

for the very weakest, for the more we realise our own weakness the more we shall cast ourselves upon the divine strength. We are too apt to forget some portion of the armour, and Satan immediately gets an advantage over us. But the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, Who dwells in us, is our sure safety and pledge of victory, if only *we* are faithful to our privileges and high calling in Christ Jesus, and ever give ready ear to His holy inspiration and timely warning.

Christian, seek not yet repose;
Hear thy guardian angel say,
Thou art in the midst of foes
Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that grace may be sent down,
Watch and pray.

A. B. C. in the *Family Churchman*.

SPEAK FOR YOUR CHURCH.

The age has so reacted from bigotry to liberality that to be ready and watchful for opportunities to make known and stand by the real peculiarities of our Mother Church, long ago came to be frowned down by ourselves, as unnecessary, and, if not positively sinful, quite too unconventional.

The increasing circulation of "The Church and Her Ways," and probably similar little treatises, shows some revival of loyalty, but the pen, mighty for good, though it be, is more so if helped by the living, soulful voice of courteous, personal lay intercourse—not that which ruthlessly attacks or snubs the individual or his or her home training or loving memories, but which, instead of surrendering ours to theirs, leads to the appreciation by others of opportunities to go up higher, through the "Apostolic Fellowship," the "gift of the Holy Ghost," the frequent "breaking of bread."

It has been my observation that people, if rightly approached, and if religiously disposed at all, usually listen with courtesy and interest to the proper explanation of our peculiarities, including our "exclusiveness" as to ministerial functions. It has also been my sad experience after friendly talks with modern sectarians or some Roman Catholics, to be told, "Well, this is new to me. I have known a good many Episcopalians, and been to their churches, but you are the first one who seems to know what your Church teaches." Instead of such talks making us less friendly towards each other personally, they usually promote friendliness. If we as "Episcopalians," do not know whether we have anything of peculiar blessedness or not, do let us look it up, and if we know that we have, let us be too unselfish towards both sectarians and heathen to be of the class who say,

"Hush!" is our watchword, whispered under breath;

Our motto this: "Let well enough alone!"

A newspaper man recently told me that he was continually twitted about his Church originating with Henry VIII. Undoubtedly much is going on quietly and efficiently in scattering or limited ways. Let us hear from such agencies. Surely "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father," was never meant to be restricted to money (essential though that is), whether by offertory or any other way, and it certainly cannot be denied that seeming indifference on the part of the laity, to mental exertion and organization in Church education is by no means the least obstacle the clergy encounter in the responsibilities of their office. A BUSINESS OFFICE.—*Minnesota Missionary*.

THE POWER OF PURPOSE.

(BY W. J. DAWSON IN ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.)

If I were called upon to select the most epoch-making moment of the nearly nineteen centuries which lie between us and Calvary, I should choose that moment when an obscure Jew said upon the road to Damascus, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Renan has said that when the Jews returned from captivity, the little group as it crossed the desert carried with it the future, and definitely founded the religion of humanity. It may be said that Saul of Tarsus, as he entered Damascus that day, carried with him the future of Christianity. For it was his genius, his intensely idealistic and yet practical spirit, his magnificent moral enthusiasm and self sacrifice, that were to do more than any other agencies to secure the dominion and justify the ideals of Christianity. Many forces had already attacked those unscalable fortresses of imperial Paganism and failed: this man was to succeed. The birth of a single strenuous purpose in his heart was destined to transform the entire character of Europe. Such is the force of an idea, such the victory of a purpose. You cannot measure the ultimate horizon of any human purpose, nor forecast the future of any great idea. When a man collects all his powers and says, "This one thing I do," he has clothed himself with a force before which Time and Death are impotent.

Now we all can measure the outward triumph of a man's life, but we rarely measure the forces out of which the triumph sprang. Men suddenly emerge into the blaze of fame, and then the world wakes up and wonders how it has all happened. There is no such thing as luck in any world over which God presides. What, then, is the secret? It is purpose. The great victories which men praise are always won first of all in a man's own soul. The great men who stamp themselves ineffaceably on the ages are always the men who are capable of conceiving a purpose clearly, and of following it courageously through evil and good report. You may even sweep aside as relatively trivial all questions of the range of their gifts, the scope of their intellectual life. The great thing which you have to reckon with is the immense strength and heroic persistency of their purpose. "A great, therefore a surrendered soul," says Emerson; and the surrendered soul is the purposed soul. These are the dedicated men, the resolved men, the men of one idea, the men who know what they want, and live to get it. It is by their power of purpose that they triumph.

The man who is without purpose is like a ship without rudder or compass or course. Over the foaming waste of the world's wide oceans thousands of ships are passing, but not one without a purpose. Hail them where you will, each can tell you where it is going, what it is doing, why it is aloft. Can you conceive such a thing upon the high seas as a ship whose captain does not know where he is going, who replies to your question of "Whither bound?" "I don't know"; who has no care to ascertain in what latitude he sails; who carries a precious cargo he knows not whither; who has before him no vision of harbor, no scheme of commerce or conquest, and who gaily replies to your remonstrance, "Oh, what does it matter? I go where the winds and currents take me; it is all one to me, and it will be all the same in the end?" You would call that man a maniac. You would tell him that where the winds take men on the high seas is to shipwreck and death. You would say, with a shudder of horror, "At last I have seen that spectral dream of old-world mariners, a ship of fools, a ship of the dead, an appalling vision, because it is only the vision of the doomed." Yet that is a frequent spectacle upon the high seas of life. Men drift out upon the tides of youth, and leave the winds and tides to do what they like with them. They never put before themselves a solemn purpose which is worth living for and worth dying for. When some voice like mine hails them

out of the gathering tempest, they reply with scornful laughter, "What need to trouble about chart or compass?" And we hear that tragic laughter still as the darkness hides them away, and the boom of the breakers thunders in our ears. No; the majority of men are lost not because they are criminals, but fools; not because they sought wickedness, but drifted into it; not because they purposed folly, but simply because they never had a purpose.

"What am I going to do with my life?" That is the greatest of all questions for youth. In a few years it will be too late to ask it. Life will have hardened into a mould which you will be unable to break. But you now have something of which you are the sole master. Go, then, and count your wealth. You have physical strength and the faculty of physical joy; a brain that can be the store-house of great thoughts, and the fountain of noble speech; a heart behind the brain which can throb and thrill with the full pulses of emotion, and can use the brain as a great musician uses a great organ for the expression of his passion; a soul behind all, a vital something, a spark of ethereal fire, a divine innate, the pulse of all being, the centre of all sentience, the very citadel of the whole man, from which the government of the whole is carried on. You belong to the same plane of life as Socrates and Handel, Shakespeare and Darwin. You have at your disposal a certain length of breathing years, in which men have found it possible to establish great empires, write great books, build great cities, and make the whole world familiar with their names. In you reside forces which will flow out into immeasurable issues. Insignificant atom as you may seem against the bulk of the solid world, you are greater than it, for you are its lord. It is you alone of living creatures who can see its beauty, find its wealth, and utilize its hidden stores. You are the sole artist, poet, thinker, searcher, builder, master of this solid world. That is what life means, and what it gives you; and when we survey all that man has done with his life, and all that he is doing, it becomes for youth the most solemn and thrilling of all human questions, "What am I to do with my life?"

But splendid as this vision is, too often it is not seen by us until those years of life which are most susceptible to its impulse, most likely to develop the energies that make life glorious, are wholly or partly lost, and then it is a vision of torturing reproach. Partly because youth is the season of hope, partly because it is the experimental beginning of life, and life looks long enough to admit of indolence, and ample enough to make instant resolution seem needless, the young man, rejoicing in his strength, refuses to form definite purposes which would shape and insure his career. Through heedlessness, through mere lightness of heart, through aversion to that which is serious, and indifference to that which is high, he puts off those vital decisions which make character, till at last he awakes to find that a great section of life has slipped away, and the bright, new gold of youth is already squandered. He has always meant to do some day that which he ought to have done long ago, and that fanciful "some day" perhaps never dawns. And he finds, moreover, that a man cannot play with himself with impunity. There is no habit that so grows on the soul as irresolution. Before a man knows what he has done, he has gambled his life away, and all because he has never made up his mind what he would do with it. In mere weakness and nervelessness of nature he has let its precious treasure slip through his fingers, till he is bankrupt at an age when, for others, the first rewards of purpose are beginning to appear. He has dreamed, meditated, intended, procrastinated, played with his impulses, till the power of strenuous purpose has almost died in him, and the best you can say of him when his life closes, is what was once written over the grave of a certain foolish prince, "Here lies a man of the best intentions."

TO BE CONTINUED.