Pulpit Aids to Unbelief.

The source and strength of the scepticism of the age is in the pulpit. Doubt of the truth, and opposition to it, is mainly created by those who are called "preachers of the Gospel," by some of the very best of men, who will read this paper, but who would never suppose for a moment that it applies to them. These are among the most diligent and effective sowers of tares.

"But of all men, these, dear sir, are most rigidly, suspiciously, unsparingly orthodox."

Precisely—so vehemently orthodox that they spend their whole time in dissecting and denouncing heresies, until simple people begin to sympathize with that which gets so much the worst of it, and so easily; and then they find themselves gradually led to a secret belief in and even an admiration for the error which is so contemptible and yet which takes so much killing. Whack! whack! whack! Well, if that thing is not dead yet it must be immortal, and then, of course, it must be true

"But is not that a very perverse method indeed?" Very—and therefore thoroughly human. It is the old, old story, so true to human nature, of the Spanish priest who earnestly desired the conversion of a very wealthy Jew and who thought within himself: If I can but take this worthy son of Abraham to Rome, all will be well; for then he should see our holy religion in its splendor and magnificence. At last the opportunity came and they set out together. But when the priest beheld all the abominations of Rome his heart sank in despair, and he dreaded to meet the Jew. But speedily it came to pass that the man of Judah sought the priest and hastened to tell the tidings of his conversion. Now he was a believer in Rome.

"What has led to this happy result?" cried the delighted priest.

"Father," said the Jew, "I have seen the iniquities of Rome—nothing but the truth could survive amid such sins."

So may our hearers of to-day argue within themselves—only that which is true could withstand such fierce and persistant assaults.

"How then shall the error of the times meet?"

Preach the Gospel. Men give up preaching the Gospel when they take to proving it. They leave it caged at home while they go out with their pop-gun proofs to fight the foes. Let Him go forth, and we need not fear for the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. A Gospel that needs so much proving must be either very mysterious or very doubtful, or both. If controversy rages in the congregation, St. Paul has taught us how to deal with it, not by making much of the controversy, but by making much of Christ. To make Jesus precious is both to furnish and to fortify the soul; but to be always treating the Gospel as doubtful is to create doubt and to minister to doubt. If darkness fill the chamber, will beating with the air mend matters in any wise? Will dissertations, however eloquent or philosophical, on the origin and perils of darkness, save any man's head from being broken or guide his steps into the day? Open the shutters. Let in the light, and the darkness may be left to itself then.

Besides, your proofs do not give me what I want. You may carve a stone into the very image of a loaf, but it is not bread. You may prove to me every clause of the Creed, but I cannot feed on your logic. God is not nearer to me because of your proofs of His being. For myself I can only say that you have put Him farther off, up and away in the colder regions of the intellect, when I long to know Him as my own in the sunny warmth of my love and trust. The infinite is not more to me, but infinitely less, because you have wrapped it evenly and neatly within your definition. There is a peril in proofs

"That prove
God's being so definitely that man's doubt
Grows self-defined the other side the line,
Made atheist by suggestion."

We may well doubt whether anything can be proved, except, indeed, a proposition in Euclid, which is only a puzzle put together for the purpose. Propositions in Euclid do not live and move and have any being. Life is gone when you begin to dissect it. The flower is spoiled when you begin to botanize. Truth is no more truth, but a proposition only, when you begin to prove it a thing dependent upon your logical skill and gifts of utterance. It is an awful thing assuredly to make God, Heaven, Hell, Eternity, hang upon your proof.

Take the opinion of two men, representing the two extremes of modern thought, each entitled to speak with authority—Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman. In his book, "Essays in Criticism," Arnold commends this wisdom of Joubert: "State truths of sentiment, and do not try to prove them. There is danger in such proofs; for in arguing it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic; now that which we accustom ourselves to treat as problematic ends by appearing to us as really doubtful. In things that are visible and palpable, never prove what is believed already; in things that are certain and mysterious—mysterious in their greatness and by their nature, make people believe them, and do not prove them; in things that are matters of practice and duty, command—do not explain. 'Fear God' has made many men pious; the proofs of the existence of God have made many even atheists. From the defense springs the attack; the advocate begets in the hearer a wish to pick holes; and men are almost always led on from a desire to contradict the doctor to the desire to contradict the doctrine. Make Truth lovely, and do not try to arm her."

"Make people believe them; and do not prove them." It is easily spoken; but how is it to be done? By your own conviction of them. The power of a man to convince is not in his power to argue, but in the force of his own convictions. The realm of these things is the spirit; and the authority in religion is that of the spiritual consciousness. A man cannot prove much, but his power to preach is exactly according to the measure of the Christ that is in him. Anybody can preach about Christ; only he who has Christ in his heart can preach Him.

But listen to the second extract. It is from Cardinal Newman: "To most men argument makes the point in hand more doubtful and considerably less impressive. After all, man is not a reasonable animal; he is a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal."

"But both these are extreme," objects my reader. True; and because from each extreme the better able to testify. But take a man who stands midway 'twixt the two, and having authority to speak—Dr. Martineau—"These who tell me too much about God; who speak as if they knew His motive and His plan in everything; who are never at a loss to assume the reason of every structure, and show the tender mercy of every agent; who praise the cleverness of the eternal economy, and patronize it as a master of forensic ingenuity; who carry themselves through the solemn glades of Providence with the springy step and jaunty air of a familiar; do but drive me by the very definiteness of their assurance into an indefinite agony of doubt, and impel me to cry, 'Ask of me less, and I shall give you all.'"

But, you object, all this only applies to those who do their own thinking. Have we not to explain these difficulties for thousands of simple people who cannot think them out for themselves? Of course, you do not quote Arnold and Newman and Martineau as representing the great mass of men.

No, and for these the mischief is infinitely greater—in explaining these difficulties you familiarize people with doubts that will come back to plague them again and again; and, worse still, you familiarize them with the thought of religion as a doubtful thing. Can anything be more foolish than to scatter tares in order to show off one's skill in picking them out again; and in the case of such poisonous tares, can anything be more perilous. All men have trouble enough to fight their own devils. Why should you collect a host of others to let loose on them?

Not long ago I was talking with a shrewd Scotchman, who had left the church of which he was a member, because the minister had followed the fashion, and was constantly setting forth the most subtle forms of unbelief. The minister called to see after the missing sheep, and enquired as to the reason of his absence. "Well," explained the wanderer, "I don't go to church for controversy but for communion with God. When you preach you put me up to tricks of argument and difficulties that I am all the better for not knowing. You give me on Sunday what I have to get rid of for myself, and it takes me the whole week to do it. It reminds me of an ostler who went to confession. He had gone satisfactorily through the list of questions touching frailties common to humanity; then the priest came to those special to the man's calling. 'Do you butter the horses' teeth that they may not eat their corn?' The simple ostler expressed his indignant horror. 'Sure and your reverence, such a thing I never heard of in my life.' The next time the man came to confession, this sin came out. He had buttered the horses' teeth, etc., etc. The priest was indignant now. The ostler explained: 'Well, your reverence, ever since you put me up to it, I have not been able to get it out of my head.'"

If you don't want to have to drive false notions out of your hearers' heads, take care not to put them there.—*Mark Guy Pearse, in Christian Advocate.*

Talks With Young People.

HOW ARE YOU GOING?

The journey of life offers a great variety of methods of transportation, and men have tried all with varied success. And while we may change our plan *en route*, it is much better to choose the best method at the start and follow it to the end of the journey.

So important is this choice that it is unsafe to trust our own unaided judgment. Nor is it safe to accept the dictum of the average man, even though he may have passed over the road. Fortunately we may have a safe counsellor, whose advice has been proved in every human emergency for nearly twenty centuries. The man of Nazareth anticipated and provided for every possible human need. He knew what his friends and neighbors needed as they toiled and suffered in the fields and homes of Palestine under the Roman task-masters. He also knew what the busy millions of to-day in this great Mississippi Valley require for their comfort and happiness. Walk by his counsel; sail by his chart; try your actions and your ambitions by the rules he has prescribed, and you need have no fear of going wrong. A safe and prosperous passage will be yours beyond the slightest peradventure. You may not win a place among the wealthy and the great; but your prize will be richer than theirs.

A generation ago we heard much of "self-made men," as distinguished from those who were college bred... Some of our most renowned citizens have been of that class. The same raw material to-day, inspired by the same intense desire for knowledge, would produce the same or greater results. Such men, as a rule, were God-fearing men; men of few but well-chosen books; familiar with the philosophy of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount. But they were miscalled; for no man who is guided and sustained by the grace of God in the formation of his character and the regulation of his life can be truly said to be self-made.

There are dangers many and great, by the way, which must be avoided or overcome. Some persons are in greatest danger from imaginary danger, and are ship wrecked by collision with bubbles. There are real dangers enough without taking fright at shadows. And many of the real dangers will flee away if boldly confronted.

One of the greatest dangers you will encounter will be from those who will endeavor to destroy your faith, and, of course, leave nothing in its place; for there is nothing else. You will meet men who will tell you that they have settled this question of religion satisfactorily and forever, and who will proceed to state their theory. Such men are generally so condescending as to admit that Jesus Christ was a very good man and a great moral reformer, but nothing more. His divinity and atonement they eliminate from their plan as an old woman's tale. Men have woven beautiful systems upon this warp, and impressible young men have been lured to destruction thereby. You should not overlook the fallacy that is in all such man-created theories. They select from the sacred Record so much as suits their purpose, and reject the rest. They complacently accept the rewards, while totally ignoring the punishments. They admit that Christ was a model of all the virtues, but deny that he is the Saviour of the world. That is to say, they accept as their exemplar and model a man who, by their own showing, was a pretender and a fraud. Apply this test, and the theory disappears as a bubble at the touch. Never lose sight of the fact that the Christian system must be adopted or rejected as a whole. There is no half-way in the matter. Its symmetry may not be marred without destruction. It is perfect in all its parts, sufficient in its provisions, final in its completeness. Beware of him who would detract from, or cast a shade of doubt upon, the least of its requirements or promises. On the other hand, you are in danger from the want of harmony you will frequently observe among religious people. You will hear Church members, and even ministers, sneering at and repeating petty slanders of their brethren. So many men are pleased at finding fault, and displeased at finding perfection. Few things in life make so deep and lasting impression upon the plastic mind of youth as this. The writer has recently heard of a case in point. A young man who went from home to attend school, found a temporary home in the family of a Christian minister. He had been remarkable for his solid piety and sweet Christian spirit. A season in that minister's home, where he was subjected to the constant sneers, the censures and slanders of Christian people, made a shipwreck of the young man's faith, which, it is feared, may be permanent.

It may not be necessary for a young man to reprove such conduct openly, excepting in rare and extreme cases. But it is necessary carefully to guard against the insidious influence of such evidences of the absence of the true Christian spirit where it ought to be present and active. Such manifestations are in no sense the outgrowth of the Christian doctrine, and must in no case be charged to it. From the beginning Christianity has suffered more from the shortcomings of its friends than from the assaults of its enemies. Against the latter it is thrice armed; against the former it seems to be powerless. Look through and beyond the false teacher and the unfaithful servant to the Great Fountain of truth, and from that unfailing source draw your strength and comfort. And as you proceed on your journey in your estimate of men and things, try all by the Great Overseer's square, and reject, unhesitatingly, whatever is not up to the standard. It is not necessary openly to proclaim and denounce what you may find defective. Your duty will be done if you square your own actions by that standard. If your example be correct, it will be the best protest against the faults and foibles of others. A homely proverb teaches that "actions speak louder than words," and it is true as homely. "Ask for the old paths where is the good way, and walk therein."—*B. R. Cowan, Cincinnati, O.*

Journeying With Jesus.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

In travelling, very much of the pleasure depends on pleasant company. A mountain climber is relieved of its weariness if the way is beguiled by cheery talk, and the ever new prospects are drank in by other eyes as well as by our own. There is a charm imparted to a long voyage, if we have a congenial friend to pace the deck with us, and to watch with us the varying changes on old Ocean's countenance. The road to Emmaus may have seemed long to Cleopas and his associate at other times; but when that marvellous Stranger joined them, and opened to them the treasures of the Scriptures, and made their hearts burn with a fresh glow, how swiftly the moments flew! How fast the threescore furlongs were measured off! The rugged road seemed short, for as it turned out, their companion during that wonderful walk was no less a personage than the Son of God.

What those two disciples had, we may have if we desire it. Jesus has distinctly promised His companionship: "Lo I am with you always," is as true to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago. If we open our hearts to Him, He will come in and dwell with us. When we rise in the morning, we should ask the Master to walk with us through all the day's journey. The godly merchant may have Christ beside him in the counting-room; the mechanic in his shop; the farmer behind his plough; the minister in his study; the sewing-woman over her needle, and the sailor on the deck. His presence ensures our safety. The Tempter is conquered in advance, when he finds the omnipotent Saviour already in the citadel of the soul. Some hard hills of difficulty lie before us; but we need not climb them until we come to them, and then the assurance "My grace is sufficient for thee" puts fresh iron into our sinews. Jesus never sends one of His own off on a trying duty alone. Paul's travels were anything else than holiday excursions; they were sometimes through tempestuous seas, and into dungeons, and among mobs of bloody persecutors. In Nero's judgment-hall all his human friends forsook him, but he says "The Lord stood with me and strengthened me." So will he stand with you, O faithful toiler at your work, and with you, O missionary of the Cross, amid hosts of discouragements. The great thing is to ask Christ's direction, put ourselves unreservedly into His hands, and let him lead us. He does not promise smooth paths or easy paths; but He does guarantee our absolute safety to the journey's end. There cannot possibly be a soul in hell to-day whom Christ has ever taken into His guardianship, and promised to see safely into heaven. "Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation," is a truth as solid as the throne of Jehovah, and as mighty as His everlasting arm.

This sweet companionship of Jesus follows us into the sick chamber, and sits up with us through the long, wakeful nights, and pillows our aching heads. "Here I lie," said the holy Halyburton; I am pained without pain—without any strength, and yet strong. Christ comes to me in the watches of the night, and draws aside the curtains, and says 'It is I; be of good cheer, be not afraid.'" Beulah lies on the way to the Celestial City. Sometimes the soul is in that land of corn and vineyards and soft airs, while the body may be eating coarse fare, or stretched on a bed of pain. The beginnings of heaven are here in this world; they consist in possessing Christ within us. Death is but the dropping off of the bodily tent; and heaven is reached when the ransomed spirit finishes the journey, to be forever with the Lord.

—Before Willie K——'s cousin Bertha arrived at his home on a summer visit, his mother had told him to observe how graceful and polite her manners were, especially at the table. When she came, Willie observed her with admiring interest. One day his mother said: 'Don't you think Bertha's manners are better than yours?' 'Yes, mamma.' 'Why is it, my dear?' 'I guess Bertha has been better brought up than I have!'

Mary's Quinces.

"You won't give us nothin' for the subscription?" said Mrs. Biggard, folding her mittened hands sanctimoniously upon her lap. 'Remember, Mary Hay, 'he who giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Biggard," said Mary Hay, with the color coming and going on her cheek, while a sense of the ridiculous strove within her against the meek consciousness of the solemnity of the words just quoted; "but the farm hasn't done as well this year as we expected it to, and until all the outstanding debts are paid I think it would be scarcely just to indulge myself in the luxury of subscribing to the 'Fund for evangelizing the Eboe Indians.'"

Mrs. Biggard clasped the little red morocco subscription book with a clicking sound.

"Humph!" said she, "why don't you say at once that you had rather spend your money in navy-blue silk gowns and flashy bonnets?"

Mary reddened to the roots of her hair. "Perhaps you are not aware, Mrs. Biggard," said she, "that the navy blue dress was mother's old one dyed over at home, and that the bonnet was a present from my aunt in Springfield."

"All very well to talk," sputtered Mrs. Biggard, shaking out her multitudinous flounces. "But I know that Mr. Mildmay will be powerfully disappointed. He wants something besides empty talk from the ladies of his flock."

Once more the roseate color suffused Mary's cheeks.

"My duty is my duty," she said, "and I cannot swerve from it to please any one, not even Mr. Mildmay."

And the amiable Mrs. Biggard went straight to the rectory and told Mr. Mildmay that "Mary Hay said she wasn't agoin' to subscribe to the fund to please Mr. Mildmay or any one else."

The rector listened in silence, but he was conscious of a pang of inward annoyance.

He had scarcely expected so curt a message from Mary Hay, in whose dove-like blue eyes he had so often read the light of sympathy, whose downcast head reminded him of the beautiful Mater Dolorosa.

"So different from my Ruey, now, ain't she?" said Mrs. Biggard. "Why, Ruey, she's fairly walked through the soles of a pair of boots a solicitin' subscriptions for the fund. There never was nobody so devout as she is. And she wants to know—my Ruey does—whether she and Almiry sha'n't come over to the rectory and put up the parlor curtains for you this afternoon?"

"Thank you!" said Mr. Mildmay, with something of an embarrassed air; "but I dare say that Bridget will do very well. I wouldn't trouble Miss Zeruiah and—"

"Oh, it won't be no trouble at all," said Mrs. Biggard.

And off she went to give the needed directions to Zeruiah and Almira, her two lean, middle-aged daughters.

"I do feel such a motherly sympathy for a bachelldore clergyman!" said she. "There ain't no more helpless creatur on the face of the earth."

Mary Hay, busy at her work in the farmhouse kitchen, was puzzling her brains to think of some possible or impossible plan to get a little money to help kind Mr. Mildmay's plan along.

"I wish I could spare something," she said, "if it was only a dollar."

"I wish you could, my dear!" said gentle Mrs. Hay, who had overheard the eager words.

"Mother," cried Mary, "there are the quinces—down by the railroad! Why couldn't I sell them at the store? The trees hang full this year, and the fruit is beautifully perfect!"

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Hay. "We will go to-morrow and gather them, Mary—you and I."

Mary went singing about her work that afternoon. Her heart was light as any feather. Why, why had she not remembered the quince tree before? Quinces were rare and high priced this season, and she thought she was certain of at least five dollars for the crop.

But the next day, when she and her mother—Mrs. Hay carrying the basket and Mary merrily trundling the barrow along before her—went down to the orchard whose slopes extended to the glittering steel rails of the railway, lo, and behold! the trees were utterly stripped of their golden load.

Mary burst into tears. She sat down on the edge of the wheelbarrow and hid her head in her mother's apron like a child.

"O mother, who has done this?" she cried. "Who can have been so wicked—so cruel?"

"It's the boys, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Hay. "Don't fret daughter—don't. It's done, and it can't be helped.

"The boys never served us so before," said Mary between her sobs. "Yes, mother, you are right. It can't be helped. Let us go home. There is an end of the subscription money now."

Slowly and sadly the two women toiled back up the hill with the wheelbarrow and the basket. Mr. Hay, just returned from the harvest field, heard her story with amazement.

"It's the first time that ever a tree of mine was robbed," said he. "I didn't know as we had such boys in this neighborhood, but, look here, Polly, don't cry," laying his broad, brown hand soothingly on his daughter's shoulder. "It's always darkest just before daylight. Here's a five dollar gold piece that Mrs. Blake paid me for the hay in the up medder. I was going to take it toward the taxes, but I guess taxes can wait."

"No, father," said Mary, "our just debts are our just debts. I couldn't to touch this money."

"Squinches, eh," said Luke Larrabee, who had come in with a stone pitcher for a gallon of Mrs. Hay's cider vinegar. "Squinches is mighty scuse this season. I see Mrs. Biggard's folks doin' up a sight on 'em when I was over there this morning. Mrs. Biggard, she's dreadful churchy, you know, and the parson he'd said he was partial to preserved squinches; and there was she and Ruey and Almiry tuckering like all posseesed to get 'em done."

"Says I:

"'Why, whaur did ye get all them 'ere squinches?'

"Says she:

"'I bought 'em of a boy at the door.

"Says I:

"'No, ye didn't, Electa Biggard; ye got 'em last night outen old Farmer Hay's side-hill squinch orchard, clus to the railroad,' says I, 'cause I seen you and Ruey a-carryin' the clothes basket between you, and it was cram jam full o' big yaller squinches.'

"And so I did, for our cow she got outen the field and wandered quite a ways down the railroad, and I was a-huntin' of her by moonlight when I seen them from behind them 'ere sassafras bushes down by the track. Wal, you should have seen her turn redder than the big bell-peppers out in the garden patch."

"'What an' if I did?' says she. 'Mary Hay she gives 'em to me.'

"'Oh,' says I, 'that's a horse of another color,' says I.

"But now it appears," with his shaggy gray eyebrows slightly elevated, "that ye didn't give 'em to her, hey?"

Mary and her mother looked blankly at each other. The good father chuckled.

"Them quinces was worth five dollars at the very least," he said. "I guess, Polly, if I was you, I'd collect the money."

The ladies of the fund committee were at Mrs. Biggard's house that afternoon. A good many faithful and devout sisters were present, and some of the brotherhood as well.

Mr. Mildmay sauntered in toward tea time, and was thanking Zeruiah and Almira Biggard for the beautiful jars of preserved quinces which had found their way to the rectory, when Mrs. Biggard's shrill voice sounded above the hum of general discourse.

"Now that the minister is here there ain't no reason that we shouldn't render in our accounts," she cackled. "And I'm happy to say that every lady in the parish has given something to the Eboe Indian fund except Miss Mary Hay."

Mr. Mildmay bit his lip, Zeruiah cast down her white-lashed eyes, Almira giggled faintly.

"Ma is so frank spoken," she said.

"I scarcely think," quietly observed Mr. Mildmay, "that there was any necessity for particularizing in such a matter as this."

"I hain't no patience with mean folks," said Mrs. Biggard, speaking in a stage-aside.

But Mary Hay had risen calmly from her coal among the younger ladies.

"Neither have I," said she. "And so I propose to subscribe to the fund the $5 which Mrs. Biggard is going to pay me."

She moved easily and gracefully toward the lady of the house and held out her hand with an air of calm expectancy.

"Me?" cried Mrs. Biggard. "Going to pay you $5! I guess that gal is crazy! What in the world should I pay you $5 for?"

"For the quinces," said Mary, enjoying the sudden panic which turned the matronly, rubicund face to the color of badly risen dough, "the quinces which you bought of us last night and forgot to pay for."

Mrs. Biggard uttered something—nobody knew exactly what it was, but the changes of her complexion would have reminded one of the proverbial "dying dolphin," as she drew out her purse and deposited a crumpled five dollar bill in Miss Hay's quietly extended palm.

"I—I confess I've been neglectful," said she. "I s'pose I ought to hev attended to it before."

"I think you ought, indeed," was Miss Hay's calm reply.

"I didn't know's you cared nothin' for them quinces," muttered Mrs. Biggard, "or I wouldn't hev touched 'em, not on no account."

"You might at least have paid us the compliment of asking us," said Mary curtly.

And she put the five dollar bill in the little blue ribboned "collection basket" which was in Miss Zeruiah Biggard's especial care.

Mr. Mildmay walked home with her that evening. She did not tell him the story of the quinces, to her credit be it spoken. Mary Hay was not one to strike a fallen enemy. And perhaps she and Mr. Mildmay had pleasanter topics of conversation than any of the numerous faults and failings of Mrs. Biggard.

But honest Luke Larrabee was by no means so reticent. He related the little incident of the moonlight raid on the quince orchard, far and wide.

"And them Biggards is always a quotin' Scripter texts," said he. "And the old lady sings hymns the loudest of any one in church, and Zeruiah is settin' her cap at the young minister. I'd jest like to see her face when she hears that Mr. Mildmay and Mary Hay is to be married in the spring."

But if you want to close the old lady's mouth any time, all you've got to do is to ask her for her recipe for "puttin' up quinces."—*Selected.*

Resembling Jesus.

A little child pondering in her heart concerning the Lord to whom she prayed, came to her mother with the question, "Is Jesus like anybody I know?" And in all due reverence we who move amid Christian surroundings should be able to answer "Yes" to a question like this from little lips. Are there not those helping and praying for the children, who in some degree picture Him whose arms were stretched out to bless and comfort them? A more vital question is this. Am I myself mirroring Jesus, if only to some little child? or is His light in me obscured; so that the fact that I named His name hinders rather than promotes His glory? We know the tale of the little one who objected to entering Heaven because mamma said that grandpa, who was always so irritable, would of course go there. Would that every one who stands out upon the Lord's side would carry His spirit into the home circle, the little things of daily life, the lesser domestic worries, in which the eyes of children and servants, and per chance many others, are upon us—influenced by our example and helped or hindered by our bearing. A child should see God mirrored in its mother's face; our Sunday scholars should get some glimpse of the Eternal Love from the teacher's heart and looks. This can come only as we tarry at the mercy-seat, as we keep our own gaze Christward.—*The Quiver.*

'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is a perennial bonanza to Mrs. H. B. Stowe. She still receives $1,500 a year royalty from its sale.

—The decisive events of the world take place in the intellect.—*Robert Elsmere.*

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