

of marriage not a union for life, but an experiment which may be tried as often as we choose, and abandoned when we like. And this cuts up by the roots all the dear affections of home; leaves children orphaned, destroys fatherly and motherly love, and is a virtual dissolution of society. I know the great difficulties of the question, and how much wisdom is required to solve them. But whatever weakens the permanence of marriage tends to dissolve society; for permanent homes are to the social state what the little cells are to the body. They are the commencement of organic life, the centres from which all organization proceeds.—[Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

A LEGENDARY MAID.

Cinderella really lived. Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era and during the reign of Psammotichus, one of the twelve kings of Egypt. One day Rhodope ventured to go in bathing in a clear brook near her home, and meanwhile left her shoes, which must have been unusually small, lying on the bank. An eagle, passing above, chanced to catch sight of the little sandals and mistaking them for a toothsome tid bit, pounced down and carried one off in his beak. The bird then unwittingly played the part of fairy godmother, for, flying directly over Memphis, where King Psammotichus was dispensing justice, it let the shoe fall right into the king's lap. Its size, beauty and daintiness immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king determined upon knowing the wearer of so cunning a shoe sent throughout all his kingdom in search of the foot that would fit it. As in the story of Cinderella, the messengers finally discovered Rhodope, fitted on the shoe, and carried her in triumph to Memphis, where she became the Queen of King Psammotichus, and the foundation of a fairy tale that was to delight boys and girls two thousand four hundred years later.—*Christian at Work.*

MISTAKE OF MODERN REVIVALISM.

Now, it requires at least three things to preach the whole Gospel: First, that men are sinners; second, that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners; third, how the Saviour saves those sinners; or by what means can this salvation, which is offered through Christ to convicted sinners, be secured to them. This was precisely Peter's method in his discourse on the Day of Pentecost, and the consequence was the people were convicted of sin and pointed to the risen Lord who had shed forth what they saw and heard. And when they cried out and asked what they must do, Peter distinctly told them what to do, and exhorted them to do it. Now modern revivalism generally deals faithfully enough with the first two points mentioned. Evangelists for the most part aim to convince their hearers of sin and certain do most faithfully point them to Jesus as the Saviour of sinners. But when these sinners cry out and ask what they must do, the answer is almost universally different from that which Peter gave to the Pentecostians. Hence, it is in dealing with the third point that the modern evangelist is largely unfaithful to the commission which he has received. Instead of quoting the language of the Apostle who was guided by the Holy Spirit to give instruction in reference to the very matter involved in the inquiry, our modern evangelist never mentions the 38th verse of the 2nd chapter of Acts any more than if it were not in the Word of God at all. In all probability he will not refer to a single conversion under the Apostolic ministry; or if he does, it will likely be the reply of Paul to the Philippian jailor, and then make no reference whatever to the narrative which

follows. Surely it is time for this trifling to cease. Either we are preaching the Gospel under Divine direction or we are not. If under Divine direction, then we should faithfully carry out our instructions; and to do so requires that we shall take the Holy Spirit's interpretation of the Great Commission which the Apostles received after the death, burial, and resurrection of Christ, and just before His ascension from Mount Olivet. In other words, the evangelist should find his methods in the Book of Acts, for it alone gives a record of the preaching of the Gospel in its fulness and the results which followed, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. All that was before this was necessarily incomplete and cannot now be regarded as a full statement of what is embraced in the final instructions given by our risen Lord and exemplified and enforced in the preaching and practice of His chosen Apostles after they had been 'endued with power from on high.'—*Christian Commonwealth.*

WHAT THE DEACON WAS GOOD FOR.

E. A. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day, how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?" "That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for, and having found it put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people, and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods, means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Bland to lead us in prayer.

"'Tain't no use askin' me," he said, "I can't do it."

"Suppose you start the next hymn, then."

"Can't sing, either."

"How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that!"

"No, I'm a bad hand at getting around. Better got some one else."

"Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking-stick, an idea was suggested."

"Well, brother, do you think you're able to keep out the dogs?"

"You bet I air," he confidently replied. Then, taking a seat at the door, he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting, and after it was over more than one of the congregation were followed home by yelping curs with broken limbs."

Every man has his sphere of usefulness.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE DOMINIE'S WIFE.

A few triumphs in the matter of opinion, have a most salutary effect in giving a woman the respect of her husband. A noted doctor of divinity has discovered this fact. He has a wife who is quick-witted and as sensible as he is. They have several bright children, and their household is one of the happiest in America; but Mrs. Dominie has sometimes confidently remarked that men do get dreadfully arrogant and disagreeable, even the best of them, unless they are "taken down" once in a while.

One day, the doctor and his wife were discussing the matter of putting up a shelf in a certain room "This is the proper side on which to put it up," said the Dominie, severely.

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but I should say a shelf put up there would tumble down," rejoined Mrs. Dominie, thoughtfully. "Now, on that side are joists, to which brackets could be fastened."

"There are no joists on that side," averred the Dominie, with conviction.

"You can't really tell until you sound the wall with a hammer or something heavy," said Mrs. Dominie. "I think there are joists there."

The carpenter came the next day and put up the shelf on Mrs. Dominie's side. He said there were joists on that side, and there wasn't any solid support on the other. Did Mrs. Dominie crow over her husband? Not a bit of it. That would split the whole thing. She just laughed at him demurely out of the corner of her eyes, and kissed him, and told him he was the very dearest, sweetest man in existence, which made him give her a playful box on the ear and a shake of mock reproach. But, in his heart he respected her, because she had a real opinion, and it had been a good one.

Again, there was a stop-ladder to be put away. Where should they put it?

"There's the long closet," suggested Mrs. Dominie.

Oh, it won't go in there!" declared Dominie.

"Now you try it," persisted his wife. "I think it will."

"Let me measure," said Dominie, gravely, and he produced a measure and went at it.

"I was right," he said; "it is now mathematically demonstrated that the ladder will not go into the closet."

"I don't think you have calculated upon the slant that I propose to give it," insisted his wife. "I don't wish to seem absurd, but I feel a moral certainty that the ladder will go into the closet. Please make the attempt now, just to gratify me."

The Dominie grumbled and said something under his breath about "how strangely even the most reasonable of women would sometimes conduct themselves;" but he carried the ladder in and—it fitted into the closet like a charm!

Mrs. Dominie put her face into a convenient pillow and laughed so hard that even the Dominie, who was inclined to be a little cross, had to laugh a little himself. "Do forgive me!" cried Mrs. Dominie, putting up a bright face to his; "you have such a noble decision of character, my dear, that I can't bear to disparage it; but don't you think that you sometimes, very occasionally, let it get the better of you?"

And the Dominie confessed, with a grim and somewhat chagrined smile, that possibly sometimes he did. But he loved her the more, because she had shown that she had an opinion of her own, and the power to maintain it.—*Good Cheer.*

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