

clean, and with your tailor or shoemaker, equally as with the man who invites you to dinner.

One of the greatest penalties attached to the by no means enviable office of president, is the stupendous amount of hand-shaking which that functionary has to undergo. The late good-natured President Lincoln was a serious sufferer, though it must be confessed that he gave some too importunate hand-shaker such a squeeze of his powerful grasp as made him wince, and remember him with pain for a few hours after the infliction of his cordiality. Both he and other occupants of his uneasy and thankless office have, on New Year's Day, especially, and on many other occasions, to undergo an amount of hand-shaking, sufficient almost to wrench the arm off, or at least to make it ache for a fortnight afterwards. Five or six thousand people of all ranks and classes of men—from the polite European ambassadors and diplomatic agents at Washington—and the legislators, bankers, merchants, lawyers, newspaper editors and reporters, the military and naval officers, down to the common soldiers and sailors, and, lower still, down to the very rowdies and roughs of the street, are all admitted without the intervention of a gold stick or any other kind of stick, or a black or a white rod, or any kind of usher or introduction, and in any costume they please, even in that of the navy with his heavy boots and his working jacket, or the sweep with the soot still on his face;—though it must be admitted as a rule that the rowdies, the sweeps, and the navvies, put on their best clothes on such great occasions. All of them pass through the reception hall, and each expects to shake hands with the chief magistrate.

To shake five thousand hands in succession, and to betray no indifference or want of cordiality in the mode of doing it—to even the humblest of the owners of the hands—is no easy task, either physically or mentally. Were not ambition more powerful to impel a man to seek high station than love of formal ease, to keep him comfortable in a lower walk of life, it is possible that many an aspiring politician, after he has become president, would gladly resign the office, to escape the hardships and inflictions—the hand-shaking not the least of them—that must be accepted along with it, like the thorns with the roses.

I have nothing to say against hand-shaking. It is pleasant to touch the hand of an honest man or woman, and to be on such terms of acquaintanceship with either of these masterpieces of creation, as to justify you in the thought that you are their equal; and that a moral sympathy may flow from you to them, or from them to you. Even to grasp the paw of an honest and intelligent dog, who holds it up for you to shake, on being asked to do so, is something. For the dog, unlike some men, would scorn to give his paw to one, in whose eye, and in whose face, he, by his fine instinct, in some respects the equal, if not the superior, of reason, discovery or evil.

CHAS. MACKAY.

"THE UN-ORTHODOX HEARER" vs. "THE ORTHODOX PREACHER."

There is considerable lamentation in this age over the indifference of many to the teachings of the Clergy. It is not so much that men do not attend church. They do, in large numbers. It is that they take so little interest in it, and are so indifferent to what is heard and done there, that it hardly ever enters their thoughts or their conversation throughout the week.

But the Laity have something also to lament over. Their complaint is surely worthy of consideration. They find Politics, Trade, Finance, Science, Manufactures, interesting, and learn willingly from books, newspapers, and magazines something of each or all. Nor are they indifferent to Religion, or unwilling to learn. Never, perhaps, in all these nineteen centuries has there been such a deep interest felt in that which is good, and that which is true, as at the present day. Men hunger for some reality, outside of worldly things, on which they can implicitly rely, as a safe and sure guiding hand to direct them amid the inextricable intricacies of modern life. They, only too often, fail to find this in the religion they hear preached, or see practised. They listen forbearingly to sermons, in a spirit of charity, willing to catch any grains of practical truth, bearing on real life, which they may find amid the bushel of chaff too frequently emptied upon them. They want grain which can be made into bread to nourish and support life. If they only get a stony truth in doctrinal form, with no fructifying power of love in it, they naturally turn away with indifference. Indifference is the mildest type; for, if the hunger be intense, this mockery of their wants strikes deep, and produces contempt and aversion. Is it any wonder?

Thrown back thus on themselves, thoughtful men are driven to other means of satisfying their wants. They lose all hope of rational theory, and choose experience as their teacher. A new line of thought is therefore beginning to stir men's minds. This world at least is before them. They love, they try to understand it, to live in and for it, and to learn its lessons. They rub against other men of like passions with themselves in the battle of life, and by and bye experience teaches that the struggle for power, and place, and wealth, however wisely conducted and ardently pursued, does not always attain its end—that the best-laid schemes often come to naught—that to seek personal influence is not always the best way to gain it—that to rob, and steal, and oppress others, even when done so ingeniously as to keep within the bounds of human law, infringes somehow or other—how, they cannot tell—on some mysterious law of their being which they cannot circumvent, which takes all the poetry out of existence, and turns to gall and wormwood all their supposed success. Nay more, the more intensely they follow after self and self gratification, the more impossible it is to attain it. Their very excess of zeal is apt to make them lose sight of prudence, and bring destruction on their projects, by an over-graspingness which made them oblivious to those laws of trade they know so well. For the moment, in the height of the self-exaltation which follows success, they had thought these laws were not applicable to them and their actions, although they constantly study and use them in their relation to others, so as to profit by means of them.

Men generally start thus. Sooner or later—when more or less of painful experience has taught them to reflect—they begin to see and feel that such principles produce only misery—that by self-seeking self cannot be served—that the men who succeed substantially are those who do good service to the

community—that the men who have most influence are those who seek it least, but who speak and live what they honestly think right, regardless of public opinion—who thus rule public opinion, but are not ruled by it. They begin to do likewise, in order to gain the like reward—trying, from selfish motives, to do good. The impossibility of this soon dawns upon them. They find it cannot be done. Experience soon convinces them that it is the *motive* in these men that gives the power. There is a vast difference between the work that has only the motive to *seem* good running through it, and the work through which penetrates to every part the effort to make it really useful whether it *seem* so or not. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." "If any man will do My will he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." These things are plain. There is no "mystery" here, such as they hear about in church—no "atonement"—no "sacrifice" for sin—no "substitution" of Christ's acts, and words, and sufferings, instead of the man's own. He himself is to *do* these things; and if those who "grow weary and heavy laden" by the difficulties that beset them in the doing of them will "come unto Him, He will give them rest." What can he mean by that? Surely not that they are to rest from doing them, but rather that He will give them the power which shall make such action only the restful exercise of a force that delights in exertion. He finds nothing about "faith" as salvation, but about deeds, as a means to develop power and gain enlightenment. Love is the animating power promised him. Love for others that will labour and suffer for them as Christ did, and thus draw from them a love which will make life beautiful and death as nothing, because he lives in and for others. The inherent divinity of such a love is plain to him. No man ever yet wholly attained to it. Here he sees it in its perfection, in thought, word and deed,—the one God in a real Life such as man can understand, because it reaches down to the very inception of his being in infancy, and up to the full stature of man in Christ Jesus. This must be God. He feels it—he knows it; for he reads that "God is Love." In the Old Testament and the New he finds it,—the key-note of the whole. "Who is a God like unto Thee who pardoneth iniquity and passeth by transgression?" "What doth the Lord require of thee but to *do* justly, to *love* mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God—to cease to do evil and learn (from God) to do well." This is God, the God who is Love, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. No sacrifice needed or spoken of anywhere of one God to satisfy the vengeance of another God. No sacrifice asked or sought for, but the sacrifice of self—the yielding up of the whole man to God's divine influence, in the longing to be sacrificed—that is, made holy. "Create in me a clean heart, Oh Lord; renew in me a free—a willing—spirit" is his cry. In that cry there is the New Birth—a willing obedience to the command "ye must be born again"—the dawn of a new life—the beginning of that regeneration which goes on till the whole man is redeemed, sanctified, purified, saved *from* his sins, and therefore from their consequences. The sacrifices of the Jewish dispensation he sees to be types and symbols of that giving up of earthly possessions to the service of God and man, which is required from him, also, for to these Jews their cattle was their wealth—their peace offerings, their first fruits a yielding up of the fruits of their labour. Through all the Old Testament he sees an inner meaning brought to light by the New, and written in plainest characters on the Life of the Divine-Humanity. That "Life is the Light of men," revealing through the clouds of the letter of Scripture all things which puzzled him. By the light of God's life on earth he can test and try and illumine them. Now he perceives why God assumed humanity nearly nineteen centuries ago—not to satisfy his own justice, as we understand it, for Love is justice. It is unjust to do aught but love. Love makes men just. Hate and vengeance lead to all injustice. The love which is God in essence and in person, His essence and existence, could not but try to redeem man, for He *loved* men. "God was in Christ reconciling"—not Himself to the world—but "the world to Himself," thus taking the only course by which man could be brought to understand God—to know His love and feel the power of that Love in Life, till it drew from him some faint love in return, growing with his growth in the new birth, strengthening with his strength, till it became his very life, Divinely infused till it penetrated to his every act. Verily, he sees that this is—must be—the one "True God and Eternal Life."

Then comes the craving for deeper knowledge—for Light on the realities of life—that he may be able more fully to *do the will* of his Father in Heaven. And, verily, He will listen to the preacher who gives it to him, and will turn away from those who do not.

Clergymen! it is in your own hands. Search the Scriptures and preach consistent Truth, which can be utilized in real life—which shows love by what means to flow out most practically in benefitting man. You will find it in every jot and tittle of the Bible, within the literal sense, in that spiritual meaning which underlies every word, every symbol, and all the imagery of Scripture, when read in the Light shed forth by that "fulness of the Godhead bodily," Who assumed Humanity, and made it Divine, that by the power of His Life infused into men, He might save them from sin by showing them His

"RIGHTEOUSNESS."

HILLSIDE GLEANINGS.

"I could not stay in the country after the first of September, said Volatilla, with a shiver; why, summer is over and it is so cold and dismal." Yet to-day the Hillside is gorgeous, with such a splendour as only October knows—an effulgence that no day of summer could see. For in the far off woods there is a mass of yellow and crimson and brown that only our Canadian forest trees can show, and the days are steeped in quiet sunshine, with a strange gleam that we never see at other times. The frost has killed the asters, browned the wild grape vine, and blackened all tender things; but the scarlet phlox is a blaze of beauty, and the pansy is faithful still, its richness of purple, gold and violet make it queen of the garden now. But in the city everybody is busy; there is no time for a summer's gleanings; the worship of Mammon and Society has