

AN OBJECTOR ANSWERED.

“ I DON'T like so much talk about religion,” said a rude stranger in a city boarding-house, to a lady opposite, who had been answering some questions with regard to a sermon to which she had been listening. “ I don't like it. It's something that nobody likes. It's opposed to everything pleasant in the world. It ties a man up, hand and foot. It takes away his liberty, *and it isn't natural.*”

“ Oh no !” answered the lady, “ it isn't natural. We have the best of authority for saying so. ‘ The *natural* man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither *can* he know them for they are *spiritually discerned.*’ True religion is rowing up stream; it is sailing against wind and tide.”

A pause for a few moments followed; then the stranger began again. “ People who speak and think so much about religion are queer, anyhow. I wish they could only know how people speak and think about them: nobody likes them, for they are like nobody, they are so very peculiar.”

“ Allow me to interrupt you again, sir,” said the lady; “ but I am so impressed with the manner in which your language accords with bible language, that I shall have to introduce another quotation from that blessed book. ‘ Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a *peculiar* people.’ ”