

Allen's wife, how is it with the soul of Tirzah Ann? As for Thomas Jefferson's soul, he being a boy, it hain't of no account? No, I shall have to give an account to Him for my dealin's with both of these souls, male and female. And I should feel guilty if I brought him up to think that what was impure for a woman was pure for a man. If a man has a greater desire to do wrong, which I don't dispute," says I, looking keenly on to Josiah, "he has greater strength to resist temptation. And so," says I, in mild accents, but firm as old Plymouth Rock, "if Thomas Jefferson hangs, Tirzah Ann shall hang, too."

I have brought Thomas Jefferson up to think that it was just as bad for him to listen to a bad story or song as for a girl, or worse, for he had more strength to run away, and that it was a disgrace to him to talk or listen to any stuff that he would be ashamed to have Tirzah Ann or me to hear. I have brought him up to think that manliness didn't consist in having a cigar in his mouth, and his hat on one side, and swearing and slang phrases, and a knowledge of questionable amusements, but in laying holt of every duty that comes to him, with a brave heart and a cheerful face; in helping to right the wrong, and protect the weak, and makin' he most and the best of the mind and the soul God has given him. In short, I have brought him up to think that purity and virtue are both feminine and masculine, and that God's angels are not necessarily all she ones.—*Samantha Allen.*

FIVE MINUTES AND TWO CENTS.

BY THE REV. DWIGHT S. BAYLEY.

One morning it was in everybody's mouth that the First National had failed. Indiscretion in loans was most of the trouble, although there was some intimation of crookedness on the part of the cashier. The president of the bank was the object of sympathy and pity only. He was above the shadow of suspicion. "Poor Mr. Jones!" said everybody. Such financial disasters are always sad, but this was the first thing of the kind that had come to the town, and many realized its sadness as they never had from reading accounts of failures in the paper.

Mr. Jones was a delightful man, with a high sense of honor, and a winsome personality, and everybody liked his family. He was not a Christian, nor were any of the family church attendants. I knew him only as I had seen him from time to time on the street. But when this overwhelming blow fell upon him, I felt that I must let him know of my sympathy. I could not go to him personally; it would seem too much like an intrusion. In times of sorrow people wish to be alone, or in the company of intimate friends only, and I had scarcely a speaking acquaintance with this man.

So I said, I will write him a note. It will not be an intrusion. It will not be interrupted by the coming in of other people, and it will not embarrass him as the personal presence of a stranger might. My note was brief, just a few simple words of sympathy, and of hope that matters might not prove as bad as might at first appear. With some misgivings and with an earnest prayer I dropped it in the letter-box.

The next day I was starting down town, and just outside my door I was met by Mr. Jones.

"This is Mr. Bayley,—isn't it?" said he. "I was just coming to tell you how much your note helped me."

Tears stood in his eyes as he grasped my hand, and we stood at the corner talking for several minutes. From that time on, the way to Mr. Jones's heart was open to me. Because of his misfortune, he very soon left the city, and I know not whether the good seed has since borne fruit. But this I do know,—that I never made a better investment of five minutes and two cents; and since that I have found in the post office an open sesame to many a heart which could not at first have been reached by a personal interview.

THE SEARCHLIGHT.

No man knows the heart of his brother, and few men know their own hearts. The deceitfulness of the human heart is amazing.

One of the disciples of Jesus turned out badly. Judas was one of the twelve, chosen by Christ himself, going through all the course of training at the feet of Jesus with the other eleven. But Satan entered into him and he sold his Lord. He regretted what he had done afterward. He confessed his sin. He was consumed with remorse. Judas did not know what was in him.

He was not alone. Thousands of men who occupy places of importance and prominence in church and State do not know what is in them. Strong temptation reveals what is in them. If we really desire to be saved we should pray every day for the searchlight of God's truth and Spirit to be turned upon our souls. "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts."

"WHICH WAY ARE YOU GOING."

A little girl went home from church one day full of what she had seen and heard. A day or two afterward, when talking to her father, who was not a godly man, she said, suddenly, "Father, do you ever pray?" He did not like the question, and in a very angry manner asked her:

"Is it your mother or your aunt who has put you up to this?"

"No, father," said the child, "the preacher said all good people pray, and those who don't pray can't be saved. Father, do you pray?"

This was more than the father could stand, and in a rough way he said:

"Well, you and your mother and your aunt may go your way and I will go mine."

"Father," said the little creature, with great simplicity, "which way are you going?"

The question pierced his heart. It flashed upon him that he was on the way to death. He started from his chair, burst into tears, and began to pray for mercy.

Which way are you going?—*The Revivalist.*

DISAPPOINTING.

"Fine sermon, wasn't it?" asked one of Farmer Peter's boarders, referring to a scholarly discourse with which the Meadowville meeting house congregation had been favored that morning by a city preacher.

"Mebee," returned Farmer Peter.

"Why," persisted the boarder, "that man knows more about the Bible, and has made a deeper study of Biblical history and geography than almost any other ministers in this country."

"Has he, now?" inquired Farmer Peter mildly. "Well, then, I reckon the trouble must've been with me. You see,

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I'd calculated I sh'd hear somethin' about the way to Heaven, an' I only learned the way from Jerusalem to Jericho."

STRIKES.

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right;
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight;
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame;
Strike right and left till you win a good name;
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile;
Strike off companions who often beguile;
Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the axe;
Strike off bad habits with troublesome tax;
Strike out unaided, depend on no lodge;
Strike without gloves, and with never a dodge;
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride;
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide;
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;
Strike, and keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

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Of the new appointments made at the recent Conference of the English Wesleyan Church, fully 75 per cent. are said to be the result of mutual arrangements between ministers and circuits. That is a pretty extensive use of the "invitation system."

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