"O this Blind Faith!"

BY THE REV. E. H. CRAIG.

A honey-bee flew out of its hive one bright May morning, and after a flight of nearly a mile began to sip the sweet nectar from the new-sprung flowers. Many flowers were quickly visited with little result. Even an apple tree with a few opening blossoms supplied not half the load of honey and pollen. Just then the smell of a distant orchard was wafted across the path by a southern breeze. Attracted by the fragrance the bee, once more rising on the wing, followed the perfume, which became stronger and stronger as it drew nearer, till in a short time it was in the midst of a large orchard perfectly white with apple blossoms. In its eagerness the bee had never noticed what direction it went, nor how far it had gone from home, but stopped away at the sweet honey as it passed from blossom to blossom and from tree to tree, till at last its burden was completed and it could carry no more. Then, rising on its wings, it made several revolutions, saying audibly in its own dialect, "I must find the way home with my load—buz z z—Now I have it!" and it shot away in a straight line towards the hive, now more than two miles off. Just as it started on its homeward journey a toad who had raised its head half way out of his hole under an apple tree, was heard to croak, "That little creature can never reach its home by this self-deluding instinct." Then, drawing himself back into his cool, damp den, he muttered with some degree of contempt, "O this blind instinct!" But unheeding the discouraging sneer, the bee pressed on. Sometimes a house or even a tall tree came in its way, but it never varied from its course; it just rose a little higher towards heaven in its flight, and was soon at home in its well-stored hive.

A beautiful carrier pigeon was caught in its nest, and, with other captives, was placed in a large hamper and hurried away to the city, where day and night they dashed along, rarely stopping, till the train reached a far distant city, one thousand one hundred and fifty miles from home. Then the hamper was placed on the platform of the depot, the cover was removed, and the little prisoners were set free. The frightened dove rose in a flutter, and, in a moment, saw that it was in a strange country that it had never visited before. Its heart beat hard, for it thought of its two dear children away at home; how far it was from them the poor dove knew not. In great doubt and perplexity it rose high in the air, making long circuits to take its "reckonings" and find the way back. A vulture, who sat on the highest branch of a dead tree, with a putrid rabbit in his talons, eyed the dove with some degree of curiosity for a moment, and then contemptuously turning away to eat his savoury meal, was heard to say: "That deluded bird expects to find the way home by its own unaided impulse—O this blind instinct! I may dine upon its delicate carcase some day before long." The next moment the dove sped away in a straight line, and in a few moments was lost to sight in the distant horizon. On it pressed with unabated energy for many days. Weary and hungry it sometimes descended to the earth to rest and gather grains of wheat from the fields; at night it found shelter in some quiet wood. But every day it journed many miles, till at last, on the twenty-eighth day, the well-known spires of its native city appeared in the distance, and in a few moments more he sat cooing in the dovecote beside its young ones; weary, it is true, but *at home* by the guidance of its unerring instinct.

A young Christian bowed reverently in the house of God to receive the sign of the new life. He was baptized in water in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. He declared publicly that he believed in the atonement made for his sins by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that he looked for eternal life through the precious blood shed. A sceptic, who had entered the church door with no desire to learn the way of salvation, sat and looked on with a sneer on his lips till the solemn service closed, and then, turning to a friend who sat beside him, said, in a subdued but distinct voice, "O this blind faith!"

Years passed away, and both the sceptic and the Christian drew near to the end of life. "It is all up with me now," said the former, as he lay upon his dying bed. "Life is fast ebbing out. How dark the future is! It chills my soul to close my eyes on all things here, and open them—on what? Nothing? Eternity! Perhaps the judgment-seat, and the Christian's God! I have no faith to bear me up; no Almighty arm to lean upon in my dying struggle. My physical strength is going. My eyes are dim. My head reels. I fear there may be a God. It is all dark as midnight; there is not a single ray of hope. In youth and health I never realized that such a moment as this could come. Oh, if I only had the Christian's faith; if nothing more, it would make death easy to me. If religion be true I have an awful eternity to spend. Oh, that I could be blotted out for ever, or that I had never been born!"

The Christian is in conflict also with the same last enemy. Let us listen reverently to his dying words, and learn by his experience, for he possesses that peace of God which passes all understanding. Instead of fear, he is in an ecstacy of joy: "How precious is the love of Christ to me now," he says. He never leaves nor forsakes. His love is better than life." Doubts and fears have all vanished, and he cries in transport of holy confidence, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." When asked about the future, he exclaims: "Oh, how bright it is with heavenly glory. I can almost see the golden city, and the pearly gate. In earlier days I often thought that death must be a time of great agony and overwhelming dream; to me it has come as the happiest hour of all my life. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'" After a pause, in which he seemed to be almost gone, he revives and whispers: "I was nearly over, but I came back to tell you that all is well. Welcome life, eternal life through the blood of Christ."

If such be the experience of those who possess "this blind faith," then let me possess it, and "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," for evidently, "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

—In 1741 some Baptists applied to the county court at Newbern for permission to build a church. They were all publicly whipped and required to give bonds for their good behaviour. Now there are 200,000 Baptists in North Carolina.—*Biblical Recorder.*

Spurgeon as an Expositor.

A SAMPLE OF HIS WORK.

Haggai 1 and 2.

Chapter 1, verse 1.—God keeps an almanac. The date on which he speaks is important; there is a time when the Word comes to men; God will have them observe it. He notices it, and if they do not obey that Word immediately, he keeps account of the very days of their delay, as you notice in the rest of the chapter. Oh! that God would make this very day notable by speaking to some here assembled. He also takes care to address his letter. "Came the word of the Lord," etc. God knows to whom his word is sent to-day. He will not miss his mark. Oh! that you would open your ears to him, and say, "Lord, speak to me, not to me only, but to such another"—not only to Zerubbabel, but to Joshua.

Verse 2.—Notice that God knows what we say. We often speak very carelessly, but for every idle word that men shall speak, they must give an account. Sometimes he makes men eat their own words. They speak their careless-ly, but they shall have to take them back lolefully. "The time is not come." Delay is always one strong temptation of Satan, even with God's own people. How much more would be done if we would do *what ought* to be done *at once?* We should then go to something else, and make our lives a felt power and force. If any of you are tempted to put off some service that lies near to your heart, think of these words.

Verses 3 and 4.—There was time for them to make use of the word, a time for them to get rich, but not time to serve the Lord; time to spend labor upon yourselves, but not upon God. What a rebuke this is to us.

Verse 5.—Just look back a little, and see what has been the consequence of your looking to yourself and not to your God.

Verse 6.—"Ye have sown much, and bring in little." You have served him, and he has not prospered you. "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly." You have given little to God, so he has blown upon you, and ye have not prospered. "Ye eat, but ye have not enough." Ye who *do* prosper are not content.

"Ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." The man when he was not saving he was losing since he robbed his God of what was due to his cause.

Verses 7-9.—What a *stern* rebuke it was, and how richly it was deserved. God had done everything for these people; brought them back from Babylon to Jerusalem, and their *first* concern should have been to build him a temple. But every man looked to his *own* house, and therefore no good came of what they did. When God blows on what a man does it comes to nothing.

Verses 10 and 11.—We depend upon God for everything, and sometimes he makes use of the ordinary laws of nature to be a chastisement to those who forget him. If we will not be reminded of him by his mercies, we shall be by his judgments; and if, as his stewards, we do not make good use of what he entrusts to us, he may take it *all* away.

Verses 12 and 13.—What a blessing when a faithful testimony is thus heeded. Sometimes it happens that the people *hate* the preacher who too plainly rebukes their sin; when the Spirit of God is blessing them, then they take heed of what is said, and begin to consider the voice of God. "Then spake Haggai," the Lord's messenger, Jehovah's messenger, in Jehovah's message—joyful expression! He was God's messenger, and he spoke in God's message unto the people, saying, "I am with you, saith Jehovah." They were with him, and he was with them. Oh, what a Sabbath morning's word that would be if I were authorized to say to you, "I am with you, saith the Lord." Surely we have the promise of it, and our faith may conclude that we have the reality of it: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." God grant that we may have his presence in all we want.

Verses 14 and 15.—God takes note of when his people work; dots it down in his almanac, the year, the day, and the month; for he loves to see his people arise to service. He knows when they sow, that it may be ordained when they should reap. He knows when they remember him, and from that day he will bless them.

Chap. 2, verse 1.—God's people often want to be spoken to; and every time God speaks he takes account of it. Let us do the same. Let us not think it such a very simple thing to hear a sermon that we need not know *when* we heard it. The word of the Lord is precious in these days; we have an open vision; let us praise God for it, and not reckon God's Word to be such a common thing that we take no more notice of it than of sitting down to our supper or eating our breakfast.

Verses 2 and 3.—There could not have been *many* persons left who had ever seen Solomon's temple; perhaps not any. Yet there were many there whose *fathers* had seen it, and had heard *from* their fathers, when they sat on their knees as children, what a glorious house Solomon's had been in their day.

Verse 4.—The second time the prophet comes with this message. It is so rich, so full, so divinely encouraging, that he might well repeat it: "I am with you, saith Jehovah of Hosts, according to the word that I covenanted with you when ye came out of Egypt, so my Spirit remaineth among you; fear ye not."

Verses 6 and 7.—So it happened that into that second temple the babe of Bethlehem was brought, that glorious "desire of all nations," whom we worship, so that the second house was, after all, more glorious than the first.

Verse 8.—They had not much gold to build this second temple with, but what he did not give them to lay upon the wood to build the house with was still his own, so that he would be none the less glorious though he kept it in his own treasury.

Verse 9.—"The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the Lord of Hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the Lord of Hosts." Unto whose name be worship forever. Amen!—*London Baptist.*

BLAMELESS.—It is not possible for us to be faultless; it is possible for us to be blameless. I do not think there is a more contemptible heresy than that of perfection in this life. It belittles sin. Paul, in writing to the Philippians, said: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." We cannot be faultless now; but we may be blameless. Paul prays for his Thessalonian brethren, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." We are now preserved blameless; we are presented at last, faultless. If I truly seek to follow Christ in the way of duty, if I try to set my feet where his feet were placed, I may make a poor fist of it; my walk may not be faultless; but it will be blameless. Here is a mother sewing; (I borrow this illustration from some one else,) the little child at her side is sewing the best she can; she shows her work to the mother; the mother sees the eyes full of love; then she looks at the sewing; she sees here a long stitch, and there a very short one; the child is not faultless; but she is blameless. We are not faultless; but since our work is done out of love for him we may be blameless.—*W. Hoyt.*

The Child Martyrs.

By the side of a brawling mountain stream stood a bonnie Scottish lassie, with glinting hair, and bare brown legs, and laughing eyes. Poised on one foot, she touched the water lightly with the other, and then drew back with an affectation of alarm.

"It's cauld, Donald, and it's deep," she cried, with a merry laugh. "Winna ye lift me across?"

"'Deed, nae; gin ye canna come yersel', ye maun gang hame," answered Donald from the opposite bank.

"Weel, gin I maun, I maun," and with a dash and splash the little lassie crossed the stream, and stood by her brother's side.

"Donald, luik!" she exclaimed, laying her hand on the boy's arm, "Canna ye see——!"

But the boy's hand was on her mouth, and the words arrested. "Whisht, Mysie, it's the sodgers."

Up the mountain path came the glittering bayonets, and before the children could gain the shelter of the underwood the open space by the stream was filled with armed men.

"Min' ye din a tell them onything; be a brave lassie, My-ie," whispered the lad, putting on a bold front. "They winna hurt ye."

"Here, boy," cried one of the foremost men, in a tone of authority, "have you seen anybody pass this way this morning?"

"No mony folks pass this way," answered the boy evasively.

"No, perhaps not," said the soldier, significantly; "but one has passed, and that not an hour ago. Bring the boy here," he added, turning to the men. And two of them seized the lad and forced him to the horse's side. "Have you seen the man I speak of, man?"

"What like was he?" asked the boy, with a warning glance at Mysie.

"The cub knows him," said one of the men behind. "Robert Brock has been to his father's house often enough."

"Do you know Robert Brock?" asked the officer.

"I ken him for a gude man, who never did onybody harm," replied the boy, bravely.

"Well, then, which road did he take when he passed here?"

"I canna say."

"Did you see him?"

"Ay, I saw him."

"Then which road did he take?"

"What for do ye want him?"

"To send a bullet through his head, as I will send one through yours if you don't answer," was the brutal reply, and the boy turned pale.

"You may send a bullet through my head gin you like, but I'll not tell ye which way Robert Brock went. He's the Lord's servant."

"Try the girl: she'll tell us fast enough," suggested one who had not spoken before, and a soldier grasped the child's delicate wrist and drew her forward.

"Dinna ye tell them, Mysie," cried Donald, as she passed him; but a heavy hand fell on his mouth with cruel force, and checked the words.

"Now, child," said the officer, slowly, "which way went this saintly man of God?"

She cast a frightened look at Donald, and answered with a cheering smile as he wiped the blood fram his swollen lips:

"I canna tell ye, sir."

"Will not, you mean. Did he take the right or left road?"

"I dinna ken—I mean I ken, but I winna tell."

"Then I must find some way to make you tell."

Slowly the man's strong fingers closed round the little wrist, till the child screamed with pain.

"Now will you tell?"

"Donald, Donald, what maun I do?" sobbed Mysie.

"Let her be," cried the boy, fierce'y. "Let her be, ye black-hearted coward!"

"I'll let her be when she has answered my question."

"Dinna ye answer, Mysie."

"Silence!" said a soldier, savagely, "leave the child alone."

"Donald, he hurts me sair," sobbed Mysie.

"Will you tell?"

"I canna."

Again the brutal hold tightened on the delicate arm, and the tortured child sank on the green sward in an agony of pain and fear.

Wresting himself from the grasp of the soldier, Donald sprang forward and lifted her up, his eyes blazing with indignant wrath.

"It's brave work for men," he cried with bitter contempt, "to hurt such a wee bit of a lassie! My bonnie, brave Mysie! Dinna greet, I'll tak ye hame."

The child clung to him convulsively. "Dinna let them touch me, Donald. Tak' me hame to me mither."

"Ay, that I will, Mysie; dinna greet," said the boy, soothingly.

"Not just yet, my lad," said the officer, with a smile. "I'm going to know which way Robert Brock went first."

"Then ye maun gang to them as'll tell ye, for I winna," was the brave reply.

"Take the child away from him," said the officer, peremptorily.

"Nae, nae, Donald! dinna let them tak me awa'," screamed Mysie.

But what was the strength of the boy against that of the stalwart men? Roughly they unclasped the child's hands, and dragged her away.

"Is she your sister?" asked the officer of Donald.

"Ay, my ain sister, an' gin ye lat her be, I dinna care what ye do till me."

"Will ye let her tell me what I ask, or will you tell me yourself?"

"I winna help ye to find good Robert Brock.

"Set the child against that stump."

With his heart beating almost to suffocation, Donald watched them.

What were they going to do to Mysie? Surely they would not hurt such a wee bairn! They were men, not fiends.

"Now, my boy, once more. Which way went the godly Robert Brock?"

"Gin ye tear my tongue out, I winna tell ye."

"Fire!"

A wreath of blue smoke floating away toward the bluer heavens. A mass of fair hair dabbled in blood. A little white face on the green, green grass.

With a cry of horror the boy threw himself beside the still little form.

"Mysie, Mysie, speak! it's your ain brither, Donald!"

But the life had gone out forever from the happy blue eyes! The silence of death was on the parted lips.

"Throw the child into the stream," came the cold, inexorable command, and in a moment the pure waters blushed in God's sunlight with the blood of an innocent life.

"For the last time, Which way went Robert Brock."

"Fin' out," replied the dauntless boy. "ye have shot my bonnie wee sister and now you may shoot me; but I'll never help ye wi' your black work! God will tak care o' Robert Brock."

"It's an easy thing to talk of dying, boy," said the officer.

"I'd rather gang to heaven wi' clean han's than stain them wi' the blood of God's servants and liv'."

"Once."

Steadfast and calm was the brave young face; silent and firm the young lip.

"Speak, thou young fool!" cried one of the soldiers, roughly; "dost think we shall not catch Robert Brock? Thy silence does but delay his death an hour or so. Save thy life and speak."

"I canna stain my han' wi' blood."

"Twice."

The fair, green smiling earth below, the high arched heaven above, the broad stream murmuring over its rocky bed, the sweet voiced birds making glad the morning air, all nature bright, and pure, and beautiful, speaking of goodness and love to ears that heard not, to scarred and cruel hearts.

"Thrice. *Fire!*"

Once more the curling smoke! Once more the blood-stained turf! Down the mountain side pressed the soldiers, eager for their prey, and the waters flowed calmly on over the silent dead. Up toward the clear blue sky was turned the proud young face of the murdered boy, and the fair hair of his "bonnie wee sister" floated over his bare brown breast, and only the crimson wave, and deeply-dyed turf, bore witness, of the cruel deed; but God and the angels watched over the lonely resting-place of the little Scottish martyrs.—*Nash. Ch. Adv.*

There is Peril from Romanism.

Let us compare some of the fundamental principles of our government with those of the Catholic church. The constitution of the United States guarantees *liberty of conscience.* Nothing is dearer or more fundamental. Pope Pius IX. in his Encyclical Letter of Aug. 15th, 1854, said: "The absurd and erroneous doctrines or ravings in defense of liberty of conscience are a most pestilential error—a pest, of all others, most to be dreaded in a state." The same Pope, in his Encyclical Letter of Dec. 8th, 1864, anathematized "Those who assert the liberty of conscience and of religious worship," also "All such as maintain that the church may not employ force."

The pacific tone of Rome in the United States does not imply a change of heart. She is tolerant where she is helpless. Says Bishop O'Connor: "Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect without peril to the Catholic World." *The Catholic Review* says: "Protestantism, of every form, has not, and never can have, any right where Catholicity is triumphant." (A strange kind of *catholicity!*) The Archbishop of St. Louis once said: "Heresy and unbelief are crimes; and in Christian countries, as in Italy and Spain, for instance, where all the people are Catholics, and where the Catholic religion is an essential part of the law of the land, they are punished as other crimes." In the same strain *The Boston Pilot*: "No good government can exist without religion, and there can be no religion without an *Inquisition*, which is wisely designed for the promotion and protection of the true faith." The following is from *The Rambler*, a Catholic paper of London: "Religious liberty, in the sense of a liberty possessed by every man to choose his religion, is one of the most wicked delusions ever foisted upon this age by the father of all deceit. The very name of liberty—except in the sense of a permission to do certain definite acts—ought to be banished from the domain of religion. It is neither more nor less than falsehood. *No man has a right to choose his religion.* None but an atheist can uphold the principles of religious liberty. Shall I foster that damnable doctrine, that Socianism, and Calvanism, and Anglicanism, and Judaism, are not every one of them mortal sins, like murder and adultery? Shall I hold out hopes to my erring Protestant brother, that I will not meddle with his creed if he will not meddle with mine? Shall I tempt him to forget that he has no more right to his religious views than he has to my purse, to my house, or to my life blood? No, Catholicism is the most intolerant of creeds. It is intolerance itself; for it is the truth itself."

Another foundation stone of our free institutions is *free speech and a free press.* But in his Encyclical Letter of Dec. 8th, 1864, Pius IX. anathematized "All who maintain the liberty of the press," and "all advocates of the liberty of speech." He calls it "the liberty of perdition."

Again, *free schools* are one of the cornerstones of our Government. Catholic opposition to our public-school system is general and well known. Says a Papal Encyclical: "XLV.—The Romish church has a right to interfere in the discipline of the public schools, and in the arrangement of the studies of the public schools, and in the choice of the teachers for these schools. XLVII.—Public schools open to all children for the education of the young should be under the control of the Romish church, and should not be subject to the civil power, nor made to conform to the opinions of the age."

Rome has never favored the education of the masses. In her relations to them she has adhered to her own proverb, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." In Protestant countries like Germany and the United States, where there is a strong sentiment in favor of popular education, she has been compelled in self-defense to open schools of her own. But her real attitude toward the education of the masses should be inferred from her course in those countries where she has, or has had, undisputed sway; and there she has kept the people in benetted ignorance. Instance her own Italy, where seventy-three per cent. of the population are illiterate, or Spain, where we find eighty per cent., or Mexico, where ninety-three per cent. belong to this class.

Again, our Constitution requires obedience to the laws of the United States and loyalty to the Government. The Pope also demands of every subject obedience and loyalty to himself. In an Encyclical he says:

"XIX.—The Romish church has a right to exercise its authority without any limits set to it by the civil power. XXVII.—The pope and the priests ought to have dominion over the temporal affairs. XXX.—The Romish church and her ecclesiastics have a right to immunity from civil law. XLII.—In case of conflict between the ecclesiastical and civil powers, the ecclesiastical powers ought to prevail."

Of the utter degradation of reason, and the stifling of conscience the teaching of Cardinal Bellarmine affords a good example; "If the Pope should err by enjoining vices or forbidding virtues, *the Church would be obliged to believe vices to be good and virtues bad,* unless it would sin against conscience." Manifestly there is an irreconcilable difference between papal principles and the fundamental principles of our free institutions.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

Unconscious Influence.

One taper may light a thousand; one wave lifts another; one influence may run through unnumbered lives. Our influences mingle and commingle, and our characters are largely the result of all the influences we have met.

All lead a life of unconscious influence. Our very faces and expressions of countenance, which are reflections of our true character, are silent but perpetual influences. It is generally our unconscious influence that produces the greater effect upon others. It is not so much when we assert that we are conscientious, as when we are accidently discovered doing some conscientious act, that the force of our character is felt. A man may talk virtuously, but if he lives in secret an impure life, his unconscious influence for evil will destroy the effect of his words. Character influences independently of its professions, and this influence of character is the heaviest weight in the scale of life. A good life will preach under circumstances when no word is uttered, and will stimulate good in others when they are silently pursuing its own purpose.

All have heard of John Angell James, one of England's choicest ministers. Thousands were converted under his preaching, and tens of thousands have felt the influence of his writings. He was converted under somewhat peculiar circumstances, and he owed the beginning of his religious life largely to the influences that was exerted upon him by the silent but conscientious performance of an act of religious duty by a room-mate and a fellow apprentice.

Mr. James' boyhood and early years were such as to produce a very unquiet conscience, but the claims of religion continued to assert themselves in his soul amid all his irregularities of conduct. At last he began to have longings for a better life. Sometimes on a Sabbath he would go away by himself and pray. "I wanted to be pious," he said, "but knew not how." He began to pray that Providence would send him a guide. "I prayed," he said, "that the Lord would raise up some one in the house [where he was living] to be my guide. I am sure I was sincere in this, and now came a turning point in my history."

"Mr. B. [he continues his own narrative of this spiritual crisis], with whom I lived, being in want of money, took another apprentice for the sake of the premium. A youth was engaged who had been religiously educated. The apprentices all slept in the same room. The first time this youth lodged with us he knelt down by his bedside and prayed in silence. The thought instantly occurred to me, as I looked with surprise upon the youth bending before God, 'See, there is the answer to your prayer—there is some one to lead you into the ways of religion!' Yielding to the influence of the good example set before him, he begun to pray, too.

"After awhile," he says, "I observed that my new friend, as soon as the shop was shut, used frequently to go out for an hour. I at length discovered that his visits were paid to a pious shoemaker. I prevailed upon my friend to allow me to accompany him to the pious cobbler's. The house was small, mean, and ill-furnished, and in a low situation. The shoemaker himself was not prepossessing in appearance, but both he and his wife received me kindly. I found that their society was just what I needed. They were both pious people, and there was a softness in their manners which was above their rank."

The cobbler's name was John Poole. He began to pray with the lads, and at length induced them to pray with him. "In order to take off all fears from my mind," says Mr. James, "he requested me the first time I prayed, to go and stand in a small place that was boarded off, in which coals and other matters were kept." Here, in the dark corner, John Angell James, whose fame wes to fill the religious world, made his first public prayer.

"The little circle at the shoemaker's was enlarged by two more young men, who were permitted to join us. We usually all met, on a Sabbath evening after a sermon, at his house for prayer and praise, and very sweet and sacred were the seasons that we spent there."

We know not whom we are influencing by right or by wrong doing, nor do we know how long or how far our influence is to extend. Byron said of Rousseau, that he "multiplied himself among mankind." Our words and our efforts are the multiples of the acts of others; they are seed sure to produce their own kind, and to find some soil in which they will grow and flourish.

The prayerful apprentice and John Poole, the cobbler, live in thousands of lives to-day through the influence of John Angell James; and Rousseau, though his sentimental life and his unbelief have dwindled to a mere incident on history's page, still lives in dark intellects and unquiet hearts.

Is your life so positive for good that its accidents and incidents preach? Is your unconscious life a weight in the scale of good, or in the balance of evil?—*Christian at Work.*

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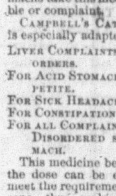

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