

than all the sceptical books which were ever penned, and hinder the more effectually just because they pretend to help so ostentatiously.

THE GOSPEL'S GOOD WORKS. - III.

As a third good work which the Gospel has wrought, I name the inauguration of efforts for the amelioration of the condition of what, for want of a better word, I am compelled to call the masses of mankind. The Lord Jesus has taught the universal brotherhood of man. He has given every other, and so He is the founder and leader of all the benevolent and missionary movements of the modern world. "He that is greatest among you, let him be your servant, even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many." "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be children of your Father which is in heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." These are some of the sayings of our Lord on this subject. His parable of the good Samaritan, illustrated and enforced by His own infinite sacrifice, has put the benevolence into our modern life. I am aware, indeed, that benevolence is manifested now among us by many who repudiate His right to their loyalty and allegiance, and deny that He is God. And I gladly make this admission. But, even while making it, I contend that these friends, unconsciously to themselves, and even in spite of themselves, have absorbed much of the Christianity that is in the moral atmosphere by which they are surrounded. They have obtained a great deal from the Gospel without knowing it, for that Gospel, thanks to the nobleness of the founders of this nation, has saturated all our institutions, and so, even though they do not receive it with their intellects, they have taken in much of its influence by involuntary and unconscious absorption. They are by so much better than their creed, even as, unhappily, some professing Christians are a great deal worse than theirs. The ancient philosophers did not concern themselves about the lower orders of the people. They never thought of going out into the streets and lanes of the cities to mitigate the miseries of their fellow-men. They were content to deal with what one has called "the intellectual aristocracy of mankind." They required a test of fitness for admission to their schools like that which one of them blazed over the entrance to his Academy, in the words, "Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here," and they affirmed that their special mission was "to those of mankind who have a natural tendency and disposition toward virtue." But Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance, and high above all philosophy stands forever His precious invitation, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Nay, more, His Church has been His representative in this regard. Even in mediæval times, before it had become utterly corrupt, through the selfish ambition of those who, without the Spirit of Christ, had called themselves by His name, the Church of Rome was the great mediator between the highest and lowest. It stood as a living breakwater between the selfishness of the feudal lords and the weakness of their dependants, and was, in the darkest age, the only influence of a refining and humanizing sort that existed throughout Europe. Then in the wake of the Reformation came a grand revival of benevolence, which is going on still, and irrigating the lands with blessing. If then it be worthy of reprobation to remember the poor, to seek to lessen their sufferings, to attempt to lift them into self-respect and self-support, to give them the hand of sympathy and the help of brotherhood, then let the Gospel be stoned for teaching men thus to bridge the gulf between rich and poor, between employers and employed, between the comfortable and the suffering. If the Howards, and the Frys, and the Nightingales, and the Joneses of our modern benevolence have been curses to the world and not blessings, then let the Gospel be made the execration of humanity, for by it were these charac-

ters inspired and moulded. But if—contrary-wise—these are the names which stir men's hearts to their depths, and waken the enthusiasm of the multitude to deafening applause at their very mention, then with what consistency shall we stone the Gospel, of which their lives were the bright efflorescence and delightful fruit?—*Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D.*

"DON'T WORRY."

It is doubtful if there is philosophy enough in the world, even if it were impartially distributed, to put a stop to worry. Some people would begin to fret, the next day after such a distribution of the antidote, that they hadn't got their share. And then some things are as much stronger than philosophy as blood is thicker than water. Temperament is one of them. Inherited mental traits, or habits that have crystallized into disposition, are more of the same sort. A man who has the elements so mixed within him that he naturally borrows trouble, and crosses bridges before he gets to them, and permits things small or great to fret him, is bound to worry. He may as well attempt to alter his complexion, or change the thickness of his skin, as to stop worrying. The most he can do is to control the expression of his mental state within himself,—and that is often more wearing to him than to give vent to his feelings. Speech is the safety-valve for constitutional worriers, and they are truly blessed if they have a friend with a willing ear and a buoyant nature, on whom their poured-out troubles have no more effect than a summer shower on a silk umbrella.

To this class of unfortunates it is quite useless, and sometimes little short of impertinence or cruelty, to keep forever saying: "Don't worry." One might as well say to the wind, "Don't moan," or to water exposed to zero weather, "Don't freeze." The only thing to do, is to remove the cause of the worry,—or, if that be impossible, to divert the attention to more pleasant subjects for a time. The worrying of the world is not wholly in vain, it is well to remember. The troubled and perplexed people, other things being equal, often have the foresight to perceive and the prudence to avert troubles over which the carefree and merry-hearted might stumble and fall. Until we get our millennium in something more tangible and universal than spots and slices, it won't do to be too uncharitable toward worry.

But if there ever should be organized a Society for the Prevention of Worry, we think it might find a field for useful and hopeful labour in combating the habit of idle and pointless complaining, and chronic fretfulness, which blights so many homes. It could warn young people to beware of forming the habit. It could encourage the victims of it to stop and count ten before uttering a fretful word—as some people have to do to prevent outbreaks of temper. It would teach over-wrought mothers and over-active fathers to take more sleep—to breathe a better air—to stop over-loading their stomachs—and thus abolish many of the strictly physical causes of a disagreeable habit of unamiableness. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, in this matter; for the descending steps of the scale are: worry, fret, growl, bite. And when one has reached that depth, philosophy won't save him. Reform has as hopeless a job in tackling him as it has in dealing with an old hack politician. Conversion—the real, old-fashioned conviction of sin, repentance, and a new birth—will alone do the job.—*Golden Rule.*

FATHER AND SONS.

"If you wish to train up your child in the way he should go, just skirmish ahead on that line yourself," said wise Josh Billings, and if he was not addressing fathers and thinking of boys, he ought to have been. The writer was present once at a social religious meeting, when a very large man with a very large nose, and no doubt a very large heart, also, arose and used his space of time to tell what a good mother he had and how her influence had guided him, and finished with an exhortation to all mothers to make good men of their boys.

The divines followed in a similar strain and ended

with the same exhortation. All the brethren settled themselves more comfortably into their seats, and all the sisters bowed their heads with meek faces as if sweetly taking up the heavy burden thus flatteringly laid upon their frail shoulders. No, not all; for one sat bolt upright, too indignant for speech, to see those great broad-shouldered men thus calmly shirking the greatest responsibility God ever called them to bear.

Because some mothers, blessed with mighty faith and powerful will, have borne their sons triumphantly over the quicksands of youthful temptations and planted their feet firmly on the pleasant upland of righteous manhood, shall it be demanded of every frail woman to whom God has given a son, that she do the same? No; with equal justice it might be demanded of every woman that she write books like Mrs. Stowe, entrance large audiences like Miss Willard and Anna Dickinson, or be a brilliant newspaper correspondent like Mary Clemmer.

What weight has a mother's word when weighed against a father's example? The mother says, "My son, do not smoke, it is bad for your health, bad for the purse, bad for the morals, and the pleasure it affords is trifling compared to the evil it works."

"What does mother know about smoking?" reasons the boy; "she never smokes; father smokes, and I am going to."

"Don't spend your evenings about the bar-room and village store," pleads the troubled mother; "the conversation there is not such as I wish you to listen to."

"What does mother know about bar-room talk?" questions the boy; "she is at home rocking the baby or darning stockings; father is there and I'm going."

One outspoken ten-year-old boy said, "I like my mother well enough; but I think father is a great deal smarter;" and he expressed the feelings of the average boy when he enters his teens. Now, which parent is likely to have most influence in forming the character of that son?

"I'll take what father takes," said the boy at the hotel dinner table, and boys are taking what their fathers take, all the world over.

A father and son were clambering up the rough, steep sides of a mountain. When the father paused to decide which of many paths to take, the boy said, "Be sure to choose a good path, father, for I am coming right behind you."

Fathers, upon the hillside of life, be sure you choose a "good path," for your sons are just behind and almost certain to follow in your footsteps. If the bewitching voice of pleasure entices you into the by-paths of self-indulgence and sin, remember that where you trip he will stumble, and the same foul mire that soils your raiment will engulf him. But if you choose, to walk the pleasant highways of temperance, virtue and Christian manliness, he shall keep even step with you, and at last dwell in peace at your side.

"The just man walketh in his integrity; his children are blessed after him."—*Bessie Barton, in the Christian Standard.*

If you like a man, he may jump into water all over and not be wet; but if you dislike him, the very way he carries his food to his mouth will look ugly to you. *Arthur Helps.*

HAVE you never observed how entirely devoid is the Lord's prayer of any material which can tempt to subtle self-inspection in the act of devotion? It is full of an outflowing of thought and emotion towards great objects or desires, great necessities, and great perils.—"After this manner, therefore, pray ye."—*Prof. Austin Phelps.*

To buy and read all the Magazines, Reviews, etc., that claim the front rank, and are generally regarded as the leaders or exponents of modern thought, would overtax the means and the leisure of most people. The "Living Age" brings to its subscribers, every week, a selection of the most note-worthy articles that appear in the leading English secular periodicals, and thus enables them, with little detriment to their time and still less to their purse, to keep themselves well posted in current literature.