

garment, and Satan's livery appears beneath. Others there are whose Christian character we would not question, but the beauty of whose discipleship is marred by thoughtless expressions to which they do not attach any meaning, but which were originally used by those who meant them for an oath. Such exclamations are, My gracious! my faith! my, my! My what? We would not like to use unkind language in regard to good people, who mean no evil by these senseless expressions; but they give a harsh person ground to say, that the desire to swear was in their hearts, only they wanted courage to give full expression to the oath with their lips.

Swearing has been common in all ages, but this does not make the guilt of it any less.—In its least offensive forms, it was very common among the Jews, and was noticed particularly and condemned by our Saviour. "Swear not at all," said He; "neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Here, then, is the command of our Lord and Master, who, though crucified on Calvary, is now reigning in glory, invested with all power in heaven and on earth.—He most emphatically condemns all swearing, and says, "Let your communications be yea, yea; nay, nay."

Reader, will you obey him, and thus show that you believe in him, and love him? Then you will forever cease all swearing. Do you refuse to obey him? Then you must make up your mind to have your portion among his enemies, throughout eternity, in those dismal regions of horror and despair, where the swearer may swear his fill, and hear his oaths mingling among the howlings of despair, and the imprecations of the seduced against their deceivers, and the weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, which will be resounding for ever throughout the dark pit of interminable despair.

SHALL I GO TO THE OPERA?

Charlie A—— is about sixteen years of age. His parents are considered rich. He has attended the best schools, and has every opportunity for improvement and enjoyment that the son of wealthy parents could desire; and Charlie is a Christian. He loves to pray. He has been received into the church as a member, and reads carefully the Bible to learn how a young Christian ought to live. He is really a beautiful example in his daily life for older persons.

This does not make Charlie an unpleasant companion. Everybody seems to love him. He is anxious to make all around him happy. He is full of innocent fun. He enjoys a good round laugh as well as any little gentleman that I know. But he is as true to his conscience and to the Bible as the needle of the compass is to the North Pole.

In a large company of young friends, collected one evening at the residence of a gentleman of wealth, a young lady asked him "if he had been to hear Forrest." She referred to Edwin Forrest, the noted actor, at that time engaged at one of the most popular theatres of the city.

"O no!" said Charlie.

"What! have not heard Forrest?"

"No, never."

"Everybody hears him."

"I have not."

"Why have you not heard him?"

"I do not attend the theatre."

The buzz of conversation ceased around the young lady and Charlie. They were anxious to hear how he would come out of the discussion. They were all his companions, very fashionable young people, attended the same church, many of them, and it was a trying place for the young protestant against the theatre.—But he stood his ground without flinching or blushing. He had a reason for his course, which he was perfectly willing to give.

"You attend the opera sometimes, do you not?" his elegantly dressed and beautiful questioner continued.

"Never!" was the unhesitating answer.

"What objection have you to going? Church members go," continued the