

thus, I shall fortify myself here with a quotation from the writings of one who is at least above all such suspicion in that regard. I mean Mr. Lecky, who, in his "History of Morality from Augustus to Charlemagne," has written thus: "It was reserved for Christianity to present to the world an ideal character which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has filled the hearts of men with an impassioned love, and has shewn itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions, has not only been the highest pattern of virtue, but the highest incentive to its practice, and has exerted so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and than all the exhortations of moralists. This has indeed been the well-spring of whatever has been best and purest in the Christian life. Amid all the sins and failings, amid all the priestcraft, the persecution and fanaticism which have defaced the Church, it has preserved in the character and example of its Founder an enduring principle of regeneration."

Now, taking on the one hand the external surroundings of the life of Jesus, as I have set them before you, and on the other the influence of that life on humanity, I ask, Have we in the former, viewed simply by themselves, and as destitute of any supernatural element anything like an adequate explanation of the latter? If Jesus was only a Jewish artizan who died at thirty-three, how could His life record have thus revolutionized all history? We are commonly supposed in these days and in this country to live more in a brief time than the ancients did in one that, reckoned by days and years, was longer. But which of those who have done anything to shape the course of our history would have had even the opportunity of doing so if he had died at the age of thirty-three? Not Washington, not Webster, not Lincoln. No matter, therefore what a man's other advantages may be; nay, even in connection with the highest human advantages, a sufficiently long term of life must be recognized as essential to the exercise by him of such an influence as shall make its mark deep and permanent on the character and history of a nation, much more of the world. How, then, shall we explain the fact that the mightiest regenerative force which has been exerted on our race came out of a life which was cut off almost in youth, and whose public work was performed in the space of three years and a half? From the distinctive character of the effects produced by it I am warranted in concluding that there was something peculiar and unique in the personality of him by whom they were produced. They are such effects, not only in degree but in kind as no other man's life before or since save as connected with his, has generated. They have amounted on Mr. Lecky's own shewing, to a regeneration of mankind, and therefore I am compelled to infer that he who is the regenerator of men is something more than a man. There must have been more in him than in the race, else he could not have thus told upon the race. Water cannot rise above its source; immorality cannot produce morality; that which is hastening to decay cannot renew itself, and its renewal must be the result of the introduction into it of something higher, nobler and more powerful than itself.—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

LUTHER'S DEATH.

Luther says: "Oh, if only the heart would remember this word," (God so loved the world,) "in the time of conflict, neither devil nor hell could have power to terrify it, and it must needs exclaim with joy, Of what shall I be afraid? I have the Son of God given to me by the Father! and for a witness thereof He gives me the Word, which I know to be His Word; that will not lie to me any more that He can lie or deceive."

Luther did remember these words in the time of conflict, and they were so precious to him that he once called them "the Bible in miniature." When he was dying, and Justus Jonas was wiping the cold sweat from his forehead, he was heard praying thus: "O Heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord

Jesus Christ, Thou God of all consolation, I thank Thee that Thou has revealed to me Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, in whom I believe, whom I have preached and confessed, whom the wretched Pope and godless persons dishonour, persecute, and blaspheme; I pray Thee, my Lord Jesus Christ, let me commit my poor soul into Thy hands! O Heavenly Father, although I now must leave this body, and must be torn away from this life, yet I know and am sure that I shall abide forever with Thee, and that no one can pluck me out of Thy hands"—and then, as if he were grasping hard after the ground of such certain hope, he repeated aloud this passage (in Latin, as he had learned it when a child), "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

—*Besser.*

THE CHILDREN.

FORM FOUND IN THE DESK OF CHARLES DICKENS AFTER HIS DEATH.

When lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night," and be kissed.
O the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
O the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past.
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

O my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go:
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempests of fate blowing wild—
O there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of household,
They are angels of God in disguise—
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams from their eyes—
O those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones
All radiant as others have done,
But that life may have just as much shadow
To temper the glare of the sun.
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself,
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod:
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door.
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee
The growth on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me,
And bid "me good-night" and be kissed.

CHARACTER THE ONLY FOUNDATION FOR REAL SUCCESS.

There may be a show of prosperity when principle is wanting, but if it cheat others it never cheats one's self. The player himself, behind the scenes, thinks very differently of the stage effects from the spectators; he knows the other side of the painted shams,

and that what is gold to the audience is tinsel at hand. Our happiness must be within us or nothing can give it. What the world calls good fortune is often the worst for peace and enjoyment. It is not possession, but desire of it that gives pleasure; without the spur of hope or ambition the mind loses its energy, and falls back on itself in listless satiety. It is the chase that delights, not the capture; and what looks bright in the air is often poor enough when we get it. Byron's figure of our enjoyments being like plucked flowers, which we must destroy to possess, is as true as it is striking. They are the painted butterflies which a touch defaces. A clear conscience sings in the breast, like a bird in a cage, and makes a heaven wherever it be; but honour, or money, or place, without it, are children's toys. Mere getting is not success; there are many poor rich men, and many rich poor ones. To have a soul, like a sun, gilding everything round it, is the true prosperity—to have our wealth in the bosom as well as the bank.

Still, while it is thus true that character is success it is more; it gives an open door to whatever advancement or qualifications make possible. To be merely upright and trustworthy is, of course, insufficient; for the porter may be as good a man as his master, and yet could not take his place. But, with due qualifications, a good name is the best means of either attaining or keeping any promotion. Honest worth goes far of itself, with very humble abilities; for mere common sense and good principle count far more in the market than we suppose. A young man may have any capacity, it will weigh nothing if confidence cannot be put in him. Interest has keen eyes, and soon appraises its servants at their true value. Appearances may deceive for a time, but, once detected, the game is over. It is nothing that there be many good points; character alone gives them value. A slip may be condoned, but even the suspicion of anything serious is fatal. The finest fleece goes for nothing if we see the wolf's muzzle, and we settle the wind by a very small feather. Want of confidence, like a rotten foundation, rocks and brings down whatever may rest on it, be it ever so good in itself. A look, or a word, may let out a long masked hypocrisy, and no one can act and forecast so perfectly as to be never at fault. Many things, of course, may hinder advancement—slowness, idleness, want of judgment, incurable trifling, want of interest in a calling—but many of these will be borne for long, and patiently striven with. A flaw in the man, however, is deadly; one whiff of a moral taint is enough. To be steady, dishonest, untruthful, or in any way unreliable, is hopelessly capital. An unfaithful servant is worthless to God or man. Character is the young man's "Open Sesame!" before which the treasure-houses of life stand wide for his entrance.

TAKING COMFORT IN LIFE.

Sooner or later, friends, the time for folded hands will come to us all. Whether or not we cease from hurry and worry now, we shall one day shut our eyes upon it, and lie still, untroubled by the stir and the fret of the things about us. Why not take comfort as we go on? You, proud mother of a beautiful, active boy, of what use will it be to you by and by to remember how exquisitely fine was his raiment, how daintily spread his bed, and how costly and profuse his toys? What the child needs is mothering, brooding, tender resting on your heart; and he needs it every step of the way from baby days to manhood. Take the comfort of your opportunities. Never mind though the dress be coarse, and the food plain, and the playthings few, but answer the questions, tell the stories, spare the half-hour at bed-time, and be merry and gay, confidential and sympathetic with your boy. And you, whose graceful young daughter is just blushing out into the bloom and freshness of a wondrously fair womanliness, do not be so occupied with your ambition for her, and her advancement in life; that you let her ways and your own fall apart. Why are her friends, her interests, her engagements, so wholly distinct from yours? Why does she visit here and there, and receive visitors from this and that home, and you scarcely know the people by sight? You are losing precious hours, and the comfort you ought to take is flying fast away on those wings of time that are never overtaken.

A ROME despatch says a strong anti-clerical demonstration has been made there. It included all the working societies, who raised shouts of "Down with the clericals," "down with the priests."

THE receipts of the eight principal missionary societies of England the past year make an aggregate of \$3,542,710. The grand total of receipts for foreign and home missions, Bible, and educational societies, etc., was \$8,647,095.