

impairs usefulness. No man regards their words. Men *will not* save where habit and appetite are concerned.

Indeed, one preacher who has distinguished himself by his tender conscience over women's fripperies, which are pretty, if they do cost money, is a slave to smoking, with a face so sallow and a conscience so dulled by smoking that his very ear is deaf to all appeal. It is strange—it is sad—strong men, ministers, young men, all ruining their lives by this self-indulgence, and no man lifts his voice against it.

There was a Mr. Frask who spent his life upon it; his language was no more unsavoury than the thing he fought against, but all he ever got was ridicule and reproach, and he has gone to a land of purity.

If Mr. Tyng does not succeed with his gloves, let him try upon cigars. If he succeeds—three cigars a day, at fifteen cents each—let us cipher. Yes—that is more than the saving in gloves. He would gain by it, and the men of his congregation, or of any congregation, would be cleaner and live longer. And the man who sits near me, with his big overcoat full of stale smoke, would disturb me no more.—*Exchange.*

THE FIRST BAPTISM.

Returning from a council the other day, I overheard a discussion between my delegate, Deacon Grumbole and Deacon Webfut of the Baptist Church at Riverside. Of course the topic was Immersion, and it was introduced by Deacon Webfut remarking that his pastor, Dr. Jordan, had baptized five persons the previous Sunday. Deacon Grumbole, who will never be outdone if he can help it, quietly replied that Pastor Cyril baptized on that day *nine* persons.

"Well, I hope he did it in the Scriptural method."

"Certainly, our pastor always does according to Scripture."

"Well now, Brother Grumbole, what is your idea of the Scriptural method?"

"Oh, I get my notion of it from the first case of baptism on record."

"What was that? Not Philip and the Eunuch?"

"Oh, no. It was centuries before that; I mean the Israelites when they were baptized in the Red Sea."

"Well, brother, that was a clear case of immersion. They were, as Paul says, all baptized in the cloud and in the sea."

"You are satisfied, Brother Webfut, that they were really baptized?"

"Certainly; the apostle says they were; and tells how it was done."

"Well, then, I have just one question to ask. Did they get their feet wet?"

"They were *immersed*, that is plain enough. As Paul says, they were under the cloud and passed through the sea, and were all baptized *in* the cloud and in the sea; if that wasn't immersion, what was it?"

"Well, Brother Webfut, did they get their feet wet?"

"Why, that's nothing to do with it; they had water on all sides of them and water above them; they were completely surrounded by water."

"Well, Brother Webfut, as I understand, they went 'on dry ground' through the midst of the sea' and if you can immerse me *on dry ground*, I am very willing to be immersed. I believe in *dry ground* baptism, where you *won't* get your feet wet."—*Boston Congregationalist.*

"God always hears when we scrape the bottom of a flour-barrel." So said the child of a poor widow to his mother one morning after she had prayed as only the needy can, "Give us this day our daily bread." Beautiful faith of childhood! Why may it not be others? God always hears the prayers of his children, and he knows when to answer. (Our spiritual as well as temporal wants are known to Him, and every sincere cry for help enters His compassionate ear. When we feel entirely our dependence on Him; when our stock of pride and self confidence is exhausted; when earthly friends and earthly comforts fail us; the humble cry of "O my Father," the oftenest brings the speedy answer, "Here, my child!" God always hears when we have reached the depths of need, and cry to Him for help.—*Christian Statesman.*