

knowledge that money, time, and morals are thrown away night after night in these places, money that parents, wives, children need; time that could

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## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

### GIVING AND LIVING.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold  
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;  
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,  
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.  
To withhold his largess of precious light  
Is to bury himself in eternal night.  
To give  
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all.  
Its joys is the joy it freely diffuses;  
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,  
And it *lives* in the light it freely loses.  
No choice for the rose but glory or doom,  
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.  
To deny  
Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rays to the land,  
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;  
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,  
The brain to the heart is lightning motion;  
And over and over we yield our breath  
Till the mirror is dry and images death.  
To live  
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide  
To help the need of a human brother;  
He doubles the length of his lifelong ride  
Who gives his fortunate gains to another;  
And a thousand million lives are his  
Who carries the world in his sympathies.  
To deny  
Is to die.

### THOUGHTS FOR THE SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

(Written for the Church Guardian)

"For he that is dead is freed from sin."

These words taken by themselves are full of wondrous meaning and comfort. When our beloved pass through the gates of death into the place of the departed, the land of peace and rest, they are *freed from sin*. That which mars the beauty and dims the happiness of this life, which changes this bright and lovely world into a wilderness, that which is forever drawing us away from God and jeopardizing our eternal salvation, that which makes us hateful in the sight of Him who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity, can no longer touch those who have been called out of this troublesome world. The tyranny of sin extends not beyond the border land. What sweet consolation is contained in this thought. The mother need no longer wear out her heart with anxiety about her child who was exposed to the myriad temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil; the friend need no longer fear for the weakness of the dear one who would fain do right. "It is well" with them now; they are *freed from sin*, and are in the Presence of Him who died to redeem us from its power. But what the Apostle speaks of is another death—a death unto sin while yet we live in the world—a newness of life—a rising with Christ into another state of being, while we are still surrounded by the temptations of the Evil One, and among those over whom he may have dominion. "Buried with Him by baptism into death," we are risen as the children of God, that *henceforth we should not serve sin*. The actual death of the body will alone free us from the assaults of sin, but this partaking of the death of Christ frees us from its mastery. Christ's servants *cannot* be the servants of sin, for the "Old Man," which would have been Sin's willing slave, "is crucified with Him." "Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him." Here in the Spirit, there in His visible Presence, here by faith, there in full fruition, here in the weakness which can only serve Him through His strength, there in the per-

section of life which shall have no ending, of purity which can never know a blemish, of joy which can be only that of the sinless. And as we think of those who in the peace of Paradise are *freed from sin*, the thought leads us on to that day when we, too, shall have passed beyond its influence, when we with them, through the mercy of Christ, shall be safe and at rest, waiting for the perfect consummation and bliss for which we pray. "Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

### KISS ME GOOD-BYE, DEAR.

THAT is the phrase heard in the hall-way of many a home as the man of the house is hurrying away to exchange daily labor for daily bread in the mart of commerce.

Sometimes it is the wife who says it, sometimes infant lips prattle the caressing word, holding a sweet flower face for the kiss that is its warm sunshine of life, and the strong man waits a moment to clasp his treasure and is gone; and all day he wonders at the peace in his heart; at the nerve with which he meets business losses, or bears business crosses. The wife's kiss did it, and baby's kiss did it, and he realizes that it is not wealth, or position, or luck, that makes our happiness, but the influence we bear with us from the presence of those we love.

Kiss me good-bye! Oh lips that have said it for the last time! would you ever ask again in those pleading tones for the kiss so tardily given? Would we not remember that the relation the flower bears to the universe is as carefully provided as that of the brightest star; that the little action of a loving heart goes side by side with the deed of heroic worth; that love is the dew of life; that the parting of day may be the parting of life-time?

"How many go forth in the morning  
That never come home at night!  
And hearts have broken  
For harsh words spoken  
That sorrow can ne'er set aright!"

Many tears have been shed over unkind kisses—over those dear "remembered kisses after death;" but the time to kiss is the present. Kiss your children, man of business, before you leave home; kiss the mother of your children, and that dear old mother who sits in the chair by the window—no matter if her cheeks are wrinkled, her heart is young—and then go about your day's work with a "thank God" in your soul that you have some one at home to love and to be loved by.

"For though in the quiet evening  
You give us the kiss of peace,  
Yet it might be  
The better for thee  
The pain of the heart should cease."

### EVERY LITTLE HELPS.

God does not stand in need either of our money or our services. He can do without either. But He honors and blesses us by making us co-workers with Him. He gives us the opportunities of bestowing alms, employing time, and devoting energies to objects and enterprises which promote a common good, and He tells us plainly that we are so constituted that in doing for others we are doing for ourselves. But as plainly he gives us to understand that our spiritual growth, our highest good, will and must be measured by this cheerful, whole-hearted co-operation with Him. That no one may be discouraged, the smallest alms or services are as readily accepted from the poor as the largest from the rich. And we are assured that any amount, however small, will be readily accepted, and will be a real help. God does not look upon the amount, but upon the heart that prompts it. In the sight of men we may not seem to do much, but in the sight of God it may be very different.

In connection with the foregoing we would state that of the million and more dollars contributed to one of the great missionary societies of England

during the past year, by far the larger amount was made up by the pennies and shillings of the poor, but few large sums being contributed by individuals. They understand this matter in England better than we do. Our plan is to go to the rich and ask them to give large sums. We do not think it worth while to ask the many to give each a little, but we ask the few to give a great deal. We forget that God works by littles. He builds His mountains by the smallest particles of rock and earth. He spreads out the mighty seas and oceans, all made up of drops of water. The vast treasures of gold and silver, of iron, lead, and copper, are made up of grains. So of everything which enriches and beautifies the world.

And so it should be in all our deeds, and gifts of charity and benevolence. If it be more blessed to give than to receive, then let all share in this blessedness. If all our people would give of their money according to their ability, then would the treasures of our missionary and other benevolent societies be abundantly supplied—there would be no expense in collecting funds. If all who are able would do their part of the work, then nothing would have to be neglected or left undone. The Lord's cause would prosper everywhere, and his kingdom would come and be established in all lands and over all the world.—*Parish Visitor.*

### FRIENDLY COUNSEL TO THE YOUNG

BY THE REV. E. H. DOWNING.

"I REVERENCE a young man, because he may be useful when I shall be in the dust." This was the remark of an aged and eminent man who had sought during his long life, and not in vain, to make himself useful. I look with interest on a young man, because he may become a blessing to his friends, an ornament to society, a benefactor to the world. Obedient to the voice of God, regardful of the claims of man, faithful in every relation of life, he may so fulfill his mission on earth as to leave behind him a name which shall be "in everlasting remembrance." Such may be the history of a young man who is now unknown beyond the neighborhood of his father's house. Such may be his history, but we cannot say that such it will be. It may be, unhappily, the reverse. He may neglect to prepare himself to discharge the duties, and encounter the conflicts of life; he may lightly esteem his obligations as an accountable being; he may be indifferent to the welfare of his fellow-men; and he may finally pass from the stage, after a life of inglorious selfishness, to say the best of it, leaving the world no better for anything which he had said or done. Many such idlers have passed away and been forgotten, and doubtless the race is not yet extinct. We are told that one of the heroes of heathen mythology, when a boy, was once visited by two messengers, one of whom set before him for his choice a life of virtue with its rewards, and the other a life of self-gratification with its rewards, such as they are. The boy wisely made choice of the former, and in the end was numbered among the gods. Though this is only a heathen fable, its obviously significant moral is well worth our attention.

There is certainly no fiction in the statement that every young man has the choice set before him of a life of honorable usefulness, or of its shameful reverse. It is true that for the former he is required to prepare himself, while for the latter he scarcely needs any preparation. If he would be a mere idler, if he would pass through life scattering no blessings on his way, and making no human being better or the happier for his existence, if he would be forgotten when his body shall have returned to the dust, he has only to abandon himself to idleness and ignorance, vice and folly, and his ignoble end is gained. But if, with aspirations becoming his immortal nature, he would make himself a man—a man of service—if he would be gratefully and honorably remembered after he shall have been gathered to his fathers, he must firmly resolve to do his duty, and must faithfully prepare himself to act well his part, whatever that part may be.