

GENERAL READING

THE MATRON YEAR.

The leaves that made our forest pathway shady
Begin to rustle down upon the breeze;
The year is fading like a stately lady...

REPENTANCE.

This is not an obsolete word, but it is rapidly becoming so; at least in much of the theology of modern times.

It is right to depreciate repentance in order to exalt faith?
Sin is of the same nature that it always was. Not to love God is sin, and merits the awful curse "Anathema Maranatha."

A religion for sinners, which has no repentance in it, is not the religion of the N. Testament. We dare not make the gate of life so broad.

As God commands all men everywhere to repent, he certainly does not withhold the plain command of the Most High.

We fear that too many Christians in our day know very little about the "worm-wood and the gall," hence regard it as a very small matter to be converted.

The directions often given to those who seem to be seeking the favour of God are misleading. The writer has heard from the lips of ministers the following: "Only believe you are forgiven, and such will be the case."

I was informed by several persons who were present, recently, at a religious meeting, that the minister told the people generally "that they were now saved, and all they had to do was to rejoice."

our preaching insist upon the necessity of true repentance as well as of saving faith in order to a safe religious experience.

THE DEAD RAVEN.

The subject of our story was only a poor weaver, living in the little German town of Wuppertal; a poor man in his outward circumstances, but rich toward God, and well known in his neighborhood as one who trusted in the Lord at all times.

The weaver picked up the dead raven, and stroking its feathers down, said compassionately, "Poor creature, thou must have died of hunger."

Turning to the preacher, the young man who had previously addressed the Baptist preacher, further said to him: "Brother Cartwright is right. If you don't stick to him, you can't stick to me."

REV. PETER CARTWRIGHT.

The following incident in the life of the Rev. Peter Cartwright, who died a few years ago in Illinois, has never, so far as we know, been given to the public:

While he was yet a young man he exhibited those peculiar traits of character, that afterwards gave him the reputation of a clerical wag.

As regards the grace, that belongs to God and is not withheld from any man. But the duty which belongs to man is often wickedly neglected.

As there seemed to be no inclination on the part of any of the converts to join the Methodist church, no opportunity to do so was offered them.

In a few weeks a meeting was held in the same church by a Baptist minister, the pastor of the church, when all who were converted under the ministry of Mr. Cartwright, related their experience and were received as candidates for the ordinance of baptism.

The large audience, together with the candidates adjourned to the Cumberland river, where the ordinance was daily to be administered.

unwilling to be separated from you, I have come to offer myself to the Baptist church that we may live together in the same communion and fellowship.

"Thank God!" rolled up from many voices, "We've got the preacher too." Mr. Cartwright was requested to relate his Christian experience which he did in a concise manner, referring to his awakening, his repentance and his conversion, after which he was pronounced a Christian and the right hand of fellowship extended him by the church.

"I do not propose to be baptized," said Mr. Cartwright. "I was baptized while yet an infant by sprinkling." "You were neither a proper subject for baptism when you were sprinkled, nor is sprinkling the scriptural mode of baptism," said the preacher.

"I beg to differ with you," said Mr. Cartwright, "I can prove from the Bible not only that immersion is nowhere taught as the mode of baptism, but I affirm that the Word of God teaches sprinkling and pouring."

"I would like to hear you on that subject then," said the Baptist minister. Mounting a stump, by which he was standing, yet holding his horse by the bridle, he announced his text—

"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death." For three hours, he held the assembly in breathless silence while he showed that Christ was baptized by sprinkling, that John the Baptist never immersed anyone, that Philip administered the ordinance to the eunuch by sprinkling, that the Philippian jailer with his family were baptized in their own house by sprinkling, and that 'buried with him by baptism,' had no reference to water baptism, but to the baptism which puts us into Christ.

"For know ye not," said he "that as many of you as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death. Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death."—"The Baptist," he added, "that puts us into Christ is the Spirit of the Holy Spirit, 'For by one Spirit we are all baptized into one body.'"

He concluded by showing that God gives us the true baptism in the pouring out of the Holy Ghost, which he himself does call baptism.

The silence after a few moments was broken by a large, rough-looking young man, who turning to the minister, said—"Will you receive Bro. Cartwright?" "Not with his views," said the preacher.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Cartwright, "that we cannot live together. I have done everything in my power to go with you, but you will not take me, and now my children we must part."

Turning to the preacher, the young man who had previously addressed the Baptist preacher, further said to him: "Brother Cartwright is right. If you don't stick to him, you can't stick to me."

"I will stick to it, and so will all of us."

To Mr. Cartwright the sequel was full of interest. The entire number of converts joined the Methodist church, and on the banks of the Cumberland received baptism by the office and ministry of their spiritual father, in the scriptural mode, which is sprinkling or pouring. A society was at once organized whose influence has been felt for more than two generations.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but, day by day here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail.

Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make.

The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man.

SARDINE FISHERIES.

The sardine fisheries have supported many families for generations. The chief supply originally came from Sardinia, whence they take their name, but for a long time they were mainly caught on the coast of Brittany. Sardines are unusually abundant in each waters this season, and the catch will be larger than in any previous year.

INFLUENCE OF FORESTS.

To show the influence of forest on climate he referred to the country round the Mediterranean, now so sterile and unproductive, which was formerly the most populous and fertile region of the earth; the desert of Sahara was once a well-watered plain; Tripoli, now unhealthy and almost depopulated, in the early part of the Christian era, before the forests were destroyed, had a population of six millions, and a delightful climate.

FAMILY READING.

Learn to wait, life's hardest lesson,
Faint not though the way seems long;
There is joy in each condition,
Tears, though suffering, may grow strong.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

A curious East Indian legend, treating of the future of the Mogul empire, and based upon the prediction of a priest, made many years ago, has been put in verse in Dresden, and is now in circulation in that city.

MA'S GRAVE WILL GET LOST.

A boy not over eleven years old, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing clothed scarcely by called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand River avenue, the other day, and after much hesitation explained to the foreman:

"Oh, he's home, but he never goes up there with us, and we shan't tell him about the board. I guess he hated me, for he wasn't home when she died, and he wouldn't buy no coffin nor nothing."

"The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose, and asked—'Who will put it up at the grave?'"

"We'll take it up on our cart," replied the boy, "and I guess the grave-yard man will help us put it up."

"How much have you got?" "Well," said the boy, as he brought out a little calico bag and emptied the contents on the bench, "But drew the baby for the woman next door, and earned 30 cents; Jack he weeded the garden and earned 40 cents, and he found five more in the road; I run of errands and made kites and fixed a boy's cart, and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned 65 cents. All that makes 130 cents, sir; and pa don't know we've got it, 'cause we kept it hid in the ground under a stone."

"A grave-board will cost at least \$3.00. The lad looked from his little store of metals to the carpenter and back; realized how many weary weeks had passed since the first penny was earned and saved, and suddenly wailed out—'Then we can't never never buy one, and ma's grave will get lost.'"

"But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday, little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a head-board but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with full hearts, and done it well."

IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE.

"Mother, every night when I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me; and do you know mamma, though saying it so often, I never thought what it meant until Fanny Gray died? I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said, 'Yes.' She went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all. Now, mother," continued Rena, "I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well, Rena," said her mother, "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"Oh! that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep, till morning."

"Well, then, as you lie down to sleep, what prayer do you offer to God?" "I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

"I want the Lord to take care of my soul while I am asleep, and take care of me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake, would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it seems to me when Fanny died that God did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"Oh, no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take; so you see God took little Fanny's soul to Himself; and while she was in the arms of the blessed Jesus—'Now, Rena, when you say 'Now I lay me, I want you to think in this way: 'Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and I want the Lord to take care of me. If I am not a good child, and do not pray to God, ought I to ask him or expect him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling that I am in the Lord's care, and if I should die before I wake, that still I am the Lord's child; and I pray that he may take my soul to dwell with him.'"

"O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow, and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it—'Thank you, mother, dear. Please hear me to night when I go to say my prayers.'"

"Ah, little children, are there not a great many who, like Rena, say their prayers without thinking what they mean—'God cannot listen to such prayers. They are not for him unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid.'"

"Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say, 'Now I lay me,' to-night; and pray that God will watch over you, waking and sleeping—Exchange."

BOASTED OTHERS.

Wash thirty large oysters in their shells and set them with their deep sides downwards on a baking sheet in a hot oven, watch, and as soon as the shells withdraw, separate the shells carefully, serve on the deep shell with lemon sauce.

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