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 ;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant Levie not its tetrant when its walls decay; O Love Divine, O Helper ever present, lie thou my strength and stay!

He near me when all else is from me drifting,
I'arth, sky, home's picture, days of shade and shine 3
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, O Father! Let thy Spielt Be with me then to comfort and uphoid a No sate of peatl, no branch of palm I merli, Nor street of shining gold.

Suthce it if-my good and ill unreckoned, And both forgiven through thy abounding grace— I find myself by hands familiar beckoned, Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions,
The river of thy peace— There, from the music round me stealing.

I lain would learn the new and holy song; And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing, The life for which I long J. G. Whittier in Atlantic Mentaly.

THE LORD'S CALL.

Tite 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 One thing required of us all, ministers and eldersi is that we hold ourselves at the Lord's disposal, and if His voice in providence be, "Whom shail I send, and who will go for us?" that we be ready to respond, "Here am I, send me." By this we must indicate that we are willing to go, to act, to suffer or to surrender, as the Lord may require.

Let me say to the younger men among us, that much is expected of them, and that the tallets of

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. The half million warriors who crossed the Jordan to conquer for Israel the Lord's inharitance were withtwoercontons allyoung man. inheritance, were, with two exceptions, allyoung men. And was it not a youth who, with the sling and the And was it not a youth who, with the sling and the stone, broke the tyranny of the l'hilistine and delivered the people? Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, who shook the entire empire of Babylon, and who are shaking the world at the present hour, were young men. All Christ's Apostles were, at the time of their calling, young men. Calvin wrote his "Institutes," which have moulded the minds of myriads, when he was twenty-six. Patrick Hamilton, the proto-martyr of the Reformation in Scotland, was a youth of twenty-four. George Wishart, the martyr, was comparatively a young Wishart, the martyr, was comparatively a young man. John Livingston, of the famous Kirk of Shotts, was a young man. Hugh McKail, Richard Cameron, and James Renwick, who yielded their lives for the crown rights of Christ, and whose names are emblazoned on the flag of Scotland's spiritual liberties, were young men. In our day William Burns, Robert McCheyne, Alexander Duff (when he began his work in India) were all young (when he began his work in India), were all young men. At the present moment the religious move-ments going on all over the country, that are cheering our hearts so much, are in a measure due to

the energetic action of young men.

May the Lord fire our young men-ministers, atudents, and those of all professions-with fresh zeal for the Master's cause and kingdom. Shall some of our younger Silases, Timothys, and Lukes, who are present in this Assembly, not be willing, like the Apostle's companions, to embark and pass over into the lands of the heathen?

Prom 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. Should the Spirit of the Lord come mightily on His Church, it is quite conceivable that a rush of an impetuous tide may suddenly take place. This is the age of great surprises. In what direction, and in what channels the flood of blessing may take its impetuous tide may suddenly take place. This is the age of great surprises. In what direction, and in what channels the flood of blessing may take its course, whether in the quickening of churches, in the increase of organizations, in the proffer for service for the foreign field, or in an unusual re-solve of individuals to consecrate their substance to the Lord, we cannot tell.

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. Mutely he points to the lower bulb of the glass so nearly filled, and then motions us to look at the rapidly diminishing grains in the upper bulb. Shall we allow these last sands to cease to run, without an effort to utilize the fourteen years that remain, as we have not hitherto done? It is plain that there is not one day to be lost-not one day! Let all our committees, presbyteries, synods, churches, and the masses of the Christian people a vale at once, and call on one another to speed to

the work.

Much may be done. In our own time have we n : 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? Have we not seen a similar wall enclosing Italy fall also in one day to the earth? Has not the massive wall of the Japanese opposition auddenly come down? Did not one night serve to take out two and a-half millions of Israelites from take out two and a-half millions of Israelites from Egyptian bondage? Did not one night suffice to bring about ancient Babylon's fall and set the captives free? And has not the Scripture said that the mighty Apocalyptic Babylon shall be brought down in "one day?" nay, as if this were not eaough, has it not thrice declared that in "one hour" it shall fall? Pourteen years! What may not be accomplished in fourteen years? From the not be accomplished in fourteen years? From the dark hour of the death of George Wishart—burned dark hour of the death of George Wishart—burned at the stake of St. Andrews—till 1560, when the first General Assembly was held in this city, and Protestant truth prevailed over Scotland, was just fourteen years. Shall not then the entire churches of Scotland, and all that will associate with them, fixing their eyes on the Lord's promised inheritance say, like Caleb, when he stilled the agitated people in the wilderness, 45 Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome lt., A GRAIUS IN HUMBLE LIFE.

WE find in the Glasgow Christian Leader the Scession elder, Mr. Peter McKenzie, of Plean, In Stitlingshire, was a remarkable man—a genu-ine specimen indeed of consecrated genlus in humb'e lite. Mr. McKenzie was born at St. Niniana, and continued all through his protracted career a working gardener. At an early age he manifested an intense love of nature, and embraced every means of increasing his knowledge of natural history. tory. It was no uncommon thing to see the veteran with his vasculum and gelogical hammer wandering among the Campsie and Ochil hills; and he made many long journeys to gratify his master-passion, even crossing the Border and spending some time in England for this purpose. He was a frequent contributor to natural history magazines, and his papers brought him into correspondence and his papers brought him into correspondence with many eminent botanists, amongst others the late irof. Balfour. Yet greatly as Mr. McKenzio loved betany, his sympathles and writings were by no means confined to that subject. He took a deep interest in everything affecting the wellbeing of society, and especially in Christian work. Some years ago he gained one of the first prizes for an essay on the Sabbath, the competition being open to all the workingmen of the United Kingdom; and to all the workingmen of the United Kingdom; and this prize he had the honour of receiving from Lord Shaftesbury's hand in Exeter hall. While liberal in his sympathies, he was strictly orthodox in doctrine. Mr McKenzie was one of a few kindred spirits who founded the United Presbyterian Church at Bannockburn, and had attained his jubilee as an elder.

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 a school, I found eight or nine children sitting on the ground along the wall. As I came near I saw that they all had Bibles on their laps. Stopping to speak to them, I asked if they were not going to the school; but they all hung their heads, and I could get no reply. Passing on, I told the superintendent what I had seen. He gave this explanation.—These girls belonged to the school, their teacher was a lab surer's daughter, and was lying in that cottage dying of consumption. No one could be got to take the class, but the girls came of their own accord to the opening everyless of the school. own accord to the opening exercises of the school, then went every Sabbath and ranged themselves along the wall of the cottage, repeated to each other the paalm and texts, read the Bible lessons which their teacher would have been giving them, and then, before they parted, had a short prayer for her who was so soon to leave them.

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. Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great machine shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tin-kering which he was able to do here and there at private houses, for Tom was a genius as well as a lt was a banquet of the gods, was that suppermechanic, and when his head was steady enough of the household gods all restored—with the bright he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as a neglis of peace and love and joy spreading their he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and wings over the board. he could set up and regulate a ateam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man ever employed by the Scott Falls Manufactur-

ing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife sadly needed the money, and that his two little children were in absolute suffering for want of clothing; and that morning he held a de-bate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two

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. dead come 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 tavero, and he knew that lately the tapeter 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'il be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that nut, and his wife may

With a snip and a snap Bersy turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself up on

his elbow.

14 Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

" Yea."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."
Tom got upon his feet and steaded 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 atars, 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 comtort, and robbing my-acif of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Elien 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 sister 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

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

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

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 I" asked Mr. Scott as he came into the testing house and found the workmen teady 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. Bight 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, Nellic."

"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,

"Oh, Tom!' And she threw her arms aroud hais 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.

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 latter Tom met Peter Tindar on the

street

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

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 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 sway—the gutters red with blood and the walks down the acreet a stepping between corpses, the Archicken above the temperature of the little walks. 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 I 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 giraffic. Put your cakes

PAITHPUL

"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.

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, Gazzoli's eyes would fill with tears, and then glisten triumphantly.

But I still can scrape lint," he would say.

It is not granted to every man to feel the fire, the dian, 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 temperatoo, to men of impassioned, imaginative tempera-

ment.

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 fuffil our details and are this children as much daily tedious round, and are His children as much

as those who sing pselms 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 treas-

ures:—
"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 heautiful 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. 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 as 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 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 ex-pecting 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 unquestion-

ably 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 vio-lation 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 in against the Holy Ghost-all exclusive churchism—all claim that the true Church is identical with a certain form of organization, or with a defi-nite 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 sacrements were not validly administered by M'Cheyne, but are so by every curate who has had a bishop's hand laid upon his head.—Presbylerian Messenger.

HOME.

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

Dera Fernsell.