

in these and such like forms of expenditure that, under the growing social spirit, our large industrial fortunes will more and more be expended. Landed wealth, we repeat, has an ample scope for its beneficial expenditure upon the land itself; it is the fortunes of our commercial millionaires which will chiefly and especially go in benefits to the toiling millions, and in service to the public. Athens of old was certainly not a very wealthy city; but the spirit of citizenship—we would say Communism, but for the frightful misuse of that word and distortion of that principle recently witnessed in France—was highly developed; so that if a grand drama was to be put upon the stage, some noble edifice to be erected, or the State aided in a great crisis, it was the wealthy citizens who voluntarily, and also as a recognized duty, came forward to defray the expense.

Should any one think that, in thus writing, I hold up too high an ideal, I would ask him to look around, and he will see that what I preach is already being practised. And what is now appearing as a new usage is only what prevailed on a grand scale in this country, and in some others, in the olden time. It was private wealth that built the grand halls and towers of Oxford, and that supplied endowments for these and countless other seats of learning. It was private wealth that raised nearly all of our finest abbeys and grandest cathedrals. Greenwich Hospital, with its noble architecture and beneficent purpose, was a splendid outcome of private generosity for a national and patriotic object. Historians, in recording the origin of that magnificent building, and philanthropists, in lamenting the decay of patriotic spirit and individual sacrifice or self-denial, have frequently asked, "Who can hope to see a Greenwich Hospital erected in these latter times?" Our country has been passing through a transition state—a very long one, it is true. Social duty, in its old forms, died out; feudalism, trade guilds, etc., disappeared and under the modern spirit of individual freedom, society had to start upon a new course, in which, naturally, the individual predominated. Individual energy and individual rights repelled State action in the national outgoings, while the nation, the social community, sank greatly into disregard. The well-being of the community was believed to be best promoted by each man or class pushing their own fortunes at the expense of the others. The conception of the nation, in fact, became not that of an organic whole, but of an infinity of parts; not a commonwealth, but so many millions of units each striving for himself, on the watch to profit at the cost of his neighbours, and owing no duty to those who could not hold their own in the scramble and *melee* of unlimited competition.

It was a healthy training, but it would be a most unsatisfactory goal. The *regime* was Spartan-like in its severity; but in Sparta the object was all for the State, as here for the individual. And now, having completed the combative stage of youth, during which class has fought against class, and individualism has been supreme, the modern system is approaching maturity, and yearning for social concord is promoted by the very vastness and fierceness of the class antagonism; and once more the nation, the social community, begins to rise before men's thoughts like a grand temple to be completed and perfected, and to which individual owes a distinct duty.—*The British Quarterly*.

#### MEN AND THEIR CHILDREN.

Just at an age when a man begins to get himself well in hand, to grow broader in his views, sweeter in his temper, to lose the acidity, the positiveness, the inability of youth to generalize the detailed experience he has gained—to be fit, in a word, to accomplish the work he had planned to do in the world—he begins, if he has a father, to set himself wholly on one side for the sake of the little men and women about his table. His great picture is never painted, his epic is never written, the best work of which he is capable is never done; he gives himself up to pot-boilers in order to bring up another man, who perhaps may be inferior to himself. This is the work which has been going on since the beginning of the world. We make much of the pelican who robs her breast of a few drops of blood for her young, but the great rule of humanity has been that one generation of middle-aged people sacrificed their chances, their hopes, their work for the world, for their children. The great oak crumbles and dies that the ground may be richer for the sapling. It is a just sequence. But it may be

carried too far, and it is carried further in America than in any other country. Fathers and mothers have a right of development which they themselves are bound to respect. A man will be the better able to elevate his children if he stops his daily suicidal grind long enough to consider that he also is a human being, whose character and work in the world will probably be quite as helpful as the boys for whom he is sacrificing all his time and opportunities. One is sometimes tempted to wonder whether in the lives to come there will not be some place where the ambitions and hopes and thwarted possibilities of the middle-aged may have the chances which here, fitly enough, are reserved for the young.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

#### GOD KNOWETH BEST.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here had spurned—  
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,  
God's plans go on as best for you and me;  
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,  
Because His wisdom to the end could see,  
And even as prudent parents disallow  
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,  
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now  
Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,  
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,  
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine  
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.  
And if some friend we love is lying low,  
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,  
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,  
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath  
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,  
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death  
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.  
If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's workings see,  
We could interpret all the doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!  
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold.  
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall know and better understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knoweth best!"

—Index.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

The following story of a reckless young man suggests a possible comfort in the case of other erring loved ones:

A lady in Baltimore had a wayward son, whose reckless conduct cost her many tears. There were many things in her life to make her happy, but anxiety for her headstrong boy saddened all her enjoyment and disturbed her peace.

He grew more indifferent to her love and finally he left his home for a life of adventure in the West. But happiness did not come to him in his wild career, nor riches from his eager search in the mines. For a time the new freedom gratified him, but his restless spirit could not be contented even with that.

By some means his mother kept track of his wanderings, and was able to send him messages of love, but they brought few or no replies. At one of Mr. Moody's meetings in Baltimore she heard Rev. Robert Lowry's touching poem and tune that has been so often sung, and the words exactly uttered her own feelings:

"Where is my wandering boy to-night?  
The boy of my tenderest care;  
The boy that was once my joy and light,  
The child of my love and prayer.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bring me my wandering boy to-night,  
Go search for him where you will,  
But bring him to me with all his blight,  
And tell him I love him still.

O, where is my boy to-night?  
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows;  
O, where is my boy to-night?"

The weeping woman copied the verses and sent them to her son in a letter. No word from him ever reached her in return. At last she lost all trace of him, not even knowing that he had received her mes-

sage. Then after weary waiting, tidings came, bitter tidings, strangely mingled with consolation.

Her "wandering boy" had fallen a victim to his restless passion. In some daring expedition on one of the Rocky Mountain trails he had become separated from his party and lost. His body was found in a cave where he had died of hunger and exhaustion. By his side was an unfinished letter to his mother. In it he craved her forgiveness, as he had already asked the forgiveness of heaven. He had received the poem she had sent him, he said, and it had melted his heart, and had led him to repentance.—*Youth's Companion*.

#### "LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," is usually printed as consisting only of three stanzas—a fourth and very important one being omitted. The following is the hymn in its complete form, and we are sure very many of our readers will be thankful to have the last verse:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom  
Lead Thou me on;  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on;  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on;  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path  
Thyself hast trod,  
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,  
Home to my God,  
To rest forever after earthly strife,  
In the calm light of everlasting life.

#### CHRIST OUR LORD.

Jesus Christ is the most certain, the most sacred, the most glorious, of all facts; arrayed in a beauty and majesty which throws the "starry heavens above us and the normal law within us" into obscurity, and fills us truly with ever-growing reverence and awe. He shines forth with the self-evidencing light of the noon-day sun. He is too great, too pure, too perfect, to have been invented by any sinful and erring man. His character and claims are confirmed by the sublimest doctrine, the purest ethics, the mightiest miracles, the grandest spiritual kingdom, and are daily and hourly exhibited in the virtues and graces of all who yield to the regenerating and sanctifying power of His spirit and example. The historical Christ meets and satisfies all our intellectual and moral wants. The soul, if left to its noblest impulses and aspirations, instinctively turns to Him, as the needle to the magnet, as the flower to the sun, as the panting heart to the fresh fountain. We are made for Him, and "our heart is without rest until it rests in Him." He commands our assent, He wins our admiration, he overwhelms us with adoring wonder. We cannot look upon Him without spiritual benefit. We cannot think of Him without being elevated above all that is low and mean, encouraged to all that is good and noble. The very hem of His garment is healing to the touch. One hour spent in His communion outweighs all the pleasures of sin. He is the most precious and indispensable gift of a merciful God to a fallen world. In Him are the treasures of true wisdom, in Him the fountain of pardon and peace, in Him the only substantial hope and comfort in this world and that which is to come. Mankind could better afford to lose the whole literature of Greece and Rome, of Germany and France, of England and America, than the story of Jesus of Nazareth. Without Him history is a dreary waste, an inextricable enigma, a chaos of facts without a meaning, connection, or aim; with Him it is a beautiful, harmonious revelation of God, the slow but sure unfolding of a plan of infinite wisdom and love.—*Frances Ridley Havergal*.

A HEART divided between God and mammon, though it may trim the matter so as to appear plausible, will in the day of its discovery be found guilty.