Mr. Spurgeon Amongst Young Men.

Speaking on Friday evening at Exeter Hall, Mr. Spurgeon, who was greeted with enthusiastic applause, after a few introductory remarks, said: "I have been continually haunted with the idea that we are to adapt our theology to thoughtful young men. Whenever I meet with a thoughtful young man, I find him about as sound in theology as I could wish him to be. It is the young men that put their washing out, and dig not do their own thinking, but take it second-hand, who go astray. If they did think for themselves, and especially if they judged from their own inward experience, and by the power of the Holy Ghost that dwells within Christian young men, I feel absolutely certain that they would not go astray. It is needful and very important to say to every young man, whether a Christian or not, be pure. Be pure in your life. I can not say more; but take heed of the strange woman in such a city as this, lest thou destroy thyself before thy time. In these days beware of gambling. It is everywhere. I said it is everywhere, and I am ashamed when I have to acknowledge that it is even in the church of God, and that there should be something very nearly approximate to gambling in the attempt to raise money even to build houses of prayer. Shun it; shun the very garments of it. 'Thou shalt not covet,' and how can a man be a gambler without violating that great command? Some say it is not forbidden in the ten commandments; it is forbidden by that commandment most expressly. Get what you get by hard earnings in an honest way, but do not attempt to get another man's money. If you would be pure, avoid a great number of the books that come out now-a-days. I say this not only to Christian young men, but to all young men, and I say it with the sorrowful knowledge that books which have a tendency to defile the imagination are read not only by young men, but by young women, and that not merely by worldings, but they are to be found in Christian families, which should not be. This is a spreading of leprosy wholesale. God save us from it. Young man, if you are not a Christian, yet be temperate. I should recommend the blue ribbon. That man will never drink too much who never drinks at all. He is, if he errs at all, erring on the safe side. A young man, whether a Christian or not, should be thoughtful. He should be thoughtful so as to help parents and friends who are needy, and he should be generous, especially to young men in the same condition as himself, who happen to have fallen upon evil times. He should not be readily gulled, whether a Christian or not. He need not be a fool. Do not let him make himself a bigger fool than nature has already arranged for. There are a great many other things I would say to him, but when he has done all these things, will he leave out consideration of God? Will he think to make a good and perfect character without religion? If so he can only justify himself upon this ground that there is no God. For if there be a God He is to be reverenced. If there be a God He is to be served. Dishonesty to God must be at least as great a fraud as dishonesty to man. But if there remains in you still a belief that there is a God, and a way to Him, and a hope for every sinner that turns to Him for the immediate pardon of his sin and the salvation of his soul, I pray you linger not for another hour, but put your faith in the Lord Jesus Christ whom God hath set forth to be the way of salvation, and then add to all your moral excellencies this crowning virtue that you endeavor to be right with God. God grant that it may be so for every one here. The Christian young man is another kind of creature. He has risen high above the mere young man. Some time ago, a very learned professor, who is very learned in many things, but not in *the* thing, was talking with a lady whom he was confounding dreadfully. He was showing her about Isaiah, and, I was going to say, about the Two Obadiahs, and about Ezekiel, and rending him to pieces among his own wheels, and otherwise putting the scriptures out of court. When after listening long, as well becomes so humble a disciple, she said to the learned man, 'But, my dear sir, would you mind telling me this: When Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, He said to him, 'Ye must be born again;' do you know what that means?' He said, 'Well, I confess I do not. I do not at all understand what that means.' She said to him, 'Is there anything in it? Do you think there is anything in being born again?' 'Well,' he said, 'it is a singular phenomenon which evidently must exist, for some of my very intellectual scientific friends say they have experienced it, and I know a considerable number of decent, honest people who say they have been born again. I do not know anything about it, but still I cannot say there is nothing in it. From what they say, there must be something in it.' And so the little woman said, 'You have dared to attempt to teach me spiritual things, when you yourself know nothing at all about spiritual things, for you confess that you have never been born again, and do not know what it means. Now, I am a poor woman, but I know what it is to be born again, and if I have but one eye, I am not satisfied to be taught by a blind man!' So that is my answer to you. There is a Divine process which our grand doctor called a 'singular phenomenon,' which creates within us a new life, brings us into a new world, makes all things new, gives us new spiritual faculties, new spiritual powers and perceptions, and you, young men, who are Christian young men, indeed have got this new life. You know you are not of the world, even as Christ was not of the world. That process has elevated you into a different position from that you occupied before, and different things are expected from you, very different from those which are expected from the very best of the unregenerate."

Mr. Spurgeon then addressed himself to James' words, "Keep yourselves unspotted from the world," and remarked: "The world can not do you any good. Even a spot of it is a thing that will harm you and eat into you as doth a canker. Keep yourselves, young men, from the lepers of the world. There are some of that sort in London. Plenty of them—leprosy in their speech, leprosy in their every touch. Go not near them; shun them as you would shun the deadly fever. Keep yourselves from the spots, however, as well as from the lepers. Does God make you rich? A rich man has need to be afraid. The best memorial for a rich man would be a picture of a great camel which he has managed to get through the eye of a needle. He would want a lot of grace to do it. But it can be done, for with God all things are possible. Keep yourselves unspotted from its favors. Do you know much of them? How the world can fawn and flatter! How it can praise and lift you up! Keep yourselves unspotted when everybody frowns and threatens you. Yield not an inch to all mankind. Learn the spirit of *Athanasius contra mundum*: 'I, Athanasius, against the world.' You are engaged in trade, a fitting occupation. Keep yourselves unspotted. There are lots of big spots in trade. You touch politics; I do not blame you, but keep yourselves unspotted. I scarcely know the man who ever does. For the most part it seems to me the great battle of politics is this, which set of maggots shall eat the cheese. There are great and vital questions worthy of a man spending life for them, but still to a great many politicians this is the vital question. Keep yourselves unspotted from the world there. You mix with its socialities, and quite right too. Your Saviour went to the Pharisee's house, but He came out unspotted, and mind you do the same. Keep yourselves unspotted by its vanities and amusements. It is not easy to go into many of them without getting spots here and there, and it is not 'Keep yourselves from being drenched with filth,' but 'Keep yonrselves from being spotted with the world.' Keep yourselves from the tendencies of the world. I am told I ought to be abreast of the age. My plan of being abreast of the age is this: Here comes the age pell mell, thousands of them this way, and I go that way. (Mr. Spurgeon here made a vigorous thrust in the opposite direction, followed by loud applause.) Did you see that beautiful fish come floating down the river just now? You were not cheering it, I am sure. It was dead. Here is a living fish. Which way does it come? Up the stream and against the current. It is the very mark of the living fish that it does that."

In conclusion, Mr. Spurgeon said: "Brethren, do not be afraid of being fully assured that the things of God are yours. Faith is the milk, assurance is the cream on top of it. It is poor milk that does not yield some cream. Know in whom you have believed, and be persuaded that He is able to keep that which He has committed to you. Cast not away your confidence in the power of prayer. God does hear prayer. I am as sure of it as I am sure of the law of gravitation, for, although the latter has been proved to me by tumbling down stairs and in other ways, I can solemnly assert the answer to prayer has been proved to me in as many ways as the law of gravitation. I am as certain of the one as of the other. Cast not away your confidence. Go and pray, and wait for the answer. Cast not away your confidence in Providence. When one door shuts another will open. Jehovah-Jireh, the Lord will provide. Serve God and God will take care of you. Cast not away your confidence."—*London Baptist.*

My Sunday Newspaper.

BY H. A. H.

I am a business man and a church member. I take a Sunday morning paper—at least I did until to-day—but I have just written to stop it. What brought me to the point was that boy of mine. He's a bright boy, if he be mine, and his father is his authority in all things.

As soon as prayers were over Sunday morning, which would be about 9 o'clock, I used to say, "Jack, go out on the piazza, and see if the paper's come!" Then I glanced it over, not taking much time for it, say fifteen or twenty minutes. It doesn't take long for a man who reads many papers to get the gist of things, and I seemed to feel more comfortable if I knew how politics and business affairs were going. What harm could that morsel of time do to anybody? The instant I threw down the paper, my boy would catch it up, settle himself in his own chair, taking my attitude precisely, even to the way I cross my legs. I often smiled at my miniature presentment.

He couldn't read so fast as I did, and pretty soon his mother would call out "Jack, have you learned your Sunday-school lesson?"

"Not quite, mamma; just a minute, till I've seen the paper. I miss the paper so if I don't read it."

My very words! So it went until church time was perilously near, and it came to be a rule that Jack never had his lesson perfectly. That was the first result I noticed.

Of course I take our church paper and read it through from beginning to end. But that doesn't occupy more than an hour and a half at the utmost. I have an afternoon nap. Still there are a number of hours left, even if I go to evening service, which I don't always do. We take several of the best periodicals, those suited to my wife and me, and two or three for our boy and girl. I've not been in the habit of reading them on Sunday—that is, I wasn't brought up to do so; but of late it has seemed to me that my father and mother were a bit puritanical about keeping Sunday. It grew easy, as time went on, to relax a little and turn over the magazines, confining myself to the travels and scientific articles, nothing you could call light.

I own I was shocked when I caught my wife reading a downright novel one Sunday night; moral and high class, to be sure, but undeniably a novel. I remonstrated with her. I said: "Consider our children, my dear; what an example for them!"

"My love," she said sweetly, "the children have gone to bed; so my example won't hurt them, and I think this book is infinitely preferable to the Sunday paper which you read every week in their presence."

We had had some words before, good-natured words always, and I incline now to believe that my wife meant to give me an object lesson that night; in fact, I was half convinced of it then, when she continued: "Did you notice that Jack had out all his papers this afternoon, and was looking over the premium lists, and calculating how he could get this tool chest, or that steam engine? I think it *was* while you were asleep, though. I tried to dissuade him gently; but he quoted 'papa,' and what could I say?"

Well, this put thought number two in my head, and made me a trifle uncomfortable, but it soon passed away.

My wife is interested in missions, as I think a woman ought to be, and I always gladly subscribe for the missionary magazines. I haven't been in the habit of reading them myself; they're not always as ably edited as they might be—at least, that's the way I explain my lack of interest. Sometimes, when she has urged me to read them, I have said, "I know enough about missions to give when the collection comes around, and that's all a business man needs to know." I must say, however, I was a little chagrined, a few weeks ago, when, in New York, I was invited to meet some old college friends at dinner. They weren't all ministers by any means; there was a lawyer and a doctor, beside other callings. You may imagine my surprise, when a chance remark turned the conversation on missions, to hear that lawyer say he knew of no subject which broadened and deepened the mind more than that.

It was about the first time I ever had to take a back seat, for I am rather proud of my general information. Still such a thing might occur only once in a lifetime.

But one day I heard our little girl asking her brother about some far-off heathen land, which she was trying to find on the map. He answered in a most lordly fashion, "You mustn't expect me to know about the heathen. Your magazine is decidedly slow. [Where did the boy pick up slang?] Of course, as you're a girl, you like such things; but *men* have something else to do."

Myself with a vengence, and I laughed; it was so amusing to listen to my double. Then there drifted to my ears one more sentence: "When did you ever see papa even *look* at one of them?"

Now that was certainly putting it rather strong, and I didn't laugh any more. Thought number three came, and could not be shaken off. "If my boy exaggerates my foibles in this fashion now, what will he do when he grows up?" I confess I didn't like the prospect; and, besides, it emphasized a change in myself of which I was half conscious.

When I really set out to trace cruses, I couldn't shut my eyes to the fact that the Sunday paper was the principal one. It had kept me in touch with week-day life; it had deadened the interest I ought to feel in aggressive Christian work; it's constant tendency had been to make the whole day secular, except the few hours spent in church, and even those hours it had tainted. So much for me. Suppose I, pretty well balanced as I think myself, could stand it, there was Jack. What would the accumulative force of such an education do for him?

There may be higher reasons which others can show, but the one which has influenced me to stop my Sunday paper, is My Boy.

Ministers—Don't.

Don't study without prayer.
Don't pray without study.
Don't feed people with unbaked dough.
Don't tell all you know in one sermon.
Don't put the hay too high in the ricks.
Don't offer them sentimental confections of intellectual shavings.
Don't mistake philosophy for Christianity; cant for piety; noize for zeal; or crowds for success.
Don't scold.
Don't wear the cap and bells.
Don't mistake length for profundity, nor brevity for wit.
Don't lash the back of the sinner instead of the back of his sin.
"Don't offer to other people manna which you have not tasted yourself.
Don't let your harp have only one string.
Don't be a vendor of nostrums.
Don't be anybody but yourself.
Don't live in the third century.
Don't live in the twentieth century.
Don't live in the clouds.
Don't follow everybody's advice.
Don't be afraid of any man.
Don't be afraid of the devil.
Don't be afraid of yourself.
Don't hold yourself too cheap.
Don't try to do anybody's duty but your own.
Don't spare the people's pockets, for therein lie their hearts.
Don't expect the sun to shine through all the twenty-four hours of the day.
Don't expect that all your geese will be swans, or all your believers saints.
Don't expect Rome to be built in a day, or the Lord to be in as big a hurry as you are.
Don't restrain too much; it is well, often, that steam escapes.
Don't let the young people run away with you, nor the baldheaded put too many brakes on.
Don't drive, but lead.
Don't ask anyone to work harder than you do yourself.
Don't be disappointed when harvests do not come in a day, and oats do not spring up like Jonah's gourd.
Don't see everything that is wrong in the congregation.
Don't despise the rich and dishonor the poor, nor esteem yourself wiser than your brethren.
Don't feel yourself responsible for the universe, nor try to spread yourself over creation.
Don't be an evangelist without a message, a preacher without a doctrine, a pastor without devotion, a presbyter without responsibility, or a bishop without watchfulness, and you will not be a servant without reward.—*The Baptist.*

"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years."

It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the ill-health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Saved by Porpoises.

Early one summer Sunday two fishers sailed out to the rocks of Squam Beach, New Jersey, off the mouth of Metetecunk River. The place was a favorite fishing-ground, and they counted on a plentiful haul. Both were wild, reckless men, intemperate and terribly profane, who (as they said themselves afterwards) "never entered a church and cared neither for God nor Satan." For the first hour or two their luck fully equalled their expectations. Sea bass, flounders, black-fish, snatched their hooks at every throw, and they pulled them in as fast as they could bait, and cast their lines. Then the sport came to a sudden stop. Not a single fish would bite. The men cursed and swore; but looking out to sea, they saw a sight that sobered them. The water for the distance of two miles was bristling with shark-fins! The sharks soon surrounded their boat, savage and fiercely hungry. The men tried to pull in their anchor, but the rope was snatched at by ravenous teeth, and bitten in two. They hoisted sail, but the sharks tore the blade of their steering oar in pieces. The terrible creatures were now so thick around the boat that they lashed the water over the sides with their tails, and the men had to bail it out constantly with their hats and bait pails. Some of the monsters were not less than fourteen feet long. One of them actually seized and shook the boat. The blood from his injured jaw maddened the rest, and they devoured him in an instant.

Despair struck the two fishermen as they realized the situation. They could not use their sails; they could not put oar or rudder into the water. They were drifting out to sea, the sharks all around them. All their experience suggested no possible way of escape. Facing a horrible death, hardened scoffers as they were, they both knelt down with one accord, and begged God's protection, confessed their sins and gave themselves to Him. Scarcely had they risen from their knees when they saw an enormous "school" of porpoises rolling and plunging over the ocean. The sharks fled at the approach of their mortal enemies, but the porpoises pursued and attacked them, and while the strange battle raged, the thankful fishermen grasped their oars and escaped to the shore. Their deliverance seemed to them a direct intervention of the Divine hand, and mindful of their pledge, they at once, and from that moment, renounced all their wicked practices, and lived as desciples of Christ.

The world might never have known this adventure, so eventful to them, had not a newspaper man, while recently (more than ten years afterwards) fishing with them near the same reef, expressed surprise because they rebuked him for profanity. "We are rough, ignorant men," they said, "but we have some special reasons for loving God, and hating to hear His name taken in vain." And they told him the whole story.—*Watchman.*

An Affecting Scene.

Dr. Broadus, in his Commentary on the Gospel of Matthew, gives a description of the Garden of Gethsemane, in the course of which he refers, as follows, to a visit which he and others made to what they supposed to be the place where Jesus went, centuries ago, and there poured out the deep anguish of his soul:

"In 1871, a party of Americans went forth from Jerusalem one night at Easter to visit Gethsemane. Passing through what is traditionally called St. Stephen's Gate, we went along a winding path far down the steep descent into the narrow valley of the Kidron (which has no water except in the rainy season) and crossing, were almost immediately at the modern stone wall which incloses the old olive trees. The paschal full moon for us too shone bright on the scene. It was late at night, and all was still; and at several points we kneeled, a little company from a distant land, and one or another of us prayed with choked utterance, for we knew that we could not be far from the spot at which the Saviour kneeled down and fell prostrate, and prayed in his agony."

This must have been to these Christian gentlemen a most touching experience. They doubtless had the story of the scenes of the "upper room" in Jerusalem, and also of the Garden of Gethsemane, as given by the Evangelists, vividly before them. They went thither "late at night" as did Jesus centuries before; and, being there, they reproduced in thought the whole scene as set forth in the Gospel narrative. We do not wonder that they "prayed with choked utterance." There the Saviour of the world had prayed in agony. There his soul was "exceeding sorrowful even unto death." There he besought the Father that the terrible cup might pass from him. There he sweat, "as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." There he was visited by an angel from the skies, to strengthen his sinking humanity. There the awful baptism of Gethsemane was upon him. There he resigned himself in devout submission to the full accomplishments of God's will. There he was betrayed by Judas, and there he was arrested as a felon by Jewish officers; and from this spot he was marched back to Jerusalem, speedily forsaken by His disciples, denied by Peter, condemned by the Sanhedrin, delivered to Pilate, by him sentenced to the cross, and in a few hours dead and buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Jerusalem was real; the cross was real; and the death of Jesus was real. There is no fiction in the story. Jesus in Gethsemane is no fancy sketch. There was a Jesus, and He was there. What the story says of Him there occurred. That Jesus is our Saviour; and in Him "We have redemption through His blood."

"'Tis midnight! and for other's guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by His God."

No Compromise.

Mr. Spurgeon detests the compromises which he believes certain of his brethren in the ministry, and out of it, are trying to patch up between Christianity, as he knows it, and the so-called spirit of the age. In his latest volume of sermons, entitled "The Lord and the Leper," he asks in scorn:

"If the world will not come to Jesus, shall Jesus tone down His teachings to the world? In other words if the world will not rise to the church, shall not the church go down to the world? Instead of bidding men to be converted, and come out from among sinners, and be separate from them, let us join with the ungodly world, enter into union with it, and so pervade it with our influence by allowing it to influence us. Let us have a Christian world. To this end let us revise our doctrines. Some are old-fashioned, grim, severe, unpopular; let us drop them out. Use the old phrases, so as to please the obstinately Orthodox, but give them new meanings, so as to win philosophical infidels who are prowling around. Pare off the edges of unpleasant truths, and moderate the dogmatic tone of infallible revelation. Say that Abraham and Moses made mistakes, and that the books which have been so long held in reverence are full of errors. Undermine the old faith and bring in the new doubt; for the times are altered, and the spirit of the age suggest the abandonment of everything that is too severely righteous, and too surely of God. . . . Spiritual religion is despised, and a fashionable morality is set up in its place. . . . Be fashionable, and think with those who profess to be scientific—that is the first and greatest command ment of the modern school; and the second is like unto it—do not be singular, but be as worldly as your neighbors."

The Power of Gentleness.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and good will to the rough ones in the household.

She had power over animals also, as the following shows: The farmer was going to town next morning, and agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk, said: "Dick, go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go 'long." The whip cracked about the pony's ear, and he shouted: "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand; but the stubborn beast only shook his head silently. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and kicked the rebellious pony; but not a step would he move.

At this crisis a sweet voice said: "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple low word was spoken; instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick," said the sweet voice, and she stroked and patted softly his neck with the child-like hand. "Now go 'long, you naughty fellow," in a half-chiding, but a tender voice, as she drew slightly on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his head against her arm for a moment and started off at a cheerful trot, and there was no further trouble that day.

The stranger remarked to the farmer; "What a wonderful power that hand possesses?" The reply was: "Oh, she's good. Everybody and everything loves her.—*Advocate.*

"I Must Keep this Gate Shut."

An English farmer saw a number of huntsmen coming on horseback. He did not want them to go over one of his fields because the crop was in such a condition that it would be injured and perhaps destroyed by the tramp of the horses. So he put his hired boy at the gate and told him not to open it. On came the hunters and commanded him open the gate. He refused. They offered him money, he would not take it. Then a noble-looking man rode up and said: "My boy, I am the Duke of Wellington, and I command you to open the gate." The boy took his cap off and said: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut; no one to pass through but with my master's express permission." The Duke was pleased, and, lifting his hat, said: "I honor the man or boy who can be neither bribed or frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French, but the world."—*Ex.*

"Give Him $2. and Let Him Guess."

We once heard a man complain of feeling badly, and wondered what ailed him. A humorous friend said, "Give a doctor $2. and let him guess." It was a cutting satire on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what ails you when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and easily fatigued. You are billous, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take. Of druggists.

In the course of a recent sermon, Mr. Spurgeon said: "I am glad to hope that some men are converted to God amid war, and earthquakes, and pestilence; but I am inclined to be suspicious of this kind of conversion, for fear it should die with its cause. We had an earthquake in Essex some time ago, and in the little towns everybody went to the place of worship that week. I asked one of the ministers of a certain village in Essex, how they were getting on, now that frisky Essex had once more settled down. "Oh," said he, "we are as dead as ever. We need an earthquake every week to wake us up." If that has not been true of Essex I am sure it is true of other places. That which is born with fear dies with fear; but our Saviour, in the calm of the hamlet by the river's bank, instilled the truth into thoughtful minds. If you are this day free from care, free from labor, I beseech you, calmly judge of your condition as to the world to come whereof we speak."

The Power of the Press.

From one end of the country to the other the press is making known the wonderful curative properties of Nasal Balm, for catarrah and cold in the head. P. H. Munroe, Ferry Sound says:—Nasal Balm, has no equal as a remedy for cold in the head. It is both speedy and effective in its results.

—The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him.

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