

Ingersoll the infidel orator Made the following sensible utterance at Chicago:—"I have not the slightest sympathy with a Presbyterian preacher who endeavors to preach infidelity from his pulpit and receive Presbyterian money. When he changes his views he should step down and out like a man and say, "I don't believe your doctrine and I will not preach it."

NO NEW DOCTRINE.

Those who are infatuated with novelties may make a dogma out of a certain divine statement that "more light is yet to break from the Word;" but we, without denying it, take leave to question the common interpretation of the prophecy. If it be meant that apostles, confessors and martyrs did not know the meaning of God's revelation; that holy men of former years were ignoramuses compared with our present Professor; and that Puritans and the like are all to be discarded, because new lamps have eclipsed the old light—then we believe the statement to be one great broad, pestilent lie.

God has not left these nineteen centuries without his grace. He has not tantalised the ages with a Bible which can only be opened up by a succession of Germans with big pipes. We have measured the boasters who are the apostles of "modern thought" and we are slow to admit that the truth of the gospel was purposely involved in obscurity that their vast intellects might in due time develop it. Under their management our churches are flourishing, and religion is falling into contempt; and yet we must daily wait at the posts of their doors while their changeable oracles reveal to us the progressive theology.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

"Put me down," said a wounded Prussian at Sedan to his comrades who were carrying him; put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any farther; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and said to him, "Can I do anything for you?" "Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends that you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth chapter of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you sir," said the dying man. "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more." These were his last words, and his spirit ascended to be with Him he loved.

NO CHANCE TO RECTIFY MISTAKES.

When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so questioned him as to why he did it. He told him he gave too much, and said it was not to his advantage. Now mark the answer of this excellent man:

"God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes."

The old farmer's mistakes were of the sort he did not want to rectify.—*Ex Governor Teymour.*

CHRIST WILL QUICKLY RESPOND.

Mr. Moody was in London delivering his old and earnest Gospel discourses—a little boy got separated from his mother in the crowded audience, and began to cry.

"Hold the little fellow up!" called out Mr. Moody. As soon as he was lifted above the crowd, the mother spied him and pushed her way up towards him.

Mr. Moody, seizing upon the incident, exclaimed: "Notice how quickly that mother went to her lost boy; Christ will come much swifter in response to the longing desires of any broken and contrite heart in this assembly."