

The Family.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsummed spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling,
My feet to paths unknown;

THE LORD'S CALL.

The following are the concluding words of Dr. Somerville's closing address as Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, Edinburgh:—

One thing required of us all, ministers and elders; is that we hold ourselves at the Lord's disposal, and if His voice in providence be, "Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?" that we be ready to respond, "Here am I, send me."

Let me say to the younger men among us, that much is expected of them, and that the talent of youth, which rapidly melts away, is to be prized and utilized. Joseph, who sheltered the entire Church of God in Egypt, and saved a great nation, was a young man.

May the Lord fire our young men—ministers, students, and those of all professions—with fresh zeal for the Master's cause and kingdom.

From the simultaneous stir in many minds on both sides of the Atlantic about the evangelization of the world, we may almost anticipate that an era of universal missionary activity is upon us.

And now, once again let me recall to you that the century is hastening to its close. Do we not see time, swift winged, with his keen eye, holding toward us in his hand the great sand-glass of the century.

Much may be done. In our own time have we seen the great wall of religious intolerance that had stood for centuries and which shut off Spain from the gospel, even as her Pyrenees separate her from the rest of Europe, fall in one day to the ground?

Let us see the great wall of religious intolerance that had stood for centuries and which shut off Spain from the gospel, even as her Pyrenees separate her from the rest of Europe, fall in one day to the ground? Have we not seen a similar wall enclosing Italy fall also in one day to the earth?

A GENIUS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

We find in the Glasgow Christian Leader the following interesting sketch:—A lately deceased secessionist elder, Mr. Peter McKenzie, of Pleas, in Sutherlandshire, was a remarkable man—a genuine specimen indeed of consecrated genius in humble life.

THE DYING TEACHER'S CLASS.

MR CHARLES S. INGLIS, of Edinburgh, who has just retired from the office of agent of the Sabbath School Mission of Scotland, in a retrospect of his work, relates the following beautiful little story:—When passing a cottage one Sabbath on my way to a school, I found eight or nine children sitting on the ground along the wall.

ONLY A HUSK.

TOM DARCY, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard one. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed, and the man died out.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, not in a pleasant mood, "why don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and himself had loved and wooed the sweet maiden—Ellen Goss—and he won her leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of her foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a snip and a snap Betsy turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

"Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself."

"No; I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom—just one glass."

"I know it won't!" said Tom, buttoning up his coat by the solitary button left. "I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the shadow of the tavern he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked down upon the earth.

"Ay," he muttered grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless! and I am helping him to do it. I am robbing my wife of joy, robbing my dear children of honour and comfort, and robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk. We'll see!"

"We'll see!" he said, setting his foot firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife: "Ellen have you any coffee in the house?" "Yes, Tom!" She did not tell him that her slater had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step, and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom! What do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you'll only set him at work."

"Work! Ay, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up, and tested to-day. Come with me."

Tom's hands were weak and unsteady, but his brain was clear, and under his skilful supervision the engine was set up and tested; but it was not perfect. There were mistakes which he had to correct, and it was late in the evening when the work was complete.

"How is it now, Tom!" asked Mr. Scott as he came into the testing-house and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right, sir, you may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You don't know how like sweet music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then, I will take it."

At the little cottage Helen Darcy's fluttering heart was sinking. That morning, after Tom had gone, she had found a dollar bill in the coffee cup. She knew that he left it for her. She had been out and bought tea and sugar, and flour and butter, and a bit of tender steak; and all day long a ray of light had been dancing and shimmering before her—a ray from the blessed light of other days.

With prayer and hope she had set out the tea table, and waited; but the sun went down and no Tom came. Eight o'clock—and almost nine.

"Hark! The old step! quick, strong, eager for home. Yes, it was Tom, with the old grime upon his hands, and the odour of oil about his garments."

"I have kept you waiting, Nellie."

"Tom!"

"I didn't mean to, but the work hung on."

"Tom! Tom! You have been to the old shop."

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

"Oh, Tom!"

And she threw her arms around his neck, and covered his face with kisses.

"Nellie, darling, wait a little, and you shall have the old Tom back again."

"Oh, Tom! I've got him now, bless him! bless him! my own Tom! my husband! my darling!"

And then Tom Darcy realised the full power and blessing of a woman's love.

It was a banquet of the gods, was that supper—the household gods all restored—with the bright angels of peace and love and joy spreading their wings over the board.

On the following Monday morning Tom Darcy assumed his place at the head of the great machine shop, and those who thoroughly knew him had no fear of his going back into the slough of joylessness.

A few days later Tom met Peter Tindar on the street.

"Eh, Tom, old boy, what's up?"

"I am up, right side up."

"Yes, I see; but I hope you haven't forsaken us, Tom?"

"I have forsaken only the evil you have in store, Peter. The fact is, I concluded that my wife and little ones had fed on husks long enough, and if there was a good kernel left in my heart, or in my manhood, they should have it."

"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you for it as long as I live. My remembrance of you will always be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness.—The West Shore.

ANARCHY.

DR. TALMAGE hits the nail on the head in saying that "anarchy means the abolition of the rights of property. It makes your store and your house and your money and your family mine, and mine yours. It is wholesale robbery. It is every man's hand against every other man. It is arson and murder and rapine and lust and death triumphant. It means no law, no church, no defense, no rights, no happiness, no God. It means Hell let loose on earth and society a combination of devils incarnate. It means the extermination of everything good and the coronation of everything infamous. Do you want it? Will you have it? Before you let it get a good foothold in America take a good look at the dragon. Look at Paris where for a few days it held away—the gutters red with blood and the walks down the street a stepping between corpses, the Archbishop shot as he tried to quell the mob, and every man and woman armed with knife or pistol or bludgeon. Let this country take one good, clear, scrutinizing look at anarchy before it is admitted, and it will never be allowed to set up its reign in our borders.—N.Y. Independent.

PUT YOUR CAKES LOW.

MR. SPURGEON hits it thus:—I came across a nice little anecdote the other day. A child was asked if she would like to stay with her Aunt Mary or her Aunt Jane; both aunts were very kind. She said she would like to stay with Aunt Jane best, because, though both aunts made some tarts and cakes, Aunt Jane always set them on a low shelf, and she could easily get at them. Some teachers have very good addresses and talks to children, but they are rather stylish—upon a high shelf. Others are so simple that they can get the cakes and children like that. Have you never heard of the minister who used such big words in his sermon that one said to him: "I thought your Master sent you to feed sheep, but you preach as though he had sent you to feed giraffes." Very few of our children are giraffes. Put your cakes low.

FAITHFUL.

"I CAN remember but four times in my life," once said an English divine, "when I felt the joy of believing, or was certain that God had heard my prayers."

"What do you do then?" exclaimed his dismayed hearer.

"I go on praying," was the calm reply. Of like spirit was the Italian, who, fighting under Garibaldi, was lamed in both legs, and henceforth could render only hospital service. When reports of defeats and victories came in, Garibaldi's eyes would fill with tears, and then glisten triumphantly.

"But I still can scrape lint," he would say. "Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

It is not granted to every man to feel the fire, the glow, the joy of effort, in the noble efforts of life. There are many men who seldom in their whole lives have proved the enthusiastic glow with which others lead a worthy cause, or have tasted the rapture in faith which some Christians know. These are the rewards of duty well done. They come, too, to men of impassioned, imaginative temperament.

But it is granted to every man to join in the noble effort to go on with the steady duty which God has set before him. The rewards are not absolutely promised for this life. The one reward which we can make certain of here is the assurance that we are doing God's work when we fulfil our daily tedious round, and are His children as much as those who sing psalms with joyful hearts.

A homely story illustrates our meaning. A German newspaper tells us that when the Cathedral of Cologne was finished, a few years ago, which had been four centuries in building, a poor labourer watched the grand ceremonial of rejoicing with a radiant face.

"Yes, we have built a wonderful house," he said, with triumph.

"And what did you do?" asked a bystander.

"I wet the mortar for a year," was the reply.—Youth's Companion.

DELICATE PAINTING.

AN exchange tells of a visit to the house of a microscopist, who thus describes some of his treasures:—

"I have several little things to tell you that are not known except by microscopists. Here is a slip of glass, for instance," he continued, as he picked up a narrow glass slide, "which contains the representation of a beautiful bouquet of flowers. The representation, when looked at with the naked eye, can scarcely be seen at all. It simply looks like a small spot. The bouquet, when you looked at it through the instrument, contains, as you can discover, eighty-two distinct flowers of various shades and colours; and each is as perfect as it would be possible for an artist to represent it on canvas. The entire bouquet, including all the flowers, leaves, etc., was made from the scales and hair of Brazilian butterflies. The dust from the wings of the butterflies was picked up and placed in position by Henry Dalton, of London, who is now dead. Dalton, with the aid of a microscope, picked up one particle of the dust at a time on the end of a hair, and adjusted it to the slide in such a manner that, when his task was finished, the bouquet assumed its present beautiful and perfect form."

ARE YOU RICH TOWARD GOD?

If you gave ten per cent of your income to the Lord's work when your income was \$1,000 have you been careful to increase the per cent, as your income has increased? Did you ever think how easy it was to do that? Ten per cent of \$1,000 is \$100. In that case you had \$900 to live on. Now suppose your income has increased to \$2,000, and you give twenty per cent of that, how does the account stand? The Lord gets \$400 and you have \$1,600 to live on. Don't you see how easily and beautifully it works? If the income were \$10,000 you could give fifty per cent, or \$5,000 and yet have a comfortable and even abundant competence. We wonder whether our well-to-do Christian men realize that their twenty and thirty and fifty per cent, does not equal the poor man's ten per cent. Yet they get large credit for gifts that are really small in comparison with those of their less prospered brethren. A man's benevolence is, after all more accurately estimated by what he has left than by what he gives. We wonder how the Master will adjudge our stewardship when our accounts pass under His eyes at the judgment seat?—Words and Weapons.

WHAT IS SCHISM?

PROFESSOR HODGE deals with the whole subject of Christian Union, and insists on the vanity of expecting one comprehensive organization. Referring also to the charge so freely brought by Papists and Anglicans against Presbyterians of being schismatics, he boldly carries the war into the enemy's camp.

"The sin of schism," says he, "is unquestionably very common and very heinous. In its essence it is a sin against the unity of the Church. If this unity were external and mechanical, then all organic division or variety would be schism. But since the principal of unity is the immanent Holy Ghost, binding all the members in one life to Christ its source, schism must consist in some violation of the ties which bind us to the Holy Ghost, or to Christ, or to our fellow-members."

And then he proceeds in trenchant language to specify some examples of the sin. Among these he names "all denial of the body of Catholic doctrine common to the whole confessing Church—all sin against the Holy Ghost—all exclusive churchism—all claim that the true Church is identical with a certain form of organization, or with a definite external succession—all denial of the validity of the ministry and sacraments of any bodies professing the true faith and bearing evidence of the presence of the Holy Ghost."

This is the proper attitude for Presbyterians to take up in view of the arrogant claims of those who would unchurch us because our ministers have not been ordained by prelates. We ought to throw back the charge of schism. It is not we who break the unity of the Church, but parties who lay down the monstrous doctrine that the sacraments were not validly administered by McChyne, but are so by every curate who has had a bishop's hand laid upon his head.—Presbyterian Messenger.

HOME.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

Dora Fenwick.