

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

BY JOHN A. CLARK, DUNDAS.

I want to be happy,
To live in the shine
Of the golden sun,
To hear glad bells chime
With a musical,
Melodious rhyme
That shall ravish my heart,
And charm the ear,
Till all my soul
Shall hearken to hear,
And I shall be happy
Even here.

I want to be happy !
I want to know
All the joy
Life can bestow,
I want to spend my summer day
In frolicsome, happy, light hearted play,
To know no care,
To shed no tear,
To feel no pain
Or foolish fear,
And so be happy
Even here.

I want to be happy !
I want to hoard
Gold to be poured
In my eager hand ;
While I sit and plan
Of how I shall spend it,
And how I shall lend it,
And make it more
Than it was before,
And happy be
To my heart's core.

I want to be happy !
With eager feet
To dance adown
Life's sunny street,
To laugh and sing,
To know no sorrow,
Or ever think
Of the to-morrow,
To lightly ignore
Rebuff or sneer,
And happy be
Even here.

I want to be happy !
And yet I can't,
For in all my joys
I have a want,
I long for something
I do not know
For all the pain of life I go,
I have a craving
I cannot fill,
An eager unrest
No music can still,
Though I strive to be happy
I always fail.

Yet am I learning
Sure if slow,
That if I would be happy
My soul must grow
To the heights of love
The world cannot know,
That I must climb
To the throne above
And gaze on the perfect face of love,
And bask in the Father's heavenly smile,
And rest in His loving arms awhile.
When my King I see
I shall happy be.

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BIBLE STUDY.

Do you wonder, dear reader, why you are not more Christ-like and sanctified? How many hours each day do you devote to Bible Study? Sanctification comes through a knowledge of the truth (John xvii 17). We can only know God's will searching His word; it quickens (Psalm cxix. 50); it is a "lamp to our feet and a light to our path"; we are to hide it in our hearts (Psalm cxix. 11); to search it daily (Acts xvii. 11). Mark the command is *search*, not read a verse here and there for duty's sake, and have no intelligent conception of the truth after the perusal. In order to communicate to others, we must be taught ourselves (Galatians vi. 6). We are to hold fast the faithful word, that by sound doctrine we may be able to convince those who are opposed to it (Titus i. 9). Through the indwelling of the Word we attain wisdom (Colossians iii. 16); and our hymns of praise and rejoicing are wafted up to Him who has filled our hearts with grace. In John xiv. 26 we find "The Spirit will

bring all things to our remembrance, whatsoever He hath said unto us." We cannot recall what we have never heard. When our Lord was made man, He became dependent on the Word of God; He was taught it by His mother and the teachers of Nazareth during His years of preparation; and we know that during His ministry He was constantly mystifying and silencing His accusers through the use of the quick and powerful sword of the Spirit (Hebrews iv. 12). Do not take your thoughts of God's purpose concerning you from the experience of Christians, but from the law and the testimony. Study it faithfully; have your heart full of it. Believe it all, for all Scripture is profitable.

Like a star of the morning in its beauty,
Like a sun is the Bible to my soul;
Shining clear on the way of love and duty,
As I hasten on my journey to the goal.

HAZEL.

TRUE KNOWLEDGE.

The knowledge of Christ is a flower that never fades. Carry it in your bosom, and it will fill your life with fragrance. It is a light that cheers the darkest night; the longer it burns the brighter it grows, and fierce winds only make it shine more clearly. It turns a hovel into a palace, makes a rough road smooth, is easily carried, and costs nothing. The knowledge of Christ is a purse full of gold. It will pay your way in all the strange places of life, and bring you comforts more choice than any found in kings' houses. It will open gates closed to the wise of this world, and unlike earthly treasures, the more you spend the more you have. It is a well whose crystal stream makes all around beautiful and pure, refreshes the weary passer-by, never knows the drought of summer, and from life's morning to its latest eve flows steadily, carrying joy and song throughout its course. It is a sunbeam from paradise, a smile from the face of God, the song book of saints, the Bible of New Jerusalem, the key of heaven's treasury, and the passport into the presence of the King. It makes rainbows on storm clouds, transforms tears into pearls and thorns into apple trees, and causes the desert to blossom as a rose. It makes the heart larger than a kingdom, richer than a bank, brighter than a palace, and happier than a grove in which a thousand birds are singing. Get this knowledge above all things, increase it, teach it, live it and prize it above rubies, for it is your happiness, your glory, and your life — *MucPherson*.

PURPOSE.

If I could get the ear of every young man but for one word, it would be this: "Make the most and best of yourself." There is no tragedy like wasted life — life failing of its end, life turned to a false end. The true way to begin life is not to look off upon it to see what it offers, but to take a good look at self. Find out what you are — how you are made up, your capacities and lacks — and then determine to get the most of yourself possible. Your faculties are avenues between the good of the world and yourself, the larger and more open they are, the more of it you will get. Your object should be to get all the riches and sweetness of life into yourself; the method is through trained faculties. You find yourself a mind; teach it to think, to work broadly and steadily, to serve your needs pliantly and faithfully. You find in yourself social capacities; make yourself the best citizen, the best father and neighbour, the kindest son and brother, the truest husband and father. Whatever you are capable of in these directions, that be and do. Let nothing within you go to waste. You also find in yourself moral and religious faculties, beware lest you suffer them to lie dormant or but summon them to brief periodic activity. No man can make the most of himself who fails to train this side of his nature. Deepen and clarify your sense of God. Gratify by perpetual use the inborn desire for communion with Him. Listen evermore to conscience. Keep the heart soft and responsive to all sorrow. Love with all love's divine capacity and quality. And, above all, let your nature stretch itself toward that sense of infinity that comes with the thought of God. There is nothing that so deepens and amplifies the nature as the use of it in moral and spiritual ways. One cannot make the most of one's self who leaves it out. — *Theodore Munger, in "On the Threshold."*

A GODLESS OLD MAN.

There is hardly a sadder spectacle on earth than that furnished by a godless and graceless old man, who has lived in a Christian land perhaps three-quarters of a century, and all of whose days have been spent without any effort to lay up for himself a treasure in heaven. His childhood and youth were thus spent; his manhood and middle age were thus spent; and now there he is, in old age, with life on earth almost gone, on the very margin of the grave, with eternity just before him, and with not the first thing yet done in the way of preparing to meet God in judgment. Death frowns upon him. He finds no pleasure in looking over the past, none in the present, and none in the future. Meditation brings him no joy. Memory and conscience afford him no comfort. He is without the blessing of Christian hope when he most needs it. The disabilities and pains of his body make life a burden to him. The activities of business that once employed his thoughts he can no longer bear. He must, from sheer necessity, lay down the earthly tasks of life. In a short time he will be dead; and he knows it. The Bible is no source of comfort to him. He is not sufficiently familiar with it to be comforted by it, and not in a moral condition to receive its comforts or be entitled to them. Alas! for that man, there are no prospects before him that sweetly invite his thoughts to the spirit world. The simple truth is, he has laid up for himself no treasures in heaven. This one thing he has not done. Many things he has done, but this, never. He may leave thousands to his children, but there are no thousands for him in the skies. His whole record on earth is wrong, fundamentally and awfully wrong. And now, there he is, at last, in his feebleness and decay — near the end of a wasted and unspent existence on earth — a sore affliction to him and a solemn warning to every passer-by. Who will envy him his lot? Who shall imitate his example? His life in this world, as to the great purpose for which it was given, is simply a prodigious failure. It ends without hope here, and in eternal darkness hereafter. — *Wesleyan Watchman*.

HEALTHY RELIGION.

More than a thousand years ago, a company of refugees, escaping Attila's dreadful devastation of Northern Italy, settled on one of the muddy islands at the head of the Adriatic, and there founded the city of Torcello, and at a later time built up the magnificent commercial empire of Venice. The ruins of the old cathedral still stand in the ruined city, built by those stout hearted men in a time of struggle and discouragement, as a symbol and stronghold of their religious faith; and in the cathedral the noticeable thing is the openness of the windows and the abundance of sunlight. None of the Gothic windows of the northern churches or of the gloomy shadows closing the high arched ceiling; but all is luminous, light and fair, with not even dark colours in the frescoes. It was built by men of sorrows, but they were men who believed in God; and, therefore, while there was fear and depression enough around them, they made their house of worship joyous with all the beauty and cheer of Italian sunshine, and in this spirit they wrung from disaster the beginning of a grand success.

The spirit of cheer and joy is always the sign of a healthy religion. Some one asked the musician Haydn why his church music was always so cheerful, without any of the funeral passages which many others thought to be peculiarly religious, and he replied, "I can not make it otherwise: I write according to the thoughts I feel; and when I think of God, my heart is so full of joy the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen. And, since God has given me a cheerful heart, I must serve Him with a cheerful spirit."

The spirit that pervades a man's daily life is the measure of his real religion. He may be careless of creed and ceremony; but if he can carry heavy burdens with a light heart and meet calamities with serene courage, it must be that in the depth of his soul he has real faith, which, like a fountain in an oasis, keeps everything sweet and blooming. He may never put his faith into words, like the great theologian, or build it up into beautiful architecture, like the brave people of Torcello, or write it out in grand oratorios, like the devout Haydn; but nevertheless, it is known and read of all men in the beauty and courage of his life, which may be more eloquent than any creed and more impressive than cathedral or stately music. For courage and cheerfulness are, after all, the sincerest possible confession of man's real belief that all things are working together for good, and that blessed providence is ever changing the darkness into light. — *Presbyterian Observer*.