

fire. "For Christ's sake" lightens many burdens, and makes it much easier to suffer. Paul's feelings were sorely hurt when beaten with many stripes, yet he suffered patiently. Peter and John were sorely hurt when they were unjustly imprisoned for preaching the Gospel, yet they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer for His name sake. Stephen's feelings were hurt when he was stoned, yet he prayed; "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." And One greater than all was humiliated in a mock trial and crucifixion between two thieves, and yet He prayed: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Be Christ-like, and pray that the offences against you may not be laid to their charge. Learn to suffer a little for Christ's sake. Under no circumstance allow your injured feelings to provoke you into saying hard things or bearing resentful feelings, or in neglecting a known duty to preacher, Church or Sunday-school.

Crossing the Bar.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me,
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving, seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that, the dark.
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourn of Time and Space
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

Home Love.

Home love is the best love. The love that you are born to is the sweetest you will have on earth. You, who are so anxious to escape from the home nest, pause a moment and remember this is so. It is right that the hour should come when you in your turn should become a wife and mother and give the best love to others; but that will be just it. Nobody—not a lover—not a husband—will ever be so true as your mother or your father. Never again, after strangers have broken the beautiful bond, will there be anything so sweet as the little circle of mother, father and children, where you are cherished, protected, praised, and kept from harm. You may not know it now, but you will know it some day. Whomsoever you may marry, true and good though he may be, will, after the love days are over and the honeymoon has waned, give you only what you deserve of love or sympathy, and usually much less, never more. You must watch and be wary lest you lose that love that came in through the eye, because the one who looked thought you beautiful. But those who bore you, who loved you when you were that dreadful little object—a baby—and thought you exquisitely beautiful and wonderfully brilliant—they do not care for faces that are fairer and forms that are more graceful than yours. You are their very own, and so better to them always than others.

The People's Gospel.

Every little while we hear it said, what an interesting time this is to live in, with its eager activities and rapid gains, its marvellous inventions and triumphant forces, its conquests by hand and brain, its telling out aloud of the secrets of the earth and sea and air and stars! But we are living, all of us, in the presence of a far more majestic movement, and it is the old miracle of the Galilean mountain-side and the hungry wayfarers over again. Underneath, within, beyond all these mechanisms and expositions of mortal energy and skill, there is building silently another Commonwealth, a house of almighty justice and love for the brotherhood of man, a city of God out of heaven, not reared by the builders of roads, or factories, or ships, or empires, or universities. Ministers of the Gospel proclaim it; statesmen may help bring it on; scholars may serve it;

but so can every one of us, like the common men who before they were Apostles handed the bread to the multitude—our young men and boys, like the lad with the loaves. Out of the class-rooms of colleges, out of libraries, lecture halls, workshops and the fields ought to come workmen in that work, and master-workmen. Out of the homes of a believing and thankful people and the arms of gracious mothers should come labourers just as needful and just as true as those of Galilee, who find it honour enough and mastery enough to follow the steps and share the homely lot of Him Who is the Master of us all. And all this will be the people's Gospel.—Bishop Huntington.

Evening and Morning.

A little child knelt down to pray,
And, listening, I heard her say:
"My heavenly Father, please to keep
Me very safely while I sleep.
Forgive the faults Thou'st seen to-day;
And when I wake again, O may
I thank Thee from my heart, and try
To please Thee always till I die,
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then on her pillow soon she laid
Her bright-haired, weary little head;
And when the rosy morning broke,
That happy little heart awoke:
"I thank Thee, Father, for Thy care,
I know Thou'st heard my evening prayer;
Still keep me safe through all this day,
And may I never from Thee stray.
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Lack of Conscience.

The following closes an editorial in the July Century:—"The fact is that there is altogether too much reverence for rascals, and for rascally methods, on the part of tolerably decent people. Rascality is picturesque, doubtless, and in fiction it has even its moral uses; but in real life it should have no toleration; and it is, as a matter of fact, seldom accompanied by the ability that it brags. One proof that the smart rogue is not so smart as he thinks, and others think, is that he so often comes to grief. He arrives at his success through his knowledge of the evil in men; he comes to grief through his ignorance of the good in men. He thinks he knows 'human nature,' but he only half knows it. Therefore he is constantly in danger of making a fatal mistake. For instance, his excuse to himself for lying and trickery is that lying and trickery are indulged in by others—even by some men who make a boast of virtue before the world. A little more or less of lying and trickery seems to make no difference, he assumes—especially so long as there is no public display of lies and tricks—for he understands that there must always be a certain outward propriety in order to insure even the inferior kind of success he is aiming at. But having no usable conscience to guide him, he underrates the sensitiveness of other consciences—and especially the sensitiveness of that vague sentiment called 'public opinion'—and he makes a miscalculation, which, if it does not land him in the penitentiary, at least makes him of no use to his respectable allies; therefore of no use to his semi-criminal associates; therefore, a surprised, miserable and vindictive failure."

The Ladies' Home Journal.

To be helpful to women seems to be the chief aim of the managers of *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Every article has a true practical ring in it. What could be more helpful, at this season, for example, than a most sensible article on "How to Close a Country Home for Winter," by Florence Howe Hall, or a budget of advance "Hints for Making Christmas Presents," or what will be the most practical styles for woman's garments during the fall, which Mrs. Mallon describes with a skilful pen. Mrs. Lyman Abbott begins her work in this number, as one of the *Journal* editors, in a most promising manner. Maud Howe and Harriet Prescott Spofford supply each parts of a novel; Shirley Dare has a well-written article on the wisdom of granting favors; Dr. Talmage chats delightfully with women; Foster Coates, one of New York's best-known editors, tells what are

"Women's Chances as Journalists." Eben E. Rexford gives hints for fall flower potting; Ruth Ashmore treats a page full of questions of manners and dress for girls; Edward W. Bok points out the possibilities of literary success; Ella Wheeler Wilcox has a good poem. Dr. Louis Starr gives practical hints to mothers about the care of children. Altogether we can heartily recommend the *Journal* as the best literary visitor to a home. Published, at \$1.00 per year, at 433 435 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Do Not Be a Slave.

Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh try, to be no longer a slave to it! You can have but little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss! All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secrets will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a great deal of trouble it will save you. Roll your burden on Him, and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here am I, a lump of clay; Thou art the potter. Mould me as Thou in Thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it. Just as Thou wilt, but I rely on Thy unchanging guidance during the trial. O the comfort that comes from this!—Gen. Gordon.

We Shall Know.

When the silvery mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Never love or blame unduly
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists are cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golded fringe of day;
Heart to heart we hide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the Day of Life is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

—Annie Herbert.

Livingstone as a Teacher.

Mr. H. M. Stanley bears this remarkable testimony to the character of Dr. Livingstone:—"I have been in Africa seventeen years, and I have never met a man that would kill me if I folded my hands. What has been wanted, and what I have been endeavouring to ask for the poor Africans ever since Livingstone taught me during those four months that I was with him, have been the good offices of Christians. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent, such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass-meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stop here? Is he cracked or what? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible, 'Leave all things and follow me.' But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his pity, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon! How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has since happened there.