

IRREVERENCE.

Unbelief comes oftener from irreverent association than from intellectual doubt. The sneer of a Voltair, has killed more than his arguments. A jesting tone of talk on religious truths, a habit of reckless criticism on religious things, is to take the name of God in vain as truly as the vulgar oath; and when I hear him who calls himself a Christian, or a gentleman, indulging in burlesques of this sort, I at once recognize some moral defect in him. Intellect without reverence is the head of a man joined to a beast. There are many who think it a proof of wit; but it is the cheapest sort of wit and shows as much lack of brains as of moral feeling. I would say it with emphasis to each Christian who hears me, never indulge that habit, never allow sacred things to be jested at without rebuke; but keep them as you would the miniature of your mother, for no vulgar hands to touch. There is an anecdote of Boyle that he never pronounced the name of God without an audible pause; and whatever you think, I recognize in it the dictate of a wise heart. We need this reverence in the air of our social life, and its neglect will palsy our piety. — *Rev. Dr. Washburn.*

AMUSEMENTS FOR OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

There is a hackneyed sentimental way of treating this subject which has grown quite popular, because of the semi-compromise with worldliness which it contains. We are exhorted as churches to provide better amusements before denouncing present ones.

Now, it is no more the mission of the Church to provide amusements for people than it is to find business for them. The Church is not in the world to amuse men, young or old. She has come to make them religious. If certain avocations, or amusements are obstructions in her way it is her duty to denounce them, and the performance of the duty does not oblige her to go into the business of manufacturing recreations.

The fact is, men make too much of amusement. Recreation is necessary. Upon this point we are all agreed. But how much recreation is necessary? To an earnest life not much. It is a condiment, and cannot without great damage to the man be made to substitute the whole bill of fare. They who find it their meat and drink to do the will of Him who sent

them will not permit recreation to substitute and displace important duties.

I once knew a boy who was so fond of butter that his mates came to say.

"Jack biscuits his butter instead of buttering his biscuit." He had a morbid appetite. There are some Christians who turn into amusement their Christianity instead of Christianizing their amusements. They also are morbid. Their religion is of a sort of bon-bon variety, and the Church never seems quite so wise or useful to them as when she goes into the confectionary business. — *Hom. Monthly.*

SEEK YE FIRST.

Dr. Andrew Bonar relates the following incident in one of the Moody meetings:

"Seven years ago I met a man in this city, and spoke to him about Christ. He told me that he had fully made up his mind to enjoy this world as much as possible. Shortly after he left for Pittsburg, U. S., and got a situation there. Things did not prosper with him. Friends did not prove kindly. One evening, as he sat all alone, he said to himself, 'Is this all I am to get in this world?' Suddenly the text flashed into his mind, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' etc. He had learned these words in youth, but now they seemed quite new. He tried to persuade himself that there was nothing peculiar in the old and familiar words. Soon afterwards, a friend whom he had fully trusted spoke unkindly of him; again, when alone, the same text started up, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' etc.

"Astonished at this, he was led to ask himself, 'How am I to seek it?' Then he remembered another text — 'Come unto Me all ye that labour,' etc. As he thought over these words, it was, he said, 'just as if Christ were in the same room, and were saying, 'will you come to Me?' 'How am I to come?' he asked. It seemed as if he were speaking face to face with Jesus. There and then he replied, 'Yes Jesus, I do now come to Thee;' and a little after he cried, 'Lord, give me rest — rest now. Didst Thou not promise it?' Then the burden rolled away, and he said, he could not describe the joy at his heart. The joy prevented sleep when he found that the Saviour had really taken away his burden. Just speak, dear friends, to Jesus to night, as a friend speaks face to face with a friend. Jesus says, 'Lean on Me; look to Me,' and if you do so you will find deliverance.