when away from the top of the sugar barrel; but without him on it, the grocery business loses all semblance of prosperity, and impending bankruptcy stares it in the face.

So journalism has its attachments and outgrowths, who are of it but not in it. They come to be recognized as permanent, though partial codicils and tail-pieces to the original establishment. Some of these the public will recognize by name. There is the venerable "Taxpayer," whose contributions are as numerous as his complaints and criticisms. There is "An Old Subscriber," who once forgot himself and sent his composition to the first number of a new paper. There, too, are "Verisas" and "Citizen"—no journal is fully equipped which has not secured the services of these renowned and skilful contributors.

Then, too, there are the genial persons who visit the editorial room in person or by proxy, the features of whose style or manner can, like the prodigal son, be seen afar off. There is the man who, after being publicly denounced or accused of crimes which would make a cigar store Indian wipe the perspiration from its brow, remarks that his "attention has been called to a paragraph in your paper;" whereas, the probability is that he has read it over until he knows it by heart, and will not forget it until his dying day.

In this catalogue should not be omitted the man who brings in an article at the request of many friends. This is usually a clergyman, poetess, politician or other person who is anxious to share with the public certain oratorical or literary privileges which have been mainly confined to his congregation or family circle. As a rule, he does not care anything about it himself; but his hearers or friends are agitated with an irrepressible desire to confer upon the community the inestimable boon of publicity which Providence has so kindly bestowed upon them.

There is the person, too, who is quite indifferent himself to all rumors, reports and even court records which impair his good reputation, but which, on account of his family, he is anxious to have suppressed; on his hee's is the person who either through curiosity or anger wants to know "who wrote that article," followed by the man who wants to know what authority you had for "printing that stuff about him." The procession is not complete without the book-agent or the picture-dealer, the inventor of the fire escape, an occasional peddler of yankee notions, and the man who is continually borrowing your exchanges.

Reverend and venerable attaches of journalnalism! Its writers may die and others be born; reporters go the way of all the earth, and telegraph editors die young like the good; but you will live, perennial, fresh and smiling, surviving what you thrive on, as the moss survives the tree.

LORD'S SUPPER—UNFERMENTED WINE.

Very much discussion, some profitable and much, no doubt, otherwise, has been going on for many years in respect to the kind of wine which should be used in the celebration of the Lord's supper. What kind of wine was used by Christ? Was it fermented or unfermented wine? Or may either be used without doing violence to the teachings of the Scriptures? Much has been said on both sides of these questions. Still the sentiment of the Church seems to be divided. Theologians and scholars, and among them the most pronounced temperance men, are not a unit in this controversy. But if it is possible to determine exegetically or otherwise whether the wines mentioned in the Bible, and used by Christ and the apostles, were unfermented, there are a few good reasons for using at the Lord's table only such wines as contain no alcoholic or intoxicating properties.

1. The fresh juice of the grape is purer and hence better to represent the blood of the Saviour, than the fiery, adulterated commercial wines so often used.

2. Alcohol is a poison, and hence is not a fit emblem of the life-giving blood of atonement shed on Calvary.

3. The pure, sweet wine of the grape, being free from all intoxicating properties, when used in the sacrament, does not tend to create a taste for alcoholic beverages, or to revive such a taste if a reformed drinking man should be among the communicants.

4. The churches should stand clearly committed on the side of total abstinences as to the use of all intoxicating liquors. This they can only do consistently by using unfermented wine as a symbol of the blood of cleansing in the Lord's supper.

5. There are good reasons to doubt whether it is right to use the impure, intoxicating wines of commerce for sacramental purposes, but there is no room for doubt whatever as to the rightfulness of the use of pure, sweet juice of the grape.

6. *Pure* fermented wine, if such even is allowable, is more difficult to get than that which is unfermented. It is notoriously true that the wines of trade are usually adulterated and are impure.

The conclusion therefore, from these and other considerations, is that only unfermented wine should be used. Churches and church-officials should exercise great care and secure only this if at all possible; and in most places, if proper attention is given the matter, it is possible at any season of the year. Our Discipline, page 24, in giving the duties of a steward, says: "It shall be his duty to provide the elements of the sacrament and we earnestly recommend the use of unfermented wine." This matter is deserving of due consideration and should always receive it in accordance with this recondation.—*Telescope.*

"I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

I heard a good, large-hearted brother tell this story in a rather dull prayer-meeting one evening not long since.

"There are a good many friends here to-night who have something to say. They are willing and anxious to speak, but some are afraid they shall not make a good "impression." Others are excusing themselves from speaking from the fear that what they might say would do no good, perhaps harm, rather.

"I remember of getting behind one of these excuses one evening at our prayer-meeting, when I was young in my Christian experience, and hiding there for a long time. The meeting dragged on, and at last I was on my feet, and I talked longer and more earnestly than I had any idea of doing when I began. At last I saw, or thought I saw some of my auditors smiling, and I sat down. I was not quite sure they were laughing at me, but Satan stood ready to tell me they were, and I felt uncomfortable enough.

"I never felt so mortified over anything. I kept saying to myself all the way home, "Why did I make such a fool of myself?" There were strangers in the meeting, too, and what must they have thought of me?" I went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking of it. After a very uncomfortable night, I arose, ate my breakfast, and started down town fully persuaded that, at the next prayer-meeting, if I spoke at all, it should be only to quote a passage of Scripture.

"As I turned from the cross street upon which I lived, and started down Main street, I met a gentleman who looked at me steadily for a moment, and then lifting his hat, politely said: "I am sure, sir, you are the one whom I heard speak in the ——— street church prayer-meeting last evening."

"'I spoke there, certainly,' I replied hesitatingly, 'and I never was more embarrassed in my life, nor felt my weakness so much.' I thought the gentleman was going to condole with me for some blunder or senseless remark I had made that my friends had not dared to speak to me about for fear they should hurt my feelings. But he said earnestly, holding out his hand.

"'I want to thank you for pointing out the right way to me by your hearty, earnest, and convincing words. I have been almost persuaded to be a Christian for a long time, but have been kept back by the attitude of Christians themselves in regard to their religious privileges. Now, when I see a prayer-meeting go as hard as I fancied that one did last night when I first dropped in, thought I, "Well, these folks don't believe what they profess to. If they did, they would not sit and hesitate so long to tell of their great joy and blessed assurance. They can sing "I love to tell the story," but if they really loved to tell it, would they hesitate as they do?"

"'I was watching you. I thought you were not going to speak, but when you did get up there was no hesitating and clearing of your throat. You got up as if you were glad of the privilege, and you made no excuses, but went right on and told what the Lord had done and was doing for you as if you were delighted to tell it. That was what I wanted to hear; it was what I needed. It did me more good than I can tell you. I made up my mind then and there that I would delay the ill-important matter of securing my soul's salvation no longer. In the next prayer-meeting at my own home I shall make my resolutions known.

"'I only wanted to thank you for the great and good service you have done me. Good morning,' and away he went to the railway station, and I have never seen him since. I do not know the gentleman's name even, but I have always thought that the Lord sent him to me that morning to encourage me to use the one talent he had given me, in my own humble way, and to assure me that some simple word of mine, even when I fancied I was making no good "impression," would take root in some waiting, longing heart, and bear precious fruit."—*By Mrs. Annie A. Preston, in American Messenger.*

THE WORK OF SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Among the most important features of the educational work now going on in the South is one which, from its nature, can have but little public recognition. I refer to the personal missionary efforts of the women of the leading white families for the improvement of the common people of both races in their own communities. In many places, where the men are discouraged and depressed by the greatness of the work which needs to be done for the people around them, the feebleness of their resourcess and the unfavorable conditions under which all such efforts must be made, there are a few women who feel that something must be done, and who are circulating every scrap of reading matter that they can obtain; are advising, instructing, and encouraging the colored girls whenever they can obtain any hold upon them; are trying to inspire and strengthen the young men of both races to resist the evil influences about them; and are, in short, reconstructing society by the old, slow, best method of personal effort and influence. I have rarely found anywhere earnestness greater than theirs, or a clearer sense of the dangers of society from ignorance and immorality. The appalling magnitude of the evils against which they contend, and the pathetic slenderness of their means of warfare, deeply inpress any thoughtful person who could observe and measure them, as I had opportunity to do in many places.

In several towns and country neighborhoods these women are forming reading-circles and clubs, and trying to prepare the way for the establishment of small public libraries. No doubt much reading matter could be sent to them, if I could give the names of persons to whom it should be directed. But that is not yet practicable. Such publicity would, in many instances, very seriously cripple this good work, or indeed render it impossible. Such work must be, especially in the South, under existing conditions, private and personal, in the earlier stages of its development. But every person who has opportunity to send reading matter to any one in the South who will receive and distribute it ought to do so, as in this respect the destitution is very great almost everywhere, except in the larger towns and cities. "Anything to read" which is not mischievous or utterly worthless, books and magazines, will be acceptable and useful. But it is not usually worth while to send old school books. They can scarcely be of much use anywhere. I find that many of them have been sent to the South, apparently to get them out of the way, or perhaps with a vague notion that things worthless elsewhere might be valuable in that benighted region.—*Atlantic.*

A TRUE MISSIONARY.—The captain of a man-of-war in the Chinese seas invited the king of Siam to dine on board his vessel, and as the guests took their places at the table he asked a blessing before they sat down to eat.

"Why, that is exactly what the missionaries do!" exclaimed the king in surprise.

"Yes," said the brave Christian sailor; "and I am a missionary too."

THE ONE DOLLAR I DID N'T GIVE.

BY I. M. LEYBURN.

It was Saturday night. I had closed up my accounts for the week, and found I had one dollar more than I expected.

The next night there was to be the annual District Bible Society meeting, and I put the one dollar into my pocket, thinking I could and would gladly give it. Upon arriving at the church I learned that a collection was to be taken up in a few weeks in our own church, and I preferred to give it through that medium. So when the hat was handed around, I quietly let my one dollar lie in my pocket.

That week a terrible flood came upon our city, and thousands were left homeless and without food. I hastened to the scene, with my one dollar still in my pocket, intending again to give it. But no special case came to my notice.

A relief committee was being organized, and of course it was better to give aid through that channel, so once more I carried my one dollar home. A few weeks passed by, the dollar was spent. The relief committee was organized, but when I was applied to I happened to have no money in my purse, so gave a few, to me worthless, old clothes. The collection was taken up in our church for the distribution of God's Word; I put my hand into my pocket and took out all I then had, five cents. But that night I had a dream. Was it a dream or not?

Down by the water's edge after dark, while the floods of waters were making destitute the thousands, there came to the relief committee a poor woman with two little children. Every penny had been spent that day by the committee, and not another loaf of bread was there that night to give away. The woman had already passed three days and nights without food, exposed to the cold, and that night she lay down and died. My one dollar might have saved her to her children!

I dreamed yet again. Off on a lonely mountain-top walked the Bible colporteur, whose equipments and Bibles had been furnished with the collection taken up at that district society's meeting that I had attended. His last Bible and Testament had been disposed of. He stopped at a lowly habitation to get a drink of water, and told its occupants of the Word of God, which contained the living waters of eternal life; told them that his last copy was given away, but at the end of another year he would return and bring them one. A youth sat near; he listened attentively. A few days later he sickened, and death was near. In plaintive agony he pleaded for the book that would give him that living water before he passed into the great unknown. But the year had not passed, and the colporteur had not returned, and the youth turned his face to the wall and died, without hope and without God. That fatal one dollar might have saved that boy's soul!—*Il. Ch. Weekly.*

"BE YE COURTEOUS."

"'Thank you,' is a little thing to say, and yet, if it isn't said, how much we miss it," said a lovely lady in apologizing for the delinquency of a friend.

Labor with what skill we may, there will be always more or less friction in society. There are queer people, ill-bred people, cross-tempered people, round whose corners we, by instinct, walk warily, but it is astonishing to observe how many, from whom we expect better things, are neglectful of the little courtesies of life. We have heard of a barbarous South American tribe who have no word in their language for the expression of gratitude. "This will suit me very well," being the nearest approach to it. Some who would be shocked at the charge must be, we conclude, blood relations of this tribe. Our oriental neighbors carry ceremony to a greater extent than we, but we might with credit to ourselves borrow some of their observances. It is for instance, considered very discorteous to send a verbal message, especially by a servant. If ever so short, it must be written.

Back of all social rules, which may at first seem arbitrary, are reasons relating to comfort and harmony of life which have caused this adoption. It is easier and pleasanter to accept the current practices of society, feeling sure that if we then err it will be on the safe side. Indeed, we ought to be thankful to have come into a world where things were planned out for us instead of being obliged to stumble along in our blind way or to make rules for ourselves.

Few, perhaps, who receive a favor directly refuse the meed of thanks, though many come very near to it in their graceless way of expressing it, in "Thanks," "No, thanks," "Yes, thanks," These execrable importations from the flippant French are a good deal more common than we wish they were among those from whom we expect better things.

We were especially impressed the other day in observing a young lady who thus acknowledged the favors extended at the table, and how much one, otherwise well meaning and pleasing, lost by the flippancy of manner. The contrast was conspicuous when another lady whose handkerchief was handed to her, replied gracefully, "Thank you very much." We felt at once, "That's a woman worth sacrificing something for, but the other—oh!" A lady, as the old Saxon has it, is a "loaf-giver," one who is gracious, kindly.

Upon none are favors in life heaped so bountifully as upon appreciative people. This is a very low motive of conduct, but those who can be influenced by no higher would do well for themselves to give a little attention to this. Courtesy is the oil that makes the machinery of life move easily. There are burdens enough we must carry. Let us try to lighten them as much as we may by observing the gentle amenities and kindly courtesies of life. Not that we would put on affectation of kindness. This indeed would be altogether vain, for the mask is transparent, even to the most obtuse.

Fine manners are charming only as the expression of a love-spirit, but altogether hateful as the cloak of an ignoble one.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE GROUND OF OUR HOPE.

This is the ground of our hope—hope for ourselves, hope for every one who has departed in faith and trust in the Lord, the new Adam—however dim and weak that faith may have been: The Lord Jesus Christ rose. The Lord Jesus Christ put on, when he rose, a new and glorious body, which was yet the very same body which he had all along, with the print of the nails in his most blessed hands and feet, the print of the spear in his most holy side.

And therefore what he did for himself he can do for us who are made in his likeness at our birth, and renewed day by day into his likeness by faith and repentance and the grace of his Spirit. He can do it, for he is almighty in power. He will do it, for he is boundless in love. He will do it, for he has given us in his sacraments everlasting warrants of his promises. He will change these bodies of our humiliation, that they may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working by which he can subdue all things under his feet.

Death, the stubbornest and the strongest enemy which he has to fight against, he will conquer last; but he will conquer it. He has conquered it for himself, and therefore he can conquer it for us. And then, in the new heavens and the new earth, in which righteousness shall dwell, and only the saints shall rule, where there shall be no more curse, nor sorrow, but God shall wipe away tears from all eyes, shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death shall be swallowed up of victory. 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, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." Amen.—*Charles Kingsley.*

THE DEAD CHILD'S VOICE.

When pastor of a church in the city of P., there was a blind man of unusual intelligence, yet very profligate and immoral, who attended occasionally upon my ministry. He was brought to the church by his son Jasper, who was one of our bright Sunday-school scholars. The boy was the constant companion of his father, having to act as his guide; and yet his young heart was so full of love to Christ as to keep him from the evil to which his blind parent was so sadly inclined. Ofttimes when crossing the railroad track Jasper would say, in words of caution, "Step higher, father, step higher, father."

One morning I was hastily summoned to the home of the blind man. I found Jasper fatally ill, and the father sitting by the bedside of his delirious boy, holding tremblingly the fevered band of the sufferer. The constant cry of the precious boy was, "Step higher, father!"

The blind man's emotion was exceedingly painful to witness, and after commending him and his smitten family to the grace of God, I departed. The next day I stood beside the cold form of that noble boy, hand in hand with his bereaved father. He cast his sightless eyes toward me, and with a voice whose pathos I shall never forget, said: "Jasper, my beloved and earthly guide, has gone. Although his voice is silent, yet all the time I hear him calling: "Step higher, father, step higher, father." And this morning, on my knees, with my hands on his cold face, I stepped higher by surrendering myself to Christ in full consecration.—*Selected.*

MANKIND'S MISTAKES.

It is a mistake to labor when you are not in a fit condition to do so.

To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become.

To go to bed at midnight and rise at daybreak and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better.

To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To eat as if you only had a minute to finish a meal in, or to eat without an appetite, or continue after it has been satisfied, merely to satisfy the taste.

To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more hours they study the more they learn.

To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better (as alcoholic stimulants) is good for the system, without regard to the after effects.

To take off proper clothing out of season, simply because you have become heated.

To sleep exposed to a direct draught in any season.

To think that any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases flesh is heir to.—*Index.*

RANDOM READINGS.

Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have *received* what I suppose is a taste for them; for religion has refined my mind, and made it susceptible of impressions from the sublime and beautiful.—*Henry Martyn.*

"The life of Christianity," said Luther, "consists of possessive pronouns." It is one thing to say, "Christ is a Saviour;" it is quite another thing to say, "He is my Saviour and my Lord." The devil can say the first the true Christian alone can say the second.—*J. C. Ryle.*

Choose good friends. There is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of life than friendship; there is nothing which disturbs our repose more than friends, if we have not the discernment to choose them well. Be lenient to failings. Friendship is more firmly secured by lenity towards failings than by attachment to excellencies. One is valued by a kindness that cannot be explained, the other as payment of a debt to merit.

In a recent school-address, Sir John Lubbock said that it seemed to him that the character of education was even more important than the amount. He believed the foundation of the ordinary remarks about the undesirability of learning more than two or three subjects, arose from the confusion between a smattering and a grounding in a subject. Smatterings, no doubt, were very useless; but to be well grounded in a subject was quite a different thing.

"The Baptist Ministers' Society" has been chartered in New York city for the purpose of providing a comfortable home for disabled Baptist pastors (who may reside in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut) and their families. Through the generosity of Mr. James Angus, a member of the Baptist Church, the Society has received a deed of an acre and a quarter of land in the Twenty-third Ward, New York, on which is a house having sixteen rooms. The property is subject to a possible annuity of $250. It is valued at $6,000.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smile and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest." So day by day he literally renews his strength and energy; and if you know a man with a beaming face, a kind heart, and a prosperous business, in nine cases out of ten you will find he has a wife of this kind.