

"WHAT PROFIT?"

"What is the value of this estate?" said a gentleman to another with whom he was riding, as they passed a fine mansion surrounded by fair and fertile fields.

"I don't know what it is valued; I know what it cost its late possessor."

"How much?"

"His soul?"

A solemn pause followed this brief answer; for the inquirer had not sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

The person referred to was the son of a pious laboring man. Early in life he professed faith in Christ, and he soon obtained a subordinate position in a mercantile establishment in this city. He contained to maintain a reputable religious profession till he became a partner in the firm. Labor then increased. He gave less attention to religion and more and more to his business, and the cares of the world choked the Word. Ere he became old he was exceedingly rich in money, but so poor and miserly in soul that none who knew him would have suspected that he had ever borne the sacred name of Him who said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." At length he purchased the landed estate referred to, built him a costly mansion, sickened and died. Just before he died he remarked:—"My prosperity has been my ruin." What a price for which to barter away immortal joy and everlasting life; yet how many do it!

HOW WHISKEY STARTED THE U. S. REBELLION.

General Thoma. W. Conway, at a temperance lecture in Norwich, repeated an interesting story, told him years ago by Admirable Semmes, of the rebel cruiser *Alabama*, of the way in which whisky started the Rebellion. According to Semmes, just after the election of President Lincoln, a conference of Southern leaders was held at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, to decide upon which course they should follow. At the opening of the discussions of that conference the prevailing sentiment and a decided majority were against a declaration of war. The majority of cooler heads, when sober, were against it. The discussion continued until a late hour. At length whiskey and ice

were brought up. The members of the conference, some of them sparingly at first, imbibed. Bottle after bottle was produced. As a result those at first opposed to war, under the influence of drink, were influenced by the others; and when the conference broke up, near daylight, nearly the entire body of Southern representatives were in favour of making war upon the flag and the government.—*Albany Journal*.

MONEY FOR A PRIZE FIGHT.

The other day a brutal prize fighter got a purse of \$12,000 for pounding an opponent into pulp. Money can be had in abundance for illegitimate uses, but a thousand interests, dear to the master as the apple of his eye, must languish for the lack of funds. We have seen that there is no lack of wealth, there is money enough in the hands of church members to sow every acre of the earth with the seed of truth, but the average Christian deems himself a despot over his purse. God has entrusted to his children power enough to give the gospel to every creature by the close of this century, but it is being misapplied. Indeed, the world would have been evangelized long ago if Christians had perceived the relations of money to the kingdom, and had accepted their stewardship. There has been too much of the spirit of an Ohio church treasurer (a professed Christian) who, when his pastor brought his annual contribution to the American board, said to him: "You ought not to do it. I don't think it's right. You ought to stop giving to missions and preach for us on a smaller salary;" adding in conclusion, "We are heathen," a proposition which few enlightened men would be disposed to controvert, though it is a hard rub on the heathen."—*Our Country*.

Mothers need to read and re-read the old parable of the seed and the sower before they grasp the hidden comfort in the fact it reveals, that growth may be going on though we see it not; for it was not the seed which forthwith sprang up that at last bore the full grain in the ear.

Father Taylor, of Boston, asserted his claim to criticism after hearing a transcendental discourse of Emerson, saying, "It would take as many sermons like that to convert a human soul as it would quarts of skimmed milk to make a man drunk."