Yesterday and To-Day.

CO-EDUCATION.

Old nations, old cities, old colleges and universities, are the very citadels of conservatism, the "last ditches" of doomed causes and obsolescent abuses. Who ever would make new and better beginnings must, like John, raise his voice in the wilderness; or, like Jesus, be led without these camps of conservatism, to die under reproach. To us here in the newer West has been a matter of some surprise to see what a slow and difficult thing it has been to break down the middle wall of partition between male and female in the matter of education in the East. This separating of boys and girls in schools and colleges has seemed to us about as prudish and back-number-ish as the primitive fashion of running a high partition between the "men's side" and the "women's side" in the old "meeting-house." This denying of girls the privilege of sitting with their brothers at the intellectual feasts in colleges is plainly a survival of the old barbarism which denies them a place at the family meals, and it spoils the meal as effectually in the one case as in the other. It is a gratifying sign of progress, therefore, that Boston has (after much misgiving and diligent inquiry, however,) decided to adopt co-education. The advisability of the step was submitted to 856 leading educators, of whom 565 urged its adoption, and the authorities issued the following orders:

1. Ordered, that the normal school be so arranged that the young men may enter and join the young women in the same course of study.

2. Ordered, that the boys in the Latin and English high schools and the girls in the girls' Latin and high schools be united in mixed classes as soon as practicable.

3. Ordered, that the grammar schools in districts where the boys are taught in different buildings from the girls be arranged for mixed classes as speedily as the necessary changes in the buildings will warrant.

4. Ordered, that the grammar school buildings where boys and girls attend, but where the boys are taught in separate rooms from the schools, the change be made by having mixed classes.

5. Ordered, that all newly-erected building, and buildings to be erected, be arranged for the co-education of the sexes.—*Cincinnati Christian Standard.*

A DEFINITION.

The sacred Scriptures are the word of God. Or, should we say more correctly, the sacred Scriptures *contain* the word of God? Both are correct. Our Saviour, in giving the cup to His disciples at the institution of the Lord's supper, says: "This is the new covenant in My blood," and this has the same import as though He had said, "This is the cup which contains My blood," namely, the blood which establishes a new covenant—a new testament. However, the connection between the Holy Scriptures and the word of God is much closer than the connection between the cup and its sacramental contents. The cup is the work of man, made of lifeless metal; the Holy Scriptures, however, are written by men, but from the workshop of the life of the soul; they are a human work which is at the same time a divine work, as God has taken human thought and writing into His service, and, through the impulse and direction of His Spirit, has used this to present His revelations. The Holy Scriptures are God's word, and they contain God's word, for they come from Him, the God of revelation, but out of the souls of men, and written by the hands of men as the authentic documents of His plans, will and way.—*Dr. Franz Delitzsch.*

GOD'S INVESTMENTS.

If each of us is a moral investment by our Lord and Master, then in His name and for His sake we ought to make the most of ourselves. It is the loftiest impulse under heaven that we can have to stimulate us to earnest and well-directed effort—"*I am one of God's investments.* He has 'taken a risk' on me. If I never did anything for my own sake, or for man's sake, let me do something for the Lord's sake. Many a mortal man would have refused such a 'poor risk' as I am, but God has taken it. I never had such an honor put upon me. Let me not disappoint Him." Unroll the napkin, then, and throw it away where it will never be found again. Out with the pound, and go to work and make it two pounds in some way or other. If I cannot do things myself, I will earn money and help somebody else to do it. If I cannot earn money myself, I will go round and entreat those who can. For very love's sake, I will keep at it; I will try, anyhow. It will please God to see me try.—*Dr. W. Ashmore.*

PASTORAL DELIGHTS.

Pastors who make frequent changes in their fields of labor know nothing of some of the highest, deepest and tenderest joys of the pastoral relation. The man who ministers for many consecutive years to the same people comes into the most delightful personal and family relations—if he be a man of tact and sympathy—with his people in their joys and sorrows. He enters into their family life in its saddest and most joyful experiences. This is a solemn duty; this is a blessed privilege. In this way friendships are formed which eternity will but ripen and sweeten. In this way a wise pastor attaches the people to himself by bonds stronger than steel; and that not for his own sake in a selfish spirit, but for their highest good and for Christ's glory. The pastor who changes his sphere of labor every few years knows but little of these tender affections and heavenly experiences. Perhaps the most delightful pastoral duties are performed when the pastor has the privilege of leading to Christ the second generation in a given pastorate. In this happy experience some of us are permitted to share; the children of those whom we have baptized and married are now themselves coming to Christ and confessing Him in baptism. Neither pen nor tongue can adequately express the blessedness of these experiences. We pity the roving pastors, who have never known this joy. It is a foretaste of heaven to share with beloved parents in their joy over the conversion of their children; it is an equal joy to enter into the new-found hope of the children themselves, and to help shape their lives for service here and for glory hereafter. Some of these boys will give their lives to the Christian ministry, and thus a pastor is projecting his life for the glory of Christ into the distant future. To do this work is heaven even on earth.—*Dr. R. S. MacArthur.*

Willingness to do Little Things.

There are some Christians to whom the words of the servants to Naaman might well be applied. The captain of the host of the King of Syria was very angry because the prophet Elisha had told him to do a thing that seemed so small as to be ridiculous and contemptible. He felt himself too great a man to do such a simple thing as to wash in the Jordan, but his servant wisely said: "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it?" Certainly he would, and the servant could appropriately say to him, "How much rather wash and be clean"—that is, if you would do the great thing in obedience to the command of the prophet, you certainly should be even more willing to do the little thing he has commanded. This kind of treatment swept away the barrier of pride behind which the Syrian captain had placed himself, and we are told he did "according to the saying of the man of God," and was healed. Just so soon as Naaman was brought to a true spirit of obedience he was as willing to do the small thing as the great.

There are yet some people in the world who need to be brought to the same state of mind. Any man whom the Lord will use in great things must be willing to do anything. There are a very few great things to be done in the Master's service, and a great many people would like to do them, while there are innumerable so-called small things to be done, and comparatively few who are ready to undertake them. Some one has said: "Once in a while, when a great fortress is to be taken, God will bring out a great field piece and rake all with the fiery hail of destruction. But common muskets do most of the hard fighting. It took only one Joshua, and the thousands of common troops under him, to drive down the walls of great cities, and, under wrathful strokes, to make nations fly like sparks from the anvil. It only took one Luther for Germany, one Zwingle for Switzerland, one John Knox for Scotland, one Calvin for France, and one John Wesley for England. The most work is in the rank and file of life. No man need be idle. Put down love of place and pride. Look around, not above, for work. Remember the nobility of service is not in what men call prominent or great deeds, but in deeds, however humble and unknown, which the King has commanded. There is a blessing in the service and a reward awaiting that kind of work for Christ which is done so naturally as to be forgotten until He shall remind us by saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto me."—*Young Men's Era.*

Good Temper.

"Love is not easily provoked." We are inclined to look upon bad temper as a very harmless weakness. We speak of it as a mere infirmity of nature, a family failing, a matter of temperament, not a thing to take into very serious account in estimating a man's character. And yet right here in the heart of this analysis of love it finds a place; and the Bible again and again returns to condemn it as one of the most destructive elements in human nature.

The peculiarity of ill-temper is that it is the vice of the virtuous. It is often the one blot on an otherwise noble character. You know men who are all but perfect, and women who would be entirely perfect, but for an easily ruffled, quick-tempered or "touchy" disposition. This compatibility of ill-temper with high moral character is one of the strangest and saddest problems of ethics. The truth is, there are two great classes of sins,—sins of the *body* and sins of the *disposition*. The Prodigal Son may be taken as a type of the first, the Elder Brother of the second. Now, society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls, without a challenge upon the Prodigal. But are we right? No form of vice, not worldliness, not greed of gold, not drunkenness itself, does more to unchristianize society than evil temper. For embittering life, for breaking up communities, for destroying the most sacred relationships, for devastating homes, for withering up men and women, for taking the bloom off childhood, in short, for sheer gratuitous, misery-producing power, this influence stands alone. Look at the Elder Brother, moral, hard-working, patient,—let him get all credit for his virtues. Look at this man, this baby, sulking outside his own father's door. "He was angry," we read, "and would not go in." Look at the effect upon the father, upon the servants, upon the happiness of the guests. Judge of the effect upon the Prodigal, and how many are kept out of the kingdom of God by the unlovely character of those who profess to be inside?

You will see why temper is significant. It is not in what it is alone, but in what it reveals. This is why I take the liberty now of speaking of it with unusual plainness. It is a test for love, a symptom, a revelation of an unloving nature at bottom. It is the intermittent fever which bespeaks uninterrupted disease within; the occasional bubble escaping to the surface which betrays some rottenness underneath; the lightning form of a hundred hideous and unchristian sins. For a want of patience, a want of kindness, a want of generosity, a want of courtesy, a want of unselfishness are all instantaneously symbolised in one flash of temper. Hence it is not enough to deal with the temper. We must go to the source and change the inmost nature, and the angry humors will die away of themselves. Souls are made sweet not by taking the acid fluids out, but by putting something in,—a great love—a new spirit, the Spirit of Christ. Christ, the Spirit of Christ, interpenetrating one, sweetens, purifies, transforms all. This only can eradicate what is wrong, renovate and regenerate, and rehabilitate the inner man. Will-power does not change men. Time does not change men. Christ does. Therefore, "let that mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."—*From Prof. Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World."*

Nothing can be love to God which does not shape itself into obedience.—*Robertson.*

Nearly Safe.

In urging his hearers not to rest satisfied with anything short of complete salvation, and not to suppose that because they repent they will be saved, Mr. Spurgeon remarked:

"A Christian minister says, 'When, after safely circumnavigating the globe, the 'Royal Charter' went to pieces on the coast of Wales, it was my melancholy duty to visit and seek to comfort the wife of the first officer, made by that calamity a widow. The ship had been telegraphed from Queenstown, and the lady was sitting in the parlor expecting her husband, with the table spread for the evening meal, when the messenger came to tell her he was drowned. Never can I forget the grief, so stricken and tearless, with which she wrung my hand as she said, 'So near home and yet lost!' That seemed to me the most terrible of human sorrow. But, ah! that is nothing to the anguish which must wring the soul which is compelled to say at last, 'Once I was at the very gate of heaven, and had almost entered in, but now I am in hell!

"I remember a man coming to me in great distress of soul, and his case made a deep impression on my mind. He was a man-of-war's man, and with all the frankness of a British tar, but alas! also with a sailor's fondness for strong drink. As we talked and prayed together, the tears literally rained down the poor fellow's weather-beaten face, and he trembled violently. 'Oh, Sir,' he exclaimed, 'I could fight for it!' Truly, if salvation could be obtained by some deeds of daring, he would have won it. He left me without finding peace, and the next day went back drunk, to join his ship; and I have never heard of him since.

"Some are in the suburbs of the city of refuge. I warn you against staying there. Oh, what a pity it is that any should perish at the gates of salvation for want of another step.

"He that makes but one step up a stair, though he be not much nearer to the house, yet he has stepped from the ground, and is delivered from the foulness and dampness of that. So he that taketh the first step of prayer by truly crying, 'O Lord, be merciful unto me!' though he be not established in heaven, yet he has stepped from off the world, and the miserable comforts thereof."

Present and Posthumous Philanthropy.

There remains but one other right of the citizen, concerning his own property, to be considered. He is permitted to give it away, under certain restrictions. During his lifetime he may bestow it *gratis*, except that he may not thereby impair the rights of his wife or creditors, or divest it of the burden imposed by the public; and dying, he may dispose of it by will, subject to similar charges, and, in some States, certain statutory rights of children, and succession taxes. Observing these proper conditions, the citizen may give away his property *ad libitum*; and it has long been a matter of surprise and regret—at least, to the impecunious philosopher—that so few avail themselves of this privilege during their lifetime. The records of our courts teem with cases in which the intentions of testators have been defeated by legal technicalities invoked by greedy heirs; and it would seem that this constantly requiring spectacle ought to deter men from confiding their property exclusively to courts for distribution.

One may excuse the merchant who accumulates to gratify a commercial ambition, and uses his millions as fuel for legitimate enterprise; or the man of any class who seeks to assure the comfort of those dependent upon him. But for those men—not a few—who by inheritance or otherwise have acquired wealth far in excess of their proper need, or the need of those to whom they owe debts of kinship, and cling to it for the mere satisfaction of seeing it increase, and feeling the sense of ownership—there ought to be no forgiveness on earth. At such men is aimed the last suggestion of this paper—that the right, with reference to his own property, in which the citizen is least restrained, is the right to give it away; and that this right is of all the most precious, to him who sees the just relation of property to human happiness.—*James S. Norton, in September Scribner.*

Victory Over Self.

In the early days of American art there went from Boston to London a young man of luminous genius and a pure heart. He was poor in everything but character. The inspiration of the great masters of painting which he saw filled him with a high sense of his calling; he desired to paint nobly, to live nobly, and leave an influence that would help mankind. Among the pictures that he painted was one that was in itself pure, but such as a sensuous mind might pervert by an interpretation. To a good mind its influence was good; to an evil imagination it might be made food for evil.

A connoisseur of rank and wealth came to this young man's studio, saw this picture, and purchased it. The money relieved the young artist from pressing needs, and the compliment at first made him happy. But when the picture was gone the artist began to think of the bad influence it might have over the weak and tempted. His conscience began to torture him; he could not rest. He went at last to his patron.

"I have come to buy my picture back."

"Buy it back? Did I not pay you well for it? Do you not need money?"

"Yes, I am poor. But my art is my life. Its mission must be good. The influence of that picture is not good. I cannot be happy with it before the eyes of the world. It must be withdrawn if I can recall it."

The patron admired the heroic purpose of the young artist's life, and sent back the picture. The dialogue was like that we have given, though not in the exact words. The young artist became great, and his character came to command the respect of the two nations.

This man corrected his first mistake in life, and never repeated it. He died full of years and honors, and was buried by torchlight in the old cemetery in Cambridge, Mass. It is said that the moonlight fell upon the bier as the last rites were being performed, revealing a face so morally and spiritually beautiful as to be of itself an artistic inspiration.

The Poplar and the Ivy.

A STORY FOR THE CHILDREN BY THE REV. R. O. ATHEMEDON, OF BOOLEEWADE.

Once upon a time in a beautiful wood there was growing a fine poplar tree. The sun was shining brightly, and the tree was gently swaying with the breeze. Bright and silvery was the sea in the distance, and very pleasant the green downs dotted with sheep that she saw across the topmost branches of the other trees in the wood. Suddenly she thought she heard a voice speaking and listened. Looking down she saw a little ivy plant on the ground by her side putting out its little tendril-like hands and it seemed to say, "Please, good poplar tree, do let me lean against you." But the poplar tree, drawing herself up proudly and rustling all her leaves, said, "Go away you naughty ivy plant, I won't have your nasty twining hands clinging to my beautiful trunk; go away." And so the little ivy plant went away and sank down quite frightened on the ground by her side.

But by-and-bye, when the ivy plant had grown a little stronger, she began to feel that it was time for her, too, to rise in the world and look about her: and, knowing very well that she could not rise by herself, she began to feel round with her tendrils for something she might take hold of and so rise. She could feel nothing but the poplar, and she felt half afraid to speak to the poplar again. But finding no other tree tall enough near her she thought she could lose nothing by asking, and might, perhaps, by keeping on, worry the tall poplar into granting her request.

So she looked up again and said, "Please, dear, good poplar tree, do let me lean against you, only let me put this one little green hand of mine against you."

But the poplar just then had been pushed about by a rough wind, and said rather crossly, "No, no, you ivy, lie down in your place on the grass, and don't you dare to touch me."

And so the ivy said no more then. But by-and-bye the ivy had grown bolder and stronger, and said to herself, "I'll worry that proud poplar tree until she does let me lean against her." And so she asked again, and in a louder voice said, "Oh, dear, good poplar tree, just let me lean against you for a day or two, and I won't bother you any more."

And the poplar tree thought this a capital plan for getting rid of all further trouble, and said, "Well, little ivy, you are quite a nuisance, but if you won't trouble me any more, I'll let you lean against me just for a day or two." And so the little ivy plant put out one of her long green hands, and took hold of the poplar tree, very gently, but very firmly. And so the days went on. So gently did the ivy cling, and so softly, that the poplar tree forgot all about the little ivy plant as she looked across the wood at the beautiful sea, and saw the ships with their white sails far away on the water. And she thought how nice it was to be a poplar tree, so tall and straight, that she quite looked down upon some sturdy oaks that were growing near.

Months went by, and still the ivy was forgotten. One day quite a storm swept through the wood, and the poplar tree was startled to hear a strange rustle as of many leaves far away down her trunk, and, looking down, she saw, not the little ivy plant, but a great big ivy plant that had quite grown over the lower part of the tree, and was rustling its leaves as if in laughter at the tall poplar tree that had been so silly as to let her lean against it just for a few days.

So the poplar was quite angry, and said, "Be off with you, you nasty, clinging ivy plant, I'll teach you to stay where you aren't wanted."

And, with that, the poplar tree shook all her bows, and rattled all her leaves, and tried to shake off the ivy plant, but it was all of no use. The ivy plant only put out its long green hands and clung all the closer.

Presently the poplar tree fancied she wasn't so strong as she used to be. She didn't enjoy the sunshine, and the sea, and the sweet summer air as she used to; she felt as if something were taking away all her strength; and she somehow or other thought it must be the ivy plant. So she tried again, but more feebly than before, to shake it off; but it was all of no use.

The ivy kept growing stronger and stronger, and climbing higher and higher every day, until at last it reached the very top of the tree and could look out all over the forest, and right away to the sea. You could see her green hands holding fast to the poplar tree ever so far away.

But the poor poplar tree seemed to have lost even the power to put forth her own green leaves, and all the sap seemed to be sucked out of her boughs by the ivy; and when the wind blew she felt afraid she should fall, she had got so weak. And so, indeed, it happened. One day a terrible storm blew up; all the sea was white with foam; all the trees in the forest were bending before the tempest.

The poor poplar tree was covered with such a thick mass of ivy leaves that offered such resistance that the wind wouldn't stand it, and so it came with such a terrible rush and howl that it broke off with a great crash the trunk of the poor poplar tree, and left it to die on the ground.

As it lay there dying it said: "Oh! how I wish I had never let that little ivy plant lean against me. It was only a little thing, with one long green hand, and I thought it couldn't hurt me. But it was false, and when once I had let it cling to me I couldn't shake it off when I tried. 'And now I shall never see the beautiful sea again," and, so saying, the poor poplar tree died.

Be careful, dear children, never to let little habits that are bad and sinful take hold of your young life. They may seem but little things to you at first, but, like the ivy, they will grow stronger and cling tighter, and, like the ivy, they will eat out all the strength and brightness of your life, and, like the ivy, will prove your ruin at the last.

Ask God, for Jesus' sake, to give you grace day by day to serve Him, and to give you wisdom to watch against, and strength to resist, every evil thing, however small.—*The Freeman.*

The Turning Point.

In a recent public address G. Stanley Hall, president of the new Clark University in Worcester, spoke as follows of the perils which surround boys and girls who are standing on the threshold of manhood and womanhood. The value of home influences and surroundings at this period cannot be too strongly emphasized:

At the age of twelve or fourteen in this climate very important physical changes occur in every individual, in the development of bones and in physiognomy. But greater than the external changes are those that take place in the brains and the organs which are not seen. This change that we call adolescence may continue for five or ten years. That is a very important period in many respects. Various ancestral diseases are apt to crop out at this time. The mind is unstable. Young men do not know whether it is worth while to struggle for existence. They have all sorts of vague feelings. It is a time for physiological regeneration, a sort of new birth direct from nature. Our success in living depends upon the wisdom with which the physical capital is used during these years, or how it is husbanded and treasured. Even among savage tribes this period has been marked by important ceremonies, showing that they have felt its significance. Instability is developed at that time by improper hygiene; perverse and vicious ways are induced. All these things show how important is the culture of this period. I have thought sometimes that the whole educational system might be shaped upon the phenomena of this period, with special reference to the health of the body and home literature. It is of great importance whether this change comes slowly or whether it creates a revolution in coming.

Thoughts.

God, like the sun, must be seen by His own light.—*Geikie.*

Nothing takes longer in saying than anything else.—*Lowell.*

By far the best part of a man's culture is self culture.—*Pryde.*

Whenever we do what we can, we can immediately do more.—*Clarke.*

Thousands admire Christ who never become Christians.—*Drummond.*

A child more than any other gift brings with it hope.—*Wordsworth.*

The way to increase our talents is to employ them to the utmost.—*Wayland.*

There are no sex prejudices in the forces of the universe.—*Mrs. Hanaford.*

Strong action can issue only from strong faith. Only out of certainty comes power.—*Brooks.*

Sin stupifies the conscience at the same time that it corrupts the heart and perverts the will.—*Godet.*

Nothing in God's earth is so mean as to be below His notice; nothing can be so untoward as to thwart His purpose.—*Carson.*

Youth is good, but old age is better to the man who forsakes not his youth when his youth forsakes him.—*MacDonald.*

In the decision of momentous questions, rectitude of heart is a far surer guarantee of wisdom than power of intellect.—*Farrar.*

To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind, sometimes against it; but we must sail, not drift or be at anchor.—*Holms.*

Every good man has a power in his person greater than his words or arguments, and which others feel when he little suspects it.—*Bushnell.*

Let God have all there is of you—body, soul, spirit, talents, voice, everything. Lay your whole life open before Him that He may control it.—*Mrs. Smith.*

No gift which God can bestow is so valuable as the impartation of Himself. The heaven of heaven will be to see Christ and to be like Him.—*Mrs. Witter.*

There is no medium between faith and unbelief. In the exercise of the former we give ourselves entirely to God, and where this is not done faith does not exist. *True* conversion is a new birth, not the patching up of an old garment.—*Krummacher.*

— It is an easy thing in a sentimental or professional way to talk of love, or when spiritual operations are at flood-tide, and the full current of religious feeling bears us on, it is easy then to think and declare that we have reached its boundless sea. But the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians stands in the way. A calm search into its exacting and minute demands takes all the gush out of our sentiments, all the wind out of our words, our feelings ebb, or are dried up, under its scorching flame, and a self-collapse ensues. Looking into this mirror we are ashamed of our self-esteemed comeliness. Measured by this standard we are abashed at our lowness, and though humbled and abased we still gaze on the beautiful and inviting prospect, and are full of hope and full of longings to reach this blessed, serene and winterless summit.—*Nashville Advocate.*

— In one of the German picture galleries is a painting called "Cloud-land." It hangs at the end of a long gallery; and at first sight it looks like a huge, repulsive daub of confused color, without form or comeliness. As you walk toward it, the picture begins to take shape. It proves to be a mass of exquisite little cherub faces, like those at the head of the canvas in Raphael's "Madonna San Sisto." If you come close to the picture, you see only an innumerable company of little angels and cherubim. How often the soul that is frightened by trial sees nothing but a confused and repulsive mass of broken expectations and crushed hopes! But if that soul, instead of fleeing away into unbelief and despair, would only draw up near to God, it would soon discover that the cloud was full of angels of mercy. In one cherub face it would see, "Whom I love, I chasten." Another angel would say, "All things work together for good to them that love God." In still another sweet face the heavenly words are coming forth: "Let not your hearts be troubled; believe also in Me. In my Father's house are many mansions. Where I am, there shall ye be also."—*Cuyler.*

CHILDREN

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