

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

ENTER, REST AND PRAY.

At eventide I walked the busy street,
And neared the portals of a grand old church;
At once the chimes rang out profound and sweet,
Proclaiming to the world the hour of prayer.

A moment did I stand beside the gate,
Then softly stepped within the sacred walls,
Where ne'er the strife of man could penetrate,
But holy calm and peace forever rest.

No garish light was there to blind the eye,
But glimmered low, and like an arched bower
Through which the beauty of the moon doth spy,
The consecrated walls to me appeared.

Few worshippers were there, yet did I feel
The blessed truth that God himself was there;
Where two or three in prayer to Him do kneel,
To ask for His pardon, grace and peace.

The solemn stillness of the holy place
Imparted to my mind, perplexed with care,
A grateful rest, and for a little space
I seemed to be transported from the earth.

And then the organ, with its pealing notes,
And white-robed choristers like seraph band,
Burst forth in melody which upward floats,
To greet the choir's antiphonal on high.

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide!"
How sweetly sounds the burden of that hymn
To weary souls to whom the world supplied
No solace for their troubles, griefs or woes.

The music ceased, the evening prayer was said,
The blessing of the triune God invoked
By holy priest on each believer's head,
And then I sought again the busy street.

The hateful feeling of a vague unrest
Which late ran riot through my troubled mind,
A dismal phantom and unwelcome guest,
To happy thoughts and peace had given place.

Oh, ye who weary of the ceaseless strife,
Whose souls the heavenly manna-food demand,
Within your Father's house find strength and life—
The doors are open, enter rest and pray.

—HAMILTON SCHUYLER.

Orange, N.J.

'WHO HATH RESISTED HIS WILL?'

(Continued.)

'You're a good lad, Bill,' said Thompson quietly. But you've seen a little of the world, and you know what bad men can be. Will you believe me when I tell you that I've been as bad as the worst you ever saw?' 'No, I won't,' cried Bill defiantly; 'it isn't true.'

'Ah, but it is. And it is worse for me than for the rest, for I know better. All those good words that you spill out so carefully from your book yonder were drilled into me from the time that I could run along. The curse for me is the curse of those who know how to do good and do it not,—nay but do evil instead!'

He was silent for a minute, but the boy made no answer. This was a trouble too great for him to meddle with, and he had wisdom to hold his tongue.

'I shan't tell you all the evil that I have done,' went on the other, wearily. Perhaps there were excuses for some of them, but they were not such as you would understand. I am trying all the time to forget them, in the hope that God may remember. But I did one thing, not so long since, that no one could excuse—a thing that will sink me as deep as hell, unless I repent and make amends—'

'There was a man that trusted me, and I ruined him. I sold him, body and soul, and I have the price here, in this belt round my waist—notes and gold—burning into my heart night and day. I got the money, and got safe away, and left him to bear the disgrace. They say he killed himself. If that is so, then I am a murderer, as well as all the rest. But I did hear something just at the last that seemed to contradict that. I had no time to wait. I heard the police were on the look-out for me, and someone told me of the *Mary Alice*. I put on a sailor's rig—and not for the first time, either—and came out of hiding at the last minute and came on board here.'

He stopped, and the boy Bill sat silent, staring at him with big eyes full of interest and wonder.

'Do you think you know it all now?' asked

the man, looking at him with a strange, sad smile. 'Nay, but you don't; not half of it, and I'm not going to tell you. I wonder—if you knew it all—whether you would think there was a chance for me?'

'God knows all about it, I suppose,' said Bill, doubtfully, looking wistfully at his friend.

'Ay, I know He does!' answered Thomson, half-raising himself, while a deep light came into his sunken eyes. 'I used to think, long ago that I didn't know whether there was a God or not; but I know now! Never one hour's peace has he let me have since the thing was done. What's that it says in the psalm: *'Thy hand is heavy upon me, day and night—'*

'They're all about David—the Psalms—aren't they?' said Bill, honestly trying to puzzle out an answer to this dark, sad riddle of a misspent life that was being unfolded to him. 'And he came all right in the end, didn't he?'

'But who can tell whether I'm meant to come all right in the end?' answered the other, tossing himself to the other side of his hammock, with a weary sigh. 'Doesn't it look as if there were a curse upon me?—first the storm, then the fever, and then—this morning—' He stopped short, as if some new thought had just come to him.

'What was it this morning?' asked Bill, rather glad to come back to plain matters of fact.

'I'll tell you,' he said, dropping his voice a little. 'I was lying still here, thinking over it all, wondering how it was I'd come safe out of both storm and fever, and whether God had done with me yet, or if there was something more coming. And I half turned myself round and looked, and there was the snake just creeping out of the folds of my coat, creeping up towards my hand; I could have flung it out of the hammock with one jerk.—I was just going to do it,—but something held me still. Something seemed to say to me, "*He hath found me out at last.*" And I thought to myself that I had flung it from His face and fought against His will, so far, but that I would do so no more. And I thought, "*I will not lift a finger either way. If it lets me alone I shall hope there is one more chance for me; and, if not, let it strike and let me die.*" So I lay and looked at it, and it looked at me, and came creeping up and up towards my face. I wanted to shut my eyes, that at least I might not see my death coming near in such a shape; but I would not let myself do it. Then, at last, it turned slowly away, and glided off at the side of the hammock there, and was gone!'

'Then it came out all right!' cried Bill, who had been listening with open eyes. 'You said if it went away you'd believe there was a chance for you still, and it did?'

'Ah! but I'm not so sure of it since,' sighed his friend. Telling you about it has brought it all back—all I've done, and it seems not possible that I should ever come to good. Doesn't that very book that you are hugging there say that some of us are created vessels of wrath, ordained beforehand for destruction, and in the same place it says, *'Who hath resisted his will?'*

'Whereabouts is it that it says that?' asked Bill, looking grave and turning over the leaves of his beloved book.

'The ninth chapter of Romans. I believe, answered Thomson, and lay looking at the boards above his head with a sad and dreamy look.

Bill turned over the leaves for a minute or two, then found the place, and pored over it for some time.

Before he had made it out to his mind a tramping was heard on deck, and a voice calling 'Bill,' at which he started up in a hurry.

'I can't make it out,' he said; 'it's very hard to understand. But there's things in that same chapter that seems to me to go clean against what you were saying just now. I wish you'd read it yourself.'

He thrust the book into the man's hand, and

ran. It was some time before he could get down again, and when he did so he found Thomson quietly asleep, with the Testament still held fast in his hand.

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A few weeks later this strange pair of friends were taking leave of one another on the deck of the *Mary Alice*.

'Good by!' said the man to the boy. 'You will see me again some day, perhaps, but with a different dress and a different name, and, please to God, with a different character.'

'And what are you going to do now?' 'Look out for the man I robbed, and give him back his own, and give myself to him, body and soul, till I have set him up in the world again.'

'But supposing you can't find him?' 'Then I shall help every other man I see in trouble, till God takes pity on me, and gives me a chance to undo the wrong I did. Lad! here's a smart new Bible for you, if you'll give me the little old one in exchange. And you'll find a bit of that snake's skin put in at one place, to remind you, whenever you see it, of me.'

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After this friend had gone, Bill looked out for the snake's skin. And this was the text that was marked on that page: *'In the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not My people, there shall they be called the children of the living God.'*—Helen Shipton.

BISHOP WILKINSON ON THE OLD NATURE.

Realize your true position with regard to the old nature. It is a great help to look quietly on these spiritual diseases—this unholy temper, this discontent and murmuring, or whatever it may be—as *apart from yourself*. It is the "old man," as St. Paul calls it; the old nature, gradually dying out, that the new man may be raised up in you. Learn to say: "What a blessing, that I am baptized into Christ; that I have put on Christ; that the Holy Ghost is developing in me the higher nature! What a blessing, that the old nature is like a grain of corn dying out; and that my real self, this higher nature, is growing up like the blade out of the dark soil: "first the blade, then the ear, after that, the full corn in the ear."

While you are dealing thus with the old nature, be continually strengthening, in every possible way, your higher nature. "Put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." Try to lay hold of this idea; that although the tabernacle of your earthly nature is gradually decaying, there is forming in you a glorious nature; even as, by the Incarnation, the Godhead dwelt in the frail temple of humanity. Say to yourself: There is in me this higher nature; and my part in this: to go on *feeling the higher nature*, in every possible way. I must take care to spare no effort. I must not neglect my devotions. I must kneel down, even if I feel I cannot pray. I must read my Bible, even if I had no inclination for its holy teachings. I must prepare for that Communion, and thank God afterwards for the blessing that I know I shall have received, though I may not enjoy it at the time—nay, may feel as if I were a hypocrite. I must go on feeding the higher nature by drawing near to His Holy Table, however long God may allow me to remain under the dark cloud of temptation.

A clergyman in the Northwest writes:—"I am so pleased with the CHURCH GUARDIAN, both in regard to its news and tone, that I have been endeavoring to secure more subscribers to it, and I append the names and addresses of seven new subscribers, and enclose \$7." Why should not others of the clergy follow this example?