

## Family Department.

## A HYMN OF WORSHIP.

How pure the dawn and bright!  
A thousand songs of waking joy arise;  
And to the zenith, flooding all the skies,  
Mounts the wide splendor of the light.  
So rise my soul to God!

Filled are the curving brooks  
With hastening streams and waters running bright,  
Dancing and singing in the morning light,  
Or gliding into grassy nooks.  
So flows my life toward God.

I look for flowers to bloom  
Along the margin of these streams; the skies  
Of warmer May, with many a fond surprise  
Of violets shall cheer my gloom.  
Thus do I hope in God.

All nature turns her face  
Toward the increasing sun and prays the fire  
That kindles life, and bids the buds conspire  
To clothe the earth with forms of grace.  
Thus I aspire to God.

The day wanes to its close,  
The drowsy herd turns homeward, and the wing  
Of every bird is folded; vespers ring,  
And weary hearts seek soft repose.  
So rest, my heart, in God!

THOUGHTS FOR SEVENTEENTH SUNDAY  
AFTER TRINITY.

## XVII.

"Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The religion, one of whose chief characteristics is *humility*, can never be an easy one to the human heart. Pride and the love of self are so hard to overcome that it can be only through the strength which is made perfect in weakness that we can hope to vanquish them. Yet they *must* be vanquished; we *must* humble ourselves "under the mighty hand of God if we would be 'exalted in due time'; we must be 'clothed with humility' now if hereafter we would wear a crown of glory that fadeth not away. And Jesus says, 'Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased'; and again, by the mouth of His servant St. Peter, 'God resisteth the proud.'" These are awful words. He, THE RESISTLESS ONE, resisteth the proud! His hand is against them; and what is man that he should dare to exalt himself in that awful Presence, which is everywhere; that he should dare to treat with contempt his fellow-servant, his fellow-sinner?

Humility, the sister grace of charity! sweet and well pleasing in the sight of Him who humbled Himself even to the death of the Cross, that He might ransom us, that He might purchase us to be His forever. There is no virtue for the practise of which we have greater and more frequent opportunities. Our daily life offers us a constant field for it, as it offers us a thousand temptations to the opposite. To take "the lowest room" in our social intercourse with others, to learn to put ourselves aside, to think of others before ourselves, not to be *self-seekers*, to be lowly in our own eyes, not to think of our neighbours as they affect *ourselves* socially, and value and behave to them accordingly, but to feel towards them as children of a common father, looking for opportunities of good to those from whom we expect no worldly recompense. Thus in lowliness and meekness filling the place assigned us as members of the Church on earth, we shall, one day, hear the Blessed Voice of Him that bade us say—"Friend go up higher."

When we think of Him whose whole life on earth was one self-sacrifice,—of Him whom legions of angels might have surrounded with adoring service—without where to lay His head, the friend and companion of the poor and despised, Himself 'despised and rejected,' must we not think in shame and sorrow of our miserable self-exaltation, and will we not endeavour to fashion our-

selves after His Likeness now, that we may be with Him where He is hereafter?

## UPSETTING MOSES.

Jim Manly began to talk.

"I say, deacon, Darwin's theory of evolution is a little hard on the first chapter of Genesis. Of course we don't know yet how it will turn out, but it looks a little as though they were going to upset Moses."

The deacon made no answer. He surely must have heard Jim's remark. Presently he was observed to be counting his fingers slowly, and with a pause for thought between each enumeration. After a while Jim ventured to ask;

"Counting up your saw-logs, deacon, aren't you?"

"No," said the deacon, "I'll tell you. Your remark set me thinking. I was just counting up how many times in the course of human history somebody has upset Moses."

"First of all, two old jugglers named Jannes and Jambres undertook this but they failed. Then a certain king named Pharaoh went at the work of upsetting. He must have found it more of a work than he anticipated, for he has not reached home yet. Then three leaders of liberal thought—Korah, Dathan, and Abiram—went at the job. They failed in the upsetting part, but they secured a bit of ranch for themselves, which they and their children have held in quiet possession until this day. Later on, a king named Nebuchadnezzar entered upon the upsetting business. He did not succeed either. He spent seven years chained to a stump, and when he had served out his time he had changed his mind, and was a sadder and wiser man. His successor met with a still greater disaster, and in a similar attempt:

"Since that time there has been no end of persons who have tried to upset Moses. Some ancient heathen—Celsus and Porphyry and Julian the Apostate, and latterly these German critics and scientists, so-called, are at the same thing. Years ago, when I was in Boston, I heard of a meeting of free-thinkers at a place call Chapman Hall. I could not resist the temptation to go just once and hear what they said. I found about twenty persons there; three or four of them were women, all the rest men. And what do you think they were engaged in? 'The old enterprise of upsetting Moses.' And yet Moses has to-day in the synagogues of Boston more people that preach him than he ever had before."

"It is astonishing how much upsetting it takes to upset Moses. It is like upsetting a granite cube. Turn it on which face you will, there it stands as solid as ever. The cube is used to being upset and does not mind it. It always amuses me when I hear a fresh cry from some new quarter averring that some man whom nobody has ever before heard of has found out a sure way of doing what others have failed in. And now here comes Jim Manly, and Moses has to be upset again. Ah, well!" and the deacon sighed.

There was a roar of laughter that made the rafters of the old saw-mill ring, and all joined in except Jim.—*Altoona Tribune.*

## A LABOUR OF LOVE.

A century ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. and ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him at work in the shadow of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand had gone, his face upturned to this other marvelous face which he had wrought there, the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and

workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face, they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"

In the great cathedral of ages—the temple being builded for an habitation of God—we shall learn some time that love's work is the grandest of all.

## TO YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

More than fifty years ago the late Dr. Bacon closed a sermon to young Christians with the following appeal, the spirit of which was grandly illustrated in his after life:—

"Would to God I could make you know what results are depending upon you; what interests of the Church and of a dying world are involved in your future character and efforts. When I look at the young Christians of this age, and reflect that they are soon to sustain the ancient glories of the Church of God—when I look abroad on the earth and see the crisis that is at hand—when I listen to the cries that come from every quarter of the world, summoning the people of God to new effort and more splendid exhibitions of piety—I seem to see the hoary generations that are passed rising up from their repose to watch over the young followers of Christ; I seem to hear the voices of blessed spirits from above cheering them on in the career of piety; I seem to see a world of misery, turning its imploring hands to them, and beseeching them to be worthy of their name, worthy of their privileges, worthy of their noble destiny; I seem to hear, I do hear God Himself speaking from the heavens, 'Ye have chosen the better part, be faithful unto death and I will give you crowns of life.'"

## QUIET LIVES.

Christ's lowly, quiet workers, unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God, and go to their business or their household work. And all day long as they toil they scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and to-morrow flowers of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth and along the hard path of toil on which their feet tread.

More than once in the Scripture the life of God's people in this world is compared in their influence to the dew. There may be other points of analogy, but specially note-worthy is the quiet manner in which dew performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly. It makes no noise. No one hears it dropping. It chooses the darkness of night, when men are sleeping, and when no man can witness its beautiful works. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls. It steals into the bosoms of the flowers, and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there. It pours itself down among the roots of the grasses and the tender herbs, and plants, and in the morning there is fresh beauty everywhere. The fields look greener, and the gardens are more fragrant, all life glows and sparkles with a new splendor.

And is there no lesson here as to the manner in which we should do good in this world? Should we not strive to have our influence felt rather than to be seen or heard? Should we not scatter blessings so silently and secretly that no one should know what hand dropped them?

"Look around about thee on the nations still sitting in the shadow of death, upon this nation, boastful and proud, and yet in spirit unsatisfied and ill at ease, asking only to be allowed to sleep, that the eternal realities of life and death may not be held before its eyes; angry with its own restless questioning, and angrier with the unmeaning babel of the responses which a hundred sects are bringing for their solution, Oh, I beseech you, remember that thou art ordained to be a witness of the resurrection—to teach man-kind by all agencies thou canst employ which the one illuminating and convincing Spirit will make successful, even this, just this—that God has given men eternal life, and that life is in His Son, whom He has raised from the dead.—*Bishop Dudley.*"

"In all your prayers," says Bunyan, "forget not to thank the Lord for all His mercies."