

## Mercy's Victory.

Mercy, in pleading against Judgment, has always had more eloquence in her tears than on her tongue. The divine attributes are perfect. Sin is a violation of God's law, and penalty is inevitable. But Mercy, tender and patient, forever pleads for sinners. She finds argument to urge in reply to all the stern declarations of Justice.

Mercy magnifies the grace of God in human redemption. Mercy smiles in the face of an offended Sovereign, because the heart has found an advocate, an intercessor, and a Savior.

Justice demands that penalty shall be enforced against sin; for sin is a wilful violation of the law of life and order. Sin is open defiance of an infinitely perfect and glorious God—against goodness and love. Crime is proportional to the Being offended; and punishment must bear correspondence to the transgression. There is no other rule by which to maintain harmony in the government of the universe. "The wages of sin is death." Man's punishment grows out of the very sin he has committed. It is the extinction of the good within him, the confusion of faculties and affections, and the destruction of hope itself. Sin knows no limitation of reign. It ruins even to the end, and mortgages the immortality to the second death. It is the kindling of evil passions, and the rush and waste of every virtue.

Every angel knows the penalty of sin. The righteous declaration of law has gone forth to all created worlds. It has rolled as thunder-music through all of heaven's arches; "the soul that sinneth it shall die." Man pardoned, his sin unpunished, even favored and pitied for violating law, the foundations of the divine government are utterly destroyed; the eternal throne is dishonored; the confidence of angels is shattered; the veracity of the Infinite is broken, and all the moral universe, as the tidings shall extend, must be confused; and rebellion begin in every world. If one sinner may escape, then may another, and another, until the human race would become a reckless mob, and all heaven stand appalled. The throne would be undermined; the intelligent creation would be blinded into infernal chaos forever.

Yes, there is a law. And as long as law is law, disloyalty must be punished as a crime.

The sinner cannot be released. Divine penalties spring from principles that underlie the very foundations of the universe and all it holds.

This is the argument of Justice.

Mercy hears and is silent in her tears. Even Mercy is convinced that favor to the sinner would be cruelty to the entire creation besides. Justice is firm; and Mercy bows and weeps.

At this juncture, another scene arrests our imagination. Out from the inaccessible light, which girdles the throne and stretches far back into mysterious intensity of brightness, a Light of lights, before which suns grow dim and cease to shine—out from the perspectives of eternity—from the Beginning, comes a Personage, unseen before, more beautiful than Mercy in her white robes and her unselfish tears, more majestic than invincible Justice indeed, with a divine dignity which He seems to wear as the highest crown of eternal royalty—He comes! With the Ancient of Days He had dwelt forever, as one brought up with Him—a bosom personality with Himself.

With inexpressible pity in His face, He approaches the Father of all and says: "On me be the penalty. In the volume of the Book it is written of me, Lo, I come, and here I am. I will die for sinners. I will drink the bitter cup prepared for man. The law shall be honored, and man shall be redeemed."

Now see: "Justice and Mercy

standing yonder, gazing into each other's face. It is a wonder in heaven. The circling hosts are still. A new glory kindles around the throne, such as archangels had never seen before. Mercy and Justice are reconciled; they clasp hands, and bow together before the throne. The multitudes of the heavenly host fall down in adoration before the wondrous Deliverer. Is it possible? Yes, Justice herself, while holding Mercy's hand, and looking into the Savior's face, weeps for the first time.

Then, suddenly, while both worlds' advocates were bowed in exultant tears, suddenly, bursting from the lips of a great multitude, there rang through heaven a song, like the voice of many waters, like many thunderings and harpers harping on their harps. "Hallelujah! O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out." A just God and yet a Savior! Jehovah and Jesus! "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." "Mercy rejoiceth against Judgment."

And thence came the glad news as an angel song to the shepherds and to the world. The Great Messenger leaves His glory behind and all His wealth, and begins His redemptive work as a Babe of Bethlehem.

Now Mercy has found a new voice. Now Mercy prevails. Everywhere she speaks soothingly to human woe. Everywhere she calls men to seek salvation. She visits loathsome places, she seeks the outcast, the poor, the lowest down and furthest out, and most miserable of the human race, and she evermore speaks in tender tones and looks through tears of pity. Blessed Mercy! Blessed Jesus!—*Methodist Recorder.*

## Girls' Epidemics.

Some one in the "Home Circle" once wrote about boys' epidemics. Not mumps, or measles, or scarlet fever; but marbles, tops, kites and ball epidemics. Observation has shown me that epidemics are not confined to boys, but are very common among the little girls also. Not developing themselves under any of the above-named diseases, but attacking the victim in the same manner. We have had them at our house this year. First it was painting. Every spare penny went for the little, long boxes containing the necessary articles for daubing. Boxes of paints were on every window-sill, every table and everywhere. Wood-cuts in the old superannated school-books were freely embellished; and, I regret to say, some of the more modern ones were similarly adorned. The neighbor's girls caught the disease too, and for awhile it seemed as though a new order of artists was about to be given to the world. Animals, birds and flowers were grouped indiscriminately together and stared at you from every direction. But just as they were reaching a degree of perfection in the art, here another disease breaks out. This time it was making picture frames of splints, straw or shavings. Every decent almanac cut, every prize-package chromo, every illuminated advertisement was adorned with a frame of some sort, and was soon dangling on the wall. Baskets, card-racks, photograph-holders, and dear knows what all, met the eye at every turn. One was almost afraid to go to sleep for fear of waking up with one's head in a splint frame.

After this came the scrap-book mania; and, oh, the ransacking among old newspapers and magazines that took place then! And, oh, the paste that lay in white lines over everything! And, oh, the old blank-books that were resurrected, only to be poked away, half scrap-book and half blank-book, to be called out when the fever should rage again! I think this mania would have lasted longer only a little girl from another neighborhood came one

day and brought her crocheting. She called it crocheting, the dear little busy five-year-old, but she did it with a spool and four pins. Straightway every little girl in our neighborhood caught the contagion. Yards of rainbow-looking strings hung from the tables and work-baskets, or lay in meshes upon the floor. This epidemic was a short duration. This was not variety enough to please or entertain. A lamp-mat or two was the result of this; then the card-board fever set in. This raged for a long time, say ten or twelve days. At any time during the day one might see the victim with their little boxes going to "visit." More card-receivers and photograph-holders sprang into existence; while match-boxes with scratch-my-back dangling to their sides hung in every room. Air-castles, and fairy pagodas swung in every corner, and there were more watch-cases then there were watches to put into them. How the little fingers worked, and how the bright eyes sparkled over their labors of love! Do not think that these epidemics followed each other in very quick succession. There were intervals of weeks when they were free to clamber up the grape-arbor, or swing from the apple-boughs, or chase butterflies by the day fire-flies by evening's twilight. Sometimes the poor, neglected dollies would be taken up and tended while their mamma's played 'lady' with their pin-backs and trails.

Oh, happy, careless days! And oh, mothers, what rich times are these for creeping right into your little girl's hearts. Let us get our card-board and worsted, or splints, or whatever it may be, and nurse them right through these epidemics. How tenderly we would care for them if it were measles or any other disease peculiar to childhood. Why not care for them through these bursts of childish fancies? Why not work with them, suggesting, teaching and guiding? Let the new dress, or the baking, or the ironing wait. It will be all the same the next year. But it will not be the same with these little girls. Every year lessens their interest and enthusiasm in these little fancies, and also lessens our chances for catching the little bursts of confidences, and tenderesses, and endearments. Then when the years shall have transformed these our little daughters into women, they will seek for no better confidante than that mother, who shared their childish joys, and was herself interested in all that pertained to their happiness.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

## Fed From the Well.

The only reason why any true Christian continues to be a Christian is that the well-spring of his soul does not run dry. Jesus is within him "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." People could always predict how Paul would act in any emergency, because the reigning principle within was always the same. "The love of Christ constraineth me." "His glorious soul was always fed from the well, and the well was very deep.

It was the Christ in Edward Payson that gave him his pulpit power; it was Christ within them which sent stout old Livingstone to die amid the jungles of dark Africa, and Wm. C. Burns to preach salvation to the Chinamen. This is the secret of the perseverance of genuine Christians. They hold out for the simple reason that Jesus (who dwells within them) holds out. The fountain-head of all holy affections, and all benevolent deeds, and all self denials and honest sacrifices for the right, is down in the very depths of the heart. Because Christ lives, they live also. You could no more exhaust the grace of a John Wesley or a John Newton, or (in our day) of a John Todd or a Johnny Vassar than you could pump the Hudson dry in the Highlands. What a prodigious idea that is in the apostles' prayer—"that we might be filled with the fullness of God!" When, therefore,

we meet with a man or a woman who almost never disappoints us, who is always abounding in the work of the Lord, who is more anxious to be right than to be rich, and who can ask God's blessing on the bitterest cup of trial—when we meet such a disciple, we always know that he or she is fed from the unfailing well. Their roots penetrate to the well, and, therefore leaves never wither.

In manifold ways will this inward fountain of conscious religion make itself visible. We detect it in the merchant or the banker, who gives Christ the key of his iron safe, and never puts there a dishonest dollar. We see it in the legislator, who holds that one upright man with God on his side is always in the majority. We recognize it in the minister who cares more for souls than salary—more about his prayer meeting than his popularity. We see it in the fearless young man who would rather endure his comrade's sneers than his Savior's frown; in the young maiden who obeys Jesus rather than fashion. I sometimes detect this well spring of cheerful piety in the faithful mother whose daily walk with God is a perennial power in her household. There are poverty stricken homes in this city where grows the plant of contentment as sweet and green as the geranium, which catches the morning sun in the window casement. There are all Christians who never blockade, never disgrace their profession, never run dry. They are fed from the well.

Hence comes a practical hint for all those churches which are thirsting for revival blessings. Are you suffering from a parching drought? Then fill up your souls afresh from the fullness of Christ. As soon as you begin to draw up the living waters from the well there will be an overflow of converting influences among the congregations and the community.—*Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, in Evangelist.*

The duty of communing with one's own heart, we fear, is sadly neglected in this busy, bustling, restless age. We do not stop long enough to hear our own heart beat in the solemn hush of solitude. We frequently know as little of ourselves as our neighbors. In some noted institution of which we have read, the students were required to be alone one hour each day for meditation and self-examination. To talk with one's self and question our own heart, is very profitable. That we have the power to look at ourselves, criticize our own acts, pry into the deepest secrets of our own consciousness, is a wonderful endowment. Are we not conscious at times of a certain degree of indignation towards ourselves on account of certain acts? Who is it that is indignant? Who is it that gave cause for the indignation? Herein is a mystery. Is it conscience finding fault with the will for some of its decisions? Certain it is that the pleadings of conscience are often unheeded amid the clamor and tumult of the passions. It is in the still hour that we can best hear the plaints and upbraidings of conscience for this disregard of its chartered rights and prerogatives.

He that is wise will imitate the example of the Master, who often sought solitude. He will listen, attentively, at such times, to the voice of conscience, and to the testimony of his own consciousness, as to what he intended to be, and to what he is.

It would be well if prayer and politics had more to do with each other. If we prayed for good men, then, to rule over us, we might be more careful that good men are nominated and voted for. Father Taylor, the well-remembered seaman's preacher of Boston, was, in his day, very outspoken as to his preferences. It was on the occasion of an exciting contest in which temperance was an absorbing question, and he wrestled with the Lord in prayer: "O Lord! give us good men to rule over us—pure men who fear thee, religious men, men whom we can trust, men who—Pshaw! O Lord! what the use of veering and hauling and boxing round the compass?—give us Geo. N. Briggs for governor, Amen!" And the prayer was answered.

## Teasing Children.

Teasing goes on at home often to a lamentable extent, and more than one temper has been permanently soured by the process. The parents tease the children and the children tease each other, till the passionate are made furious, the meek tearful, the humble craven, the insensitive callous, and the quiet merose. If one child has a certain ungainly habit—consequent, perhaps, on a physical defect—as the peering of short sight, or the limp of lameness; if it is absent or dreamy or clumsy; those who are given to the bad habit of teasing, never let it alone. No callow cygnet was ever more cruelly pecked at by the full-fledged ducks than is the poor ugly duckling of the nursery; and unless that cruel play is stopped by the authorities, the mischief of a life is wrought. Nothing, indeed, in a house demands more careful overlooking and more vigorous and judicious suppressing than this habit of teasing indulged in by the members of a family one with the other; for the sport of one is here again emphatically death to the other; and when you have broken the finer nature that lies in every soul, how will you mend it? But—it does not answer to be too sensitive and to make a martyrdom out of a little harmless play that means to do no one any hurt. The only way in which to meet those who make teasing in a manner a profession, is with perfect good humor and serenity. To be cross or tearful is to lay yourself open to worse assaults; for the teaser only wants to know which place is most vulnerable, and where he can best wound you. Give him his vantage-ground, and he will use it to your discomfort; mask your weak places and he is powerless. This is a lesson which the young find it difficult to learn, but the sooner it is learned, and the more thoroughly practiced, the better for them and the worse for their assailants. It is, in fact, a lesson on desirability for good temper, which we all find about the best friend and the most satisfactory defender to be had on our way through life.

## A Valuable Table.

To aid farmers in arriving at accuracy in estimating the amount of land in different fields under cultivation, the following table is given:—

- Five yards wide by 968 long contains an acre.
- Ten yards wide by 481 long contains an acre.
- Twenty yards wide by 242 long contains an acre.
- Forty yards wide by 121 long contains an acre.
- Seventy yards wide by 69 1-2 long contains an acre.
- Eighty yards wide by 62 1-2 long contains an acre.
- Sixty feet wide by 726 long contains an acre.
- One hundred and ten feet wide by 297 long contains an acre.
- Two hundred and twenty feet wide by 181 1-2 long contains an acre.
- Four hundred and forty feet wide by 99 long contains an acre.

A SOLEMN CHARGE.—"Before God and man, before the church and the world, I impeach Intemperance. I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls. In this country blessed with freedom and plenty, the Word of God and the liberties of true religion, I charge it as the cause—whatever be their source elsewhere—of almost all the poverty, and almost all the crime, and almost all the misery, and almost all the ignorance, and almost all the irreligion, that disgrace and afflict the land. 'I am not mad most noble Festus. I speak the words of truth and soberness.' I do, in my conscience believe that these intoxicating stimulants have sunk into perdition more men and women than found a grave in that deluge which swept over the highest hill-tops, engulfing a world, of which but eight were saved."—*Dr. Guthrie.*