

these? When this last week some of the boys schemed from school to see the central fair in town, and were punished for it by their teachers and by their parents, they promised or resolved to do so no more. That was a good resolution. When one does everything that is right and nothing that is wrong, never swears, nor steals, nor fights, obeys his parents, attends Sabbath school, etc., he is moral, he has morality. But these things cannot take him to heaven, and why? Suppose last week one of you boys had gone to the gate of the fair ground to get in, and the gate-keeper should ask for your ticket or money, and you should say, "I have none; but I washed my face this morning and I blackened my boots, and carried in the wood, and did all my homework, and promised never to scheme from school again, so I want in." The gate-keeper would say, what you have done is all right, but I can't admit you on that account. No admittance without a ticket or money.

Now, we cannot get to heaven by morality or good resolutions, which make up self-righteousness, because these things cannot do for us what we must have done; they cannot take our sins away, and they cannot make us fit for heaven. Jesus alone can do this, and so He says in the text, "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Don't trust in any one else. Don't take hold of anything else, or you will never get there. God shuts heaven's gate against every one who is not taken up by Jesus. But every one whom He takes up passes in and is made welcome forever.

SHARP WORDS.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Wheaton, shortly.

Mrs. Wheaton's face flushed scarlet; she looked up at him, and, if I mistake not, a sharp reply got up as far as her throat, but she choked it down; it did not part her lips. She looked furtively at me, but I looked steadily at the fire. Mr. Wheaton all the time was quite unconscious of the stir his words had made in one tender and sensitive heart. Then Mrs. Wheaton murmured something about her scissors, and slipped out of the room.

Mrs. Wheaton had ventured to make some remark on some business question; I think it concerned the morality of some Wall street operations. The subject was one with which she had no great acquaintance, and perhaps her woman wit was at fault. Indeed I remember thinking at the time that it was, at least in part; but what she said was not nonsense.

After Mrs. Wheaton had gone out there was a moment or two of silence; then I broke it. Mr. Wheaton and I are old friends, and I presumed a little on that fact.

"Tom," said I, "how long have you been married?"

"Twenty-four years next May," said he. "A year from next May, if we both live so long, will be our silver wedding. And yet it seems but yesterday that Lucy and I were sleighing it in the moonlight that Christmas that I ran away from home for my holidays, much to the chagrin and vexation of my sisters, because I found greater attractions at Lucy Vine's."

"I wonder," said I, speaking slowly and musingly, and as it were to myself—"I wonder if that Christmas holiday you would have spoken to Lucy Vine as you spoke to your wife just now?"

"How?" said Mr. Wheaton; and he turned sharply upon me.

"Nonsense!" I repeated; and I threw into my voice all the vigour and the sharpness there had been in his. It was a hazardous experiment, but Tom and I were old friends; and at all events there was no drawing back now.

He looked at me sharply for a moment, and I looked at him; then his eyes went back to the fire. "Shoh!" said he, speaking to himself. "I wonder—" and then quickly turning back to me, "Do you suppose she minded it?"

"What did she get up and go out for without a word in reply?" I asked.

"To get her scissors, I believe," said he.

I laughed at him. "It is taking her a long time to find them," I replied. "Yes, she did mind it. If you had seen the quick flush in her face, and the quick look, first at you and then at me, and the choking at the throat, and the nervous movement of the hands, you would not have doubted that she minded it. Suppose she had said to you 'Nonsense!'" and I fired at him again as explosively as I could, "how would you have liked it?"

He shook his head slowly; he was still studying the fire.

"Suppose I had said to her, 'Nonsense?'" (expressively as before), "how would you have liked it?"

"I would have said you were no gentleman," said Mr. Wheaton; "but—but—"

"But what?" said I.

"By George, John, a fellow can't be studying all the time how he'll talk to his own wife, you know. If he can't be free at home, he can't be free anywhere. She ought not to be so sensitive. She knows I didn't mean anything."

"Tom," said I, "if any one else accused you of saying something when you didn't mean anything, you'd get redder in the face over it than she did just now. You did mean something. You meant exactly what you said. You thought what your wife said was nonsense, and blurted it right out."

"Well, it was nonsense," said Mr. Wheaton.

"I am not sure of that," said I; "but if it were, that was no reason why you should tell her so."

"Do you always weigh your words when talking with your wife, as if you were in a witness box before a Philadelphia lawyer?"

"No matter what I do," said I. "Perhaps I have learned a lesson here to-night that will make me more careful hereafter. Of one thing I am sure, Tom: if we were as careful of our wives after twenty-five years of married life as we are of our girls in courtship—"

But I did not finish my sentence, for just at that moment the door opened and Mrs. Wheaton came in. I had barely time to notice that she had forgotten what she went for; for she had no scissors in her hand, when Mr. Wheaton, in his warm, impulsive way, reached out his hand, and caught hers, drew her to him, and said, "Lucy, my dear, Mr. Laicus here has been giving me a regular going over for speaking to you as I did just now. It was nonsense, you know; but I had no business to tell you so; at least not in that brutal style."

She flushed redder than before; then stooped down; brushed the rich, black hair from off his forehead; put a kiss upon it; thanked me with her eyes; and then said, "I declare I forgot my scissors after all," and slipped out of the room again.

"John," said Mr. Wheaton, grasping me by the hand, "I am much obliged to you. I remember Lucy always had a sensitive soul; I wonder if I have been pricking it with sharp words without knowing it all these years. I think I have learned a lesson to-night which I shall not soon forget."

"I think I have learned one, too," I replied.—*Christian Union.*

EFFECT OF SYMPATHY.

John B. Gough tells many affecting stories of his experience in rescuing men and women from drunkenness. He addressed a temperance meeting in a town in England, and a man and a woman came forward together to sign the pledge. Their appearance was wretched in the extreme. The man was bowed down, his hands twitched nervously, and he had a silly look, as if the drink had scorched up his intellect. The woman was fierce-looking, dirty and slovenly; the ragged remains of her garments were tied round her waist by a bit of rope, and above these nothing but an old shawl twisted and brought over one shoulder and under the other. Certificates printed in colours were given to members; the price of them was sixpence each. The man looked wistfully at them, and after a few moments remarked to his wife:

"I would like to join and get a 'stiffkit.'"

"There's sixpence to pay for them things; now you come 'long o' me," repeated the woman, pulling him away.

"Well, good people," kindly said a gentleman, "I hope you will sign the pledge."

"We have signed the pledge, me and my missus. We want to get a 'stiffkit and join the society.'"

"Well, why do you not?"

"There's sixpence to pay for 'em."

"That need make no difference," said the gentleman cheerily. "Here, Mr. Secretary, make these good people out a couple of certificates, and here is the shilling for them."

The man and the wife were very differently affected by this act of kindness. The former stood erect, with a more manly air, but the woman put on almost a savage look, as if resenting the first approach to kind-

ness, but finally she lifted her hand to dash away a tear! Then another—and another came—they would come; so, covering her face with her hands, she let them come. The tears ran over her hands. The word of kindness had recalled the womanly nature in her. She gave her name; the certificate was handed to her; and the two poor creatures looked bewildered, and almost lovingly, at each other.

The gentleman who had paid the shilling laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and said:

"Now remember, you are one of us. You have signed the temperance pledge, you belong to the society, and you must always remember you are one of us."

"Did ye hear that, old woman?" cried out the man. "Did ye hear that? He says we're 'one of us.'"

And they went out of the hall. Three years and more had passed from the time when the above scene occurred, when at the close of an address in a town at some distance, a person told Mr. Gough that a man wished to see him.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"He is a mechanic; he has been living here for some time, and is an active member of our society. He says: if I tell you 'it's one of us,' you'll know."

"Show him up."

It was the same man, but now clean, tidy and healthy. Mr. Gough told him how glad he was to meet him, and that he should not have known him; and then asked:

"Have you ever seen the gentleman who said, 'you're one of us?'"

"No, sir," replied the man; "but I'll never forget him, if I never meet him till I meet him in heaven. Then I'll tell him how his good kind words helped me when I needed help. My wife is a changed woman now, and she remembers him, and when she teaches the children to say their prayers, she weaves in requests that God would bless him."

WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

If a man is fit to preach, he is worth wages. If he is worth wages, he should receive them with all the regularity that is demanded and enforced in business life. There is no man in the community who works harder for what he receives than the faithful minister. There is no man in whose work the community is more interested—to whom regular wages that will not cost him a thought are so important.

Of what proportionate use can any man be in the pulpit whose weeks are frittered away in mean cares and petty economies? Every month or every quarter day every pastor should be sure that there will be placed in his hands, as his just wages, money enough to pay all his expenses. Then, without a sense of special obligation, he can preach the truth with freedom, and prepare for his public ministration without distraction.

Nothing more cruel to a pastor, or disastrous to his work, can be done than to force upon him a feeling of dependence upon the charities of his flock. He is the creature of a popular whim, and a preacher without influence to those who do not respect him or his office sufficiently to pay him the wages due to a man who devoted his life to them. Manliness cannot live in such a man, except it be in torture—a torture endured simply because there are others who depend upon the charities doled out to them.

Good, manly pastors do not want gifts—they want wages. They need them and the people owe them; but they take to themselves the credit of benefactors, and place their pastor in an awkward and false position. If Christians do not sufficiently recognise the legitimacy of the pastor's calling to render him fully his wages, and to assist him to maintain his manly independence before the world, they must not blame the world for looking upon him with contempt that forbids and precludes influence. The world will be quite ready to take the pastor at the valuation of his friends, and the religion he teaches at the price its professors are willing to pay in a business way for its ministry.—*Dr. Holland, in Scribner's Magazine.*

In his proposed treaty with the King of Ashantee, the Governor of the Gold Coast, west Africa, insists that the human sacrifices shall be utterly abolished in his kingdom.

The English papers note the fact, as a proof of Mr. Gladstone's great vitality, that though he has been a prodigious student he has not used spectacles until the present year, though past seventy years of age.