

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Christ at Jacob's Well.

BY REV. J. ALDEN, D. D.

This well is still in existence, and furnishes water to the inhabitants of the ancient Sychar, now called Naplous. It was recently visited by an Englishman, who caused a man to descend to its bottom. It is dug out of solid rock, and is very deep. There is a tradition that this well was dug by Jacob. The Bible is silent on the subject.

Jesus was on his way from Judea to Galilee. He was travelling on foot according to his custom. It was about 12 o'clock when he reached the well. He was weary, hungry and thirsty. He sat down by the well to rest himself, while his disciples went to the village to buy food.

While they were gone, a woman came to procure water. Jesus asked her for some water. This led to a conversation between them. Jesus gave to the conversation a religious turn. He knew that the woman was a great sinner. Weary as he was, he was not too weary to attempt to save a soul. Jesus was careful to use every opportunity of doing good. He never excused himself, as we often do, because he was weary and faint.

"What sport shall I have to-day?" is very often a morning question with young persons. "What good can I do to-day?" should be the morning question of every young person. Then would they follow Christ's example; then would they be very happy. My young reader, just try the experiment. Begin the day by asking, "What good can I do to-day? What kind acts can I perform; what kinds words can I speak which shall tend to make others happy?" Keep these questions in mind during the day, and act in accordance with the spirit of them, and you will have a happy day. There is no joy like the joy of doing good.

This woman was a very bad woman, but Jesus did not on that account neglect her. Sometimes we meet with persons so wicked, that we think it useless to attempt to do them any good, and we say nothing to them. Christ did not do so. None were too poor, none were too wicked for him to attempt to save. A word fitly spoken, even to the most hardened, has often been the means of their conversion to God. Such, we may hope, was the result of the conversation of Christ with the woman of Samaria. At any rate, she was convinced that he was the Messiah, and she went to the village and invited the neighbors to come and see a man who told her all things that ever she did.

When a person is converted, he is immediately desirous of leading others to Christ, that they may receive the like blessing. When selfish persons secure some good thing, they wish to prevent others from securing the same. But Christians wish to have all share with them. Hence, as I said, they try to lead others to the Saviour. Christ loves to have them do so. He loves to have sinners brought to him to receive pardon. He promises great rewards to such as shall thus "turn away to righteousness." There is no service which is paid so well as that of enlisting soldiers for Christ. My young friend, can you not do something in this service? Can you not search out, and bring some neglected child to the Sabbath School? Can you not induce your young companions to go with you to the solemn meeting? Can you not do something to lead them from the ways of sin?

Quite a number of the inhabitants of Sychar came to the well to see Jesus. A large number believed on him. Some believed in consequence of the testimony and conversation of the woman. Others were induced to go to hear him, and believed because of his own words. The whole place seems to have been moved. A revival of religion began. It arose from a very small beginning. A weary traveller sits down by a well to rest, and a wicked woman comes for water. The traveller begins a conversation with her, having for its object her salvation. He might have excused himself, as many in his circumstances would have done. He might have said he was very tired. He might have said that it was not proper to interrupt a stranger at her work. He might have said that she was an abandoned woman, and that there was no hope of her. But he did not. He entered on the work with a zeal which soon led him to forget his weariness and want of food. And what was the result? A powerful revival of religion.

What an encouragement is thus furnished for us to labour at all times for the salvation of souls!

The people of Sychar entreated Jesus to remain with them, and preach to others. He remained with them only two days. Those who did not hear him on those two days, probably never had an opportunity of hearing him. Very likely there were some who felt anxious about their souls, who said, "I am very busy now; I cannot conveniently go to hear him; I will wait till he comes this way again." We do not know that he ever passed that way again.

It often happens in revivals that young persons are anxious about their souls; but they say to themselves, "We will not go to church now; we will wait until he comes again, until another revival; there will be time enough then."

Another revival may not come to that place, or it may come when they are lying in the graveyard. Reader, if you are anxious about your soul, secure an interest in Christ without delay.

—N. Y. Evangelist.

From the Herald and Journal.

## A Methodist Journal.

Why, what a strange concern that must be. What is it? A collection of old Methodist books, old coats, or old shoes, worn by Wesley and his coadjutors? Oh, no, dear reader, nothing of the kind. It is kept in almost every village in New England. Our old Conference preachers always have one. You go to the first itinerant preacher you find, and ask him for the key to his museum, and if he gives you admittance, you will see a curious and wonderful collection of articles; strange, indescribable, nondescript things.

I have seen some large, good-sized museums; I have a little one of my own, quite a small one, just a beginning.

Would you like to know a few of the things sometimes found there? Well, you shall have a short list without any fee.

1. A professor of religion, praying with great fervor that God would convert the world, yet never giving a cent for missions.

2. A man getting shouting happy and telling how much he loves the cause of God, and how much he is willing to deny self, yet fretting and scolding if any one asks for a little money.

3. A professor, too poor to take a religious newspaper, yet taking three or four political ones.

4. A Christian brother, very much hurt in his feelings, to hear his minister refer to politics on the Sabbath, yet spending the whole Sabbath noon conversing on doings in Congress, and the probability of Taylor or Calhoun being the next President.

5. Another one, who thinks it very wrong to desecrate the Sabbath by holding temperance meetings on the evening of the Lord's day, yet spends the same in visiting his neighbours, or going to see his hired man about the work for Monday morning.

6. A Christian brother, very much opposed to anything like ornamenting our churches, such as furnishing them with blinds, carpeting the aisles, or cushioning the pulpit, yet furnishing his own dwelling with rich carpets, astral lamps and splendid sofas.

7. A follower of the Prince of Peace, with his heart running over with the war-spirit, and rejoicing in the destruction of his fellow-men.

8. A professing Christian family asking the Minister to pray with them, and not one of them kneeling with him.

9. Christian parents who take no interest in the Sabbath school.

10. Christian parents, permitting their children to attend dancing school.

11. The man who has a periodical headache, returning every Sabbath morning.

12. The man who dare not expose his health by going to meeting on a stormy Sabbath, yet is very robust the next Monday, and can sled wood all day, though it storm and blow.

This enumeration may suffice to give a little idea of what may be found in the museum. I don't like to keep such a museum. It is a very disagreeable business. I would to God, brethren, that we had no such concerns, and sincerely do I pray that no addition may be made to the number or variety of the objects.

WAR.—Another powerful spring of war is the admiration of the brilliant qualities displayed in war. These qualities, more than all things, have prevented an impression of the crimes and

miseries of this savage custom. Many delight in war, not for its carnage and woes, but for its valor and apparent magnimity,—for the self-command of the hero,—the fortitude which despises suffering,—the resolution which courts danger,—the superiority of the mind to the body,—to sensation,—to fear. Let us be just to human nature even in its errors and excesses. Men seldom delight in war, considered merely as a source of misery. When they hear of battles, the picture which rises to their view is not what it should be, a picture of extreme wretchedness, of the wounded, the mangled, the slain. These horrors are hidden under the splendour of those mighty energies, which break forth amidst the perils of conflict, and which human nature contemplates with an intense and heart-thrilling delight. Attention hurries from the heaps of the slaughtered to the victorious chief, whose single mind pervades and animates a host, and directs with stern composure the storm of battle; and the ruin which he spreads is forgotten in admiration of his power. This admiration has, in all ages, been expressed by the most unequivocal signs. Why that garland woven? that arch erected? that festive board spread? These are tributes to the warrior. Whilst the peaceful sovereign, who scatters blessings with the silence and constancy of Providence, is received with a faint applause, men assemble in crowds to hail the conqueror, perhaps a monster in human form, whose private life is blackened with lust and crime, and whose greatness is built on perfidy and usurpation. Thus war is the surest and speediest road to renown; and war will never cease while the field of battle is the field of glory, and the most luxuriant laurels grow from a root nourished with blood.—Dr. Channing.

SCOLDING.—A great deal of injury is done to children by their parent's scolding. Many children have been nearly or quite ruined by it, and often driven from home, to become vagabonds and wanderers, by scolding. It sours your temper provided it is sweet, which is a question; if you scold, the more you will have to scold, and because you have become crosser, and your children likewise. Depend upon it they cannot love you as well after you have berated them, as they did before. You may approach them with firmness and decision, you may punish them with severity adequate to the nature of their offences, and they will feel the justice of your conduct and love you notwithstanding all. But they hate scolding. It stirs up bad blood, while it discloses your weakness and lowers you in their estimation. Especially at night, when they are about to retire, their hearts should be melted and moulded with voices of kindness, that they may go to their slumbers with thoughts of love stealing around their souls and whispering peace.—N. Y. Evangelist.

A HINT TO CANDIDATES.—Dr. Emmons once said to a candidate for settlement—"You have struck twelve first. Fools will complain of you if you do not strike thirteen next." This is true, and more than this is true. Not only fools but reasonable men will complain of the minister who, having struck twelve the first time, never strikes thirteen. He promises too much, and it ends in disappointment. The candidate who makes an effort to strike twelve is also a fool. He puts himself off for more than he is worth, and the fraud is sure to be found out. Many young preachers "do their best" to begin with, through a foolish desire to be popular. Such a beginning is apt to have a bad ending; as the sagacious Dr. Emmons said on another occasion,—"Every thing that captivates will at length disgust; therefore popularity cannot live." So it is a short-sighted policy in a people, who must have a popular minister, i. e., a man who can captivate. If people would seek after substantial, sterling qualities in a minister, and candidates would make a show of nothing else there would be less of disgust, disappointment and change.—Recorder.

Dr. F.—, the ordinary of Newgate, told the writer, that when a reprieve arrived for one under sentence of death, he returned a Bible and Prayer Book, which the Doctor had given him, with his thanks, observing that he had no further use for them now! So much is it beyond the power of unassisted nature to attend any longer to the requisitions of God than while the terrors of the law and the dread of wrath are impending, and so little is this state of feeling worth if that be all.

## The Gulph of Eternity.

How little do the gay and busy multitudes of earth's inhabitants realize, as they sail down the stream of time, that they are rapidly nearing the tremendous gulph of eternity, or how soon they will plunge into its measureless realms!

We see that our youthful joys were but this morning: we see them withered ere 'tis night—withered to be green no more. The grass can be turned in one hour to withered hay, but the hay can never return to its former freshness. We look back on our early joys and say, "They are as a dream when one awaketh." How short was the vision, and whither has it fled? We were just preparing to live, but now we have awoken, and found that we have nothing to do but to prepare to die. For what has happened to the joys of life will shortly happen to life itself.—"In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth" in the grave. We have already passed the greater part of our life's comfort: every hour is carrying us still further from them; we cannot return, but an irresistible current is bearing us down into the gulph of eternity. There is no return—there is no stop. It will be but a moment, and we must go to our long home, and leave the mourners to go about the streets. We cannot be younger, but we shall soon be dead; and on a dying bed we shall feel the truth of our text, and the propriety of its figure, more than ever. All our life will seem but a day. And having passed the short day of dreams and shadows, we shall disappear. We shall take an eternal leave of earth, and wing our way to the bar of God. The places which now know us will know us no more. Our lands and houses will go into other hands. Strangers will occupy our substance, and walk over our graves without knowing that we were buried there. Our names will be forgotten on earth. The world will go on as before. The sun will arise and set as usual. Mirth and diversion will be as brisk as ever. None will take thought of our pleasures or pains,—while we shall be either mounting the regions of life and soaring high in salvation, or shrieking to the ear of hell and sinking in the pit that has no bottom.—Dr. Griffin.

## DANGER ATTENDING THE TOO EARLY DEVELOPMENT OF THE MENTAL FACULTIES IN CHILDREN.

—There is no doubt that many a child has been sacrificed in early youth to the pride of parents, who, delighted with the intellectual activity of their children, have striven to make them prodigies of learning. But in these cases of early and undue employment of the brain, inflammation of the hemispherical ganglion, or of the lining membrane of the ventricles with serious effusion, has usually been the cause of either fatal issue, or of subsequent mental imbecility. The late Dr. Deville related to me an interesting case of this kind. An extremely intelligent boy, of about twelve years of age, was brought to him for phrenological examination, by a parent who was very proud of the intellectual endowments of his child. Mr. Deville gave his opinion of the boy's character, at the same time cautioning the father of the dangerous course he was pursuing. But the father's reply was, "All that other boys consider labour and hard studies, are mere child's play to him; that his study could not be hurting him, he enjoyed them so much." Again Dr. Deville endeavoured to save the child, but the father would not attend to the warning. Two years from that time the father again called on Dr. Deville, and in reply to his inquiries after his child, the father burst into tears—his child was an idiot.—Solly on the Brain.

## A Word to Teachers.

Nothing is so important to a teacher's success, as to find the avenue to the confidence and love of his class. There is a key that will unlock this door, and there is only one. A teacher who has a warm heart will invariably find it. He must not only love his class, but he must convince them of his love. To do so, he must have much of the spirit of his master. His soul must be warmed by the fire of the Holy Ghost. He must go from his Bethel to his class; and when he speaks, it should be evident to them that he has "been with Jesus." They should be able to see that his heart throbs with love to the Saviour, and that he has met them because he is yearning with a desire to do them good. O how worthless are the labours of a cold-hearted teacher! He will freeze up the young hearts around him, though glowing with all the ardour of childhood.—Sabbath school teacher, get the warm heart. Thou wilt else be little better than a sinecure in God's nursery.