The Man Who Was Afraid.

BY THRODORS I. COYDER, D.D.

The grace of God and a good conscience have made heroce. Sin has made many a Sin has made many a troubled conscience made cowardly was Felix, the Roman governor of Juden. The contrast between the man who was frightoned and the one who has sent the panie into his soul is remarkable. The speaker whose bold words "did the business" was a little old man, of ungainly hedily presence -a solitary prisonec, just brought out of the "hold" to furnish an entertainment by describing his novel system of religion. His chief auditor was an indolent, hard-hearted sensualist, clothed in purple, flanked by his adulteress wite and surrounded by his lictors. Before the steel-clad ruler the old apostle stood unblanched; for the Lord stood with him.

Paul's address was a two-edged sword. One edge of the blade was "righteousness or rightness, and it cut sharply into Folix's sage signifies purity. Not only the sin of the drinking cup, but the sin which turned a priace into a bothel, was struck at by the keen scientiar of truth which Paul wielded that day. Having given Felix a stroke with that day. Through the apostle drives home the weapon to the hilt by the thrilling announcement that "for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment!"

The effect produced upon the Roman ruler by this trenchant personal preaching is described in the Bible by one simple Greek word. Our translators have most in-correctly rendered it "frembled." But there is nothing about trembling or any other hodily sensation in the original. The word "trembled" is merely a copying of Tyndalo's loose translation of a Greek work which denotes an internal feeling, and not an external shudder. An accurate reading of the verse would be:—"And as Paul discoursed of rightness, purity, and the judgment to come Felix was afraid!" That we sall. come Felix was afraid!" That we all. But that was enough. Such torror seized upon the guilty ruler's corscience that he stopped the bold, searching preacher outright. "Go away for this time," says the frightened man, with feigned politeness; "go away, and when I get an opportunity I will send for thee." Is there a more striking picture anywhere to be found than -of a courageous Christian and a

cowardly sinner? But what frightened Felix? Certainly not the plain, unarmed old man who stood before him. Paul could not harm a hair of before him. Paul could not marin a line head. The countenance of the aged prisoner must have been radiant with love, and every sharp word was spoken in love. The man whom Felix was afraid of was— himself! Still more, he was afraid of God. He saw himself to be an unrighteous, unclean, and guilty man, convicted of his own sins, and oxposed to a righteous and a certain retribution. Paul hold up before hm the flashing mirror of God's truth, and I'o-lix behold his own ugly "natural face" in the glass. As he gazed at it, he was afrad. If, like another frightened man in the pris-en of Philippi, he had inquired. "What must I do to be saved?" Paul would have rejoiced to give him the only answer. That answer is: "Bolieve on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." But we do not read that the apostle preached Jesus the Redeemer to him at all that day. He did not get to that glorious truth of thruths, that "faithful saying." He began with what too many ministers neglect—with a thorough "law-work" on Folix's conscioned. He aimed at convictions of sin. He produced it. Felix was alarmed. Just at that moment was the crisis of his life. If he had asked for mercy, he would have found mercy. If he had cried for salvation, he would have been abundantly pardoned—chief of sin-ners though he was. But the wrotched man did what millians of awakened sinners have lone when a faithful minister of Jesus told them, in truthful love, that they were con-demned before God. He silenced the alarming voice and sulked away. Perhaps the paragraph has done the same cowardly mischief to their own souls an hundred times already. Afraid of themselves, afraid of God, afraid of the coming judgment, they have stifled conviction and driven away God's spirit. Worse than all, they have driven away the forgiving Jesus, who was God's spirit. ready and yearning to save them. Go away for this time," was their fatal evasion. "Go away now. By and by, when I can bear it or am ready for it, I will quit my sins and become a Christian."

On thing told powerfully against Felix, and ought to be noted here. It was a fact that ought to be noted here. It was a fact full of warning. Felix was in bad company. The voluptuous Drusilla by his side was another man's wife, whom she had corruptand she was a partner in his sin. She had her noose over him. A good woman just then night have been to him what a pure Christian wife has been to many a troubled husband—a great blessin; but she was his curse and his punisher. I have known of scores of awakened suppers who known of scores of awakened sinners who where in the noose of bad company or bad where in hie noise of pair company or bad habits, and, instead of surrendering to Christ, they surrendered to the Devil. Felix had mergaged himself to Satan, and that day the mertgage was "forcelosed." Whose committeth sin becomes the bondman of

Other striking lessons cling to this powerful episode of Paul and the finghtened Felix. It teaches the ministers how to preach the truth boldly and in love. If the truth couvicts men, it is not our fault. To conceal the truth would be.

Fear does not save a sinner. It did not savo Folix. But fear is often most salutary, when it is followed by prompt, wise action. The alarmed stoersman often "puts up his helm" just in time to save his ship from a crashing collision. Peter's auditors, when pricked in their heavts with alarm and con-trition, "heard the Word gladly" and gave themselves to Christ. Fear may either send a sinuer out of himself to the Saviour, or back into himself to drown conscience and grieve away the loving spirit. The great lesson of Felix's case is the fatal peril of tampering with God and trifling with an awakened conscience. Felix's "convenient time" to repent never came. Quenching

God's spirit means death. And that is the lesson of this story of courageous Paul and cowardly Felix, which we leave our readers to think about.

Domestic Products.

To appeal to the women of the country to come to the relief in the present financial troubles may at first seem absurd; but there is a reason for it that more specious calls have not. It is not asked of them to be more economical; to save money, and contribute it to the poor; or to change their expenditure a whit; but to turn their monetary brooklets into a different channelin short, to buy domestic instead of imported goods. No great perspicacity is needed to comprehend that, while the Republic is paying, yearly, millions and millions more of gold for imports than it gets for exports it can hardly return to specie payment; and just so long as that is deferred, we must have panics and all corts of monetary dorangements.

So, if the buying of imported goods be the source of so much trouble, would it not be well to refrain from buying them, and keep the gold we need, instead of sending it abroad? There is no need of leagues and clubs and much palaver to make this a practical movement. All that the wisest and most earnest woman can do is simply to ask for a domestic brand when she is ing a purchase. It is to women that the appeal is made, because it is for their benefit that the majority of costly imports are brought. It is they who demand and use them; and therefore it is for them to net against the tyranny of mode.

The sacrifice will not be so great or so difficult as might seem. We manufacture elegant skins, only less beautiful than their French and Belgian compeers. We make as fine ribbons and flowers as are made any-Our alpacas and other stuff goods are not excelled; while all our cotton fab rics are world-renowned. We manufacture beautiful cloakings, often sold under the head of "imported"—a word having a mysterious but very powerful attraction for most women. The flannels and feltings of certain American houses are proverbial for their fineness. We make fringes, faucy trimmings, and certain kinds of lace. Shawls shoes, weven underclothing, stockings—all kinds and qualities of goods are in the catulogue of our products.

We do not suppose the Treasury Department will immediately resume specie payment because of our little suggestion; but we do believe that if it were widely acted upon, it would greatly lessen the monetary troubles of the nation .- Home and Society, Scribner's for December.

The American Gentleman of Leisure.

Did the reader over see a lost dog in a great city? Not a dog recently lost, full of wild anxiety and restless pain and bewilderment, but one who has given up to search for a muster in despair, and has become consciously a vagabond? If so, he has seen an animal that has lost his self-respect travelling in the gutters, slinking along by fonces, making acquaintance with dirty boys becoming a thorough coward, and losing every admirable characteristic of a dog. A cat is a cat even in vagabondage; but a dog that does not belong to somebody is as hopoless a specimen of demoralization as can be found in the superior race among which he has sought in vain for his master. We know him at first sight, and he knows that we know him. The loss of his place in the world, and the loss of his objects of loyalty, personal and official, have taken the significance out of his life and the spirit out of him. He has become a dog of leis-

We do not know how it may be in trans Atlantic countries. It is quite possible that in Constantinople, where dogs are plenty and masters scarce, the canine vagabonds keep each other in countenance. There is a sort of self-respect among human thickes, if only enough of them get together. Where beggars are plenty, there are sometimes generated a sort of professional ambition and a semblance, at least, of professional pride and honor. Liquor-dealers form a society, publish a newspaper, call themselves "Wino Merchants" and make themselves believe that they are respectable. Stock-gamblers in Wall street, by sheer force of numbers in combination, make a business semi-respectable which never added a dellar of wealth to the country and never will, and which constantly places the business interests of the country in jeopardy. So it is possible that in Constantinople lost dogs maintain their self-respect, by community of feeling and a consciousness that they are neither exceptional nor eccentric. A dog's sense of vagabondage would seem, therefore, to depend much upon his atmosphere and circumstances. In New York he loses himself with his home; in Constantinople he

joins a community. The American man of leisure is a sort of lost dog. The people are so busy, they have so long associated personal importance with action and usefulness, that it is all a man's life is worth to drop out of acall a man s me is worth to drop the or ac-tive employment. If a Vanderbuilt should quietly release his hold of the vast railroad interests now in his hands, and should novor more show his face in Wallstreet, he would practically shrink to a nonentity. If a Stewart should retire to enjoy his piledup mulions in the quiet repose of his palace he would cease to be an object of interest to anybody. It is undeniably true that there is nobody in America who has so hard a time as the man of lessure. The man who has nothing to do, and nobely to help him to do nothing, may properly be counted among the unfortunate without regard to the amount of wealth he possesses. This is, doubtless, the reason why so many who retire from a life of possesses. profitable labor come back, after a few months or years, to their old haunts and old pursuits. They see that the moment they count themselves out of active life they are counted by their old acquaintances as out of the world. They become mere loafers and hangers on; and a certain ser se of vagabondage depresses them. The clim-te is stimulating, time hangs heavy on their

hands, business is exciting, business associ-

ations are congenial and attractive; and so

they go back to their industries, never to

leave them again till sickness or death or old ago removes them from the theatr. their efforts.

In Europe we know that the case is widely different. The number of men who live upon their estates,—estates either won by trade-or inherited by rich ancestore,—is yory large, while those who have small fixed Incomes, which they never undertake to increase, is larger still. The Englishman of leisure who cannot live at home on his income goes to the Continent, and seeks a place where his limited number of pounds per annum will give him genteel lougings, with a life of idle leisure. In such a place he finds others in plenty who are as idle as he, and who have come there for the same reason that bringe him. He finds it quite respectable to do nothing, and knows that command of the means that give him leisure is the subject of envy on the part of the inhabitants. He eats, sleeps, reads, visits, writes letters, and kills time without any loss of self-respect, and without feeling the slightest attraction for busier life. Indeed, the tradesmen who are active around him are looked down upon as social inferiors, on account of the fact that they are under the work. Work is not a genteel thing to do, unless it be done in an office or profession. Shop-keeping and lavor of the hands are accounted vulgar.

It seems impossible to conclude that the man of leisure can ever hold a desirable position where labor holds its legitimate position. We wish the American could have more leisure than he has. It would, in many respects, be well for society than men who have property enough, and ten times more than enough, should retire from active life to make place for others, rather than go on accumulating gigantic fortunes which become curses to their owners and the community. After all, if idleness can only be made respectable and desirable by making labor vulgar, we trust that the American gentlemen of leisure will be as rare in the future as he has been in the

We are glad, on the whole, that every American deems it essential to belong to somebody, to belong to something, to sustain some active relation to some industry, or enterprise, or charity, to be counted in at some point among the useful forces of He is the better and happier for it, and he helps to sustain the honor and self respect of all those with whom labor is a constant necessity -Dr. J. G. Holland, Scribner's for December.

Death of the First-Born.

This beautiful extract, from Dr. Holland's now book, "Arthur Bonnicaste," will be read with deep and tender interest by many whose experience it truthfully portrays

"I stand in a darkened room before a lit-tle casket that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother, who weeps over the lost treasure, and cannot, till tears have their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could dio-that my child could die. know that other children 'and died, but I felt safe. We lay the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathics forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature augelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher! He was ike me; will his grandfather know him? I nover can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how, by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith,

simplicity, and purity.

"Ah! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God. and living with them in loving companionship through all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from him before the with a stam. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women who mourn because their little ones are not.
"The little graves—alas! how many

they are? The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hends, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands; that still breast, so often pressed warm to om own; those sleep bound eyes which have been so full of love and life; that sweet, unmoving, alabaster face, ah I we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one, and made us better. There is no toun-tain which the angel of healing troubles with his restles and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears; and only those too lame and brused to bathe

There was good sleighing in the vicinity of Austin, Minnesota, on Monday last.

miss the blessed influence.'

A member of Parliament of Denmark is a wood splitter, and when not engaged in looking after the affairs of the nation, takes a job wherever he can find it.

Plumsoll, the British Member of Parliament who has denounced the fraudulent sinking of slups, spent \$10,000 cefending himself in two actions.

Several chiefs of the Kaffirs, in South Africa, recently visited the Colonial Becie tary and pathetically implored him to prevent the licensed sale of liquor among

omigrant ship Northfleet, has been con-

demued, and will be sold.

them. The Spanish steamship Murilio, which | was serred for running into and sinking the

A Talk About Sleep.

I once asked my little hoy what the word sleep preant, and he answered, "It means to go to bed and stop thinking all night." This will do very well for a boy's definition. I doubt if Webstor's is much to take rest by the suspension of the powers of body and mind." Well, you can take your choice of the definitions. thing is very certain, if we did not sleep we should soon die. To be kept awake all the time would be a terrible punishment. How mean one feels after lying awake all night! Young tolks rarely keep awake all night, but older ones do. Indeed, it is very hard work for a child, or a hoy or girl, to lie awake very long after going to bed. I once offered to buy a beautiful pony for a boy if he would he awake all night. He was sure he could do it. I knew I was was sure he could do it. was sure he could do it. I knew I was perfectly safe. He went to bed Next morning I asked him how long he kept awake. "Oh!" says he, "I never knew when I went to sleep." "Very hkely," "I never kne v anybody that did. I have been to sleep several thousand times, but the instant I was never conscious of." Sleep comes on so steathily. Little by little it steals away our senses, and we know no more than if we were dead. While sleeping, what do you suppose goes on in the body? The blood circulates just the same as if we were awake, only not quite so fast. The heart keeps on pumping away for dear life all the while. It it should go to sleep too, we probably should never wake again. The heart never sleeps. The blood must go on its rounds when we are unconscious, to carry good things to the different parts of the body, so any little injury or wearing out that was done in the active hours of the day can be repaired. In sleep the hody is repaired, and stores up power for the next day's work. You know when the water is low in the dam the mill will not go; but let it be idle awhile and the water accumulates and turns the wheel again. During sleep we forget all our naughty ways; and if we wake up right in the morning, we are, or ought to be, cheerful and happy—at least as soon as we get washed and combed and dressed and washed and combed and dressed and ready for breaktast. Children who wake up cross in the morning must have some thing wrong about them-either worms or a depressed state of the nerves.

The brain in sleep is not so full of blood as when awake. If it were, it would keep on thinking all the same. The veins seem to have power to contract their walls in sleep and drive much of the blood out, and then the heart does not send so much thereleast this is my opinion, though people may differ about it.

Sometimes we dream in sleep; but healthy children do not dream much. When there is a little too much blood in the brain it begins to got as if awake, and for a moment or two it, or a part of it, begins to act in a conscious and sometimes in a very queer Dreams, however, are not of long duration. enough to dream of going all round the world. I suppose most dreams last but a few seconds. I have neard people say few seconds. I have neard people say they dreamed all night long. Such per-sons are deceived; or if they do dream all mght they have a hard time of it.

Children need to sleep a great deal. For this reason they should go to bed early. Don't be tempted by any thoughtless, naughty person to be out late nights; but go to bed early, so you can get up early. This is all I have to say in this lesson.— Herald of Health.

The Riches of Christ.

God does not want his children to com monce business on credit. It is true our debt is large, our sins are many; but it is God that justifieth; and he giveth more grace-enough of grace to pardon all at once; not only that, but he gives a good stock in hand to begin life. We are not to live on the mercy of the devil and his children, and begin business on trust. The trade is to be tree; all our debt is paid. and sufficient in hand to carry on; we have enough to meet the bills. Blossed be " as thy day is so shall thy strength

I expect to make a better fortune than the Rothschilds, or the East India Company, or all the merchants of London, Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham— yea, than all the world. Glory to God, "for the merchandiso of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. It is better mor-chandise than that of Egypt, Ethiopia, or the wealth of Peru. "Godliness is great gain.'

Who would envy the rich of this world? Who would onvy their palaces, their castles, then pooks, their fish ponds, their coaches and-four, that has all his consolation and happiness in God? If the Father, Son and Hoiy Ghost be your portion, don't quarral with the dogs of this world about quarril with the edgs or mis done. You the bones, let them have them. You "Lay ching to the treasures of eternit "Lay hold on cternal life. I think I should faint before I left this place if I had no hope that I possessed something that will be with me in every storm in this world, in the deep waters of Jordan, in the judgment and torever. Glory to God, I almost think, friends, I shall not faint again. God Almighty and I are united together We are partners, glory to his name. Here is a firm that will never become a bankrupt. There are thousands of poor in it, but there is One sufficiently rich to keep the credit of the firm, not only in the world but in eternity.—Morgan Howells.

A curious story is told in regard to M. Ernost Renan. He was recently in search of apartments in Paris, and having found a suite to his taste, and being told by the concurge that references were required, he took his departure. Upon calling the following day he was told that he could not have the rooms. "Why?" he demanded, with much surprise. "Oh, this is a very quiet house, and we are told that your works make a great deal of noise?"

Professantism.

Professantism municipation in the congregational municipation in the congregational municipation about \$1,100.

There is some excitement in San Francisco over the report that a Roman Catheman Cath gave the names of some of his friends and

A Brave Old Woman.

It was winter and the ice was firm. Then Hasamer determined to hold a grand festival. The tents were pi'ched, and young and old, the whole city, indeed, gathered together without. Those who preferred, went on skates; others followed on sleds. Music resounded in every tent, and while the dancers kept time gracefully, the old people sat and drank together at the table; but the jubilee was only just begun.

Of all the old women in the city, only one old woman remained alone. She was sick and feeble, and could no longer use her feet, but where her small house stood upon the bank, she could look from her bed out on the ice beyond. When it drew toward ovening, sho perceived, while she looked out over the sea, in the west, a small white cloud, that rose even from the horizon. Soon she felt an infinite fear. She had in earlier days been with her husband upon the sea, and understood will the wind and the weather. well the wind and the weather, She reck-oned thus; in a little less than an hour the flood will reach them, the storm will break upon them, and all will be lost. Then she called and lamented as loud as sho could, but no one was in her house, and the neighbors were all upon the ice. Nobody heard her.

Even larger meanwhile grew the cloud and gradually blacker. Yet one minute and the flood must reach them, the storm Then she gathered all her little break. Then she gathered an nor more strength together, and crept on hands and feet out of bed to the stove. Luckily she found yet one brand, and flung it into the straw of her bed, and hastened as fast as she could to get herself into safety. In the twinkle of an eye the little house was in bright flames; and wn in the fire light was seen from the ice all rushed to the confla-Soon the wind sprang up and he dust in clouds. The heavens gration. Soon the wind sprang up and swept up the dust in clouds. The heavens were dark. The ice began to crack and swing. The wind grow with the storm. And when, even the last one, set foot upon dry land, the tent was torn up, and the flood washed upon the strand. So the poor old women rescued the whole city, and gave all her possessions for its deliverance.

—From the German of V. Mullerhoff.

That Kiss of my Mother.

George Brown wanted to go somewhere and his mother was not willing. Ho tried to argue the matter. When that would not do, instead of saying, "I should really like to go, but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to be content to stay," he spoke roughly, and went offslam-ming the door behind him. Too many boys do so. George was fourteen, and with hi fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers one would have thought better of him. "But he was only a boy. What can you expect of boys?" So say some

Stop, hear more! That night George found thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it any way to go to sleep on. He tarned and tossed and he shook and natted it; but not a wink of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother no spoke to his mother. "Aly dear mother who deserves nothing but kindness, and love, and obedience from me," he said to himself. "I never do enough for her; yet how have I behaved, her eldest son! How

tenderly sho nursed me through that fever I' These unhappy thoughts quite overcame him. He would ask her fo forgive him in the merning. But suppose something should happen before morning? He would ask her now, to night, this moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you? Are you sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one eye and car open, especi-ally when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

bed sale, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, moth-er, my dear mother, and may God help me never to behave so again !"

She chaped the penitent boy in her arms and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now, but he says that was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened its roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to a true and noble Christian

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. O, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to do so !— Mother's Magazine.

Estimate of a Pastor.

In one of the most popular of the recent publications we find the following just sentiments. The author had unquestionably been benefitted by a pastor's instruction and influence, and the acknowledgment of it is thus beautifully made:

"Who can estimate too highly the blessed taffacace of a good pastor? While we are forbidden to give to them the love that belarge to God only, we are told to estem them very highly in love for their works' sake; and truly should; for is not their work a blessed employment? Co-workers with God in man's salvation; guide the complete the tempted, cheering the corrowful, comforting the dying, canctifying the nuptual tie, com-nutting the dead to the silent touch. How varied! hew intense the labors of a faithful minister! How endless the demands upon his time and strength! Who needs so much the forbearance of his people, and their faithful prayers? Could those who take pleasure in censuring their pastors, only know of the demands of our single day, metead of blaming, how often would their unkind, unreasonable words be turned inte prayer!"

The average salary of Methodist ministers in California is said to be about \$992 per year; that of Congregational munisters