

### Literary Notices.

SCRIBNERS MAGAZINE for September contains the following:

*Scenes in Cyprus*—with illustrations, by W. H. Malloch.

*Memories of some Contemporaries*—by Hugh McCulloch.

*Railway Passenger Travel*—by General Horace Porter, with illustrations from drawings.

*A London Life*—by Henry James.

*Presidential Campaign Medals*—by Gustave Kobbe.

*The Modern Greeks*—by Thomas D. Seymour, with illustrations.

*Letters to a Young Gentleman* who proposes to enter the career of art.

### WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

There was, not long ago, in one of our churches a man who talked a good deal about the privileges and comforts of religion, and had in his tone much of the "I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-others-men." But some of his friends shook their heads. "Stubbs never goes to prayer-meeting", they said, "is irregular in attendance at church, does not read his Bible, and, so far as we can see, sets very little store by private devotion. All this looks as if there were something wrong with Stubbs." The man fell sick, and his end seemed near; then where were all the privileges and supports and comforts of his religion? He was fretful, rebellious and terrified. Alas! he had been holding fast to the outside of his piety, while neglecting to nourish the inside, and, unknown to himself falling into the habit of reading his Bible hastily, of running over his prayers coldly, of excusing himself often from public worship, may be sure that his inside religion is sick and ready to die. He needs to go at once to the great Physician, to keep going, to ask seven times a day for help from on high, and never to leave off seeking health for his soul until he loves to read God's word, desires to seek his Father's presence and is unhappy when obliged to stay away from the sanctuary, for these are the pulse-beats of sound inside religion. In a word, religion must be real, must be in the heart and life, or it will not avail in time of need.—*Forward.*

### SEED-SOWING.

The sower went out to sow his seed,  
And scattered it far and wide;  
Some of it fell on the rocky ground,\*  
and some on the hard wayside.

Some of it dropped amid briars and weeds,  
Part only on good, rich soil;  
I sigh and weep as I think how much  
Of the seed must wither and spoil.

My teacher is sowing the Gospel seed,  
Sowing it now in my heart;  
And I will humbly pray the Lord  
His growing grace to impart;

That He will now send His sunshine warm,  
And the Spirit's gentle rain,  
That the seed may spring into blade and  
ear,  
And the full ripe golden grain.

*My Paper.*

### EMBLEM OF HEAVEN.

O what cheerfulness, strength, and pleasure did the primitive Christians reap from the unity of their hearts in the way and worship of God! Next to the delight of immediate communion with God Himself, there is none like that which arises from the harmonious exercise of the graces of the saints in their mutual duties and communion one with another. How are their spirits delighted and refreshed by it! What a lively emblem is there of heaven! The courts of princes affords no such delights.—*Flavel.*

### THE SAVIOUR'S SYMPATHY.

While the storm was fiercely blowing,  
While the sea was wildly flowing,  
Angry wind and angry billow  
Only rocked the Saviour's pillow,—  
"Jesus slept."

But when sudden grief was rending  
Human hearts in sorrow bending;  
When He saw the sisters weeping  
Where the brother's form was sleeping,  
"Jesus wept."

Every temptation that is resisted, every noble aspiration that is encouraged, every sinful thought that is repressed, every bitter word that is withheld, adds its little item to the impetus of that great movement which is bearing humanity onward toward a richer life and higher character.—*Fiske.*