

The Profane Doctor.

Some years ago, soon after beginning my pastorate in a certain church—I need not say where—I preached a sermon on profane swearing. It was a very plain discourse, aiming to show that the habit of profanity was useless, vulgar and an insult to God. At the head of his pew in the middle aisle, and near the pulpit, where all the audience could see him, sat an old physician. I noticed that he was very uneasy, turning now on this side and then on that, like a caged lion, but I did not know at that time what was the cause.

"You gave the doctor some hard blows to-day," said one of the deacons, after the service was over.

"How so?" I enquired.

"Why don't you know he is the most profane man in town?" he replied.

One of the elders shook his head, and gravely remarked: "I think that pew will be vacated. I have no idea the doctor will stand such a shot as you gave him this morning."

This was a new experience for me, and not very pleasant. The aged physician was wealthy, and a very popular man in the community. He had but recently retired from his practice in the large city and had come to spend the evening of his life with us. He was social and generous, and we felt as if we were favored in securing him as a church attendant and supporter. How unfortunate that anything should be said to displease him, and perhaps drive him away from the service of the sanctuary? What could I do but leave it to God?—I was His servant, and had spoken His message, and felt convinced that he would take care of me and the church, and the truth.

But what was the truth? The next morning the old doctor was seen driving up to the parsonage. The minister was not at home, but his wife was, and she warmly welcomed the visitor to the parlor. Great was her surprise when he exclaimed somewhat abruptly: "I like your husband. He is a courageous young man, who is not afraid to speak the truth, even if it does convict some old sinner like me. I have brought \$40 as a contribution to the Bible Society, the claims of which were presented in our church a week ago yesterday, and in addition to this, I beg you to accept this \$5 for yourself as a token of my esteem for your husband as my pastor."

I do not know that the old doctor at once ceased his profanity. But he con-

tinued to wait on my ministry. Although living four miles from the sanctuary, he was every Sabbath morning in his place as long as I continued in that pastorate, and a very attentive hearer he was.

Some years after, when settled in another parish, I came back to visit my old charge. The physician, then very aged, was sick. I called to see him and found him physically feeble, but his mind was clear and composed, and his heart seemed to be changed. Gladly he listened as I talked to him concerning the heavenly kingdom. He said he was a sinner, but he believed he was saved by grace.—Evidently he was standing on the borderland, and I was not surprised to learn that a few weeks after he stepped quietly over. The profane swearer had become a humble Christian. The aged pilgrim had gone home. He was one of the many wonderful trophies of grace called at the eleventh hour to work in the vineyard, and paid just as if he had toiled all day.

This was a wholesome lesson to me. I have always tried to be prudent in the enunciation of truth, so as not needlessly to offend people. But never since that have I been afraid to speak of sin and warn men to flee from the wrath to come.

In the pulpit the preacher stands between God and man. He is divinely appointed and should feel that every utterance of his lips is a "Thus saith the Lord." Let him stand as Moses did, holding the law in his hand, and not be afraid of a multitude of sinners bowing down to a golden calf. Let him with the early disciples take his place at the Cross, and then at the open sepulchre, and then at Olivet, receiving his commission from his ascending Saviour, and then in the little upper room at Jerusalem obtaining the promised Pentecostal blessing. After this he will have the courage of Joshua, the strength of Samson, the boldness of Peter, and the power of Paul. Even sinners will respect him while he speaks the word of condemnation in their ears, and as he humbly wields the Sword of the Spirit, God will bless him.—*Selected.*

Learning to Drink.

A zealous Sunday-school teacher, who had gathered up a class of boys hitherto neglected, was one morning, after a regular lesson, talking to them about the great evils of intemperance. Suddenly she said, "Boys, I wonder how people learn to drink?" A bright little fellow, son of a publican, said, "I know; by tast'g." Children, don't forget this.