

even know what others are doing in promoting this great enterprise. Ask him about the missionary stations and operations, and he can tell you nothing. He does not read about them. I am afraid this professor of religion does not love "the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob." Ah, he forgets thee, O Jerusalem.

But I must not fail to ask if this person takes a secular newspaper. O, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world; and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear, then, that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. He pays perhaps eight or ten dollars for a secular paper—a paper that tells him about the world; but for one that records Zion's conflicts and victories, he is unwilling to pay two or three. How can a professor of religion answer for this discrimination in favour of the world; how defend himself against the charge it involves? He cannot do it; and he had better not try, but go or write immediately and subscribe for some good religious paper; and to be certain of paying for it, let him pay in advance. There is a satisfaction when one is reading an interesting paper, to reflect that it is paid for.

But perhaps you take a paper, and are in arrears for it. Now, suppose you were the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and he was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question. I don't care about an answer. M. S.

EDITING A PAPER.—The editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* is responsible for the following:—"Did you ever know a subscriber to a public paper, who did not think he, or she, as the case might be, could improve said paper a little—just a little? In their estimation it would be an excellent paper if a little more of this, or a little less of that, were in it. For the benefit of all persons who may be disposed to think we may do a little better than we do—as no doubt, we might in some cases—at least, we beg leave to relate the following anecdote:—Some years ago it fell to our lot to travel a district part of which lay in South Carolina, contiguous to a district in the South Carolina Conference.—It so happened that at one side of the line there was a zealous sort of brother, who had a wonderful "taking on" about preaching; not doubting but that he was called to the work and was fully competent to its performance. His brethren, however, did not happen to coincide with his views. This was rather a damper, but satisfied that the mistake was in them, not in himself, he continued to "press his suit." He was greatly distressed, the world was all wrong, and he had been called to bear a large share in the work of its reformation. "But his brethren did not think him qualified! Strange stupidity, thought he, but it must be overcome; they must be enlightened in the matter; hence he asked for an opportunity to preach, that they might hear and judge for themselves. The request was granted, the appointment made, and at length the day,

"Big with the fate of Cæsar, and of Rome,"

arrived; when he was to preach his first sermon. The congregation assembled, and the preacher (that was to be) ascended the pulpit. He went through the preliminary services, took his text, uttered some half dozen of sentences—and—and stopped short off. There he stood, and there sat the congregation. He looked imploringly at them, and they looked quizzically at him.—He turned his eyes toward the ceiling, but saw no relief. He scratched his head, but caught no idea. Then, having nothing else to "poke out," he poked out his tongue, but this did not relieve him. The suspense was becoming painful—he saw it, aye he felt it also; at least, in a most lugubrious tone he drawled out:—"Brethren, if any of you thinks it's an aisy matter to prache, jest come up here, and thry?" Reader, make the application. Just such as suits your own notions, and we will be satisfied with it."

Notes to Shady Side.

But is not the "shade" too dark? Let personal observation, my friend, answer. Or, if you still doubt, ask your clerical friend, and perhaps he will carefully, he statelily whisper in your ears some facts that will cause your eyes to stand out with wonder; yes, and your cheek to burn with indignation, (at yourself, perchance.)

Rev. (afterward Prof.)—, well known to most of the readers of this sheet, said to his congregation kindly, when about to leave them, "Again and again have I preached to you on the Sabbath, not having eaten my breakfast nor my dinner because I had not anything in the house to eat!" Was this in Patagonia, or Hindostan? Not exactly, but on the Western Reserve.

The Rev. Mr. M— said to me the other night, "I tried hard to raise a few dollars to defray the expense of medical attendance for my wife, the only means I could think of to save her life. I could not raise it. I asked my church to allow me to teach the district school while I continued my pastoral charge. They consented, and thus by double work I am endeavouring to raise the necessary means."

Said Rev. Mr.—, "I will go through the churches in the Reserve; I will drive a stake in the centre of each town, and strike a circle that shall include fifty families. I will gladly preach the gospel in any of these towns, (excepting but very few,) for the money those fifty families pay for tobacco. If you will include the money paid for tea with the tobacco money, I will except no town but Oberlin. [Need he except our town? whisper it.] This is not a hasty remark. I make it after a careful calculation, and can stand by it."

Said Rev. Mr.—, a splendid minister, while he looked at a most tempting book, but layed it down when he thought of his purse, (I say not his money.)—"It belittles my soul to pinch a sixpence this way; it hurts my self-respect, but I can't help it. I can't have books and bread for my family at the same time.

A minister can't have books! He must do his work well without tools to work with, must he?—Yes, he must, or there's many a Deacon Hyde, or Esquire Eaton, blind as a bat to the real cause, ready to suggest, "It appears to me brother Vernon is falling off in his preaching; appears to me he is forgetting his work." O Egypt, O Pharaoh, O days of "bricks without straw," how have ye come back to us again! Shall we plead guilty? We might as well, and repeat to, for the outrageous treatment of God's ministers cues to heaven from out of a multitude of cushioned and comfortable pews in all quarters of our Christian land. "I've been thinking," says Deacon S. to his rich neighbor, "that we ought to have some preaching here, our children growing up you know; it will be a good thing, won't it?" "Yes, yes, O yes," said the rich man, "I think preaching a good thing, I always favor preaching." "Well, Brother M., will preach for us for small pay; will you sign something?" "Well—no—I—guess—not. He's a young preacher, he won't want much for preaching. It'll do him good to exercise his gifts."

"Shady side," truly. When shall it be illumined with streaks of light? Until it is, if the pulpit cannot "thunder and lighten" on the subject, let all the presses of Hoe & Co. put on extra steam, and work till the Christian world is reason or ashamed out of such treatment of gospel ministers. Let there be no place, Oberlin not excepted, where Christians do not discharge the duty, enjoy the luxury of paying, and paying promptly and directly to their ministers a liberal salary, and not in "swamp-hay" or "musty provender" either.—*Oberlin Times.*

MISAPPLICATION OF WORDS BY FOREIGNERS.—The misapplication of English words by foreigners is often very ludicrous. A German

friend saluted us once with, "Oh, good I ye, good bye"—meaning of course, "How d'ye do?" It is said that Dr. Chalmers once entertained a distinguished guest from Switzerland, whom he asked if he would be helped to kippered salmon. The foreign divine asked the meaning of the uncouth word kippered, and was told that it meant preserved. The poor man, in a public paver, soon after offered a petition that the distinguished divine might long be "kippered to the Free Church of Scotland."

The Eloquence of Wesley.

No two individuals were more unlike each other in mind, manners, studies, and eloquence, than John Wesley and George Whitfield, both mighty men, each in his own order, but so unlike each other as to have very little in common beyond the knowledge of the truth—the love of Christ—and compassion for perishing men. Whitfield was the prince of popular orators; his eloquence was of every kind. Easy, airy, elegant, conversational, argumentative, declamatory; alternately moving, and melting, thundering and lightning, he carried everything before him like a whirlwind. John Wesley, on the other hand with a fine, solid, clear, and highly cultivated intellect,—logical, analytical, polemic, persuasive,—seemingly excited, but always glowing, diffused light on every side, winning, persuading, and mastering all auditors. But there was a time when that calm heart became animated, inflamed; and when those quiet lips, as a volcano, poured forth floods of lava, appalling, consuming, destroying whatever it touched. His extraordinary equanimity, and his extreme sense of propriety, seemed to have repressed the higher emotions in the breast of Wesley, who wanted nothing but a determination to have become a highly impetuous orator. As it is, his printed works, more especially his Sermons, contain many passages of highly impressed eloquence. The sermon on the "Use of Money" may be adduced as an instance, and also that in which occurs his famous apostrophe, on the subject of Calvinism, to "Lucifer, Son of the Morning." The following passage is from the former of these.

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbor in his body; therefore we may not sell anything which tend to impair health. Such as, eminently, all that liquid fire, commonly called dram, or spirituous liquors. It is true, these may have a place in medicine; they may be of use in some bodily disorders; although there would rarely be occasion for them, were it not for the unskillfulness of the practitioner. Therefore, such as prepare them only for this end may keep their conscience clear. But who are they? Who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale, neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who then would cry their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them—the curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture of them—the curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves—a curse that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood! And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood, though thou art "clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day;" canst thou hope to deliver down thy fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore thy name shall soon be rooted out. Like as those whom thou hast destroyed body and soul: Thy memorial shall perish with thee."

INDIFFERENCE.—"If you ask me," says Zimmerman, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, you imagine I shall answer pride, or