

## THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me  
Across to that strange country, the beyond;  
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be  
The home of those of whom I am so fond;  
They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies that when my sight is clear,  
I think I see the gleaming strand;  
I know I feel that those who've gone from here  
Come near enough to touch my hand.  
I often think but for our veiled eyes,  
We should find that heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread  
When from this dear earth I shall journey out  
To that still dearer country of the dead.  
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.  
I love this world; yet I shall love to go  
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see  
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,  
But that I think, "One more to welcome me  
When I shall cross the intervening space  
Between this land and that one over there,  
One more to make the strange land beyond seem fair."

And so to me there is no sting to death,  
And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing, with abated breath  
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than before.

Success does not depend on your strength, but on your state.  
Only holy lives can win the unholy to holiness and heavenliness.  
Though the world does not care for you, He who created the world does.

If hurt come to another by our carelessness, will not God hold us responsible.

You shall have the joy of success when you are ready to give God the glory of it.

Just as the sin of Judas was overruled for the good of the world so the sin of the world will be overruled for the good of the universe.

Watchfulness and prayer are inseparable. The one discerns dangers; the other arms against them. Watchfulness keeps us prayerful, and prayerfulness keeps us watchful.

Is there not something in the daily familiar course of life which seems in a strange way to veil its true aspect? It is not death, but life, which wraps us about with shroud and ceremony.

Keep the altar of private prayer burning. This is the very life of all piety. The sanctuary and family altars borrow their fires here, therefore let this burn well. Secret devotion is the very essence, evidence and barometer of vital and experimental religion.

The world has at least as thorough an appreciation of the beauty and value of consistency in the Christian's conduct as the Christian has himself. Though it may not admire a man's creed, it must always admire a man's faithfulness in living up to his creed. It is because of this fact that a man may have power as a witness, even though he has no power as an advocate.

A man's wealth will be counted for or against Christ, according to the use which is made of it. It is not what one gives, so much as what he does not give, that indicates the spirit of the man. A millionaire, who gives the hundredth part of a tithe of his income, will not be given credit for his sixty dollars, but will be held in reproach and condemnation for his selfish use of what God has given him.

It is altogether natural that we should desire to escape the annoyances and vexations to which we are subject. But this would not promote our highest interests. It is a wise remark of Mr. Spurgeon that: "Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties." The meeting and overcoming of these difficulties has served to develop and strengthen the higher and nobler qualities of their manhood.

One of the enjoyments of the old-fashioned home that seems to be going out with the old-fashioned sitting-room, is "a little music." We have so more family singing in these latter days of educated vocal teachers. Nobody can sing now unless he or she has had special voice culture, and the special voice culture of to-day has as yet succeeded in producing, in a majority of pupils, only a self-conscious, affected, unnatural style of singing.

It has been the fashion for very many years for music teachers to insist upon the playing of scales and exercises as the main duty of the pupil, and to discourage any early attempt at playing

"pieces." The faithful playing of scales and exercises is indeed a duty and necessity, but the present theory and practice of some of the very best modern teachers of music is that almost in the outset of such lessons the learner may be not only permitted but encouraged to learn simple yet beautiful melodies and taught to play them at once for the pleasure of others. The true teacher of music remembers that one of the truest and highest uses of music is to give pleasure to others. The early ambition is stirred to learn this or that beautiful little melody so as to play it for father or mother or home. It is for that end that "exercises" are practiced and that "scales" are learned. The early inculcation of this principle and the early beginning to play for the hearing and pleasure of others is the best possible way of preventing that self-consciousness which is the bane of musical as well as of many other performances.

By this it is not meant to encourage the learner to rattle off cheap, easy jigs and polkas and musical compositions that have no musical merit. There is a true and beautiful simple music, just as there is a true and beautiful simple literature, and the parallelism between them is perfect. We do not often want in daily life to hear Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Dante's *Divine Comedy*, or one of Browning's tragedies. These works in literature have their own place and occasion and they need for their entire comprehension the experience and cultivation of a lifetime. It is just so with music for the home. We do not want, except for occasion, the great work of the masters, the difficult harmonies and complexities of the great composers of oratorio and concerto; we want the simpler works of the musician of the home and the heart.

What a blessing it would be to many a tired father after his day's work and care, or to the wearied mother, to listen in the evening to a "little music" played without effort; played lovingly, tenderly, patiently may be; music of true harmony, and genuine inspiration, lifting the wearied soul on its wings to a region of peace and rest. Such is the highest and holiest mission of a "little music" in the home. Those only are the true teachers who can enable our children to give it to us.

With reference to the great gathering in Boston of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor the New York *Evangelist* says: "Several things are to be commended especially; some are to be questioned soberly; a few are to be criticised and possibly gently condemned. One feature of these great, great meetings is open for discussion.

Beyond a certain limit a convention becomes, not necessarily a mob, but an organized and orderly negative. When no speaker can be heard in full, and only singing touch every part of the house into sympathy, the meeting becomes a spectacle and a sensation largely. The stimulus of such things is instantaneous, but also very fleeting. No mind is taught, no habit formed, no great practical lesson learned, no vast defeat or difficulty met in Christian service so overcome. Granting everything yet said in favor of multitudinous conventions, the practical results stand as a test. We venture to predict that a few of them will prove sufficient for any but the more enthusiastic advocates of mammoth crowds. The convention of to-day is an easy thing, and it is just now much in vogue. Everybody wants to meet everybody of his kind. There is a gratification in that which suits the taste and fits the occasion, yet the final result is not often so valuable as the meeting of a few and a closer grapple with the immediate questions of the hour.

Our young people will need to guard against dissipation. We use the word in two senses. The vast assembly, the long journey, the new scenes and circumstances, become an infinite strain. The reactions are often a kind of spiritual paralysis. Inability to work, indisposition to enter into real service, distaste for that which was homely and yet very good to do, when they follow and they often do follow such seasons of high tension, become monitors to the very heart of us, and to some they are evidences of decay, of even an eclipse of faith.

What we are suggesting is, that these unprecedented gatherings must, like those that are smaller, be judged by their fruits and results. Are these commensurate in advantage with their great cost and the special strain which they put upon those who participate in them. Many are not quite convinced. And why should they be, as yet. The Endeavor movement, like most of its members is young in years, and whereunto it will grow, who shall predict? It is to be confessed, however, that many a prudent misgiving has been partially answered, and in a way to assure those who have the welfare of our youth much at heart. The danger always is, however, that vigilance will be intermitted; that the show and pretense of a grand parade of forces, of things merely routine and external, will count for too much. They take hold on the imagination unduly. We shall, in a word, do well to keep in mind the actual inexperience of our youth, despite their gathering together in this very remarkable way, which their fathers and mothers, in corresponding years, never dreamed of. Their opportunities for good, and also their temptations, are peculiar and obvious. They need to be safeguarded at all points and with special vigilance. Let the church, whose hope and treasure they are, look well to this her first duty, as indeed she has been doing all along, with happy results. It is a time, however, to renew vigilance, and to take nothing for granted by reason of use.