

fact. We have not yet got the why? Oh, that would take so long to tell, so wondrous long to tell! Why? But mark, the love that is in Christ is God's love, made real, articulate, living, actual love on earth for men. You think—at least, some men think that they could learn God's love apart from Christ. Could they? Did they ere he came? Can they now He has come? "This world is very lovely," said a poet of my youth. "This world is very lovely. O, my God, I thank Thee that I live." And 'tis so lovely to stand on mountain peak at break of day, and see from out the east, the glorious sunrise, bringing light and health and beauty in his beams. To stand there, feel its glory and see its brilliance is to think how great and gracious and good its Creator is! So it may be. But carry to that mountain summit a man who has just left the bed of death, where the dearest of earth to him doth lie. Carry him, with all his passionate grief and still unresigned spirit, and let him stand there and look. What would the man say? "Oh, cruel glory! Oh, hateful beauty! This great Nature, so dead to my pain, so void of compassion for my loss and need and grief!" But place him in sight of the love of Christ and you place him in the very heart of God, and you give the heart of God's pity to him; and he knows that grief, so far from being to him peculiar, has its counterpart in God. The Man of Sorrows makes to the man in sorrow God come divinely near. Now, dear reader, it is this love, this particular love of God, shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto it, that brings the soul into the right relation to God, and enables the man as a child of God to feel that God, his Father, is overruling all things for his good. These are the dispositions and feelings, then, that put us in the right attitude and in the right relation to God, to all the movements of God's providence. You take a child in the family. If that child has the feelings of a true child, he sees and feels that everything in the administration of the family is for his good. If a wicked child, then he has a contrary feeling and contrary perception. The citizen who is not in sympathy with the laws of his country, feels those laws oppressive; but the citizen who is filled with true loyalty to his nation, feels that the administration of the laws of the nation are such as are benign for him. Now, it is this feeling that makes all the difference in this great question. I remember some years ago, reading of a youth who was lame from his birth—he grew almost to manhood a cripple—and, as his reason dawned and his observation extended, he sat by the window, propped up in his chair, and looking out upon the street saw the boys playing as they came and went; and said to himself, "Why has God made me thus?" Why have not I feet and legs to run and jump as other boys? "O God," he said, "I am angry with you! Away with God! Away with religion!" He was full of sharpness and sourness and complaint. His disposition shed bitterness on this bitter disposition shed bitterness on all the world around. But a friend came in one day to see him, and loaned him "The Wide, Wide World." Aquilla read this book, and it opened new thoughts to him—new thoughts of God and creation and man; and, step by step, he was led along until Jesus was offered to him as a Saviour for condemned and penitent sinners, and his faith laid hold upon Christ. The burden of sin was removed; his heart was renewed; the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost; and now, as he looked out, and saw the boys and girls skipping and hopping, he said, "All right." As he sat in his chair, day after day, and looked upon the beautiful sky and green earth, and knew himself condemned to be a cripple for life, he said, "It is all right. God has done it. My Father has done it. I love Him. He loves me. He can but do all things for my good." When love fills the heart, it cannot canvass and certainly determine the reasons controlling Him; but I know,

from the fact that He loves me, that there are reasons known to Him which are shaping my destiny and controlling His acts towards me." God governs the world by most beautiful laws of compensation. Faith loves to study them, to note them in her diary, and erect pillars of praise for every fresh discovery. We see it in the physical and the spiritual worlds. The deaf very often have an unusual quickness of eyesight. The blind are often gifted with increased acuteness of hearing; and sometimes, when the eye is darkened, the sense of touch becomes so exquisite, that you are able to communicate with them through that sense, and that alone. I love to watch the career of man whose character has been developed by hardship, severe toil, burden-bearing, lessons beaten into them with the rod of chastisement. We see that in the History of Nations.

The darkest cloud that ever overshadowed the world was that which rested on Golgotha, when fiendish spirits were permitted to put to death the Lord of Glory. And yet, out of this cloud comes our Redemption. Verily, "He hath made Him to be sin, for us, who knew no sin, that we may be made the righteousness of God in Him." I thank God that never doth He permit a cloud so dark but behind it is the light, and through it streams the mercies, and from it descend plentiful and abounding blessings. Let me give you an illustration drawn from the lips of a rough sea-faring man, one of the few survivors of a great wreck which took place some years ago, when a crowded steamship foundered in the stormy waters of the Bay of Biscay. As soon as those who had escaped from the sinking vessel found themselves in a small boat on the raging sea, they discovered that their chief danger came not from the massive sweep of the waters, but from the angry breaking waves which descended upon them from time to time, and against which every eye and hand had to watch with unabated attention. As the shades of evening grew on, the survivor who told the story said that his heart sank at the thought that in the darkness of the night it would be impossible to see those insidious breakers, and that sooner or later the boat would be engulfed by them. But with the darkness there came a corresponding safety. Every one of those dangerous waves, as it rolled towards them, was crested with phosphoric light, and showed its coming afar off, and enabled the seamen to guard against it as carefully as if they had been in full daylight. The crest of phosphoric light on the top of those breaking billows was as the light of Divine grace, the compensating force of Providence, in the darkness of this moral night, and on the waves of this troublesome world. The perplexity, the danger, the grief, often brings with it its own remedy. On each bursting wave of disappointment and vexation, there is a crown of heavenly light which reveals the peril, and shows the way, and guides us through the roaring storm.

The future will clear up many a mystery. Here we know only in part. We have just perused the Memorials of Catharine and Crawford Taft, the wife and the son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. I will risk any argument against the divinity of Christianity, upon the experiences recorded in that volume. Your child died, but have you had two children dying, and as soon as the second died the third sickened for death, and as soon as the third died, the fourth getting ready for heaven, and no sooner the fourth taken up than the fifth withers and dies—week after week, till the whole five go, and all the little graves are green together, and the stranger unable to tell which of the five was cut first? And then have you been able to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight?" Then truly have you found rest unto your soul! Walk some day into one of your great factories, and as you look at the machinery, you will see wheels revolving in various directions, wheels within wheels, counter wheels, harmonious wheels; but the superintendent of

the factory will take you to a point and show you a little implement that comes out perfect in its character as the result of this working—this contrary as well as harmonious working. And so as we look at the universe of God, this vast, complicated and involved machinery of the universe, it looks conflicting, and we become bewildered; but as believing love takes us to the end, we see it's brought out under the sky for the administration of God and angels; the believer perfected through suffering, reflecting the image and countenance of the Redeemer.

On this side of the cloud we have nothing to do but receive the truth that comes through and walk by it. A little girl was one day working at her worsted, a stranger came into the parlour, and, as he looked at her, said, with an apparent sneer, "My dear, what is that you are doing? I see nothing but tangled webs and confused knots." She looked up archly into his face, and replied, "You are looking on the wrong side; look at the right side"; and she turned it over, and there it was, a beautiful figure of flower. Oh! how confused we are just looking on the wrong side! When God takes us up higher, and we can look down on the right side, then we will see the lines of beauty, harmony, and sweetness; and when we join the immortal throng, "This note above the rest shall swell; My Saviour hath done all things well."

The late Dr. Hamilton, of Regent Square, London, visiting once a most noble-hearted working Christian of his church, found her lying on her bed racked with a pulmonary cough, in the first stage of consumption. He said to her, "My friend, is it not hard for you, who used to be so active, to be laid aside from your mission-school and all your work of charity?" She was wiser than he in this instance. She said, "When I was well, God used to say to me, 'Betty, go take leaves to the hungry; Betty, go distribute Bibles and tracts; Betty, go teach in the mission-school. Now God says to me, 'Betty, lie still there and cough.' I am serving God as much while I cough away my life on this bed as I ever did in your church or in your mission-schools." Out of doubt comes faith; out of grief comes hope; and "unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." Let us never be frightened at God's clouds. He is continually making clouds of trial which at first shock and darken us, but which are to be to us sources of infinite blessing:

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan its work in vain,
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

Reader, art thou looking and waiting, and listening to God's word from the clouds? For thee, brother, if thou repentest not, there is a cloud coming—an other cloud, a cloud like that which moved above Israel, bright to God's friends, midnight darkness to God's foes. Come now into the cloud of His mercy.

The Young Women's Christian Guild is an organization for the purpose of helping young women who come as strangers to the city to obtain situations. This is done free of charge upon application either in person or by letter. In addition to this, many valuable privileges are offered by the Guild to those who seek its aid. Such institutions as this are doing a good work in the city, and their help to those needing it is of the most valuable kind. The building is at 21 McGill St., and the Secretary's office may be found there.

The Gospel in All Lands is published for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The August number is full, varied, and interesting in its contents, which are helped by illustrations. Iceland, Bokhara, China, India, Italy, Bulgaria, are among the lands of which tidings are given in this number. There are also articles on general subjects, a Young People's Department, and General Notes and Comments. Hunt and Eaton, 150 Fifth Ave, New York.

Christian Endeavor.

HOW A CHRISTIAN CAN MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

REV. W. S. M'AVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE.

Sept. 3rd.—Acts 27: 33-36; Ps. 5: 11, 12.

One can scarcely conceive of a more trying situation than that in which Paul now found himself. He was a prisoner, and as such he was on his way to Rome to be tried by the Emperor. The great majority of his travelling companions were unbelievers—Romans, Macedonians, Alexandrians. His voyage lay over the Mediterranean, a very treacherous sea, and one of those furious storms which frequently arise there had sprung up. The vessel was in imminent danger. Some of the sailors had become so alarmed that, under the pretence of casting anchor out of the ship, they attempted to leave the vessel and take the boat with them. This they would have done had not their designs been frustrated by Paul. Let us see how, in the midst of this trouble and alarm, Paul, the Christian, made the best of things.

I. He was calm and collected. Under similar circumstances the sinner is apt to be greatly excited. When the infidel Volney, was once caught in a storm on Lake Erie, he was exceedingly alarmed, and, falling upon his knees, he excitedly asked God to have mercy upon him. When Dr. Duff was on his way to India, he was accustomed to hold service on the boat on Sabbath. A captain who had no regard for religious things, used to show his contempt for the service by parading on the deck above the worshippers. But when a storm arose, this captain wildly exclaimed, "What shall become of me, I have been such a hypocrite?" How different was the conduct of Paul when the storm arose on the Mediterranean! He was calm and collected. Is it not true that the Christian in the midst of danger is often even more calm than those who are bringing the trouble upon him? When Daniel was being cast into the den of lions his spirit seems to have been more tranquil than that of those who were intrusted with the task of thrusting him in there. On Mount Carmel, Elijah stood alone while the king, his retinue and all the priests of Baal were arrayed against him, and yet he was cool and calm while they were intensely agitated. Once when a certain city was being shaken with an earthquake, all the inhabitants, except an old woman, were greatly alarmed. Some one asked her if she were not afraid. She replied, "I am glad I believe in a God who has power to shake the earth."

II. Paul maintained a cheerful, hopeful and thankful spirit. He acted as if he believed and expected that they would all be preserved as God had promised. He took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all. He was cheerful because he felt that God was his refuge and strength (Ps. 46: 1). He was hopeful because he knew that God could control the winds and the waves. He was thankful because he had received the assurance that all would be brought safe to land.

III. He directed others. When they were setting out on that voyage, he gave some good advice to the sailors, but they, regarding him perhaps as a land-lubber who knew nothing about winds and tides, refused to heed him. But now they were in a better mood, and as they had taken no regular meal for about a fortnight, they very willingly partook of food as he advised. They respected him now as if he were the captain of the vessel. There is something almost sublime in the sight of a man quietly, deliberately and wisely putting the fears of others to flight and restoring confidence at a time of panic. Paul's words and example had a most beneficial effect upon the company. Soon they were all of good cheer. They began to feel satisfied with the present and to look forward with hope to the future.

Ram's Horn: The man who expects to bid his sins good-bye one at a time, will never get them all behind him.