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. XXXII.—No 46. SAINT JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1885. WHOLE No. 1657.

Thos. W. Smith's

—GREAT—

Holiday Sale

—OF—

OVERCOATS,

—BOYS'—

ULSTERS & REEFERS,

Tremendously Cheap, Call and See.

LINDERS, DRAWERS, AND READY-MADE CLOTHING FOR BOTH MEN AND BOYS. VERY CHEAP.

MENS' OVERSHIRTS,

TRUNKS AND VALISES.

The Cheapest in the Market.

FUR AND CLOTH CAPS, Will be sold Regardless of Cost.

LADIES' SACQUE CLOTHS, At a Great Sacrifice.

OVERCOATING IN EVERY STYLE, Exceedingly Cheap.

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS AND OVERSHOES, At Any Price

The above goods, with a variety too numerous to mention, must be sold to make room for Spring Importations, Be sure to call and examine stock.

☞ In the Tailoring and Custom Department, we cannot be outdone in Style, Neatness and Fitting, by any others in the trade.

Our Stock of Cloths is large, of the Latest and Best Makes, and will be made up to order and satisfaction guaranteed.

THOS. W. SMITH,

FISHER'S BUILDING,

QUEEN STREET, - - - - - FREDERICTON.

dec14-tf

1885. 1886.

Fall and Winter.

NEW GOODS!

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

HAS NOW IN STOCK A CHOICE SELECTION OF GOODS SUITABLE FOR THIS SEASON'S TRADE, amongst which will be found

BEAVERS, NAPS, AND MELTONS,

In Plain and Fancy Colors.

FANCY WORSTED OVERCOATINGS,

DIAGONAL & CORKSCREW COATINGS.

WORSTED TROUSERINGS,

In Stripes and Checks.

Also—All the Latest Patterns in ENGLISH, IRISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN SUITINGS.

WM. JENNINGS,

Corner Queen St. and Wilmot's Alley,

april 25—1y. FREDERICTON, N. B.

J. H. MORRISON, M. D.

M. S., F. A. S.,

Late Professor Natural Science, Normal College, Pa. Late Lecturer to Columbia Institute of Medicine.

PRACTICE LIMITED TO

DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Office 127, Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

aug 26

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallet & Co., Portland, Me.

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,

jan14.—1y Fredericton, N. B.

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.

SUPERINTENDENT'S 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,

may13 —1y FREDERICTON.

The Intelligencer.

A SHORT ADDRESS TO THOSE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE PAST.

BY KNOXONIAN.

One day seven years ago you took your dinner. It may have been a very good meal; but it does not strengthen you for the afternoon. If you tried to work this afternoon on the strength of that seven-year-old meal you would not feel very frisky by the time sunset came round. A seven-year-old meal does not satisfy one's appetite or brace one's nerves or keep one's temper sweet or put one in good working trim. A seven-year-old meal may have been good for all practical purposes at the time it was taken, but it is a failure at the end of seven years. "Wife, is the dinner ready?" you sometimes say in accents not quite so sweet as those in which you used to address that excellent lady in courting days. What would you think if she sweetly replied: "My dear, I gave you dinner seven years ago?"

When you came out to this country you wore on Sabbath a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons. Your head—perhaps a rather hard one—was adorned with a stove-pipe hat nearly two feet long. You remember the old hat and coat. You would hardly put them on now if wearing them one Sabbath elected your favourite candidate or raised the price of wheat to a dollar a bushel. Your wife wisely put the coat into a rag carpet. The children gathered chips in your venerable tile for years. You wear good Canadian tweed now without such adornments as brass buttons. You are quite a modern man so far as your personal appearance is concerned.

Now why should a good sensible man like you try to live on past religious experiences? To suppose that your soul can prosper on the experiences of twenty years ago is not more reasonable than to expect that your body will be sustained by the food you consumed twenty years ago. Now let us come to close quarters on this question and examine some of the sayings which indicate that people are trying to live on old religious experiences.

"We used to belong to a large and influential congregation." Well, what of it? Perhaps the only reason in the world why the congregation was large was because nearly all the people in that community were Presbyterians. Nobody may have deserved any credit because the congregation had a large membership. The people were there and they simply went to their own church. Perhaps the population was growing rapidly and the congregation grew along with it. Possibly it grew *in spite* of inefficiency. Such things do sometimes happen. Be that as it may, there is a painful contrast between your present and your past ecclesiastical surroundings. Perhaps you now worship in a mission station or small congregation that has hard work to keep in existence. Well, the best way for you to show that the large congregation did you good is to work heartily, loyally, hopefully, prayerfully in the small one. Work and pray so that everybody will say: "It is easily seen that man got a good church training wherever he was brought up." That is the right way to do credit to the old church at home. If you don't do anything but talk about the old church, sensible people will conclude the old church never did you much good. Some people may even hint that you are no great credit. Show how much the large congregation did for you by helping on the new one.

"We used to sit under a very able minister." That certainly was a very great privilege. Next to godly parents an able, earnest Gospel minister is perhaps the greatest blessing. Your old minister whose voice you can still hear has gone to his reward. The Master called him up higher. Could he come down and speak to you again about church matters what do you think he would say? If he was the man you describe him to have been, almost the first thing he would ask you is whether you are helping your present minister. And if you told him you never could listen to anybody since he left he would feel heartily ashamed of you. He would tell you he was very much disappointed in you, as he had hoped that you would grow up a warm-hearted, working Christian, giving a helping hand to every good cause, but especially to your pastor. That is exactly what the old veteran would say if he was the kind of a man you say he was. Oh, ye men who live in the past, will you ever learn that the best way to honour the memory of your old minister is to help the new one? Will speaking about McDonald, of Ferintosh, help on the good cause in Canada? Did the Gospel that McDonald of Ferintosh preached to you turn you into a sour, sneering fault-finder? Did the ministry of the Apostle of the North merely make you a crank? If so, you are no credit to the Apostle of the North and the sooner you drop his honoured name the better. Some of you used to hear the sainted McCheyne, did you? Then show McCheyne's spirit. The most cranked, crooked, stubborn, conceited, useless piece of Presbyterian clay I ever knew used to begin a diet of sneering and fault-finding many years ago by piously observing that he "used to hear McCheyne." I hope he has more of McCheyne's spirit now, though it is not very likely. There is a man somewhere in this country who, when under influences more spirituous than spiritual, always boasts that he used to "sit under Chalmers," and could never listen to anybody since. If Thomas Chalmers could revisit this sphere he would not feel particularly proud of that man. Fancy a man saying that he used to sit under Chalmers or Guthrie or Candlish or Cooke or Edgar or Norman McLeod or McDonald of Ferintosh, or some other great preacher, and then showing how much these preachers did for him by giving ten cents to send the Gospel they preached to the heathen!

"We used to have very impressive Communion seasons in the good old days. We never have such refreshing seasons now." This is a complaint quite frequently heard. Making all due allowance for the fact that the Lord's Supper used to be dispensed but once a year in many congregations, and that it is now dispensed in many every quarter, there may still be some ground for this complaint. It is a fact that the week-day services are fewer in number and do not seem to be considered so important as they once were. But whose is the fault? If the people will not attend two services would they attend six? It has never been shown that a session lessened the number if the people attended. When you say that Communion services are not so impressive as they were, may not the change be in *you?* When did these solemn occasions make such a deep impression upon you? Was it not when you became a Christian and your heart was warm, your zeal ardent, your love strong? Instead of growing in grace you have been growing backward, spiritually, and now you blame the church for your spiritual declension. One thing is clear. There is no reason why a Communion season should not be as profitable now as Communion seasons ever were. Can it be possible that some ministers who have no sympathy with the Presbyterian Church life slight the ordinance? The minister who does so is unfit for the Presbyterian service and should never have had a place in the church.

"Preaching has not the fervour and power now that it had in the past." This complaint is becoming painfully general. Some of the best people we have speak more of the sermons they heard thirty years ago than of sermons they now hear from some who are called "leading men in the church," and rate themselves so. But this question must be left over for another address.

Remember, you good people who try to live in the past, that the essentials are everywhere and always the same. The Sabbath is the same. The Bible is the same. The Gospel is the same. The promises are the same. Stop groaning about the past and try to make the present better. There is no reward for a man who can do no better work than speak about his grandfather. —*Can. Presbyterian.*

CHAFF.

A gentleman, who is skilled in husbandry, was recently asked:

"What would you do in case you had a field of wheat that was running to chaff?"

"I will tell you what I would do," said he; "I would supply some missing element in the soil."

Here is a lesson for each individual Christian. God has a just claim, not only upon our powers of mind and body, but also upon whatever these powers are capable of producing. In the natural world, the soil and its products hold a necessary relation to each other. If the right component elements are found in the earth, then the grain will be good in quality. But if there is something missing then that defect will be seen in an inferior order of seed at the harvest.

Even so it is in the spiritual life. When certain principles are wanting, the products of our character and work run to chaff. Where we would expect to find pure grain there is only the dry outer husk.

For example, a *vital union with Christ* is sometimes a missing principle. Where this is the case there is nothing more certain than that the fruit will be without value. We may give ourselves to formalism, but, however beautiful this may be, the product will be worthless. Jesus said: "Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so neither can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine; ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit; for apart from me ye can do nothing."

This principle, like every essential element in productive soil, must enter into our experience as individuals. It is just as necessary for each one now as when Christ first delivered it in his teaching. To attempt service of every kind in our own strength is our common weakness. We are prone to forget that "without or apart from Me ye can do nothing." We hardly think it necessary to look to him in all our little earthly concerns. But this is just what He would wish us to do, for there is no other way by which we can bear "much fruit." When we are one with Him, draw our life from Him, abide in Him, we may confidently look for a golden harvest, whether it be in the graces of our own character or in power to mould character in others. It is then that prayer avails in nurturing the graces of the Holy Spirit; it is then that supplication for others secures divine grace for their profit. Thus it is "that ye shall go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit shall remain." Our labors shall thus prove a permanent blessing in saving souls, who shall in their turn go forth to bless the world. This truth—the union of Christ and the believer—is an ever-living truth, possessing from age to age a mighty energy. Whatever is produced in individual souls through its full acceptance is pure and lasting. O that all believers might know and feel that here is the secret source of all holy character and work.

If we look into our experience we may find another principle, in a measure wanting—*a sweet repose in God's fatherly love and care.* Wholly destitute of this sense, our passive and active virtues will be only as chaff. When this tenderness is only partially realized by us the fruits of our life will be imperfect. How prone we are to forget God's great love for his children. When we behold our many deficiencies we are quite discouraged. We cannot see how God can delight in such unlovable creatures. We can understand the tenderness of our earthly parents, but we are slow of heart to believe that He who sees so much that is wrong in us can regard us with favor. All this results in evil. We lose heart in His service; we restrain prayer; we fall into coldness or indifference; we cease to love Him, because we do not feel that He loves us. Thus it is that the moving spring to diligent effort has gone out of our life. Henceforth our service of prayer, praise, and work is made a galling servitude. In our earthly life no one can do any work well so long as he is convinced of his Master's displeasure. It is so in the spiritual life. That Christian will be embarrassed every step of the way who fails to know that God has set his love upon him. His service will be only the dry husk. Vitality will not be found either in his prayers or his work. It is a blessed thing to fully believe that "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

We may add that the *constraining love of Christ* is necessary in bringing forth much fruit. When this is not the moving impulse in our Christian efforts, our work can hardly be called *Christian.* The fruit of our labor will be spurious, according to God's way of measuring results. Building even upon Christ as the foundation, our work will then be "wood, hay, stubble." When this holy love is absent, self-will asserts the supremacy. Then, although enthusiasm may rise to an intense heat, and the machinery of the Church used with apparently wonderful effect, chaff, not grain, will be finally gathered. Many souls may be added to the roll of the Church. The religious journals may give glowing accounts of the joyful harvest. But alas, alas, in God's sight the converts may not have been won to Christ, but to the human instrument. The love of Christ may not have been the mighty, conquering force. Self-love, denominational zeal, personal reputation may have controlled the man. What wonder if his work shall be "burned," and he "suffer loss!"

How shall we have these essential elements restored? Union with Christ, sweet trust in our Heavenly Father, constraining love—these all are ours through spiritual understanding. "Wouldest thou know," said Bengel, "that the matters in the Word of Christ are real things? Then never read them for mere knowledge' sake." The Holy Spirit is appointed to remove the scales from our heart and make us to see these sweet verities—and having seen them, to admire and seek them as "hid treasures."—*Ch. Advocate.*

No grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm, when no banners are waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—*S. J. Nicholls.*

"The greatest single power in London," says Theodore Cuyler, in a letter to the *Independent*, "is Charles H. Spurgeon. His pulpit rings with the same old fearless, faithful gospel; his fertile brain is organizing new orphanages, city missions, and other effective agencies for bodies and souls."

AN EXPECTANT FAITH.

We need now, we believe, a revival of faith in the efficacy of the ordinary and stated means of grace. We use the means, but do not look out with confident hope for the blessing. We know that God ordinarily gives His blessing in connection with these means, but are not confident of any earnest expectation that He will give it in all cases and in our particular case. The need of a stronger faith is apparent from the fact that there is very little disappointment when the results are not secured. Sabbaths come and go with their ordinary services. Christian assemblies hear the gospel, and pass away without conscious gain, and there is little surprise. Believers are not sensably quickened or blessed, and suffer no disappointment, because they cherished no expectation that they would be. Sinners hear the gospel, and are not awakened or converted, and there is little wonder or anxiety in the church because of such a result.

The want of this faith leads to deplorable results. This is more emphatically true of the week-day services. A regular attendance upon these involves somewhat of self-denial. They call for a part of our week-day time. They may interrupt our pursuit of pleasure or of business. Mere custom or a brilliant preacher, or the presence of others, will take men to the house of God on the Sabbath, but they will not lead men to break away from the calls of society, or the comforts of home, and seek the places of prayer. If they felt that great blessings were to be found there, that the Saviour would manifest himself to them, that they would receive special grace, that the Holy Spirit would there quicken their hearts to a livelier, stronger, more joyful faith, they would be present. It would be difficult to keep them away. The places of prayer would be crowded with longing, burdened, earnest hearts. But not expecting any such results in connection with these services, they readily satisfy themselves that it is just as well to stay away. No measure of preaching ability, no methods of making the prayer-meeting interesting, will crowd our services unless we ourselves cherish the expectation that great blessings are to be found there, and so create in others a like expectation.

It is true, and the truth is sad and impressive, that the real reason that so many sermons are fruitless, is because the Saviour's presence and blessing are not expected. He does not many mighty works with us because of our unbelief. We do not expect great things from God, and therefore we do not have them. Here, more than elsewhere, our Saviour seems to say, "According to your faith, be it unto you." Not, of course, that every service shall be crowned with the same blessing, or in the same measure,—while faithful to his promises God reserves to himself infinite liberty and variety in his working,—but that every service shall be fruitful of good, and in the measure we have faith to expect it. It may not be in striking or numerous conversions, but in impressions made, principles planted, desires awakened, purposes formed and fixed, which shall ultimately ripen into fruit.

If it be asked how we are to get this faith, it will be of service, we think, to have our mind filled with a fresh conviction that the great work of God in the world is wrought through the stated means of grace. Special services are sometimes crowned with wonderful success. He is winning souls all along the line. Here and everywhere, as His gospel is preached and Christians pray and work, sinners are turned to Him in love and devotion, and His people are adorned with Christian graces.

It will be well, too, to recall to our minds afresh the promises of God. Our faith may take firmer root and grow to a fuller measure while we think about them. Has he not said that it pleases him by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe; that the seed of Jacob shall never seek his face in vain; that no labor is in vain in the Lord; that he will be with his church in her work until the end of the world? And may we not well think that where Christ is we may expect, and ought to expect, his blessing?

But since faith is never the result of a mere contemplation of the truth and promise, but is the fruit of the operation of the Spirit of God, we need above all things to lift our hearts in prayer that he would enrich us with this grace; that he would enrich us to go into our pulpits, to come to our prayer-meetings, to study the word, to use great diligence in our Christian callings, in the confident and cheering expectation that he will meet us in every service and attend every effort with success. In that faith all labor would be joy, and every means of grace honored and fruitful.—*Christian Treasury.*

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT PRAYER-MEETINGS.

A correspondent who says she is a faithful reader of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, and who expresses her sense of obligation for the "sweet and wise messages" she finds in it, says, "One subject I should like to see written upon in your paper—how to make the prayer-meeting of a church less formal, and how to make the young feel that they will be welcome to take a part without criticism. Also how to establish successfully a ladies' prayer-meeting, and the blessing and importance of it to a church."

The subject is a large one, and has had a great deal written upon it. All that we can do here is to say a few words along the line our correspondent indicates.

How shall the prayer-meeting be less formal? We are not so sure that—within due bounds, of course—a certain measure of formality is any drawback to either the usefulness or enjoyableness of a prayer-meeting. We certainly do not mean a formality that kills the devotional spirit. We do not want to see the prayer-meeting of a church run in one unvarying groove. We do not want to see such stiffness that there is an involuntary sigh of relief when the meeting is over. Yet some of the best prayer-meetings we have ever attended, in nearly a third of a century of prayer-meeting going, were those that always ran along familiar grooves and followed methods which might have been called stereotyped.

Of course circumstances differ. What is possible in the little gathering is not equally practicable with a larger audience. The true guarantee against an evil formality is the presence of a true devotional spirit. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." For ourselves, we have got past expecting or desiring novelties in the prayer-meeting. The great thing in the ordinary mid-week devotional meeting of the church—and we suppose it is to this our correspondent refers, and not to meetings of an evangelistic character—is to make it an hour when worldly care can be shut out, and Christians can commune together and with their Master. For the rest, a good deal must be left to the tact of the leader and of those who are ready to contribute, as we have heard it fittingly expressed, to the "spiritual thrift" of the hour.

How shall we make the young feel that they will be welcome to take a part without criticism? We know of no rule that will work in this case except the obvious one—*dont criticise!* The older people have this matter pretty much in their own hands. They can encourage the young people or they can intimidate them. They can make an atmosphere in which these young shoots of Christian endeavor will flourish and grow strong, or they can create such a chill that a timid endeavor will never be repeated.

In a church with which we were once connected a number of quite young men were converted. All who were interested in the management of the church did what they could to help those young men forward, and the young men on their part helped each other. Their efforts in the prayer-meetings were feeble and halting at the first, as was to be expected; but improvement was soon manifest. The young men grew, and what they did was a blessing to the church.

In such cases a good deal will of course depend upon the pastor and those "who seem to be pillars" in the church. If the prayer-meeting is regarded as a school for Christ where young disciples are to be trained, then effort will be made to encourage them in their endeavors, however halting. If, on the contrary, the prayer-meeting be regarded as a spiritual pleasure-ground, then only the voices of veterans will be welcome. But oh, how the church needs recruits to be trained for her service! We will all do well to remember the injunction, "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones that believe on Me."

As to our correspondent's final point—how to establish successfully a ladies' prayer-meeting—there is only one thing to say. That is, establish it! Be content, if necessary, with very small beginnings. Such a meeting's success is not to be estimated by numbers, but by the spirit of devotion it fosters. Let two or three women whose hearts burn within them agree to meet statedly, and the thing is done! The sacred flame may spread to others. At any rate, the influence of these few will result in untold benefit. Their gathering will be successful.

Said a young minister, "There are quite a number of men, in proportion to the size of my church, who can take part in the prayer-meeting." Replied the older minister to whom he spoke. "The number of talking men is not nearly so important as the number of praying women." Ye praying women, unite your supplications, and what mercies you may bring down upon the church you love!—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

EXTRAVAGANCE IS THEFT.

Every man before God and on his knees must judge what is extravagance. When one goes into expenditures beyond his means, he is extravagant. When one buys anything he can not pay for, he is extravagant. There are families in all our cities who can scarcely pay their rent, and who owe all the merchants in the neighborhood, and yet have an apparel unfit for their circumstances, and are all the time sailing so near shore that business misfortune or an attack of sickness prepares them for pauperism. It is well known that there are thousands of families in our great cities who stay in neighborhoods until they have exhausted all their capacity to get trusted. They stay in the neighborhood until the druggist will let them have no more medicine, and the bakers will give them no more bread, and the grocerymen will give them no more sugar. Then they find the region unhealthy, and they hire a carman, whom they never pay, to take them to some new quarters, where the merchants, the druggists, the butchers, the bakers, and grocerymen come around and give them the best rounds of beef, and the best sugars, and the best merchandise of all sorts, until they find out that the only compensation they are going to get is the acquaintance of their patrons. If a man buys anything he does not intend to pay for, he is a thief. Of course sometimes men are flung of misfortunes, and they can not pay. I know men who are just as honest in having failed as other men are honest in succeeding. I suppose there is scarcely a man who has gone through life but there have been some times when he has been so flung of misfortune he could not meet his obligations. But all that I put aside. There are a multitude of people who buy that which they never intend to pay for, for which there is no reasonable expectation they will be able to pay. Now, why not save the merchant as much as you can? Why not go some day to his store, and when nobody is looking, just shoulder the ham or spare rib, and in modest silence steal away? That would be less criminal, because in the other way you take not only the man's goods, but you take the time of the merchant and the time of his accountant, and you take the time of the messenger who brought you the goods. Now, if you must steal, steal in a way to do as little damage to the trader as possible. John Randolph arose in the American Senate, when a question of national finance was being discussed, and stretching himself to his full height, in a shrill voice cried out: "Mr. Chairman, I have discovered the philosopher's stone which turns everything into gold: Pay as you go!" Society must be reconstructed on this subject, or these times of panic and defalcation will never end. You have no right to ride in a carriage for which you are hopelessly in debt to the wheel-wright who furnished the landau, and to the horse-dealer who provided the blooded span, and to the harness-maker who caparisoned the gay steeds, and to the livery-man who has provided the stabling, and to the driver who, with rosetted hat, sits on the coach-box. The finer the carriage, the better I like it; the quicker the horses you have, the better I like it; but if you are hopelessly in debt for them, get down and walk like the rest of us. It is not the absolute necessities of life which send people into dishonesties and fling them into misfortunes; it is almost always the superfluities. God has promised us a house, but not a palace; raiment, but not chinchilla; food, but not canvas-back duck.—*Dr. Talmage.*

CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

Why are there so few young men seeking an education with a view to the ministry? It is undeniably true that the churches are not furnishing anything like the supply needed for our pulpits. Many are indifferent about it, and so the duty of consecrating one's self to the ministry is not pressed on their young men, and young men, generally, are not attracted to the ministry.

There are reasons which tend to produce this state of things. There is a large number of unemployed ministers, and in view of this fact, some Christians smile at the suggestion of praying for laborers to be "thrust into" the harvest, and would rather favor measures to "thrust out" some who are, by courtesy, called preachers. There are some worthy men, cultured and able, who, for some reason which is often undiscoverable, can not secure settlements. They are the few; the mass of unemployed ministers whose existence serves to indurate the churches and young men against appeals on this subject, it is almost certain ought never to be in the ministry. Most of them entered the ministry with a deficient preparation for the work, and not a few of them after proving their inefficiency and want of success in secular pursuits. Ministers of the class we allude to, generally commence preaching later in life than is desirable, have not had that mental discipline qualifying them to study with proficiency, and very soon their sermonic supply is exhausted, unless they are first-class plagiarists, and preaching stolen sermons is seldom well sustained, is soon detected, and, at the best, proves unedifying. Observation will show that scarcely ever does a man reach forty years of age before ordination that he is found in a pastorate at fifty. Before that age it is probable that he will be relieved from pulpit service and be a minister simply in name. However, he and a dozen others will help to point a moral for worldly-minded parents to dissuade their sons from the ministry, and church-members will constantly refer to their unhappy failure as a proof that we are not in need of ministers; even though they would fret and fume if any one of such men were allowed to preach to them on Sunday.

It is this class of men that brings the ministry into disrepute, and makes it often appear contemptible, so that it demands a large measure of grace for a man to be willing to place himself beside them. But, because a number of men are called ministers whom no church wants, no proof is thereby given that we do not need ministerial candidates. There never was such a demand for pious, gifted and thoroughly educated young men for the ministry as there is at the present time, and there never was more need for the churches to doubt the call of uneducated men, who after having spent a score of years in secular pursuits, seek admission to the ministry and think themselves qualified to teach the church of God. At the same time, young men who have attained some education, will do well to remember, though the fields are white unto harvest, that they need to be thoroughly prepared before they enter on labor. If they take a "short cut" into the work, they will probably find their pastorates short likewise.—*Baptist Weekly.*

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Silence *is* golden sometimes. Especially it is golden when you are conscious of irritated nerves and your temper is in the condition which invites the last feather, and rejoices to be broken under its weight. The most amiably-disposed people have their days of darkness; their moods when nothing looks bright; their seasons of inconsistency, when they astonish their friends by their success in the art of being disagreeable.

If you and I are sadly aware that we are not in an angelic temper, that we are fretted by petty things and ready to quarrel with our nearest and dearest, in danger of saying sharp or bitter things prompted by to-day's misery, which to-morrow we shall repent of in sackcloth and ashes, there is one safeguard within our easy reach.

Feel as we may, we can repress speech. Our lips are our own. We may lock their gateway, if we choose, to whatever is unkind, or censorious, or unworthy of our better selves. Nobody compels us to find fault audibly. Nobody urges us to scold or complain. If we avail ourselves of the escape-valve of hasty speech we shall certainly suffer pangs of regret by-and-bye, besides inflicting present pain on children and servants, who cannot answer back when we patient or too proud to do resenting, or perhaps on some dear aged heart, which has had its full of sorrow and does not need our adding a drop to the brimming cup.

Silence is golden when we are tempted to unkind gossip. Somebody's name is mentioned and at once it recalls to the mind an incident, a forgotten story, something which ought to be buried in oblivion's deepest depths. Do not yield for an instant to that suggestion of the evil one which bids you revive what ought to be kept buried in the grave where it has found retreat. The impulse to speech on such occasions is unworthy a Christian.

Silence is not golden when an absent one suffers defamation, when it is the badge of cowardice, or when one's Christian belief should be asserted. To sit with closed lips when all that is most precious to heart and life is assailed by the tongue of the scorner, is far from noble—it is following the Lord afar off, and is next door to denying Him altogether.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

AN INFIDEL CURED.

A few years ago an infidel lawyer in St. Louis, during the progress of a great revival which he ridiculed, was on his way to a drug store to procure some medicine for his sick child. It was a bright afternoon of the Lord's day, and a street preacher was speaking of Jesus to an immense crowd in one of the worst quarters of the city. The curiosity of the infidel was excited, and he stopped for a moment on the edge of the vast throng to see what the gathering of so many persons meant.

Not a word the preacher uttered could he hear: but near him, and mounted on a waggon, stood a man who was pouring forth a volume of blasphemy and obscenity and hate, cursing the Bible and Christ and Christianity. The infidel noticed that he had quite a group of sympathizers around him, who laughed at his coarse jests and loudly applauded his vile sentiments. But he also noticed that the group was made up of the very scum of society. Thieves, burglars, prostitutes, bloated drunkards—men and women and half-grown lads upon whom the police kept a watchful eye—constituted the admiring audience of the foul wretch who was flooding them with a tide of filth.

The lawyer after a while bowed his head in utter shame, as he reflected that he was identified with this spawn of hell. It is true that he was an infidel on far other and higher grounds, resting his skepticism upon intellectual and scientific objections to the Bible; but he remembered that the arguments and witticisms of his class of thinkers dribbled down through the various strata of the community, becoming dirtier and more offensive at each successive descent, until they re-appeared at the bottom in the disgusting shape that faced him from the waggon of the infidel orator. He walked away chagrined and mortified, and without attending one of the revival meetings, without hearing a sermon, he renounced infidelity and became a Christian, and determined to devote the remainder of his days to the defence of the cause he had sought to destroy.—*Golden Censer.*

DEAD, YET LIVING.

The cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards—all but immortal itself, it transfuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it.

Every Christian is useful in his life; but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterwards.

Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Calvin is dead but his vindication of God's free and sovereign grace will never die. Knox, Melville, and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and school in every parish.

Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still walks the earth in his "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead, but souls are still quickened by the "Saints' Rest." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "Silver basket" of the "Olney Hymns."

Eliot is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits, who, phœnix-wise, have started from his funeral pile?

Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sunday schools go on. Wilberforce is dead, but the negro will find for ages a protector in his memory.—*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

THE SAFEST LOAN.

"He that hath piety on the poor leadeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he repay him." There seems to be no safer loan than this. People are constantly seeking opportunities for investments, but frequently their investments are to them a source of infinite trouble. They are cheated, swindled and robbed; their funds are mismanaged, and squandered and stolen; their securities prove valueless; their investments pay no dividends, and they have trouble on the right hand and on the left.

All this is avoided when men obey the divine precepts. When money is lent to the Lord it makes no further trouble. There is no difficulty about changing the investment, collecting the interest, or securing the dividends. There is no danger of capital being stolen, of companies being wrecked, or investments being mismanaged. Wealth once truly committed into the hands of the Lord is safe forever more. The time of repayment may be distant, but the promise of God is sure, and his help is pledged to us in every time of need.

Let us, while musing upon the uncertainty of worldly things and earthly investments, inquire and see if we cannot intrust our wealth to the Lord, in the firm assurance that he will care for it more faithfully than we can possibly do.—*The Christian.*

A HIGH CALLING.

The story of the grief of Dr. Carey, when his son left the missionary work in India for government service, with his indignant exclamation that "he was shrivelled into an ambassador," is perhaps just now worthy of a thought. It is said that one of the oldest employes about the State Department at Washington reports that within the last two years more preachers have applied for consulates than ever before. Many are especially anxious to secure consulships at the present time.

"If I were President," the old man continued, "I would treat all such applicants as Jackson once treated a preacher who applied to him for a foreign appointment.

"'What's your profession?' Jackson asked the minister.

"'A preacher,' the latter replied.

"'Then,' said the President, 'you hold a better appointment than I can give you.'

"The preacher," he said, "looking at Jackson for a moment turned upon his heel and left foreign appointment."—*Baptist Weekly.*

DON'T LIVE ON FEELING.

It may be helpful to some humble disciple who is disturbed because he cannot keep his religious feelings up to his ideal of what they should be, to be told that the distinguished Wilbur Fisk was troubled in the same way in the earlier years of his Christian life. Having opened his heart to the saintly Timothy Territt, of precious memory, this gentleman said to him: "I think you make a Christ of your feelings. You do not expect that Christ will bless you unless you have a peculiar kind of feelings, but because you believe in Him. Make a Christ of nothing but Christ." These wise words are "apples of gold." The reader would do well to let them direct his mental eye away from his own perturbed heart up to the face of the ever-living Christ.

RANDOM READINGS.

No occupation is so holy that the devil will not tempt us right in the midst of it, and no name is so sacred that he will not try to use it to cover his vile ends.—*Mrs. E. T. Morgan.*

The man who serves his fellows that he may himself be noble, misses the mark. He alone who follows the truth, not he who follows nobility, shall attain the noble.—*Paul Faber.*

The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.—*Addison.*

I have been much self-accused for not referring all to God as the last end; that I do not eat, drink, sleep, journey, speak, and think for God; that practice was so short and narrow, light so long and broad.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

Heaven is the day of which grace is the dawn; the rich, ripe fruit of which grace is the lovely flower; the inner shrine of that most glorious temple to which grace forms the approach and outer court.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

If our faith stops in Christ's life, and does not fasten upon the blood, it will not be a justifying faith. His miracles, which prepared the world for his doctrines; his holiness, which fitted himself for his sufferings, had been insufficient for us without the addition of the cross.

We are born for a higher destiny than earth there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where; the beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

He was always ready to criticise, and it was so much the easier for him that he had not the least bent toward self-criticism; for the latter supposes some degree of truth in the inward parts, and that is obstructive to the indulgence of the former tendency.—*Weighed and Wanting.*

It is a dangerous thing for a man to fool with the evidences of truth; to gladiate with them; to make them merely matters of parrying. When men purposely blind themselves, so that they can not discern what is true, they are responsible for not believing truths which they ignore, and which might by honest dealing have been made evident to them.

The sinner's divine substitute, in the hour of his voluntary agony and death drinks the cup of punitive and inexorable justice to the dregs. Any man who, in penitent faith, avails himself of this vicarious method of setting himself right with the eternal Nemesis will find that it succeeds; but he who rejects must, through endless cycles, grapple the dread problem of human guilt in his own person, and alone.—*Prof. Shedd.*

It is best for man that his maintenance should be in God's custody, to be called for every day; for if a man had his provision for many days in his own power, and God should cast off his care for him, either he would lavish it out too fast, or thieves might steal it, or vermin devour it, and then he might starve. Hence the blessedness of "give us this day our daily bread," spiritually as well as temporally.—*Henry Scudder, 16th Century.*