

MR. MOODY'S FAREWELL COUNSELS.

Mr. Moody commenced his farewell discourse, speaking as follows: I want to speak to you from a word of four letters—able—and my prayer is that if you forget everything else that has been said during these services, the Lord by His Spirit may so impress that word upon your hearts that you may never forget it. In the fourteenth chapter of Romans, and fourth verse, you will find these words, "Yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand." God is able to make him stand. I have no doubt that there are many skeptics, and even lukewarm Christians, that are saying in their hearts that these young converts will not stand long. They say, "Wait three months, or at the most six months, and see where all the converts are at the end of that time." "They won't stand; they won't stand."—I have heard that said all my life. Our fathers and our fore-fathers heard it. "Ah," they say, "they won't hold out," but look at the thousands and thousands of Christians that have held out notwithstanding these prophecies. If you young converts, now in the morning of your Christian experience, will learn the lesson of this one word "able" it may save you many a painful experience. You cannot stand of yourselves, but it is God that is going to make you stand. He was able to make Joseph stand down there in Egypt, and to make Elijah stand before Ahab, and to make Daniel stand in Babylon, and John Bunyan to stand in Bedford. Probably he had as mean a nature as any one, and yet God was able to make him stand and to enable him to overcome that mean nature. The moment we lean on an arm of flesh, that moment we fall; then we are on dangerous ground; we walk on the edge of a volcano, on the brink of a precipice. I remember when I was a young Christian I used to think that it would be easier after a time, and that when I had been a Christian fifteen or twenty years, I should have but few temptations and difficulties; but I find that the longer I live the more dangers I see surrounding me. Why, Samson judged Israel for twenty years and then fell into sin; and how many men there are who fall in their old age. I don't mean that they are finally lost, but they fall into sin. They make some mistake, or their old temper springs up and they do some mean thing, and very often the Church has not as much sympathy with such persons as it ought to have. Toomuch is frequently expected of young Christians. There is a great difference between a man falling into sin and loving sin. If you fall into sin and all the time hate it, go and tell the Lord all about it, for he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Guard against self-confidence, and the Lord will strengthen you and "make you stand." We find in the tenth of 1st Corinthians this caution: "Wherefore, let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Be watchful; be prayerful keep your eye fixed on Christ, not on any man, however good he may be. Christ is able to make you stand, able to deliver you out of every temptation; and he will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able. In Hebrews 2nd and 18th verse, we read, "For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." It has often been wonderfully encouraging to me to think that my Master has travelled all through this wilderness, that he knows all about the trials and temptations to which we are subject, and therefore he is able to succor those that are tempted. When the old nature and the old temper assail you look to Him for strength. People lay it down as a wise rule in temporal things, "Don't live up to your income;" but you ought to live up to your income spiritually. Use all the grace you have. God has yet plenty more. He has got a throne of grace established so that you may go and tell all that you may need. Use all the grace that God gives you, and don't save any, but when you want more, go and ask Him for it. See the face of God every morning before you see the face of man. Don't get more than one day's march from the throne of grace, and you will not go far astray.

UNEQUALLY YOKED.

It means that I am not to be unequally yoked with an unbeliever. And that goes right to the root of society. We cannot be yoked up with unbelievers. I believe it goes into business. I don't know but some business men in Philadelphia would say: That man don't know anything about business, if he talks in that way. I don't see how a man walking with God can be yoked up with a man that has no sympathy with him: who may do some act for which he is equally responsible, but which is quite against his principles. The partner may do something that reflects upon his character. This was the case with a man with whom I was talking not long ago. I asked him how long he had

been a Christian. He said: "Sixteen years ago." "Very well," said I, "when did you form that partnership?" "Five years ago," "Well," said I, "you made the mistake five years ago. How came you to yoke yourself up with these unbelievers?" "Well," said he "they had capital; it was a good chance for me." "Yes, you thought it was a good chance; and now you have got caught. You are with men who have no sympathy at all with Christ and Christians. They have got no principle, according to your own account; and they have voted to make your firm do something you abhor. You have lost your Christian influence, you have lost your standing in this community and you have no one to blame but your self. You never ought to have formed that partnership." "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Then it comes into matrimony. I do not see how a Christian man is going to marry an unconverted woman, or how an unconverted man can live happily with a Christian woman. "Be not unequally yoked." Ah! many may say; "We may save the man and bring him to Christ;" or, "We may win the woman to Christ." But if you will only do that before you are married you will have a better chance. If you do not do that you will have a very hard journey. Many a woman who has come to me, with tears in her eyes, telling me what terrible sufferings she has had with a man who ought to have been like her own life, just part of her own life, who has been fighting her all her life; and, while she has been trying to bring up the children to be Christians and to teach them to pray, the husband has been teaching them to swear. If we knew our Bible better, we would be saved from a great deal of this trouble. A great deal of trouble comes on account of being unequally yoked. You may laugh at it and make light of it; but the time is coming when you will regret it, if you go on against the Word of the Lord. It is better to bow to the Word of God; and if that Word means anything I believe it means what it says—that we are not to be unequally yoked with unbelievers in anything.—D. L. Moody.

A RAIN DROP.

Noiseless and swift a rain-drop sank into the sea. Silent the sea the rain-drop drank, and made no sign. "Ah, me! ah, me!" The rain-drop cried, "Here am I lost. No thirsty land To cool and save. Of one drop's cost What knows the bitter salt sea-sand?" Into an oyster's open shell Deep in the sea, Noiseless and swift the rain-drop fell, And by slow, subtle alchemy Into a shining pearl was changed— A pearl so white No diver who the deep sea ranged Had seen or dreamed a fairer sight. To-day the peerless, snowy gem Men kneeling see, Set in a royal diadem, And kings count up its pedigree. They reckon not the rain-drop lost By thirty lands. From bloom and tree. Of that drop's cost Naught knew the bitter salt sea-sands. From the Persian.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES. One day the duke of Buccleuch, a Scotch nobleman, bought a cow in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, where he lived. The cow was to be sent home the next day. Early in the morning as the duke was taking a walk in a very common dress, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his residence. The cow was very unruly, and the poor boy could not get on with her at all.—The boy not knowing the duke, bawled out to him in broad Scotch accent: "He, mun, come here, and gie's a hand wi' this beast." The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress— "Come here mun, and help us, and as sure as I get anything, I'll gie ye half I get." The duke went and lent a helping hand. "And now," said the duke, as they trudged along after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?" "I dinna ken," said the boy, "but I'm sure o' something for the folks at the big house are guid to a' bodies." As they came to a lane near the house the duke slipped away from the boy and entered by a different way. Calling his butler, he put a sovereign in his hand saying— "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow." He then returned to the end of the lane where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back. "Well, how much did you get?" asked the duke. "A shilling," said the boy, "and there's the half of it to ye." "But surely you had more than a shilling," said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "sure that's a' I got, an' d'ye no think it plenty?" "I do not," said the duke, "there must be some mistake, and as I am acquainted with the duke, if you return, I think I'll get you more." They went back, the duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled. "Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling." "It was that chap there with the apron," said he, pointing to the butler. The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven, but the duke indignantly ordered him to give the boy the sovereign and quit his service immediately. "You have lost," said he, your money, your situation, and your character by your deceitfulness. Learn for the future honesty is the best policy." The boy now found out who it was that had helped him drive the cow; and the duke was so well pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy that he sent him to school and provided for him at his own expense.—Early Days.

FRANCIS ASBURY.

BY REV. DANIEL CUREY, D. D.

The foremost figure of the heroic age of American Methodism must ever be—what ever honors may be justly awarded to others—Francis Asbury. The son of a quiet Staffordshire artisan, he had been converted while yet a boy, and was a preacher at sixteen. For six years he had been a "helper" in Wesley's army of itinerants, and then coming to America, in 1772, he had given himself "wholly" to the work of an evangelist for twelve successive and successful years. And now he stood forth, the leader of the newly reorganized and recruited host, with a continent for their battle-field, and the massed forces of sin and ignorance, and the fashions of ungodliness, for their antagonists. To merely human estimates that little band of less than a hundred preachers, unlearned and unrenowned, unknown and unrecognized by others, that issued forth from Baltimore on that January morning, presented nothing either admirable or formidable. And yet they bore with them the possibilities of a noble future. To the casual observer the newly-appointed leader was only a plain man, in homely garb, and unprepossessing in appearance; and yet in his bosom burned a soul that impelled him onward to do and to suffer as an Apostle. Let us come nearer to him, and contemplate the portrait of the man, as it has come down to our times, from the hand of the artist and the pen of the historian.

A strong and impressive image looks out from that canvas—a brow and forehead whose breadth and height suggest the presence of strong and earnest thoughts, with clearness of mental vision, and varied powers of combinations. Beneath that brow beams forth an eye that seems to be looking into the unknown; that indicates the man of thought, who finds his theme for meditation in the solitudes of his own consciousness; that glows with a poetic spirituality which hides forever in the soul, incapable of being uttered in measured verse or rhymed melodies. The lower features tell of firmness and unconquerable resolution—the persistency of purpose, that having begun a good work, pursues with unyielding steadiness to the end.

But back of these external features was a soul of whose lofty features the painter could give only the faintest shadow; and yet there lay the mighty spiritual forces that made him what he was. His was a heart inflamed with the love of Christ, and in liveliest sympathy with his Master in his yearning compassion for the ruined race of Adam. His was a soul at once subdued and chastened by the transforming power of the divine Spirit, and impelled by holy zeal to count it all joy to serve his divine Master and to build up his kingdom among men. Like his Lord, Asbury was a solitary man—meditative, as one intent on great designs, and having cares and consolations that he seldom shared with others. He knew only his own work, and to this he gave himself with all the devotion of an Eastern dervish, but with none of his fanaticism. He was exacting toward all who co-operated in his great work; but what he asked of others was always less than he freely rendered himself. His conferences united the characteristic of councils of war with victory already assured, and of pentecostal seasons of Christian communion. His home was in the saddle, and the pulpit was his throne; for there he was himself, with a fullness and freedom found in no other position. His associates and coadjutors recognized his devotion to his calling, and willingly emulated his zeal and labors and self-sacrifices; and so, animated with a holy enthusiasm that defied the ordinary obstacles to successful ministerial labors, they went forth to do and to endure, but in any case to win souls for Christ, and to extend the fields of their own labours and triumphs.

FOR THE AGED.

[The following hymn was composed by the late Charlotte Elliot, author of "Just as I am," during a night of great suffering, in her eightieth year. She gave it, the night after she wrote it, to a relative, who has found the hymn prove a comfort to so many aged Christians that she desires its publication.] In life's evening long and dreary, From the treasures once possessed, Is thy spirit faint and weary? Dost thou long to be at rest? On this sweet promise fix thy sight: "At evening time it shall be light." "Light is sown" for thee and gladness. Even in this vale of tears; Soon will pass the night of sadness, Grief will fly when morn appears; Still to Faith's strong illumined sight, "At evening time it shall be light." Look not on the ills around thee, Earth grows darker every hour; Let not crime's increase confound thee, Limited is Satan's power. Look on to regions pure and bright, "At evening time it shall be light." Dwell not on the growing weakness That precedes thy frame's decay; Rise above depressing sickness, Catch the dawn's approaching ray, Faith can discern the day-star bright, "At evening time it shall be light." See thy Saviour bending o'er thee, Even to old age the same; Set life's one chief end before thee, Still to glorify his name, While on Himself is fixed thy sight,—"At evening time it shall be light."

EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMAR-TINE.

In the tribe of Neggedeh there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near and a Bedouin of another tribe, by name Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it, his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire. He resolved to stain his face with the juice of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together, so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped he went to wait for Maber, the owner of the horse, whom he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Maber approaching on his beautiful steed he cried out in a weak voice:

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this spot to seek for food. I am dying; help me, and heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carry him home, but the rogue replied— "I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Maber, touched with pity, dismounted, led his horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on its back. But no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle than he set spurs to the horse and galloped off, calling out as he did so— "It is I, Daher. I have got the horse and am off with him."

Naber called after him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Maber, who was armed with a spear.

"Since heaven has willed it I wish you joy of it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not?" said Daher. "Because," said the noble Arab "another might be really ill, and men would fear to help them. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to the owner, accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became fast friends for life.

LEARNING BY HEART.

The Saturday Review believes in this old-fashioned practice. It says:—

"The basis of all sound knowledge and all true appreciation of the literature of any language is a careful, reverent pondering study of the text of the best authors who have written in it.—And in the process of such study learning by heart is a most important, it might almost be said an indispensable element. No means, for example, are so effective for helping the young scholar over the formidable difficulties which he must encounter when he first breaks ground in the literary language. No other process gives him so speedy or so sure a mastery of genders and qualities, of the combinations of case, of exceptional inflections, of the right order and relations of words in a sentence, and of the other rudimentary idioms of construction. Again, the student of a literary language, whether ancient or modern, has acquired no real mastery over it, no real insight into it, until he has learnt to compose in it to a certain extent. And nothing promotes the acquisition of the art of composition so much as learning by heart. No plan, for example, has ever been found so successful for teaching boys and girls to write Greek and Latin, French or German prose, as that of causing them to render them, translated into English from a standard author, back into the language of the original, and then making them learn the original by heart and compare it with their own faulty attempt. Or, if, as some modern critics and essayists tell us, the appreciation of style is the great result to be produced by a literary training, what process is so apt to generate this faculty as that of committing to memory famous passages from the works of great masters of style? A hundred lines of Plato or Cicero committed to memory are worth more than pages of discourse by the acutest critic upon the styles of Plato or Cicero.

THE HOUSE AND FARM.

WHAT IS HIGH FARMING?

An American farmer of note, after visiting England, and examining with the critical eye of a practical and experienced agriculturist the system pursued there, says: "I am thoroughly confirmed in my old faith that the only good farmer of our future is to be the 'high farmer.' There is a widely prevailing antipathy among the common farmers of our country against not only the practice of high farming, but against the use of the phrase by agricultural writers. This is all wrong, and should at once be corrected. Through some misconception of the meaning of the phrase, and also of its application, they have come to believe it synonymous with the theoretical book-farming, new-fangled notions, boasted progress, followed by disappointment and final failure. This is all an error. High farming simply means thorough cultivation, liberal manuring, bountiful crops, good stock, good feed, and paying profits therefrom. It is not strange that misconceptions have arisen in the minds of doubting farmers who have been eye-witness to some of the spread eagle experiments of enthusiastic farmers, better supplied with money obtained in a business they knew how to do than with practical experience on the farm. Bountiful crops and paying profit of course are what all farmers who are depending upon the farm for an income are striving to obtain; and every year as it passeth is confirming the opinion that the profits are small, and will grow beautifully less where high farming is not practiced."

POURING TEA.—The Housekeeper says:—There is more to be learned about pouring out tea and coffee than most ladies are willing to believe. If those decoctions are made at the table, which by far is the best way, they require experience, judgment, and exactness; if they are brought to the table ready-made, it still requires judgment so to apportion them; that they shall prove sufficient in quantity for the family party, and that the elder members shall have the stronger cups. Often persons pour out tea who, not being at all aware that the first cup is the weakest, and that the tea grows stronger as you proceed, bestow the poorest cup upon the greatest stranger and give the strongest to a very young member of a family, who would have been better without any. Where several cups of equal strength are wanted you should pour a little into each, and then go back, inverting the order as you fill them up, and then the strength will be apportioned properly. This is so well understood in England that an experienced pourer of tea waits till all the cups of the company are returned to her before she fills any a second time, that all may share alike.

SICK CANARIES.—The following treatment has completely restored a fine singer for me, which I quite despaired about, as he had been sick and silent for months. Leave off seed entirely. Make a paste of sweet milk and bread crumbs, throwing the crumbs into the milk while boiling, and stir until quite smooth; add a pinch of cayenne pepper, rubbed occasionally by some finely-mingled clove of garlic; dissolve in the drinking water a little black currant jelly, a bit of fig, or half a potato lozenge. I used all of these and my bird is well; so to which the preference should be given I know not, though I inclined to the jelly. It may take a long time to cure the bird, and if the trouble arises from hardness of the tongue it must be painted daily with strong borax water. If he sneezes, a little olive-oil must be gently put up the nostrils. He should have plenty of tepid water to bathe in, celery, sweet apple, or lettuce. But by no means hang him close to the window, the cold is too severe, even in a moderately warm room, for a bird in delicate health. Paste must be fresh daily.—A.L.K.

ANTI-CROUP CONTRIVANCE.—To mothers whose children have the croup: First get a piece of chamois skin, make a little bib, cut out the neck and sew on tapes to tie it on, then melt together some tallow and pine tar: rub some of this in the chamois and let the child wear it all the time. My baby had the croup whenever she took cold, and since I put on the chamois I have had no more trouble. Renew with the tar occasionally.—E. V. M.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP.—Fresh slaked lime and soda and tallow, of each two pounds; dissolve the soda in one gallon boiling soft water; mix in the lime, stirring occasionally for a few hours; after which let it settle, pouring off the clear liquor and boiling the tallow until it is all dissolved; cool it in a flat box and cut in bars or cakes as desired. If you wish it flavoured before it is cool stir in a little sassafras oil. A cheap way to make soap is to take potash six pounds, lard four pounds, rosin quarter of a pound. Beat up the rosin, mix all together and set aside for five days, then put the whole into a ten-gallon cask of warm, soft water and stir twice a-day for ten days, at the end of which time you will have one hundred pounds of excellent soap.

DRINKING IMPURE WATER.—A great deal of mischief is sometimes done by drinking water in marshy countries, and this mischief may be prevented by merely boiling it. That is a very good thing, but still it is better on the whole, to make a weak infusion of something like tea in it, and that is the system which has been practiced for a thousand years in China.

TO MAKE COURT-PLASTER.—Take half a dozen pigs feet, well cleaned for cooking, and boil to a jelly of about half a pint or less, then spread with a brush on any waste scraps of silk, and it will be good adhesive plaster for covering slight wounds or abrasions of the skin. The fatty substance of the feet will rise to the surface of the boiling, and when cold can be easily removed.

Some were lit just like Little country mamma full to boots, at the big him. Headless boy, cr clothes far. This could no a bit of on the la in there put up, vases. The d a big st having f the sittin a horse old stic still. "That surprise. "I don said aut the time here, Ro So the and got up stair piazza, w on the p "Now, his aunt, down on and keep So Ro on his la stepping-drew a l, said, "O, so." "Pity s "Cats their lives "There into a sto long enou "O, de keepin' st in this lit ain't fan that can't O, auntie, and feet crooked, "Your said the l at all." Then a what was "I'm all awful long. "One n "O, au hour, and Can't I g "Yes, c come up i of cars wi "Won' "No, u me much, little boy, they will well. To would fol one minut We will e By-and-by and five m not like a "Yes, hope man kept merr boy.—Wa