

## WHITSUN-DAY.

The portion of the Church's year specially devoted to the commemoration of the events of our Lord's life has once again passed away, and the Church awaits anew (as it were) the coming of the promised Comforter and Teacher—the gift of the Father, 'the indwelling and abiding Presence, invisible to the world, known only to the souls which receive it.' A fresh and copious outpouring of the spirit is sadly needed, to heal the divisions of the *One Body* which bring scandal upon the name of Christ its Head to convince the unbelieving and doubtful and lead them to the Truth; to inspire and enrich the Church as a whole and each individual member thereof with holy zeal and to sanctify in every part. Were all who name the name of Christ animated by the spirit which led the eleven to return from the Mount of Olives to the Holy City, and in the upper room there to abide, continuing in prayer and supplication, waiting for the fulfilment of the promise and the baptism of the Holy Ghost; did the *oneness* of heart and worship which led *all*—the eleven with the band of disciples—with *one* accord to the one place, now characterize all those who claim to be of the same fellowship, who can tell what a blessing would descend anew upon this anniversary of the birthday of The Church, to the conviction of the world that the Father did send the Son to be its Saviour? But alas! alas!

'By schisms rent asunder  
By heresies distrust.'

this evidence to the world is wanting, and Satan and his hosts rejoice.

The Church Catholic however fails not to commemorate year by year that event of wondrous greatness and power which not only witnessed the inauguration of the Christian Church, but also afforded unmistakable proof of the fulfilment of the promises of her Divine Head and Founder, and of what He did and can and will still do for her in answer to patient, believing, waiting, and prayer on her heart. How imperative then is the duty, how urgent the call to increasing and faithful prayer during this week preceding the great festival of WHITSUN-DAY, whose celebration says Bishop Barry is of 'immemorial antiquity'? And on the day itself how should the Church wait in earnest instant expectation of the baptism of the Spirit in answer to the united believing prayer of her 'sumless numbers'—not doubting that 'as God is always ready to fulfil His own promise, the blessing is as sure to come as the promise has been made.'

## BY PATH MEADOW; OR, THE PIT-FALLS OF LIFE.

By the Author of "How to be Happy though Married."

Speaking of Christian and Hopeful in his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' Bunyan says: 'Now a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow; and a stile to go over into it; and that meadow is called 'By-path Meadow.' 'But how if this path should lead us out of the way?' was the first thought of the pilgrims referred to. It is a pity that their first instinctive fear of the by-path did not make them shun it, for they were severely punished for leaving the straight road. The by-path looked as if it led to the Celestial Gate as well as the road, and seemed easier for the feet; so Christian and Hopeful followed a man called Vain-Confidence, who was walking along it. When night came on they could not see where they were going, and the path led them into the grounds of Giant Despair, that surrounded Doubting Castle. These were full of pitfalls, into which the pilgrims fell, and paid

at the hands of the giant the penalty of their folly in leaving the straight road:

'And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The Way of Holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, yea, fools, shall not err therein.' It requires no intellect either to find or keep this road; but he who does so is truly wise, and will manage his life much better than the greatest genius who strays into 'By-path Meadow.' If life is to be a success, and not a dismal failure, we must follow Him who is the Way, as well as the Truth and the Life. And this obedience of ours should be like that of the boy who was saved from a terrible danger by instinctive, unquestioning submission to his mother. He was running along at play, when suddenly she saw that he was on the point of falling into a deep stone quarry that was just before him, but which he did not see. She knew her boy, so she shouted only one word: 'Stop!' He stopped instinctively and instantaneously, and by doing so saved His life. In this way only are the pitfalls in the ground of Giant Despair to be avoided.

Alas! our obedience, when it exists at all, is generally mixed with too much self-will to enable us to keep out of the pitfalls. Let us then, if not before, turn to Him who alone can draw us out of them. The following, written by a converted Chinese, conveys what is meant much better than I could: 'A man had fallen into a deep, dark pit, and lay on its miry bottom groaning, and utterly unable to move. Confucius, the great moralist of China, walked by, approached the edge of the pit, and said, 'Poor fellow! I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice. If ever you get out don't get in again.' 'I can't get out,' groaned the man. A Buddhist priest next came by, and said, 'Poor fellow! I am very much pained to see you there. I think if you could scramble up two thirds of the way, or even half, I could reach you and lift you up the rest.' Next the Saviour came by, and hearing the cries, went to the very brim of the pit, stretched down His arms, and laid hold of the poor man, brought him up, and said, 'Go, and sin no more.'

When we set out upon a holiday tour we generally expect to enjoy ourselves and have a profitable time. These expectations, however, are frequently prevented from being realized by the mistakes we make on the way. We choose a wrong route, or we fall in with disagreeable or mischievous companions or we have our money stolen, or, being unable to get the cares of ordinary life out of our minds, we are so preoccupied that the beautiful scenes through which we pass make little or no impression upon us.

Now, if it is difficult to travel wisely, even on a so-called 'pleasure trip,' what shall we say of the journey of life from the cradle to the grave? On that road are many pitfalls, into some of which the traveller, if not forewarned and on his guard, is sure to fall. We need not speak much about the large and obvious ones; their very size is their safety. Everyone knows that drunkenness, impurity, gambling and such like, have made the journey of life, for many, a short cut to destruction. I shall rather speak of a few small pitfalls, which, though they do not bury us completely, do nevertheless trip us up, and greatly hinder us on our journey.

And first we may remark that the sins which drown men's souls in perdition were once *little* sins. They began with what seemed trifles, and even harmless trifles, but being

'Well pursued betimes,

They reached the dignity of crimes.'

The first caution, then, that should be given to one entering upon his own guidance in life, is to watch the beginning of habits, and to ask himself every now and then where they are tending.—From the American S. S. Magazine.

(To be continued.)

## A PLEA FOR THE OLD HORSE.

Mr. H. C. Merwin, who has an article on "The Ethics of Horse Keeping" in the May *Atlantic*, writes at length on our duties towards disabled horses. He says:—

There remains only one branch of the subject which I feel bound to consider, namely, the duty of the owner toward the horse that has grown old and infirm in his service. I say little about the man who employs horses in the course of his business; let him settle the matter with his own conscience, though I cannot refrain from the obvious remark that whereas it might be a poor man's duty to sell his superannuated beast for what he would bring, lest his family should suffer, so it would be the rich man's duty to dispose of his work horses in a different manner. But as regards horses bought and used for pleasure this general rule seems to me undeniable, that the owner is morally bound to protect them from cruelty when they become old or broken down. He may do it by killing them or otherwise, as he sees fit. But how seldom is this duty performed! It is neglected, possibly, more from thoughtlessness than from intention. A span of carriage horses, we will say, after some years of service, lose their style; they become a little stiff, a little 'sore forward,' it may be; one of them, perhaps, is suffering from incipient spavin; and on the whole it is thought high time to dispose of them, and get a fresher, younger pair. Accordingly, John, the groom, is directed to take them to an auction stable, and in due course Dives, their old master, receives in return a check,—a very small check, to be sure, but still large enough to make a respectable contribution to foreign missions or to purchase a case of champagne. That is all he knows about the transaction, and he does not allow his mind to dwell upon the inevitable results. But let Dives go to the auction stable himself; let him observe the wistful, homesick air (for horses are often homesick) with which the old favorites look about them when they are backed out of the unaccustomed stalls; then let him stand by and see them whipped up and down the stable floor to show their tardy paces, and finally knocked down to some hard faced, thin lipped dealer. It needs very little imagination to foresee their after career. To begin with, the old companions are separated,—a great grief to both, which it requires a long time to obliterate. The more active one goes into a country livery stable, where he is backed about by people whose only interest in the beast is to take out of him the pound of flesh for which they have paid. He has no rest on week days, but his Sunday task is the hardest. On that sacred day, the reprobates of the village who have arrived at the perfect age of cruelty (which I take to be about nineteen or twenty) lash the old horse from one public house to another, and bring him home exhausted and reeking with sweat. His mate goes into a job wagon, perhaps, possibly into a herdic, and is driven by night, lest his staring ribs and the painful lameness in his hind leg should attract the notice of meddling persons. The last stage of many a downward, equine career is found in the shafts of a fruit peddler's or junk dealer's wagon, in which situation there is continual exposure to heat and cold, to rain and snow, recompensed by the least possible amount of food. It may be that one of the old horses whose fate we are considering is finally bought by some poverty-stricken farmer; he works without grain in summer, and passes long winter nights in a cold and draughty barn, with scanty covering and no bed but the floor. It is hard that in his old age, when, like an old man, he feels the cold most and is most in need of nourishing food, he should be deprived of all the comforts—the warm stall and soft bed, the good blankets and plentiful oats—that were heaped upon him in youth.