BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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Sketch of a sermon preached in the Methodist Church, in Raleigh, N. C., Sunday Morning, Nov. 13th, 1870. (Baptist State Convention) by Elder J. C. Hiden, Pastor 1st Baptist Church, Wilmington, N. C.:

THE NOISELESS SAVIOR.

"He shall not strive nor cry; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets. A bruised reed he shall not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory." Matthew xii. 19-20.

INTRODUCTION.

Still waters are deep. The shallow torrent roars. This furious, fussy age does not appreciate this. Newspapers, magazines, reviews, steam-engines and telegraphs flourish. Bacon's calm dignity of style is ignored. Headley's tumid sentences and sensational exclamation points appreciated. We live in public, and think things important in proportion to the noise they make in the world. The quiet student is unknown; the fussy sensationalist is the man for the times.

The work of Christ quiet

I. IN ITS CONCEPTION.

This took place in the Divine mind. No sudden emergency. Man's greatest works are often results, not of calm deliberation, but of great emergencies. Our greatest men are often, to a great extent, the creatures of circumstances. Luther, Wesley, and Stonewall Jackson are examples. But in God's government there are no revolutions; and in His plans there are no emergencies. He is not a weak monarch reduced to straits by the desperate emergency of the fall of man, and suddenly aroused to the necessity of providing a remedy. He saw the end from the beginning, and he knows no emergencies. When the Devil rebelled in heaven, he found a hell "prepared" for him. On man's preparation for great events, what a noise he makes! Drums, cannon, windy orations, &c., about a petty election. But God was so quiet in the conception of His plan, that even the angels did not find it out. (I Peter i. 12.) Which things the angels desired to look into.

Christ's work quiet

II. IN ITS EXECUTION.

Perfectly performed feats are accomplished with apparent ease. Orators seem to speak without difficulty. It looks easy, because it is well done. Hamlet seems perfectly easy and natural. Gray's elegy. Jesus introduced by angelic choir, singing a glorious song, but the *audience* were a few Galilean shepherds, whose very names are unknown. His youth was quiet. *Our* boys of genius must be wild and wayward. Jesus *obeyed*. First noticeable point in his biography, after his infancy, is a quiet conversation with the Jewish Rabbis. Thoughtful reply to his mother—must be about his Father's business. Ministry quiet. Discourse on New Birth delivered to a single auditor in the dead of night. People got up excitement over him; but he deprecated and avoided it—conveyed himself away, a multitude being in that place. Discourse on spiritual worship delivered while sitting on a well, and to one obscure and even *disreputable* woman. When the crowds *would* run after him, he told them they wanted the loaves and fishes. At his baptism the Dove (quiet bird of peace) descended upon him. He was transfigured before three fishermen. Did not interfere with domestic habits of the people. The Jews *charged* him with desiring to be a king. Their *real* quarrel with him was that he *would not* be a king. He refused to be a judge in a dispute about property. Probably no great crowd at his crucifixion—the Roman guard, a few mad priests and scribes, and a few scared women, together with the Apostle John probably made up the greater part of the company. Nobody saw him rise from the dead. The ascension was marvellously quiet. See that little knot of eleven men gathered on Mount Olivet. How eagerly they listen to the loving words of their risen Lord, and he promises in a few days they shall be baptized in the Holy Spirit! Look at their gleaming eyes and parted lips. His last lingering words die away on the pure mountain breeze, and look! He noiselessly mounts upon the air. No blinding lightnings blaze from the clouds upon the astonished eyes of the little band. No bellowing thunders reverberate through the skies, to tell that heaven is weary of his long absence. No retinue of angels awaken the echoes of the mountain with their heavenly chorus of "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in." But a sunlit cloud opens its lovely portals, and noiselessly receives the majestic form of the glorious Prince of peace.

Christ's work quiet

III. IN ITS APPLICATION.

This consists in the conversion of the soul. No noise is necessary here. No machinery. The Septuagint, in this text, says of Christ that "He shall shine forth." The sun makes no noise in shining, but gives light, warmth, food and life to all nature. A sky-rocket goes hissing into the heavens, and gives nothing. The Sun of righteousness shines quietly. Do not wait for turbulent exercises before you accept Christ. He will save you without these. Christ would not break the bruised reed (old dispensation), nor quench the smoking flax (Mosaic economy). The New dispensation quietly takes the place of the Old, which was worn out, and whose fire was nearly burned out. Accept this quiet Savior. He will not break your bruised heart; he will kindle into a flame the smoking, smouldering interest which you now have. Have you *none?* Then remember his judgment and his victory.

"Every eye shall then behold Him,
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the true Messiah see.
When the solemn trump has sounded,
Heaven and earth shall flee away;
Those who hate Him must confounded,
Hear the summons of that day."

Bishop Atkinson's Sermon on Confirmation, Preached in Christ Church, Newbern, 1869.

Text: Therefore, leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection; not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God, of the doctrine of baptisms, and of laying on of hands, and of resurrection of the dead, and of eternal judgment. Heb. vi; 1—2.

I have lately met with a copy of this discourse. The Bishop commences by telling us we ought to be thankful to Almighty God for having prepared for his people such an enumeration of the principles of the doctrine of Christ as is contained in his text. These principles, like those which pervade and control every science, have, we are told, "three characteristics—universality, perpetuity and inchoativeness." After dwelling upon their importance and showing by various illustrations that it is necessary to learn the principles of a science before we can master its details and make it subservient to our purposes; the author leaves us to infer that we must study and adhere to the principles of christian doctrine as he has unfolded them or we cannot pursue in safety the pathway to a better world. This is all right, provided he has explained correctly the passage on which his sermon is founded.

The good Bishop first disposes of five of the principles, in accordance with his plan of interpretation, and then proceeds to the main design of his discourse, which is to prove that confirmation is a scriptural ordinance binding on all christians, designed for all time and introductory to other ordinances. Laying on of hands, he says, "refers here to the ordinance following after baptism, by which the Apostles were accustomed to convey to christian people generally the gifts of the Holy Spirit, which ordinance has been perpetuated in the church under the name of confirmation. This has all the marks of a principle of the doctrine of Christ. It is universal, being offered to all christian people." As *generally* does not mean *universally*, it follows, that spiritual gifts were not always conveyed by the laying on of the Apostles' hands. Why they were not, we will see directly. It is also claimed that "the ordinance in question has been perpetuated in the church under the name of confirmation." The word *confirmation* does not occur at all in the Old Testament and but twice in the New. In both these places it has a signification entirely different from that which the Bishop gives it. To employ a scriptural word to represent a scriptural ordinance that is contended for, while neither that word nor any of its cognates is so used in the sacred writings, is enough to make us look with distrust upon a cause that resorts to such an expedient. Surely something must be wrong, when a defender of the faith is compelled to go out of the record and dare not call Bible things by Bible names and annex a Bible signification to Bible terms.

We cannot consent for the Bishop to prove that his confirmation has the mark of universality by saying "it is offered to all christian people," until he proves that Episcopal confirmation is so offered; for his text, properly interpreted, neither says nor implies this, and it is certain that the views of the most eminent ecclesiastics, respecting the superiority of Episcopal functions, have been any thing but unanimous. Many who recognized the validity of the ordinance and were in favor of its observance denied the exclusive right of bishops to dispense it. To say nothing of Calvin one of the author's witnesses, Jerome another of his witnesses held that confirmation administered by a Presbyter is lawful. Indeed, not one of the witnesses summoned by the Bishop to support his scheme sustains the pretensions of the Episcopal church.

The following passage in reference to laying on of hands also occurs: "Being a principle of the doctrine of Christ, it must be of great weight and importance. We cannot be safe, we cannot be innocent, unless we give diligence to find out what it really is, and we must suffer a great loss if we do not receive the benefit which it is instituted to convey." It is here argued that confirmation is invested with great weight and importance, and we are told we cannot be safe and must suffer a great loss if we do not give diligence to find out what it is and submit to what is enjoined. The great benefit to result is pointed out as follows: "And if it be maintained that generally the graces of the Holy Spirit were conveyed by the laying on of the Apostles' hands, we acknowledge it, and declare at the same time that we believe these graces are generally conveyed likewise in confirmation to all indeed who receive that ordinance rightly to wit: in the spirit of repentance and faith." It appears from what is said here and in other parts of the sermon that spiritual graces are always conveyed in confirmation to those who receive the ordinance aright; but in no case to those who do not. But what are the graces of the spirit alluded to? Certainly, they are "hope, love, joy, patience, gentleness, goodness, meekness, temperance." In the first part of his sermon the Bishop says that these self-same graces are generated by repentance and faith. In the extract quoted above, he says, they are conveyed by confirmation. Here is a discrepancy that needs adjustment. We are unable to conceive how these graces can be generated by repentance and faith and be conveyed by confirmation at the same or some other time. If repentance and faith precede confirmation, confirmation is unnecessary, for the graces are already generated. If repentance and faith do not precede confirmation, confirmation is useless, for it distils its blessings on those only who receive it in the spirit of repentance and faith. Unless therefore, there is a distinction involving a difference between repentance and faith on the one hand, and the spirit of repentance and faith on the other—and there really is not, or if there is, it requires a discerner of spirits to detect it—unless this difference does exist, confirmation for the purposes indicated must be void and of none effect.

PETROS.

It is one of the surest signs that the natural life still exists and flourishes in us, if we have what may be called an outward eye, and instead of looking inwardly upon our own failings, are prone closely to watch and to judge others. "Judge not that ye be not judged." One of the first inquiries arising in the mind of a truly humbled and sanctified person, when he sees another in transgression, is, "Who maketh me to differ?" And one of the first supplications which he offers is, "Lord, have compassion upon my offending brother!"—*Ex*

Course of Reading.

Letter 9th

NOVELS.

Though the mania for reading novels seems universal, like the Tulipiana mania in Holland and the South Sea scheme in England and France, we yet affirm that it is not a natural taste, that there is no healthful appetite for them, but a morbid one, like the appetite for tobacco, opium and other narcotics and stimulants, which, though naturally distasteful at first, pervert the faculty of taste, and become more difficult to abandon than wholesome food and beverages. We do not say that novels are not interesting, but that they are really, intrinsically, abstractly, less interesting than history, biography, travels, in short, than all species of composition, which reveal the wonderful, multifarious, polyglotic, microcosmic human heart, for nothing in the world can be so interesting to man as man, as his like, his fellow-liver, his duplicate. You may place a stranger in a foreign crowd and though he may scutinize them, yet, let his eyes fall upon one, whom he recognizes as of the same race and country as himself, his interest will be increased. Even the brutes show more interest in their congeners than in a different species. A strange dog, coming into a promiscuous crowd of men and lazy, listless dogs, will instantly cause every ear to prick and every tail to move.

From these arguments and illustrations we conclude that the discovery of truth is the most interesting and pleasing result of reading, and that, cæteris paribus, those books please most, which contain the most truths. If it be alleged on behalf of novels that one class of truths may be more interesting than another; I answer, in the words of the poet:

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction,"

and therefore, actual historical truths will always be preferred by every regulated mind to the potential and contingent truths of fictitious writings. Their advocates affirm that the supposed situations, the loves and hates, the adventures, the conflicts with ghosts, giants windmills and moonshine, the miraculous escapes ex machina and the catastrophes of their heroes and heroines may occur in real life, and many sophomores and romantic flirtillas echo the commendation and say that they have learned on the Lake of Calms, in a gaily painted iron, India-rubber, or gutta percha, water-tight boat with silken sails, sandalwood oars, in short, in a copy of the barge of Cleopatra, with just enough ripple to rock them asleep and just enough zephyr to swell their butterfly sails—say that they have learned to navigate the frail bark of life to Heaven, at the next, sinking them to the bottomless pit, infested with pirates, beset with shoals, sandbars, breakers and hidden rocks and counter currents—an ocean, which at one time, may seem to slumber like an infant in its mother's arms, at another, rage as if it would restore the reign of Chaos and old Night. These lessons of wisdom woven in the loom of Fancy may do very well in Utopia, where all the men are good, and all the women fairies; but will fail in the world, where the sons of Anak and the children of Immanuel are always contending. If history be the epitomized wisdom of the Past—"philosophy teaching by example," what must novels be?—nothing of this kind, for they are the opposite of history in all respects. Aye, but they contain good theories. Granted. But what are theories worth, until they have been verified by mathematical, or occular demonstration? True, some of the theories—of the supposed situations may be subsequently experienced; but who relies on the doctrine of chances? A man, who is always throwing dice, will be certain, some time or other, to get the particular combination previously wished for. A man who spends his three score years and ten, and all his means in buying lottery tickets in all the lotteries in the world, would almost certainly draw a prize, but what sane man would thus act? particularly when he reflects that the best laid plans of men and mice often go awry? Even undertakings, which admit of plans and calculations, are often thwarted. A general forms a plan of a campaign and thereby demonstrates to the satisfaction of every one that it must succeed; but at the first move, he is checkmated by his adversary. A seafaring man determines the time and place of his departure and of his arrival, what islands he will see, what rocks avoid, what his Easting and Westing, it is all marked down on his chart, and yet, before he crosses the sealine, or dismisses his pilot, he goes down, or lands on Terra del Fuego. Truly, "man proposes but God disposes." How can these stimulants, these Circean cups this exhilarating gas of the mind steady a man for the voyage of life, give him ballast as well as sails for his ship? Oh, but there is a great deal of history in novels, some are historical. Yes, and they are the best and most lasting; but it is stolen thunder; it is an acknowledgment of the superiority which history has over fiction, for all purposes of instruction. The apologetic vaunt recalls the declaration that hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue." But can a drop of cologne sweeten a charnel house? Can an ounce of salt save an ocean of putridity?

O.

Christian Life Real and Unreal.

"Well if that is religion, if that is the way a Christian lives, and feels, I am sure I am not a Christian, and I have little ground to hope I ever shall be."

Who said that? Why a poor Zion bound pilgrim, struggling against the imperfections, of a fallen nature, oft galled by the arrows of Satan, and now trembling in "doubting Castle," because her "experience" was not all joyous, and bright, like that of a good brother who had spoken in the prayer meeting, of his joy in the Lord, but failed to speak of his struggle with sin, and his constant need of the "shield of faith," to ward off the "firy darts of the adversary."

I believe that religious "experiences," as they are called, which we sometimes hear related, do more harm than good. They are deceptive. Not intentionally, not because the relater does not speak the truth, but because he does not speak *whole truth*. For a few days of his life he has been upon the mount of joy, and he selects these, describes with a glowing spirit, those hours of ecstatic joy, those emotions of holy love and zeal, but scarce hints at the trials and conflicts of other days. This he calls his "christian experience" But how far is it from the reality. How much of his experience, and the experience of every true christian would differ widely from this. Because they are thus partial, they do harm and plunge many a timid child of God, especially among the young, into doubts, and keep truly converted souls from connecting themselves with the people of God.

"But would you not have christians speak often one to another of the Lord's dealings with them?" Certainly I would. O that we had more of this kind of speaking, and less gossiping, and evil speaking, and "foolish jesting."

But I would have these "experiences," present the *reality* of christian life, the battle as well as triumph, the days of darkness, the hours of temptation, the night of weeping, which preceded the morning of joy.

Such "experiences" would do good. Would give courage to many a doubter to arise and break from under the power of "Giant Despair."

At a meeting of christian friends, a lady who was by every one regarded as an example of piety, one who had long been looked to almost as a model, for imitation, told how years ago she thought she was "sanctified," freed from sin and self, but that after a few days on the mountain top, she was cast down into the depths, and taught that "the old man" yet lived, and the battle was not yet won. There was an humble devoted christian lady present, who from "watching against sin" saw so much of imperfection on herself, that she was almost ready to despair. But as she listened to the words of this one of deep and long religious experience, and learned she was not alone, in the conflict with sin, the cloud lifted from the horizon, joy filled her soul. As she was leaving the house, she said to a companion, "That encouraged me so much, it did me a great deal of good." And so ye of ripe experiences, can do great good to the weak and timid, to the tempted, and almost desponding, by often speaking of the way in which the Lord has led you, of the rugged rocks over which you have chambered, as well as the still waters beside which his hand guided you. Speak often of God's wondrous doings, and so speak that we shall in your experience see the christian life as it is.

J. B. MARSH.

For the Biblical Recorder.

I have Made up my mind to take Things as they Come.

To an attentive and reflective mind almost anything can be made useful and instructive, though I lay no claim to such a mind. Yet the sentence which heads this composition has been useful and beneficial even to me, for there is scarcely any transaction, either in one's own life, or the life of others to which it is not applicable.

Whether things go well or ill with us, we should not be too much elated by success, or cast down by misfortune, but we ought to learn to take things as they come. I believe in that philosophy which teaches that

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

A destiny we can not shun; for I see misfortunes frequently befalling the wise and prudent, and prosperity happening to the foolish and improvident. I find I am digressing as the preachers say, and diving a little too deep in philosophy, so I will return to my subject. The highest aspiration of a school girl is to stand at the head of her class; but it sometimes happens that a hard or unlooked for question is put, and down and *down* she goes to the foot. Now instead of crying and making herself miserable as some girls do, it would be best for the poor unfortunate to say, "I have made up my mind to take things as they come."

I am so well satisfied of the truth of the sentence, that I use it, and find it applicable to almost everything that comes under my observation. When I see an idle negligent boy (as most boys are) called up to be anointed with the oil of birch, as he writhes and twists under the salutary operation, I say it is good for his health. Let him take things as they come.

When it rains, and the road to school becomes muddy, as the girls trudge along through mud and water, I laugh and say Girls, this is what I call taking things as they come.

When I meet with a girl easily teased and vexed by her playmates, I go to her in her misery and try to comfort her by telling her such things are common, and that she must learn to take things as they come." When I see my honored teachers sorrowful and cast down, or scolding and vexing themselves because of the negligence of idle pupils, I am afraid to say so, I just think these are of age and ought to know how to speak for themselves; but they don't take things as they come.

When I leave the school-room and go out into the country, I frequently meet with persons fond of fine clothes, vain of their personal appearance, and disposed to look down on their superiors with contempt. I think to myself, poor, deluded, foolish creatures, you know not the storm of scorn and contempt you are calling down on yourselves, but you will have to take things as they come. It not unfrequently happens that you meet with persons easily enougered, prone to suspicion, and always looking for and expecting insults when none are intended, thus calling on themselves the evils they pretend to be anxious to shun, and making themselves and all about them miserable. Unhappy men and women say I, you will have to take the disagreeable things which you are so industriously and foolishly laboring to hasten on, for they will surely come.

Whenever I see a young man given up to dissipation, spending his time in drinking and gambling, thus becoming the passive slave of bad habits, I say, poor fellow, rags, beggary and an untimely grave await you, but you will have to take things as they come.

My advice to my schoolmates is to use every effort to make pleasant and useful things come; but if unpleasant, hard and difficult things will notwithstand your efforts, come, bow in humble submission and say, "I have learned to take things as they come."

BROTHER EDITOR:—During my winter vacation, I concluded to visit some of the Baptist churches, and extend my acquaintance among the brethren.

I spent the third Sunday and Saturday before it with the church at Abbott's Creek, Davidson county, their pastor J. B. Richardson being absent. The Lord having recently visited that church with a gracious revival, I found among them a very good state of feeling. They have a sunday school connected with the church, which notwithstanding the cold weather is still in operation. May the Lord bless the church and sunday school.

I also made a short visit to Charlotte, and although an entire stranger, I was received and treated kindly and hospitably. I preached in the Baptist church on Christmas, the fourth Sunday; but owing to the extremely cold weather, and the shortness of the notice, the congregation was quite small. I found the church without a pastor; but I was informed that they were making efforts to procure the services of a pastor. Charlotte seems to be quite a lively and enterprising place, and I would think it was an inviting field for ministerial labor. I hope soon to hear that the brethren there have procured the services of some good, efficient, energetic, and hard-working, minister to take charge of their church, and preach to them the bread of life. Although, at present, without a shepherd, may God in his mercy remember them and soon provide one for them. I think there is a want of ministerial labor in some other churches in that part of the state. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few:' Let us 'pray therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.'

J. H. BROOKS.

The Club House.

About twenty five years since a club-house at the College was popular. A house called the Long House, situated between the College building, and where Elder Purefoy's Hotel now stands was occupied by some young men, who hired a cook and bought provisions (or brought them from home) and at first seemed to do well. But it soon became a nuisance, and the trustees by the recommendation of the Faculty broke it up. At that time it was estimated that two dollars per month, could be saved by each young man who boarded in the club-house. Board could then be obtained in a private family, at seven dollars per month, when it was thought that it would not cost more than five dollars at the club-house.

I tried the club a few months, it cost me six dollars per month. And I soon became so much disgusted with the rude manners of the boys, that I changed my board, with a very poor opinion of a club house at the College.

I consider the restraints thrown around a young man at College, by boarding in an intelligent and refined family of no little importance.

J. P. M.

Report.

Days employed, 3 months; sermons preached, 50; exhortations, 10; held conversation on the subject of religion with 25; sunday school addresses, 2; attended meetings where there were professions, 40; collected, $79.64; expenses, $31.

W. L. FITCHER,
MISSIONARY S. M. B.

Bro. Fitcher expected to attend the last session of the Convention, but was providentially prevented from being present, and therefore his report was not published in the proceedings of that body. I happen to know that brother Fitcher did good service for the cause of State Missions while in the field, and merits the thanks of the Board and the denomination.

T. H. PRITCHARD, Ch'm. Bd.

Dr. Hall tells the story of a Scotchman who sung most piously the hymn:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine.
That were a present far too small,"

and all through the singing fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution box.

Minutes of the Convention.

DEAR EDITOR:—Will you give a brief space in your columns to call the attention of the committee appointed to revise the list of ministers, and also, that appointed to prepare a biographical sketch of the life of the lamented Dr. McDaniel, to the importance of making an early report. The minutes of the Convention have been ready for the printer since ten days after the adjournment of that body. It was desired to publish the proceedings while the impressions of the Convention were fresh in the minds of the delegates. Great complaint will be made if their publication is delayed much longer. The brethren on these committees will please act promptly.

J. L. CARROLL, Rec. Sec.
Wake Forest, Dec. 20, 1870.

P. S. In regard to the committee appointed to revise the list of ministers, I will say that we have used every effort we could to procure a full list, and have only been able to hear from 13 Associations. We were aware that the list should have been sent in; but were anxious to have a more complete one. W. H. PAGE.

Round-Dances at the Confessional.

The following purports to be the bona fide report of a Catholic confessional, in which a young lady who danced told her story, and was read a lesson. True or not, it is good enough to be true:

"Please tell me, father, is it a sin to dance the round-dances?"

"What am I to understand by the round-dances?"

"Waltzes, polkas, gallops, etc."

"Describe a gallop."

"Why, it is something like a waltz, only swifter; and the steps are different, and there are several changes as you make the circuit of the room."

"Alone?"

"By no means, a partner, of course."

"Gentleman, I presume?"

"Well yes; gentleman preferred."

"Takes the lady by the hand?"

"Not exactly; at least, by one hand."

"And how does he dispose of the other?"

"Why, why"—blushing deeply—"you know the lady has to be supported, and so her partner just touches her waist lightly and—"

"But that would afford no support."

"Well, she rests on his ar—hand just a little, father."

"But then she must have a superfluous hand if he takes but one."

"O she rests her other hand upon his shoulder just enough to steady herself." (More blushes.)

"But"—very matter of fact—"is that very comfortable?"

"O yes, father, very comfortable."

"If many couples dance at once, I should think there would be danger of their coming in contact."

"Sometimes, but they recover themselves immediately."

"And the lady is not thrown away from her partner?"

"Oh, not at all; he holds her too closely."

"I think," taking a pinch of snuff, "I understand now what you mean by a round-dance, which I presume you enjoy very much."

"It is perfectly enchanting! particularly when the music is fine, and one has a good partner."

"Do you dance with any gentleman that may be introduced? In society there must be some bad men."

"Well, I'd rather dance with a bad man who is a good dancer, than a good man who is a bad dancer; it don't make much odds about the character of the gentleman, so he is a good dancer. But then, to be sure, I enjoy it a good deal more when I know the gentleman and like him."

"And you think this is proper, and modest, and maidenly, to go careering over a ball-room floor in the arms of a man whom you might or might not have known ten minutes previously?"

"Well, no, but it is the custom."

"Would you permit a stranger entering your father's house to assume the position of a gentleman in the round-dance, and conduct you through your parlors?"

"Of course not; that would be shocking."

"My child, in the eyes of God it is the same."—*Ex*

SELF PRAISE.—A peripatetic Sunday school talker ended a long story thus: And now, my young friends the names of these two boys were Thomas and Philander. Thomas, I have told you, was a bad boy, and went,—down,—down,—down. Philander was a good boy, and went up,—up,—up. Little children, Philander stands before you.