

adversity by her radiant tenderness. It is a truth, the statement of which fears no contradiction, that for patience and fortitude, integrity of character and constancy in purpose, woman is stronger often than man. How many thousands of successful enterprises to-day can be traced to their inception and found to have had their designs and plans laid, matured and developed by the ardent spirit of some woman whose whole-souled energy breathed and infused life into that which ultimately redounded to the honor and glory of man. It is only the dwarfed and boorish mind that to-day underates the mental capacity of woman. Her intellectual acumen, her keen perception, her tender sensibilities, her ready ability to grasp and grapple with hidden difficulty, her quick and ready discernment of right and wrong and her keen understanding of the relationship between an action and its consequences, show her not only to be the peer of man, but in many respects his superior, and as fully calculated as he to illustrate by life, precept, and example, the religion of Christ.

As I have already intimated, it was with pleasure I read the reports of a well begun work among our sisters as reported in the last CHRISTIAN at Milton. May this be but the beginning of a grand movement inaugurated under such auspicious circumstances and with so much wisdom and determination. All honor to such women as Sisters Christie, Barnes, Barker, Gates, Owen, Wilson, Kempton, Harlow, Murray, and others as worthy of mention, who are pushing the good work in the Provinces. May their devotion and earnest example incite those to follow to deeds and lives as true and noble.

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THE FAMILY.

HE CARETH FOR US.

If I could only surely know
That all these things that tire me so
Were noticed by the Lord,
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,
What peace it would afford.

I wonder if he really shares
In all my little human cares,
This mighty King of kings?
If he who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things?
It seems to me, if sure of this,
Blent with each ill would come such bliss,
That I might covet pain.

Dear Lord, my heart hath not a doubt
That Thou doth compass me about
With sympathy divine.
Thy love for me once crucified,
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

—The Young Church.

THE PALACE OF SIN.

A NOVEL ILLUSTRATION FROM ONE OF SAM JONES'S SERMONS.

Once, when I was stepping free and lost to all sense of accountability, the devil took me by the hand and led me up into a large, capacious palace. I looked around at the magnificence and splendor of that palace; the beautiful, flowered carpets; the clear, rounded windows; the beautiful pictures on the wall; the chair of ease; the table of pleasure, and the sofa of contentment; and as I looked around and around at all this display of comforts, the devil said to me: "If you will follow me all this is yours." I looked around again, I viewed the situation, and

then said "Well, if all this is mine, what do I care for God and Heaven and everlasting life?" And I took possession.

I walked out of there one day, and when I came back somebody had taken my chair of ease. Somehow or another I never felt so easy in there afterwards as I did before. I came back another day, and somebody had taken out my sofa of contentment, and I never was well-contented in there after that—I couldn't tell you why. I came back another day and my table of pleasure was gone, and somehow or another I never did have much pleasure in there afterward. Came back another day and one of the beautiful pictures had been wafted away. Another day and another, and by and by I came back one day and one of the windows had been taken. I could see it was perceptibly darker in there. Another day, and another window gone—darker still. Another day, and one of the doorways was missing. I didn't have as many ways of ingress and egress. Another day and other things were gone, and I staid in that palace until the last window had been removed and the last piece of furniture gone, the carpets removed and the last door taken out but one, and I walked out of that palace one day to see my father die. I have never been back in there since. A man staid in there a little longer than I did. He staid in there till every window was removed and all the doors removed, and then the walls of that large, capacious palace commenced coming down together, day by day, hour by hour, and one night about 2 o'clock, in the last agonies of death, he admitted with his dying breath, as the walls of the palace crushed together on him, that the wages of sin was death, and he entered eternity unprepared, forever and ever.

EIGHT REASONS WHY I GAVE UP SMOKING.

1. When I saw church members paying from six to ten dollars for tobacco, and only two to four for the Gospel per year, I thought that if a man will rob God of his tithes and offerings from love of his pipe, it was high time to cast to the moles and the bats "idols" that claimed such a supremacy.

2. It often seemed to me that smoking clouded the light of God's countenance in Christian experience and dampened the fire of love and zeal in God's cause.

3. When I saw preachers seeking a secret place to "puff," I would think if the deed is justifiable, why not do it publicly, or was it that they felt guilty and ashamed to be seen?

4. When I saw boys and young men, and women too, smoking the pipe, I felt that I could not say anything against it.

5. When I saw the drunkard and the profane likewise, I would say, "I am a companion with these characters, in the pipe at least," then my conscience would smite me.

6. That for the church wholly to abstain from both smoking and drinking, and set an example of total abstinence to the world, would remove two great hindrances to a more general outpouring of the Spirit of God and hasten the latter day glory.

7. Then when at devotion I smelled my own breath, I wondered if God would accept the incense of tobacco.

8. That if it be as hard for the drunkard to give up drinking as for me to give up smoking then I should have more feeling for the poor drunkard, and how can I consistently advocate total abstinence while I am intemperate in smoking?

After duly weighing all these facts and arguments I determined to try to abandon the pipe. After I got the victory I could not help praising God for the deliverance I have often wished for, but never thought I could obtain; and now I feel better in health, more lively in spirits, less peevish and fretful—have a clearer intellect and better memory, a peaceful conscience, a brighter and

sweeter evidence, and nearer communion with God and His church. And (now say to all: If I have conquered, so may you; only rely on Divine strength; for you will need it, if smoking is as hard a habit for you to give up as it was for me. The victory will be yours and the result the same, —Sel.

A TELLING INCIDENT.

A certain New England church recently became the scene of much wrangling and contention. One of the deacons had made himself obnoxious in secular affairs to several members, and the good brethren were determined to oust him. Nearly all the members had taken sides for or against the deacon, and the church seemed on the verge of dissolution. At one of the evening meetings in which the prayers and testimonies were of a decidedly personal nature, a venerable man of eighty arose, and told the following story:

When I was a boy, our family lived on a small farm over in York State. One day in the fall of the year, father and mother went away, and left us children to our own devices. They told us not to go away from the house, but to pick over beans until we were tired, then to play quiet games in the kitchen.

It didn't take us long to get tired of picking over beans, and we soon growled ourselves hoarse playing menagerie; then, by common consent, we went to the barn and began hunting hen's eggs. One old hen was sitting, and refused to leave her nest. My brother was of an inquiring turn of mind, and very stubborn. He was determined to know how many eggs old Nancy had under her. He seized her energetically by the tail feathers, and tried to drag her from the nest, but she picked him in the face so fiercely that he was glad to retreat. Soon a bright idea suggested itself to him, and he shouted triumphantly, "I know what I'll do, I'll burn her off." He ran to the house for a match, and we looked on admiringly while he set fire to the hay. You can readily imagine the result. We routed the hen, but we burned the barn and the house.

Now, brethren, will you persist in having your own way, and destroy the church? It seems just as though the Lord had left us to our own devices, and we aren't willing to work for him, so we find time to meddle with our neighbors. Let us pray, brethren, that we may not consume the church in fire everlasting.

The old man knelt, and the rest of the evening was spent in a real prayer meeting.—Selected.

WHAT SORT?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies a man in the non-payment of a debt as long as his creditor refrains from "dunning?"

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because it is a small amount—a trifle?

What sort of morality is that which calls the attention of the creditor to an overcharge, but is silent about an undercharge?

What sort of morality is that which seeks to evade meeting his creditor lest he should be more plainly reminded of his indebtedness?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because the creditor is presumed by the debtor not to need what the debt calls for?

What sort of morality is that which satisfies itself in the non-payment of a debt because of a failure in farming, or other enterprise or undertaking?

What sort of morality is that which gets offended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?