The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's November Farewell.

The health of our brother, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, has held out rather better than what the autumn. Notwithstanding the severe pain he suffered about the time he delivered his memorable address to the ministers of the London Baptist Association at the quarterly meeting in October, he has been able to continue at his work a week longer than is usual in November. On Sunday week the Tabernacle was crowded in every part, and there was a general expectation that he would then take leave of his congregations previous to his departure for Mentone. As on Sunday last, the pews contained a letter from the pastor, part of which ran as follows: "I cannot leave you without expressing my regret that I must be away from my pulpit at all. I cannot continue under the heavy strain of my work without some little time for renewing my strength. Especially do I find that the brain cannot for ever produce fresh thought, but must have time to lie fallow. I go, therefore, into retirement for a few weeks, and I pray you to support, by your constant attendance, those able brethren who are to fill my place. The Lord be with you." Much satisfaction was, however, felt when it transpired, from another part of the letter, and from the platform announcements, that Mr. Spurgeon would not go away that week. Last Sunday, when an expectant multitude again thronged the building, Mr. Spurgeon bore none of the traces of suffering which are so sadly familiar in him with the approach of the foggy season, and hopes are very earnestly and cheerfully entertained that he will be back in his place at the wonted time greatly refreshed in spirit.

On Sunday morning, taking as his text Joel 2: 32, "And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered from Mount Zion, and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call," Mr. Spurgeon called attention to Peter's version of the passage, "It shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved," and said, I thought within myself "What shall be the topic for the last sermon for the season—peradventure the last sermons to-day may be the last altogether; for life is very frail, and when I hear of first one and then another in strong health being suddenly taken away, one is made to feel very mortal—living on the brink of the grave. So I said within myself, Shall I feed the flock of God with some rich choice promise? and truly it would have been well to have done so. But then I thought these ninety and nine are not in the wilderness, but in the fold. God has given them to have life in themselves. There are, however, certain of the camp—a few, comparatively—who are wandering still. You have tried to bring them to the great Bishop and Shepherd of souls, but they have not returned to him." So I considered I would go out once more after them this morning, and I would ask your prayers that a very simple gospel address may be blessed of God to the immediate conversion of some among us who have waited and hesitated even unto this day. I could not have, for such a purpose, a more suitable text—one of the brightest declarations of Gospel doctrine that can be found, for see, when the apostle Peter is preaching what I may call the inauguration sermon of the evangelical era, he himself goes to Joel for his text. He expounds the wonders of Pentecost by a reference to this important passage. And when Paul, in his famous Epistle to the Romans, would set out the gospel in all plainness, he cannot find a better text to quote than this—"For whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." If apostles took this text as their choicest theme, well may we feel at home in it and hope that a blessing will rest upon us in preaching from it, even as it rested upon them. The preacher then called attention to the preceding context, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth blood and fire and pillars of smoke," &c., and said similar warnings were frequently given side by side with passages of promise. Think of setting such a diamond as the text is such a black setting! As the stars are all the brighter for the darkness of the night, so is the Gospel all the more brilliant when it is preached in connection with the punishment of sin and the just anger of God against iniquity. Continuing, he said: Certain gentlemen who would be thought to be very tender, very kind and sympathetic and loving, either say, "There is no hell," or "Let us preach as if there were none." I have not been able to discover in their actions towards the ungodly any peculiar tenderness. I have not seen in these men who forswear the use of the terrors of the Lord any remarkable zeal for the conversion of men. On the contrary, they that have compassed the earth to preach the Gospel and worn themselves out in evangelical ministry have been the men that have thundered out the just wrath of God against sin and spoken honestly and bravely concerning the judgment to come. I find the tenderest heart in those that weep for sinners because they believe that they will be everlastingly ruined except they repent. I do not find that the other views arise out of wonderful gentleness, softness, and sympathy. I find them far off, accompanied by a flippancy towards that doctrine of God's Word as if it might well become a theme of jest. No! my brethren; inasmuch as we love men and would be like our Master, we feel bound to denounce the woes that are yet to come. It was reflection upon the coming woes of Jerusalem that excited Christ's sympathy and moved him to tears, and I venture to say no man can preach the Gospel at all unless he preaches the terrors of the Lord. He will gradually get further and further away from it and think it less and less necessary in proportion as he deludes himself with the idea that, after all, sin is but a trenchant evil, and the iniquity of man can be put away in some future state, even if he shall die impenitent, having rejected God's great remedy. I believe in that blood and fire and vapor of smoke, that darkened sun and curdled moon; in the great white throne and him who shall sit upon it; and in his awful words, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire in hell prepared for the devil and his angels." Therefore it is my delight to come to you with a sweet, liberal, blessed Gospel text like this, with the hope that those of you who are still in danger may arise, flee for your lives, and escape from the wrath to come." Proceeding to expound the text he put it as being a glorious proclamation, a constellation of mercies closely packed together. The necessary consequences of sin were overwhelming, and could not be thought of without trembling. Reflection upon the judgment to come would fill the stoutest heart with dismay, but there was salvation for that. Whatever might be the tremendous day for which all other days were made, the text proclaimed, in God's name, salvation from its terrors, complete emancipation from the bottomless abyss into which the guilty would sink, to every soul that believed on Jesus Christ, the Lord. No writ of accusation would come against them, for salvation covered it all. Not only was it salvation from the consequences of sin, but also from the guilt and pollution of sin. The Lord would take away all the defilement and injury inflicted by the sin of man. Sin was a disease which destroyed the moral beauty of mankind and made them loathsome to the eye of God. But in salvation there was a perfect healing for the leprosy. There was also salvation from the power of sin. It would dwell in their flesh, but it should not have dominion over them, for they would not be under the law, but under grace. The Holy Spirit would make them strong for holiness and purity—instead of being slaves of sin they would be free men of the Lord. This was perfect, complete, entire, immediate, everlasting salvation for every man or woman that would listen and fulfil the Divine commands, "Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved." The time of the proclamation was present. Peter said the time spoken of by the prophet Joel began at the Day of Pentecost, when the rushing, mighty wind was heard and the flames of fire were seen upon the apostles' head. Then was the Gospel dispensation opened in all its grandeur. The Holy Ghost then came down to earth, and has never returned, and is still in the midst of the Church—not working physical miracles, but moral, spiritual miracles. This Gospel of salvation was well worth preaching. The range of the proclamation was most comprehensive. He was afraid anything he might say would limit that word "whosoever." In travelling in Switzerland the preacher had frequently come across a little gate, and it was the custom to give twopence to the child who opened it. It answered no other purpose, and so it was with religion. Gates were very often put up, and one had to give something to the gentlemen who opened. But they might go all round London, through Europe and all the continents, and they would not meet a single man or woman who was not included in that word "whosoever." The requirement was very plain. It did not want seven volumes to find out how to be saved. Call upon the name of the Lord as he reveals himself in Scripture. Of course, if they made a god of their own, the Lord could not save them. The pity of it was that most people had got a god of their own, but, as those gods had no existence, no trust ought to be put in them. There was only one God who revealed himself in the Old and New Testaments. Real, sincere, believing prayer would never fail. I concluding, Mr. Spurgeon referred to the last portion of his text, and said:—After centuries of life, prophets, miracles, and Shekinahs shining amongst them, all that was saved out of the Jewish nation was a remnant. Most favored people and only a remnant brought in! It is more solemn still to notice that even that remnant never called upon the name of the Lord until he called them. "Even as many as the Lord our God shall call." It needed a miracle to make anyone do that simple act of calling. We have got this to do for the sinners, pray for them, labor for them, also learn for them. I see an ocean of mercy without a shore, but I see also hard hearts that will not come and receive it. In this London only four hundred thousand out of five millions attend God's service, and out of that four hundred thousand, how many are real Christians? Truly it is only a remnant still. Oh! that you and I may be of that remnant. It is sorrowful to see the wedding unfurnished with guests. Go forth! you messengers of Christ, into this great city and invite them to come in.—*London Freeman.*

God's Sunshine.

BY S. E. MAY.

Yes, it was hard to give up my pleasant home in the city, my school and schoolmates, my lessons, and enjoyment of the nice things in my life, and come to this little island and live as we do. Papa lost his property, and mamma her health. There was left us only this lonely island.

It was a small one, two miles long, and half a mile wide. One end of it slopes to the sea, where there is the smoothest and whitest of beaches, and where I love to go with my big basket after every ebb tide to see what shells and fish and sea-weed old ocean has left for me. Near by there is a grove of fir trees, with oh, such lovely mosses! you never saw anything so beautiful in a city green house. The other end of the island rises in great cliffs that look, oh, so grand, when the storm comes dashing against them.

Our house is an old-fashioned farmhouse. Where the former occupant of the island lived. There is a light-house on the cliff, and the keeper's house is close by. The keeper's family are all the neighbors we have. Papa keeps sheep and goes fishing. Mamma and I keep house and tend flowers. Oh, they are so brilliant here! nothing like them on the main land. It is home-like in the old house with its low walls, its large fire-places, stone chimneys and quaint furniture. Mamma says she never was happier. She calls me her "fisher girl," and paps calls me his "shepherdess." I will not let them know how my heart longs for the old times. I suppose they don't miss them as I do, for they have each other, and they have had their good times. *I wanted mine, too!* I did get perfectly miserable at first, but I will tell you all about it.

At the west end of the island where the cliffs and the light-house are, there is a large rock with another on top of it, that looks like an altar or a table. I call it my "look-out." There I often go to watch the sunsets,—oh, such sunsets!—and the fleets of fishing schooners and ships, and the Boston steamers. Don't I wish I was on one of them steaming back to the city!

One night I started for the beach to get some fish papa had left in a boat there, and I ran to my "look-out" for just one glimpse of the sunset, and oh, glory!—you never saw anything so beautiful. Off the island a few miles, lay a large fleet of fishing schooners. I should think there were a hundred or more. The sun was shining on their out-spread sails, gilding their edges with light, and painting them with purple and scarlet and pink. They looked as if they had just come out of the golden sky below, and had brought a broken raiabow with them. I did not wonder that the Indians thought Columbus's ships were birds from heaven, if they looked like those.

I gazed in delight, gazed until I could bear it no longer alone, and then I ran down the cliff for papa (mamma cannot climb so high). At first papa could hardly make out what I had seen, I was so excited, but he soon followed me as I flew up my rocky stairway.

"There, papa, look there!" said I, pointing to the fleet, but looking at him that I might catch the delighted expression of his face.

"What is it, child?" he asked; I see nothing but a fleet of fishing schooners."

I turned, and oh, the glory and the sunshine and the rainbow hues had gone, and only common, dingy sails were left. I laid my head on my papa's shoulder and cried as if my heart would break.

"I didn't mean to fool you, papa," I sobbed; "I'm fooled myself. I've lost my sunshine from my picture. Oh, it was *glorious!* How could the sun make all that difference? How could it make those brown, coarse sails like wings of angels?"

Papa sat and thought a long time, and then said:

"Girlie, shall I tell you my thoughts?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"I was thinking how like are the sunbeams, and the rays of the Son of Righteousness.

"'Oh, sunset of summer,
What is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness,
Joy of the sea?
One thing is like thee
To mortals given
The Faith gilding all things
With hues of heaven.'"

"That sun shines all the time, my child. Keep under its shining."

That was all papa said. We went home arm in arm, each thinking our own thoughts. As we came to the door, I exclaimed:

"Father, I mean to get into God's sunshine and stay there."

A kiss was papa's only answer, but I knew how much that meant. So I am happy now, even in our little island, for the sun shines all the time on happy and loving Honor Griffin.

Sincere, but Wrong.

"If he is sincere in his belief, he has as good a chance of going to Heaven as you or I have," said a church member to us the other day, when speaking of a certain person who held and taught all kinds of strange doctrines, contrary to God's word.

This idea, that, provided a man is sincere in his belief, no matter what it may be, God will safely admit him to the eternal city, is one of Satan's delusions eminently prevalent at the present day. Men seem to forget that Saul was sincere in his belief when he shut up the saints in prison; yea, not only sincere but "exceedingly zealous" also. So were those who killed the Prince of Life; and though through ignorance they did it, God holds them responsible for their lack of knowledge, and that notwithstanding they were perfectly sincere in their convictions.

Had a bitten Israelite sincerely believed that he knew of a better way than a simple glance at the brazen serpent, he would have died where he lay; and in like manner will the sinner go down to an endless death, if trusting in a self-appointed way, rather than in the one so plainly revealed, in God's Word written.

Man says, Though I believe not, I shall be saved, provided I am sincere in my unbelief. God says, "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." From all this we learn that it is of the utmost importance what we believe, or rather in whom we believe. And as the One who offers us eternal life is no other than God's dear Son, how can we escape if we neglect his great salvation?

He, then, who trusts simply in the sincerity of his belief, can't be saved; while he who trusts simply in the atoning work of Christ, can't be lost.

Tommy Trout's Grumble-Meeting.

"I don't see what mother wanted to go off to the praise-meeting for to-night," whined Tommy Trout, rubbing the knees of his pants before the blaze of the little sitting-room fire. "I don't see what any of us have got to praise God for anyhow. Here we are just as poor as——. I couldn't have a sled this winter 'cause we couldn'd afford it, and mother has to pinch every way now—that——. Last year—" Here a great lump stuck in Tommy's throat, that made it ache, and his eyes smarted.

"I know," said grandma, from the other side of the fire, as she laid down her knitting and took off her glasses to wipe them. "Last year there was a dear, good father to come home at night with comforts that his strong arms had earned, and who never left us in the morning without a kiss and a kind word; but he went up to heaven. Don't you remember how he told his boy, just before he went, to be sure and serve the Lord, and be a comfort to his mother, and get ready to come and live with father some day?"

Tommy wiped away the tears, but sat still without replying.

"I'll tell you," said grandma, after a little pause; "let's have a grumble-meeting."

"A what?" said Tommy, looking up with wide-open eyes.

"A grumble-meeting. You don't see what we've got to praise God for; let's see what we have to grumble about. We've seen trouble this year,—that's sure; we're not the only ones, but then we feel it more than we do other people's trouble. Now, I know a little boy who hasn't lost his father by death as you have. O no! but one cold day last week, he and his mother and little baby sister were all day without fire or food, because every cent that the poor crazy thing that he calls father earns, goes over the bar of the saloon for drink. Once he beat the mother black and blue, and kicked Freddy till they were afraid he would never get over it. The neighbors had him arrested, but he was worse than ever after he got out."

"O-o-o!" said Tommy, drawing a long breath, and looking a little foolish.

"Shan't we complain a little because you haven't such a father, instead of one waiting to welcome you in heaven? No? We don't seem to get started well on this meeting. Let's take something else. We are poor; that's a fact. You can't have fine clothes, nor half the playthings you want. Mother has this little home that father bought, and she has steady work, and I turn in my little income; but what is that? What did you have for supper?"

"Nothing but bread and milk," said Tommy, the whine coming back into his voice.

"Now we've got a good start. If you only had the nice, light meal that I saw two little folks have, there might be something to be thankful for. They were standing outside an old shanty, and the older one was eating snow, but the younger one was crying bitterly. I stopped and asked what was the matter, and she said, 'I'se so hungry.' The older one said, 'We've had nothing to eat since morning. I eats snow, but she don't.' Don't you think you might have something to praise God for if you had been in their place?"

Tommy hung his head.

"Then these two little girls had on some old shoes that grown folks had worn out, and I saw their bare toes through the holes, and the blue skin through the ragged stockings. Now, mother don't keep you dressed in anything but good, thick flannels, and stout, warm clothes, though they are a little patched. Shan't we grumble over that?"

"N-no," said Tommy faintly, and turning red, for that very morning he had fretted about those very patches.

"Then," grandma went on cheerfully, "there's mother. It's a shame the way she treats you. If you had some mothers, now, you might have something to be thankful for—like Billy McGranahan's, for instance, who lets him run the streets, and never sends him to school nor Sunday-school, nor mends his clothes, nor washes him, nor acts as if she loved him. Why, all the little mother does is to work all day for her little son, as bright and cheerful as though her heart wasn't sore with her sorrow, and tuck him up in a warm bed at night, with a kiss and a prayer, and teach him and train him so that he may grow up to be a good man. Don't you think we had better have a big grumble over her?"

"O grandma!" and the sorry tears came into the little boy's eyes.

"Then, there's the great, good Father, who has given you all these blessings, who knew what was best when he took father away, who loves us, and cares for us every day, who is preparing a home up there for us. Shall we grumble, Tommy?"

"No, no!" cried he, jumping up to throw his arms around her neck and kiss her; "don't. I don't wonder mother wanted to go to praise-meeting!"

"Bless me!" said mother, coming in that moment, her cheeks pink and her veil frosty; "what bright faces! You must have been talking about something pleasant."

"We've been holding a grumble-meeting," said grandma.

"And we turned it into a praise-meeting," said Tommy.—*Sunday School Times.*

Christians Not Afraid of Sudden Death.

Suppose that Christ was to come to us at this moment, that for us the earth swung suddenly away into darkness and silence, that unto us the heavens were opened; would he find in us that which he at this instant would accept and approve? Should we be able to welcome him now at that swift coming? If there be in us any element and power of faith towards Christ which the world has not been able to allure or to conquer; if there be a desire after him because of the loveliness and holiness conjoined in his spirit; if there be gratitude for the unmeasured blessings which he has directly bestowed upon us; if there be a true longing for that 'better country' which he alone exhibits to us; if there be the tenderness and strength of a heart full of sympathy, charity, piety, such as were supremely in him, and if there be affection or reverence in that heart toward himself he will recognize it, he will bring out each grace into full exhibition before our own consciousness; he will consummate it by calling us to himself through death; he will crown it all by his divine gifts and benedictions. If, then, we are ready now to say 'Amen,' we shall be ready whenever the summons comes and we are called to cross without warning the crystal threshold. Dying grace is only the completion of living faith. It is the inner assurance of our readiness in spirit for that coming of Christ which has been prepared for long before. There have been richer, sweeter, and nobler elements in us than we ourselves knew; and as the shadows part and the Lord appears we shall know surely that we are his.

If we can meet this sudden test, we need no more be afraid of sudden death. The imagination recoils from it I know. The instinctive love of life in us, shrinks instantly and inevitably from it. We would love to say 'farewell' to friends. We would love to arrange the things which must be left in the hands of others. We would love to go on, step by step, out of the gradually fading brightness, through the deepening shadows of the end, till up earth's dark glade we see the gates of heaven unclose. But we need never be timid before the thought of sudden death if we are prepared as I have suggested. Within ourselves is that which Christ himself hath wrought, in which he has gladness. Then we shall share, when we die, in the figure of the transfigured Lord; not seeing it merely, as silently and suddenly it came to the Apostles, but ourselves being participants in it. And that will be all that death is to the disciple.—*R. S. Storrs, D. D.*

TEMPTED BY DEGREES.—John Newton says Satan seldom comes to Christians with great temptations, or with a great temptation, or with a temptation to commit a great sin. You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins. You will be startled with the idea of committing a great sin, and so the devil brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. 'There is no harm in this,' 'no great peril in that;' and so by these little chips we are first easily lighted up, and at last the great log is burned. Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.

THE SHAME OF A GREAT MERCHANT was that a skin disease made him look like a drinking man. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and skin. It should be tried by all afflicted with tetter, salt-rheum, scald head, St. Anthony's fire, eryal; elas, ring-worms, pimples, blotches, spots, eruptions, boils, carbuncles, sore eyes, rough skin, scrofulous sores, swellings, blood taints, affecting the skin, throat and bones, ulcers of the liver, stomach, kidneys, lungs, and uterus. Purify the blood and health will return. By druggists.

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Murmuring.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. I had always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a cake, or a bit of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. 'I'd rather be in prison,' I said one day, "than have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow when I was writing to a friend.

But a moment came when I had one plate less to wash, one chair less to sit away by the wall in the dining room; when Jamie's little crib was put away into the garret, and it never has come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp May morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience then than at any other time. By and by he was singing in another room:

"I want to be an angel,"

and presently rang out that metallic croup. I never heard that hymn since that it doesn't cut me to the heart, for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse toward night, when my husband came home and went for the doctor. At first he seemed to help him, but it merged into inflammatory croup and was soon over.

"I ought to have been called sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash dishes now; and when a visitor comes I can sit down and entertain her without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no shavings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prime and neat on the reading-table, just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary, worn mothers to me.

But my life is as weary as theirs—weary with sitting in my parlor at twilight, weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck, for the curls that brushed against my cheek, for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the hissing coal fire, or made rabbits with the shadows on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa's coming home. I have the wealth and ease I once longed for, but at what price? And when I see other mothers with grown-up sons driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I think what might have been had I murmured less at the providence of God.

Reader—young mother you may be—had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt disposed to say with the writer, "I will be more patient with my little ones—I will murmur less."—*Home magazine.*

Tacks.

Some men can not go to church unless wife goes along. Some women can not go unless husband goes along. It is good and right that husbands and wives should love each other. They are to be commended for enjoying each other's companionship. It is a pity that this excessive affection so often only manifests itself with reference to holy duties. Does wife always go with you to the office, to the shop, to the store, to the club house, and to the lodge? Does your husband always attend you to the afternoon party, when you go shopping, or to the theatre? One grows impatient with these childish excuses. Alas! that human beings, who are to die in a few days, can treat God and his best blessings in so trifling a manner. It won't be long until husband and wife will stand together at the judgment.

There are some people who do much harm and no good. They hinder the cause of Christ. Their testimony is against the gospel—people who say of their church, "They are all the time begging." How easily you can count what such persons give.

People whose example is reckless. "See that man going into that saloon? He is a member of——church. He is a teacher in ——Sunday-school." "Did you see that woman at the theatre—at the ball? I saw her at the communion table in——church a few Sabbaths ago. Beautiful Christian, isn't she?"

People to whom the church is only a convenience, good enough when it suits them to go, and good for nothing when they prefer to go elsewhere or nowhere.

People who waste Saturday night in card playing and dissipation and then desecrate God's Day by neglect of his house and lazy sleep.

People who are never suited, always abused, and forever look on the dark side.

People who can hear no music in the blessed gospel, and look only for it in the choir, and have no use for it, unless they find it there, though they may not be able themselves to read a note.

People who know nothing of the teaching of the Holy Bible, and will know nothing, and are forever saying that there is no harm in their hurtful indulgences.

There is no telling the harm these unfortunate people do. Every faithful minister knows how hard they make his work, and what reproach they do bring on the cause of Christ. Are they ready to die, ready to go and meet God, while indulging in these practices? Can any honest man or woman say that they are entirely consistent with Christian life and duty? May God have mercy on such and give them a better mind.—*Messenger.*

—A business man's self-imposed limit of wealth is mentioned among the reminiscences of a Boston merchant, published in the *Dry Goods Chronicle.* It states that Nathaniel Ripley Cobb, early in the days of his prosperity, made a resolution that he would never possess more than fifty thousand dollars. He also resolved that his benefactions should not be postponed until he had acquired that sum, but should be distributed as his property grew. Among his papers, found after his death, was one drawn up in November, 1831, in the following words: "By the grace of God, I will never be worth more than fifty thousand dollars. By the grace of God, I will give one fourth of the net profits of my business to charitable and religious uses. If I am ever worth twenty thousand dollars I will give one half my net profits, and if I am ever worth thirty thousand dollars I will give three fourths, and the whole after my fifteen thousand. So help me God, or give to a more faithful steward and set me aside." He adhered to this resolution with the strictest fidelity. This was more remarkable than his making the resolution. It showed that grace was given him in circumstances which have often caused men to be unfaithful to their covenants (2 Cor. 9: 7).—*Christian Herald.*

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