

universe have a voice, and he summons them all to join,—“Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion, bless the Lord, O my soul.”

Compare this call to praise with the actual triple chorus of Rev. 5: 6-14, where the inner circle and the outer circle, and all nature, animate and inanimate, join in the refrain of the new song, “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.” And the four living creatures said Amen. And the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped Him that liveth for ever and ever.

### A Significant Unrest.

FOR DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

It cannot be successfully denied that unbelievers are subject to a deep and abiding unrest of soul. It is a fact that if all infidels and ordinary unbelievers were frankly honest they would confess that there are many times when they are especially conscious of having an aching unrest in their heart. But it is a part of their policy to keep this experience a profound secret. They put on a brave and bold front and claim that they have a serene mind and hopeful spirit. We have certain evidence of this fact in the cases of those infidels who have become converted to the true faith. Several years ago Mr. Marshall O. Waggoner of Toledo, Ohio, who is now seventy-five years of age, and who was for many years a prominent lawyer, was thoroughly converted. From his youth, and up to the time of his conversion, he had been a very active and rabid infidel. He wrote infidel books and gave many lectures in favor of his views. Now read the confession which he made after his conversion: “There were many times during my infidel life when I was led by circumstance to feel that I could not see any joy or comfort in anything emanating from a life of unbelief, and I was always living in the fond hope that something might come along to, at least in some distant manner, impart some comfort and consolation to the few that compose the disorganized supporters of the free-thinkers, liberals, and those who style themselves ‘seculars’ for want of a better name. During all this time, seeing as I did the apparent happiness and real pleasure of those who worship the true God, I commenced to study and think seriously, in connection with the condition I had so long occupied, of so much unrest, uncertainty and doubt; and I at times read and pondered upon the Paul and the Agrippa interview, and occasionally entertained the same opinion of the aforesaid king, in the doubts worked up in his mind by Paul.” In these words we have the frank, honest confession of a man who declares that, during his long career as an infidel, he had a deep and dreadful unrest of soul. In another part of his confession he stated that all of that bitter, blighting and condemning unrest of heart had departed as soon as he obtained the forgiveness of his sins and peace with God. That was a very significant rest, on the other hand, and I call particular notice to the fact that this man, during his infidel days, was deeply impressed by the manifest happiness and pure pleasure which he was satisfied that Christians enjoyed. Would it not be far better for Christians to speak before the unconverted of the genuine joys and substantial peace which they have, than to be telling of their gloomy spells and awful burdens? Indeed it would. Do not forget this lesson.

C. H. WITHERBE.

## Our Young People

Sun., Sept. 13.—Feasting that Makes Lean Souls.

Ex. 16: 2-5; Ps. 106: 13-15.  
(Temperance.)

Feasts that Bring Famine.

The most important fact in a man's life is his soul-growth. But a great many of us make the blunder of putting the body first. We pity a dwarfed or starved body with far more compassion than we do a starved or dwarfed soul. Yet the worst deformity or the most gnawing hunger cannot be as horrible a thing as a distortion or starvation of the soul.

Feast the body, and the soul goes hungry. Yield to bodily passions and appetites, and the soul shrinks and suffers. It was said once of a drunkard, that “He had made his body the grave of his soul.” Men can dig their own soul graves by indulging their bodies.

No man can yield to his baser desires, and not bring leanness into his soul. A feast for one means a famine for the other. We must choose between self-indulgence and self control, between luxurious and holy living.

The Part and the Whole.

Temperance is a noble word, but it is too often narrowed by its advocates. The Bible is emphatic against drunkenness, but it does not restrict temperance to this one bodily appetite. It sees intemperance just as truly in the longing of the self-indulgent Israelites after the flesh pots of Egypt, or in the selling of his birthright by Esau for a mess of pottage, as in wine drinking.

To be temperate, in the Bible sense, means to control the body. Where the soul rules, power is in the right place. Where the body rules, power is in the wrong hands. In the Old Testament and the New, the saints have been those who kept the body in subjection to the soul. Eljah dwelt in the desert, and so did John the Baptist. These men were temperate in the full sense of the word—the perfect control of bodily desires by the overruling soul.

We should strive to possess the whole of temperance—not merely abstinence from liquor. The man who envies his neighbor's riches, or is gluttonous in eating or cannot curb his passionate temper, is not temperate, and his intemperance brings leanness in his soul.

Glory or Shame.

“Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever.” Our bodies, therefore, are meant to glorify God in daily living. They are the temples of the Holy Ghost. A pure soul in a pure body, a sound mind in a sound body, glorify God by showing what he meant body and soul to be.

But a body defiled and inflamed by intemperance is a shame to its owner. An enfeebled and debased will cannot serve God rightly. Drink brings shame. There is nothing noble in drinking. It degrades the soul, it enfeebles the mind, it weakens the body. A soul seeking the glory of God never can be found in the body of a drunkard, and the Bible tells us that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.

Principles.

It is not strength of brain that saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed, or connection with a Church. All these have often proved

to be but ropes of sand. They are not proof against the tides of temptation. There must be firm, heaven-implanted principle; for no one is safe in business, or in politics, or in social life, or anywhere, when conscience is unloosened from God. The parting of the cable may be unseen for a while, it may even be unsuspected; but it is a mere question of time how soon the backslider may strike the rocks. Jesus Christ never insures anyone who unites with His Church, and yet has no “anchor sure and steadfast which entereth within the veil,” and “binds fast to Christ Himself.” And if you ever reach heaven, my brother, you will come in, as I have often seen vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tide anchor swinging proudly at the prow. “There are ships,” said the eloquent Melville, “that never go down in life's tempests. They shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky, and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows.” These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit; these are faithful ones whose inner soul was anchored to Jesus Christ.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

### Daily Readings.

Mon., Sept. 7.	—Body above soul.	Luke 4: 1-4
Tues., Sept. 8.	—Bread for the soul.	Deut. 8: 1-3
Wed., Sept. 9.	—Eating to God's glory.	Rom. 14: 1-8
Thurs., Sept. 10.	—Eating to his shame.	1 Cor. 11: 21-34
Fri., Sept. 11.	—Feasting and murder.	Matt. 14: 1-12
Sat., Sept. 12.	—Punishment of gluttony.	Deut. 21: 1-9
Sun., Sept. 13.	—Topic—Feasting that makes lean souls.	Ex. 16: 2-5; Ps. 106: 13-15. (Temperance.)

### The Beauty of the World.

It beams in every eye, it moves in every form, it is on the wing of the insect and on the rich plumage of all the fowls of heaven. No creature that crawls in the dust or that browses on the meadow does not bear it in some form or other. It dances in every bubble of the brook, sparkles in every snowflake. It is in all the shells on the shore, in all the pebbles on the beach. It sits as a queen on every heaving billow. It decorates with a million pearls and forms of life the whole bed over which mighty oceans roll. It corrutes in all the minerals of the mountain. Every ore thrown up by the miner flashes it forth as it comes into the light. As the Creator is everywhere, beauty is ubiquitous, it is the refulgent costume of the Infinite.—Selected.

There is no nobler sight anywhere than to behold a man quietly and resolutely put aside the lower things that the higher may come in to him. . . . To put aside everything that hinders the highest from coming to us, and then to call to us that highest, which—nay, who—is waiting always to come—this as the habit of a life is noble.—Philips Brooks.