

element, a power, leaven, salt, "Ye are the salt of the earth." As Christian men we are bound to make our religion the active governing principle of life, carrying it with us in the workshop, in the daily employment, in the social circle, in our politics, wherever we are called in the Providence of God to move or to act—being "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

I am to speak to-night more particularly of the example of Christian men, and of the power of that example. Now, there are some persons who, if we talk to them about their influence, will tell us, "I have no influence." I have heard men say, "I do not think I have any influence; if I thought I had any influence, I would do thus and so." Now, the idea of any man or woman without influence is an absurdity. You exert an influence, and you cannot help it. If you stand still, fold your arms, shut your eyes, close your lips—you exert an influence by the position you occupy—you cannot help it. Some persons have an idea that to exert an influence they must make a great noise, or they must do some great thing. We read in the Bible of Andrew, and when we read that when Jesus called Andrew, he followed him; but we do not read of many things that Andrew did. We do not read that he preached long sermons, or gave magnificent speeches, or gathered large crowds about him; but we read of one thing he did, "Andrew went and called Peter," and Peter stood up, and three thousand were converted in one day. I remember hearing that on the lake of Geneva they placed a bell on the surface of the Lake, close to the water's edge, for some experiment, and at every stroke of the bell there was a ripple and a vibration on the other side of the lake. Just so it is with you. There is a moral electricity connecting heart with heart, as the electric wire connects island with island. You cannot make a motion without exerting an influence. It is not, I say, the noisiest of us who exert the most influence; it is not those who are the most prominent that exert the most influence; there have been silent quiet influences that have told more than all the force and power that could be put forth. Professor Horsford tells us that the granite pile on Bunker's Hill, on a cloudy day, stands

solid, upright, and immovable; but on a bright sunny day, by the expansive power of the light, that mighty monument moves. It moves slightly, but it moves sufficiently to be detected by the sweep of a pendulum hanging from the inner centre of its apex to the stone floors, something over 200 feet below. Now I think we may use that as an illustration of your influence—quiet, silent influence, like the soft rays of light, will do that which a thousand men with heavy ropes, pulling and hauling with a great noise, never would have been able to accomplish. We, I say again, cannot live without exerting an influence upon our fellow-men every day; and to exert a good influence, or set a right example, there must be Christian consistency. The world expects it—the world looks for it; and while it may despise your religion, honors those who are consistent in the practice of that which they profess. In the United States, in some portions of the West, on the steamboats, and at hotels, they reduce the charge upon ministers of the gospel.—Ministers who are travelling will go to the captain, sometimes, and say, "I am a minister of the gospel," and they either refund his fare, or take something from it.—At the wayside inns, he will say, "I am a minister of the gospel," and they will make him pay accordingly. One minister, travelling, put up at a wayside inn, and when he came to pay his bill in the morning, he said to the landlord, "I am a minister of the gospel." "What!" he said, "a minister of the gospel!" "Yes," he said, "I am." "Well," he said, "when you sat down to your food, you gave no sign of being a Christian; when you went to your bedroom, I waited to take away the candle, and you gave no sign of being a Christian. No, my friend you eat like a heathen, you have drank like a heathen, you have slept like a heathen—now pay like a heathen. Now I say that the world likes consistency, and when it does not find it, to all the hatred and bitterness against the principle is added a contempt for the professor. A young man, an infidel, was travelling in the western part of the United States with a very large sum of money upon him, and he was conveying it from one town to another, across a very desolate district. He was in hopes of reaching a certain town before