

“CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS.”

Mr. Mundella, M.P., recently quoted the above as from the writings of “an Apostle,” and some letters have appeared in the *Times* on the mistake. That journal on Wednesday says:—“The Rev. Moncure de Conway writes to us,—‘The saying, “Cleanliness is next to Godliness,” for attributing which to an Apostle Mr. Mundella has been questioned by “A Rustic,” is not of Scriptural but yet of Hebrew origin. It first appears in *Beraitha*, as the last *Mishna* of *Soto*, chap. ix. It is often repeated in Rabbinical books; e. g., Phinehas ben Yeir says:—“The doctrines of religion are resolved into carefulness, carefulness into vigorousness, vigorousness into guiltlessness, guiltlessness into abstemiousness, abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness is next to Godliness.”’ Mr. N. Rowe writes:—“Others besides, ‘A Rustic’ and Mr. Mundella may be glad to learn that, though not the teaching of an Apostle, the words ‘Cleanliness is, indeed, next to godliness,’ occur in a sermon on dress, by John Wesley, who died in 1792.” “Clericus” writes to us:—“The old proverb is not ‘Cleanliness is next to godliness’ but to ‘goodliness,’ viz.,—beauty of form, grace, elegance.”

MATERIALS FOR THOUGHT.

To be able to bear provocation is an argument of great wisdom; and to forgive it is a proof of a great mind.

It is one of the advantages of practical virtue that though in its course there may be first and last, yet nobody who ran it fairly ever failed.

As the sentinel, when he sees the enemies approaching, does not attempt himself to assail them, but at once gives the alarm to the commander, that he may repel their attack, so the Christian does not attempt in his own strength to fight temptation, but finds his safety in perceiving its approach, and seeking by prayer for Divine help to overcome it.—*Mason*.

THINK you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave are opened? It waits at the doors of your houses—it waits at the corner of your streets; we are in the midst of judgment—the creatures whom we crush are our judges—the moments we fret away are our judges—the elements that feed us judge as they minister—and the pleasures that deceive us judge as they indulge.