

DR. TALMAGE AND AN ENGLISH MADMAN.

Dr. Talmage, in the New York observer, says that in the summer of 1879, on his way from Wales to London, he met with one of the most exciting scene he ever witnessed. "We were in a railway train going on a terrific velocity. There were five of us—four gentlemen and a lady—in the car. We halted at the depot. A gentleman came to the door, and stood a moment as if not knowing whether to come in or stay out. The conductor compelled him to decide immediately, he got in. He was finely gloved and every way well dressed. Seated, he took out his knife and began the attempt of splitting a sheet of paper edgewise, and at this sat intensely engaged, for, perhaps, an hour. The suspicion of all was aroused in regard to him, when suddenly he arose and looked around at his fellow-passengers, and the fact was revealed by his eye and manner that he was a maniac. The lady in the car (she was travelling unaccompanied) became frenzied with fright and rushed to the door as if about to jump out. Planting my feet against the door, I made that death leap impossible. A look of horror was on all the faces, and the question with each was "What will the madman do next?" A madman with an open knife is terrific. In the demoniac strength that comes to such a one, he might make sad havoc in that flying railway train, or he might spring out of the door, as once or twice he attempted. It was a question between retaining the foaming fury in our company or letting him dash his life out on the rocks. Our own safety said, 'Let him go.' Our humanity said, 'Keep him back from instant death,' and humanity triumphed. I gave the bell rope two or three stout pulls, but there was no slackening of speed. Another passenger repeated the attempt without getting any recognition. We might as well have tried to stop a whirlpool by pulling a boy's kite-string. To rid ourselves of our dangerous associate seemed impossible. Then there came a struggle as to which should have supremacy of that car, right reason or dementia. The demoniac moved around the car as if it belonged to him and all the rest of us were intruders. Then he dropped in convulsions across the lap of one of the passengers. At this moment, when we thought the horror had climacterated, the tragedy was intensified. We plunged into the midnight darkness of one of those long tunnels for which English railway travel is celebrated. Minutes seemed hours. We waited for the light, and waited while the hair lifted upon

the scalp and the blood ran cold. When, at last, the light looked in through the windows, we found the afflicted man lying helpless across the lap of one of the passengers. When the train halted it did not take us long, after handing over the unfortunate for medical treatment, to disembark and move into another car. We never before realized how much one loses when he loses his reason. No wonder that the Man of Sorrows had His deepest sympathies stirred for the demoniac of Gadara. Morning, noon and night, thank God for the equipoise of your mental faculties."

THE SPIRIT OF THE PEW.

Don't let the children hear you criticise the sermon as too long, too profound, too discursive, too *anything*. Don't suffer anyone, friend, neighbour, comrade, to criticise the pastor unfavourably in your presence. Don't say that the prayers are a weariness, too long, too slow. It is to be remarked that they who carry a *devout heart* to church seldom find the prayers too long, and usually discover in the sermon some words of comfort, instruction or help, which was specially meant for themselves.

It is to be feared that we often lose much of the good that we ought to receive in the house of God because we enter it with the pressure of our secular affairs weighing us down, the thoughts of our earthly cares and ambitions following hard after us as we take our places in the pew. Were the pew ever in true *live and sympathy* with the pulpit, how the latter would be reinforced, how surely to the world-weary, the diffident, the discouraged, the antagonistic, and the men and women of little faith, how surely to all of these would the blessing come from above. —*Christian Intelligencer*.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

Brother, sister, are you going to the prayer-meeting next Wednesday evening? If not, why not? We hope you will go, for you will be missed if not there; and by going you will aid the pastor and encourage others.

But you say the prayer-meetings are cold, dull, spiritless, uninteresting. Perhaps they are; but what have you been doing the last six months to make them otherwise? Stay-away? Ah, it is the stay-at-home members that make the meetings cold and unprofitable. Come now, let us see if we can't do something to make these meetings profitable and enjoyable. We are sure we can do at least a few things in that direction.

1. Let me resolve to attend the meeting