

Pastor and People.

THE BOOK.

All the pages of the Book
Clearer, dearer, seem to me,
As my western sun goes down,
And the red and gold I see.
Travel-stained, with loads oppress,
It is sweet to read of rest.

In the heat of noonday glare,
When the work was piled so high,
Of the chapters, only one,
When the day was passing by,
Could I find the time to read,
And I took but little heed.

But the lessons I've since learned
Kept me longer at the Book.
Disappointments, changes came,
And I had to stop to look
For the promise of His care
At all times and everywhere.

As the loved ones went away,
I read more about the place
Where they'd entered in and looked
On the beauty of His face,
Revelations then became
But a letter written plain.

Oft I've thought when sundown comes
I would like to sit just so,
With the Book here on my lap,
Resting on it as I go.
Loved ones finding me would say,
"With the Book she passed away."

—Susan Teall Perry.

IS THE YOUNG MAN SAFE?

BY REV. R. N. GRANT, ORILLIA.

(Concluded.)

Is the young man safe who breaks the Sabbath? These three sins usually follow each other in rapid succession. The young man first disobeys his parents; then he is led into bad company, for generally the first acts of disobedience are in regard to company, and bad company is certain to lead to Sabbath-breaking. Sabbath profanation is certain to have a fatal effect on the character of any young man. It has a double effect. It cuts both ways. It takes a young man away from good influences, and plunges him into the worst associations. The young man who habitually breaks the Sabbath must turn his back upon the sanctuary and the influences of home. At the same time he is certain to form the worst companionships, for the company he meets are Sabbath-breakers too. Young man, it may seem a small matter to you whether you go to church on Sabbath morning, or drive to some neighbouring town or village. It is no small matter. You won't drive very far most likely until you have got into very doubtful company, and probably you will not be in that company long until the swearing and the drinking begins. Thus it is that Sabbath profanation leads to a train of deadly sins. Jehovah says: "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," and no one who habitually violates that command is safe. Tell me how a young man treats his mother, what company he keeps, and how he spends the Sabbath, and nine times out of ten I can tell you what kind of a man he will be ten years hence.

Is the young man safe who tips? No, a million times no. Safe! He is in the most terrible danger. Danger of what? In danger of losing everything that makes life worth living. In danger of shame and sorrow, rags and remorse, delirium and death. In danger at the very least of contracting a habit that debases, degrades and brutalizes the whole nature. No small part of the danger arises from the fact that the habit is formed insensibly. The fetters are put on unconsciously, and the young man never knows he is bound until it is too late to be free. Gough gives some terrible illustrations of the power of this habit. One fallen man whom he urged to stop drinking said: "It's no use, Mr. Gough, it's no use, no use; if there was a glass of brandy there," pointing to the table, "I would have to drink the brandy if I were to be thrown into hell the next moment." That man once occupied a high place in society, but he had thus entirely lost his will power, and yet young men with very little will power tell us every day they can drink or not as they please. The same distinguished man gives another, and I think a still more terrible illustration of the danger of forming this habit. A young wife and mother lay in an ill-furnished and comfortless room, dying. Years before she had stood at the marriage altar, beside the man of her choice, as fair and hopeful a bride as ever took the vow. Her young husband loved her, at least so he said, and he solemnly vowed to love her to the end; but he loved liquor more than he loved his young and beautiful wife. It soon began to dawn upon her mind that she was in that most horrible of all positions—a position a thousand times worse than widowhood and the grave,—a

position than which there are only two worse possible,—hell, and that of a drunkard's husband—I mean the heart-rending, degrading position of a drunkard's wife. She used every means to reform him, but, like too many others, found her efforts useless. His cruelty and debauchery soon brought her to the grave. A little before she died she asked him to come to her bedside, and pleaded with him once more for the sake of their children, soon to be motherless, to drink no more. With her thin, long fingers she held his hand, and as she pleaded with him he promised in this terrible solemn way—"Mary, I will drink no more till I take it out of this hand which I hold in mine." That very night he poured out a tumbler of brandy, stole into the room where she lay cold in her coffin, put the tumbler into her withered hand, and then took it out and drank it to the bottom. And yet young men can tell us they can stop drinking when they please! Young man, if it is easy for you to stop, stop on account of others; if difficult, in God's name I say, stop on your own account.

Is the young man safe who idles away his time? Certainly not. You know who it is that "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." The fact is neither young nor old idlers are ever absolutely idle. The oyster fastens itself on the rock and opens its mouth and takes in sustenance. If idle young men would only fasten themselves on their relations and open their mouths three times a day for their daily allowance idleness would not be so bad. But the trouble is that most men who won't work for themselves or anybody else work for the devil. Does any young man say, "The world owes me a living, and I must have it, work or no work"? The world owes you a living? Indeed! What have you done to put the world in your debt? This world is a fairly large place, and a man must do a pretty large thing to put it into his debt. What big thing have you done? I have heard people say the world owed them a living, when the only thing they ever did was to consume good food, and wear out good clothes for a quarter of a century. The world owes no man a living that won't work for it, or woman either.

Is the young man safe who indulges in extravagant habits? No, certainly not. This is one of the crying sins of our age and country, and I wish I had more time to discuss and denounce it. How often do extravagant habits lead to debt, debt to dishonesty, and dishonesty to crime. Dr. John Hall says he finds it a profitable exercise to stand before one of those magnificent shop windows in New York, and thank the Lord for the large number of things there he can do without. This might be a good exercise a little nearer home. Young man, if you cannot afford to pay for a new coat, wear your old one. Wear it until the elbows are out. Wear it until it is so patched that it would take an expert to tell the original cloth, rather than have these drygoods merchants watch you through the store window as you go down street, and wonder when you are going to settle your bill. Begin on the lower rungs of the ladder and climb up. Climbing is glorious, exhilarating work, but remember, coming down is hard on human nature. Extravagant people nearly always have to come down.

Is the young man safe who throws off religious restraint? Not by any means. I address many young people now who were brought up in religious homes. You remember the old homestead in which childhood's days were spent; you can picture the old home in your mind at any moment. The trees that grew near, planted by one who is now no more, the vines that climbed the wall; the flowers that bloomed by the window; the babbling brook by whose banks you played; the room in which the family met; the old family Bible with the marks on the margin opposite the striking passages and rich promises, the father who read daily from that book, the image of her who used to clasp your hand in hers and teach you to say "the Lord is my Shepherd" and "Our Father in Heaven." You remember it well. You remember too the morning you left that home. Who packed your trunk and gave you a Bible which you promised to read? Who followed you to the door with a heart so full that she could not say good-bye as she gave you a parting kiss? Who watched you from the window as you went away, and when she could see you no longer, went to her chamber to commend her boy to the care of her covenant God? My young friend, you know well who did all this. Have you kept the promises you made that morning? You promised to read your Bible—have you done so? You promised to attend church regularly—have you done so? You promised to begin and end each day with prayer—have you done so? You promised to keep the Sabbath and avoid bad company—have you done so? I have been guarding you against such sins as disobedience to parents, bad company, Sabbath-breaking, tippling, idleness and extravagance; but I must tell you in closing that no young man is safe in the highest sense of the word until he has a personal interest in Christ. Two children were playing in a cutting on one of the American lines of railway, the express train came thundering along; they ran to the side for safety; as they stood close against the face of the cutting, the elder, a little girl, was heard calling to her brother as the train thundered past, "Cling to the rock, brother, cling to the rock." So

say I to you, my young friend,—cling to the Rock of Ages, my brother, cling to the Rock. cling to the Rock and you are safe.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is the conscious need of every soul, and the whole world is in quest of it. It is sought in various avenues and pursuits. Some seek it in riches, others in honours, only to meet with disappointment. After long and wearisome search they find that it is not a product of regal robes and rich mines. Solomon trod every path of pleasure, and exhausted every worldly resource of happiness, and inscribed "vanity and vexation of spirit" upon them all. It is related of the Moorish Caliph of Cordova, Abderman, that after his death this paper was found in his own handwriting: "Fifty years have elapsed since I became Caliph. I have possessed riches, honours, pleasures, friends; in short, everything that man can desire in this world. I have reckoned up the days in which I could say I was really happy, and they amount to fourteen." Think of it. Only fourteen days of happiness out of fifty years, or eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty days of affluence. What a commentary on the emptiness of the very best that the world can give!

Contrast this confession of the rich and favoured Caliph of Cordova with the dying utterance of Hannah More, and perceive the superiority of her choice. She was pained at hearing some one speak of her good deeds, and whispered, "Do not mention them; I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the Cross;" and then, her face lighting up with heavenly radiance, she exclaimed, "Joy," and passed away to her rest.

Very simple is the recipe for happiness that the all-wise Teacher gives: "Know and do." That is all; and they who have tried it have found it un-failing. It never goes amiss; it never misleads; it never disappoints. In a fit of melancholy, Pope wrote:

Man never is, but always to be blest.

True, as the world goes; not true, tested by our Saviour's rule. Pope maintained that the present was never a happy state to any human being. When asked if he really was of opinion that though, in general, happiness was very rare in human life, a man was not sometimes happy in the moment that was present, he answered: "Never, except when he is drunk." This was the verdict of a man who knew nothing of the joys of God's salvation.

Take the testimony to-day of the truly consecrated, and it will agree with that of all in the ages past who have lived to Christ, who have known Him, and obeyed Him in their lives, that the Christian religion yields true happiness, as nothing else does, as nothing else can—the happiness of a sure hope, the hope of the righteous, which is gladness, and a blessed peace; not the peace of exhaustion, not the peace of satisfied sensualism, not the peace of mental torpor and inaction, not the peace of apathy, not the peace of death, but the peace which is born of pardon, renewal, consecration, activity, life, in its fullest and most perfect sense.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

SPEAK GENTLY TO MOTHER.

Young folks, please stop a moment to think before you answer mother crossly if she speaks to you. Bear in mind what trials of patience she has to endure every day of her life, in caring for her family! If anything is lost, mother is expected to know at once where it is to be found. If a bruised or cut hand of yours is to be bandaged, she is the one called on to do it of course, and how carefully she will perform this operation for you. When you cringe with pain the lotion is applied to the lacerated flesh, the pain shown on her kindly face, of sympathy for you, seems equal to yours.

You are her flesh and blood, remember; and this strong tie should bind you two so closely together that nothing but the hand of the silent messenger can separate you. Her love went out to you when you lay a feeble infant in her arms, yearning, tender love, that will never cease while she retains her reason. You may become wayward, wilful, passionate or sinful, but she will never fail in motherly devotion to you. Though others scoff at you, and speak harsh and bitter words against you, she remembers you as God's gift to woman, her child. She grieves for you, suffers in consequence of your misdeeds, but yet remembers she is your mother.

Think of what she is to you, and what she is doing for you every day, what sacrifice she is willing to make for your comfort and happiness, and speak gently in answer to any question she may ask you. If you feel cross and sulen and everything seems to go wrong with you, think what she has to contend with in her daily life, and speak gently, not harshly. It hurts her feelings. Though you may not know it at the time, yet, you may be called to realize it when it is too late to say to her in this world, "Mother, I am sorry." A poet was once asked to name the sweetest word in the English language. He answered reverently, "Mother."