

The Christian Visitor.

A FAMILY NEWS PAPER: DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace, good will toward Men."

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LIFE THOUGHTS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

The published extracts from the extemporaneous discourses of this highly popular preacher are going for their esteemed author a world-wide celebrity. They are the conceptions of a mind that has shared profusely in nature's choicest gifts, and that has been consecrated by the Grace of God to the highest purposes of human existence. Below are some of these extemporaneous utterances which we feel assured will be perused with interest by our readers. The book from which these extracts are taken, is for sale at the "Colonial Book Store."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"God says, the peace of man who loves him shall flow like a river; and if ours is not such, it is because its springs are not in Mount Zion—because its sources are the marshes and the lowlands, and not the crystal fountains of the hills. This peace shall not be like a shower, falling with temporary abundance, but like the river which flows by the cottage door, always full and always singing. The man hears it when he rises in the morning; he hears it in the quiet noon; he hears it when the sun goes down; and if he wakes in the night, its sound is in his ear. It was there when he was a child; it was there when he grew up to manhood; it was there when he was an old man; it will murmur by his grave upon its banks, and sing and flow for his children after him. It is to such a river that God likens the divine bounty of peace given to his people."

"How little do we know of this peace of God! We deem ourselves happy if we have one serene hour out of the twenty-four; and if now and then there comes a Sabbath which is calm at morning, and sweetness through the still noon, and benediction at evening, we count it a rare and blessed experience."

"The child frightened in his play runs to seek his mother. She takes him upon her lap, and presses his head to her bosom; and with tenderest words of love she looks down upon him, and smooths his hair, and kisses his cheek, and wipes away his tears. And then, in a low and gentle voice, she sings some sweet lullaby, some lullaby of love, and the fear fades out from his face, and a smile of satisfaction plays over it, and at length his eyes close, and he sleeps in the deep depths and delights of peace. God Almighty is the mother, and the soul is the tired child; and he folds it in his arms, and dispels its fears, and lulls it to repose, saying, 'Sleep, my darling, sleep. It is I who watch thee.' He giveth his beloved sleep. The mother's arms encircle but one, but God clasps every yearning soul to his bosom, and gives to it the peace which passeth understanding, beyond the reach of care or storm."

LOSS IS GAIN.

"An oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts; it is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall. It holds fast and grows alone. 'What avails all this steadfastness?' saith it to itself. 'Why am I to stand here useless? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks; no herbs can lie down upon my shadow; I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves; I am set as a mark for storms that bend me in fear; my fruit is serviceable for no appetite; it had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred-year oak, good for nothing.' While it yet spoke, the axe was hewing at its base. It died in sadness, saying as it fell, 'Weary ages for nothing have I lived.'"

The axe completed its work. By and by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship, bearing the ocean's flag around the world. Other parts form keel and ribs of merchantmen, and, having defied the mountain storms, they now equally resist the thunder of the waves and the murky threat of scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embody the weakness of old age. Thus the tree, in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginning of life. It voyaged the world; it grew to parts of temples and dwellings. It held upon its surface the soft tread of children and the tottering steps of patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle. It swayed the limbs of age by the chimney corner, and heard, secure within, the roar of those old, unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long usefulness, its cruel prostration, it became universally helpful, and did by its death what it could never have done by its life. For, so long as it was a tree, and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless; but when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began."

"How solemn is that sentence of Christ, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me!' Not while he lived; not by his direct force, but only when pierced, broken, slain, buried should his influence issue forth, and death should become the throne of his power. So will it be with us if we are Christ's. Paradox upon this truth lie all through the New Testament, and one may walk on them, like stepping-stones, from side to side. Sorrow is joy. Death is life. Down is up. Weakness is strength. Loss is gain. Defeat is victory. The world's mightiest men, the very monarchs of its joy, were they who died deaths daily."

REJOICE!

"Some people think black is the colour of heaven, and that the more they can make their faces look like midnight, the more evidence they have of grace. But God, who made the sun and the flowers, never sent me to proclaim to you such a lie as that. We are told to 'rejoice in the Lord always.'"

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"I used to think the Lord's Prayer was a short prayer; but, as I live longer, and see more of life, I begin to believe there is no such thing as getting through it. If a man, in praying that prayer, were to be stopped by every word until he had thoroughly prayed it, it would take him a life time. 'Our Father'—there would be a wall a hundred feet high in just those two words, to most men. If they might say, 'Our Tyrant,' or 'Our Monarch,' or even 'Our Creator,' they could get along with it; but 'Our Father'—why, a man is almost a saint who can pray that."

"You read, 'Thy will be done,' and you say to yourself, 'Oh, I can pray that; and all the time your mind goes round and round in immense circuits and far-off distances; but God is continually bringing the circuits nearer to you, till he says, 'How is it about your temper and your pride?—How is it about your business and your daily life?' 'This is a revolutionary petition. It would make many a man's shop and store tumble to the ground to utter it. Who can stand at the end of the avenue along which are blossoming like flowers, and send these terrible words, 'Thy will be done,' crashing down through it? I think it is the most fearful prayer to pray in the world.'"

PROVIDENCE.

"We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, he is in heaven, and not on earth. 'The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxen's tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes clanking along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he goes rolling over and over without a home, he says—'Oh, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!'"

"But the husbandman who walks behind the plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest which is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before."

"We are like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow our plans, we think all is going to ruin."

DEATH.

"No one cries when children, long absent from their parents, go home. Vacation morning is a jubilee. But death is the Christian's vacation morning. School is out. It is time to go home. It is surprising that one should wish life here, who may have life in heaven. And when friends have gone out from us joyously, I think we should go with them to the grave, not singing mournful psalms, but scattering flowers. Christians are wont to walk in black, and sprinkle the ground with tears, at the very time when they should walk in white, and illumine the way by smiles and radiant hope. The disciples found angels at the grave of Him they loved; and we should always find them too, but that our eyes are too full of tears for seeing."

CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

"It is right to have an expansive benevolence—to take into our regard the world and the race—but where foreign charity is but a defence against home kindness, it is a base, sentimental sham. Thousands will cry over compressed feet in China who are quite unaffected by souls compressed in America. That religion should compel mothers, in India, to cast their babes to the Ganges, shocks every sensibility of some men's soul, who can see no occasion for grief that commerce snatches from the dusky mother in America her babes, and casts them forth to a slavery—a worse monster than was ever bred in the slime of the Ganges or the mud of the Nile."

"A Christian nation, jealous of its laws, but careless of its people—conservative of its institutions, but contemptuous of the weak and poor whom those institutions oppress—are baptized infidels. Christ never died for laws nor for governments, but for men; and they who crush men to build up nations may expect God to meet them with the blast of his lightning and the terror of his thunder. The masses against the classes, the world over—I am willing to go to judgment upon that."

THE STATE OF THE HEART.

"There are many professing Christians who are secretly vexed on account of the charity they have to bestow, and the self-denial they have to use. If, instead of the smooth prayers which they do pray, they should speak out the things which they really feel, they would say, when they go home at night, 'O Lord, I met a poor wretch of yours to-day, a miserable, unwashed brat, and I gave him sixpence, and I have been sorry for it ever since; or, 'O Lord, if I had not signed those articles of faith, I might have gone to the theatre this evening. Your religion deprives me of a great deal of enjoyment; but I mean to stick to it. There's no other way of getting into heaven, I suppose.'"

"The sooner such men are out of the Church, the better."

"The elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect whosoever won't."

"Conceited men often seek a harmless kind of men, who, by an overbearing self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all."

There is no heresy in the long list of heresies which have invaded the Church like the heresy of negativeness, of inaction, of death. The dead man is the great heresiarch.

"A conservative young man has wound up his life before it was unreeled. We expect old men to be conservative, but when a nation's young men are so, its funeral bell is already rung."

"Many Christians are like Chestnuts—very pleasant nuts, but enclosed in very prickly burs, which need various dealings of nature, and her grip of frost, before the kernel is disclosed."

"The Church has been so fearful of amusements that the devil has had the care of them. The chaplet of flowers has been snatched from the brow of Christ, and given to Mammon."

"Do the best you can where you are; and, when that is accomplished, God will open a door for you, and a voice will call, 'Come up hither into a higher sphere.'"

"Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell."

"Labourer sermons sweep over the mind as winds swept over the sea, leaving it more troubled than before; when one little hymn, child-warbled, would be to the soul like Christ's 'Peace, be still,' to the waves of Galilee."

"Through the week we go down into the valleys of care and shadow. Our Sabbaths should be hills of light and joy in God's presence; and so, as time rolls by, we shall go on from mountain top to mountain top, till at last we catch the glory of the gate, and enter in to go no more out for ever."

"It is not well for a man to pray, cream; and I've skim milk."

"There are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the Hymn Book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air."

"The most dangerous infidelity of the day is the infidelity of rich and orthodox churches."

"God pardons like a mother, who kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness."

THEREY, C. H. SPURGEON.

The London Freeman of the 10th ult., says:—Notwithstanding a slight change for the worse for a day or two towards the close of last week, Mr. Spurgeon was well enough to preach and pray last Lord's day at the Music Hall. He took for his text 1 Peter, i. 6. The hall was full, though the Sunday before, the attendance was obviously affected by his absence. Mr. Probert, of Bristol kindly took part of the morning service, and also that of the evening,—he, and Mr. Dowson, of Bradford, having supplied Mr. Spurgeon's place during his illness. There is every reason now to hope that Mr. Spurgeon will gradually regain his strength, but whether he can prudently continue his incessant preaching labours is more than questioned by his friends."

The following further pastoral letter, addressed by Mr. Spurgeon to his people, appears in last week's number of The New Park-street Pulpit:—

"I am a prisoner still. Weakness has succeeded pain and languor of mind is the distressing result of this prostration of my physical powers. It is the Lord's doing. In some sense I might say with Paul, 'I am a prisoner of Jesus Christ.' But ah! my bonds are more easy and less honourable to wear than his. Instead of a dungeon, my lot is cast in an abode of comfort; the chain that restrains me from my accustomed ministry was not forged by man but woven in the shuttle of God's providence; no rough jailor, but loving relatives and friends attend upon me in these tedious hours of my bondage! I beseech you therefore, my beloved, let your many prayers to God on my behalf be each and all mingled with thanksgiving. Gratitude should ever be used in devotion, like salt of old, was in sacrifice, without prescribing how much."

"And now, though unable to stand in the pulpit, I will endeavour to give you a short address—or rather, I will attempt to express the kindlings of my heart in a few broken sentences."

"And first, to you, my well-beloved and trusty brethren and sisters in Christ, and in the family of church fellowship; to you I tender my fondest regards, my sincerest thanks, my sweetest love. I feel refreshed by your sympathy, and my heart is overwhelmed at the estimation in which you hold me. It brings the hot blush to my cheek and well it may. Tenderly as a husband thinks of the dotting affection of his wife, as a father receives the fond homage of his children, as a brother when he is held in honour, by all the family circle—so tenderly, and even more tenderly, I remember your care of me. The tone of your supplications during my affliction has been to me beyond measure grateful. I rejoice that you have, with humble submission, kissed the rod; not impatiently asking my recovery, but meekly at quiescing in the providence of our Heavenly Father, craving most of all that the Lord would sanctify the pain of your pastor, and guard with his own watchful eye the flock. 'Grace and peace be multiplied unto you, through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord.'"

"Yet, again, in the still chamber of retirement, I anxiously remember some who would have been ere this baptized on a profession of their faith, and received into membership of the church, had not my health been thus impaired. Be not fretful concerning this delay; accept it as an ordin-

ed trial of your patience. If a farmer has a field of corn sowed by the sickle from its native earth, but not yet sown in the garner, he is not concerned lest he suffer loss? How much more as a minister of Christ, am I concerned for you; the converts God hath given me? Oh, beloved! be steadfast. Commit not the great sin. Beware lest Satan take advantage of you—for we are not ignorant of his devices. Draw not back.—It is written in the law, 'No devoted thing that a man shall devote unto the Lord of all that he hath shall be sold or redeemed; every devoted thing is most holy unto the Lord.' The Israelites might not retract the beast that he dedicated from his fold for an offering—far less the Christian, when he hath resolved to yield up his heart, his life, his soul to Jesus. I speak not thus to grieve you. Think not that my jealousy bodes a suspicion, but rather that it betokens my life. 'We are not of them that draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.' 'My little children, these things I write unto ye that ye sin not.'"

"To those who have worshipped during the past two years in the Surrey Music Hall,—the preacher's greetings and his love. Ye have heard how the Prophet Samuel set up a stone and called the name of it EBENEZER, saying, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' That stone marked the place where the Lord gave the children of Israel a great victory over the Philistines; but it likewise marked the 'very place where, twenty years before, the Israelites were defeated, and the Ark of God was taken.' Let us rejoice, O my people, with trembling. Two years ago that hall was the scene of such discomfiture, such dire calamity and death, as we hardly dare to think of. Sure that was the night of heart's bitterest anguish. 'Howbeit our God turned the curse into a blessing.' For ninety-nine successive Lord's days was I enabled to supply the pulpit; no congregation could have been more evenly sustained; never were sermons more widely echoed. God has owned these services to the quickening of many souls to the establishing of many in our most holy faith, and by them through His goodness hath the Blessed Spirit stirred up many of my brethren in the ministry to a righteous emulation. 'According to this time it shall be said, What hath God wrought! Ah, sirs! if ye knew the unrequited exertions of those beloved brethren whose names are unknown to fame, but whose good offices were essential to keep the place open—if ye knew, once more, how many a time your minister has prostrated himself as a broken-hearted sinner before God to renew his first vows of unreserved self-dedication—if ye knew these things, ye would not be backward in that ascription of praise never more meet to flow forth in liquid strains with weeping eyes—'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name glory.' 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.'"

"Yet, I have other friends. They are scattered far and wide throughout this country, and the sister isles. To you let me drop a word. Ye have received me kindly. Easter friendship were never surely made in fewer hours than I have cemented with you. Ye are of my kith and kin. I will take you to record that my God hath graciously proportioned my strength, to my days, while I have been among you 'in labours more abundant.' When I have laboured most for His glory, I have feasted most on the provisions of His grace. And, blessed be God; when oftentimes called to visit a people heretofore unknown to me, He hath given me the key of David, to unlock the secret springs of your heart; yea, rather, He holdeth the key in His own hand; He openeth and no man can shut. Keep, beloved, the word of His patience, and He will keep you from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world to try them that dwell upon the earth."

"Finally, my brethren, I am cheered and comforted beyond measure by the joyous hope that on the coming Sabbath I shall again appear among you. This prospect is as oil to my bones, and although I cannot hope to fulfil my ministry with my wonted vigor, yet to attempt to address you will be as a rich medicine—as a tonic to my fluttering heart."

"Yours, in covenant,

"November 2, 1858." "C. H. SPURGEON."

MEETING AT AUNT BETSY'S.

A CONTRAST FOR YOUNG MEN.

On my first visit to the meeting in Fulton street, I found a seat in the middle of the room, from which I had a view of the persons around the pulpit, and could look out of the windows in its rear. And as I glanced upon the high brick stores in Ann-street, the memories of other days rushed in upon me. Where those brick stores now rise, upwards of thirty years ago there stood some wooden buildings, of very low pretensions. In an upper room of one of them, there dwelt an old-colored woman, then widely known as Aunt Betsy, or Sarah—which, I now forget. She was very old, and very feeble, and remarkably pious. She was dependent upon the hand of charity for her daily bread; nor was she neglected. Some ladies, not unknown in the religious circles of New York, were sent to her room by their parents, on their first errands of mercy to the poor. And some young men, mostly from the Presbyterian and Methodist churches, held a prayer-meeting in her room on each Sabbath afternoon, as she was too infirm to attend on any of the public means of grace. She lay on her lowly bed during these meetings of prayer; and as we retired, she took each of us by the hand, and gave us her parting blessing."

"That meeting in the upper room of that poor disciple, had passed away from my recollection, although it was in it I offered the first prayer I uttered in the hearing of man. But now, in a meeting for prayer, and in sight of the very place, it came up in all its freshness before me. The old buildings took the place of the lofty stores. I could go around the room of Aunt Betsy, and commit chairs, and almost talk with the young men that sat on them. I could hear them pray and see them retire, each receiving in its turn, the blessings of the 'aged disciple.' And as I was busy with my own thoughts, scarcely hearing the singing and praying that occupied all in the room, I was waked from my reverie by a voice from behind me. It was that of a merchant exhorting his brother merchants to a deeper interest and warmer zeal, in the salvation of men. As the voice seemed familiar, I turned round to see who was the fervid and fluent speaker. He is now one of the princely merchants of New York, but in his youth he was one of the young men who met for prayer in the room of Aunt Betsy, and his wife was one of the little girls, who, as the ravens did to Elijah, carried to her daily food!"

"What has become of the young men that met weekly in the room of Aunt Betsy? Of the subsequent history of some of them, I have no knowledge. But as to the others of them my knowledge is distinct and full. One of them rose to eminence as an accomplished writer and editor. He became an honorable politician, and for years has served his country, and the cause of Protestantism, with distinction, as a minister at a foreign court. Another of them is an ex-Mayor of the City of New York, whose hand has never been withheld from any work of religion and philanthropy. Another is an honored partner of one of the largest publishing houses of the city of his residence."

"Another of them has held on the even tenor of his way; has risen to eminence as a merchant, has acquired a large fortune, and is a pillar in one of the most important congregations, and one of the best known in the British Isles. Another was the merchant behind me in the room of prayer, so affectionately addressing the audience, and now the head of one of the largest mercantile houses of the Union."

"Another is also a well-known merchant of New York, who has a heart for every good work; and who has never withdrawn his hand from the plow. Another is a useful minister in the Western States, whose labours have been eminently blessed in turning many to righteousness. Two others, who gave fair promise of usefulness in the more secluded walks of life, were early removed to their homes in heaven. I was myself among the youngest of the company, and when I was first invited to join the circle in the room of Aunt Betsy, was not a communicant of the Church."

"On a subsequent day I made the above statement at a prayer meeting in Fulton street, and based upon it an appeal to young men. When I sat down, a man rose in another part of the room, his treasured accents showing the feelings that were within him. 'I have,' said he, 'recently visited the prison at Sing Sing. As I went from cell to cell, I met with an old man who told me a very different story from that just narrated. He said that when young he was one of a company of young men who formed an infidel club, and who met once a week for talking infidelity, gambling and drinking, not very far from the upper room of Aunt Betsy. And I was shocked as he told me of the end to which his companions came. 'One, said he, died by his own hand; another by the hand of violence; some in State prison; some of delirium tremens; and as far as I know, I am the only one of them surviving; and here I am in the garb, and daily at the work of a felon.' And he also ended his narrative with a most striking and touching appeal to young men to remember their creator in the days of their youth."

"The contrast which the two narratives present was most striking. All felt it to be so. The companies that met in the room of Aunt Betsy, and the gambling hell, were very different in character. And their end was very different. Religion has the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come. Nor are there any youth more likely to become men, than those who first seek the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness. Even now do I feel the warm pressure of the hand of Aunt Betsy, although for thirty years or more she has been with her Lord; and it may be that the blessings which have followed those who met for prayer in her room, have been in answer to her benedictions and prayers. True religion, early embraced, is a great element of success, even as to the life that now is.—[Kirwan in the N. Y. Observer.]

EDUCATION.

Mr. John Vincent, the subject of this obituary, was a worthy member of Portland church; she was baptized by Elder Robinson, twenty years ago, and since that time adorned her profession. But it was in the family circle her virtues shone brightest; her highest ambition was to train her offspring for usefulness in this life, and for the enjoyment of heaven hereafter. Her desire and prayer had been, that God would spare her life to see her children arrive at years of maturity and followers of Jesus; her petition was granted; she lived to see them all members of the church of Christ. Her sufferings were severe but borne with christian resignation; a few hours previous to her death, she said to her weeping friends, 'I am in Jesus' arms; though I walk through the valley and shadow of death I fear no evil;' her last prayer was, 'Lord Jesus come quickly, and release my spirit.' She fell asleep, November 24th, it can truly be said of her, though dead, she yet speaketh.

J. R.

HOW TO MAKE UP A QUARREL.

William Ladd was the President of the American Peace Society, and he believed that the principle of peace, carried out, would maintain good will among neighbors as well as nations. But there was a time when he had not fully considered this subject—had not thought much about it—as I dare say my young readers have not, and he believed that if a man struck him a blow, it was best and fair to strike right back again, without considering if there were not some better way of overcoming the offender; or if a man did him an injury, why, as people commonly say, he would 'give him as good as he sent.'"

He then had a farm; and a poor man, who lived on land adjoining his, neglected to keep up a fence which it was his business to keep in order; and in consequence, his sheep got into William Ladd's wheat-field, and did much mischief. William Ladd told his man Sam to go to the neighbor, and tell him he must mend the fence and keep the sheep out. But the sheep came in again, and William Ladd, who was a very orderly man himself, was provoked."

"Sam," said he, "go to that fellow and tell him if he don't keep his sheep out of my wheat-field, I'll have them shot."

Even this did not do—the sheep were in again.

"Sam," said William, "take my gun and shoot those sheep."

"I would rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam? Why, there are but three; it's no great job."

"No, sir; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I am not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning; why did he not mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of message; it made him mad, and he wouldn't do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said William Ladd, "and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw the half-smiled, but said nothing. I got into my buggy and drove up to my neighbor. He lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over."

When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood. There were a few sticks of wood, and the house was poor, and my heart was softened."

"Neighbor!" I called out. The man looked sulky, and did not raise his head.

"Come, come, neighbor," said I, "I have come with friendly feeling to you and you must meet me half way."

He perceived that I was in earnest, laid down his axe, and came to the wagon.

"Now, neighbor," said I, "we have both been in the wrong; you neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provoking message. Now let us face about and both do right. I'll forgive you. Now let's shake hands."

He didn't feel like giving me his hand, but he let me take it."

"Now," said I, "neighbor, drive your sheep down to my pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring, and you shall have all the yield, and next summer we shall start fair."

His hand was no longer dead in mine, and he gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, "I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all."

"And the little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was," said William Ladd, "the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society." —Cleveland Leaflets.

W. H. Beecher's "Life Thoughts" has reached a sale of thirty thousand copies, and Longfellow's new poem has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.

OBITUARY.

Mr. John Vincent, the subject of this obituary, was a worthy member of Portland church; she was baptized by Elder Robinson, twenty years ago, and since that time adorned her profession. But it was in the family circle her virtues shone brightest; her highest ambition was to train her offspring for usefulness in this life, and for the enjoyment of heaven hereafter. Her desire and prayer had been, that God would spare her life to see her children arrive at years of maturity and followers of Jesus; her petition was granted; she lived to see them all members of the church of Christ. Her sufferings were severe but borne with christian resignation; a few hours previous to her death, she said to her weeping friends, 'I am in Jesus' arms; though I walk through the valley and shadow of death I fear no evil;' her last prayer was, 'Lord Jesus come quickly, and release my spirit.' She fell asleep, November 24th, it can truly be said of her, though dead, she yet speaketh.

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"Sam," said William, "take my gun and shoot those sheep."

"I would rather not," said Sam.

"Rather not, Sam? Why, there are but three; it's no great job."

"No, sir; but the poor man has but three in the world, and I am not the person that likes to shoot a poor man's sheep."

"Then the poor man should take proper care of them. I gave him warning; why did he not mend his fence?"

"Well, sir, I guess it was because you sent him a rough kind of message; it made him mad, and he wouldn't do it."

"I considered a few minutes," said William Ladd, "and then I told Sam to put the horse in the buggy."

"Shall I put in the gun?" said Sam.

"No," said I. I saw the half-smiled, but said nothing. I got into my buggy and drove up to my neighbor. He lived a mile off, and I had a good deal of time to think the matter over."

When I drove up to the house, the man was chopping wood. There were a few sticks of wood, and the house was poor, and my heart was softened."

"Neighbor!" I called out. The man looked sulky, and did not raise his head.

"Come, come, neighbor," said I, "I have come with friendly feeling to you and you must meet me half way."

He perceived that I was in earnest, laid down his axe, and came to the wagon.

"Now, neighbor," said I, "we have both been in the wrong; you neglected your fence, and I got angry, and sent you a provoking message. Now let us face about and both do right. I'll forgive you. Now let's shake hands."

He didn't feel like giving me his hand, but he let me take it."

"Now," said I, "neighbor, drive your sheep down to my pasture. They shall share with my sheep till next spring, and you shall have all the yield, and next summer we shall start fair."

His hand was no longer dead in mine, and he gave me a good friendly grasp. The tears came into his eyes, and he said, "I guess you are a Christian, William Ladd, after all."

"And the little fracas with my neighbor about the sheep was," said William Ladd, "the first step to my devoting myself to the Peace Society." —Cleveland Leaflets.

W. H. Beecher's "Life Thoughts" has reached a sale of thirty thousand copies, and Longfellow's new poem has reached its twenty-fifth thousand.