

## CALLS AND HINTS.

For the Review.

I talked one day with a person good,  
Who hath labored and toiled as a good man should.  
He discoursed at length of Calls he heard  
For himself and others to preach the Word.

The Master had often called aloud  
For some to sow when the fields were plowed,  
For others to come from the hillside bleak,  
To tend the peach with the glowing cheek.

While others were called from the joys of home,  
To toil in the wilderness all alone.  
Or leave the genial and balmy air,  
And work in the north land cold and bare.

But he never uttered a single word  
Of a person who took a hint from the Lord,  
That their charge had run down, do all they can,  
And they had better give place to another man.

MACGREGOR.

## A FEW HINTS ON SABBATH KEEPING.

BY J. E. M.

For the Review.

How best to observe and keep holy the Sabbath, is a grave problem that has for some time been presenting itself to the minds of many anxious parents and Christian leaders of our day. Who shall solve this problem to the entire satisfaction of the *many*, or the *few*? We can but "cast a pebble on the cairn" of suggestions that from time to time have been given on the subject. Read Isaiah lviii. 13 and 14, there you find the Sabbath must be called a "delight," yet in many Christian homes—to little children—and to children of a "larger growth," has this day proved a *horror* instead of a "delight; the holy of the Lord." At each man's fireside, is the golden milestone, from which he measures every distance." So must this same golden milestone measure all future influence for good in the world. It is by the fireside that a gentle mother or pious father can best train our future Sabbath keepers; and make that "First" day of the week, one of joy and gladness to their family—while serving God. A few hints on the subject may suffice. As far as possible, let everything in the house wear a look of holy calm and brightness on this glad day. In homes where the children are not too young—after private devotions, begin the day by preparing a text of Scripture, short hymn, or verse of sacred song to be recited at the breakfast-table. Fill the "little waterpots with water," and we know not how soon the blessed Master may turn this water into wine. These texts and verses which enliven this early meal, often suggest pure and beautiful topics of conversation and stamp their beauty and worth on the youthful minds.

Parents should not make church attendance a *compulsory weekly duty* for the *whole* household. God can be worshipped, Christ served in the humble home, as surely as in stately temple, yet we must also remember that "He loves the gates of Zion, *more* than the dwellings of Jacob." Sacred music is a golden link that binds a family to each other and to God. Few homes are without a performer or sweet voiced singer, able to lead in these "songs of Zion." One hour of Sabbath afternoon or evening spent in this way will fill the heart with holy happy memories; that neither time nor distance can efface. A touching illustration of this was recently given to the members of a Christian family in this city. After the sudden death of a beloved son, among his papers was found a scrap, which told a pathetic tale. Forced by ill-health to seek work in a foreign land, he tells of being strongly tempted to join some young men of his own age in very doubtful Sabbath evening amusements. When about to yield he chanced to wander by the sea shore, while debating with his conscience, and over that sea, in the twilight, came floating to him the sweet melody and touching words of a familiar hymn—one often sung with his sisters at home. "Tears gather in his heart and rise to his eyes" as he exclaims, "Surely it was God who put this song into the minds and upon the lips of those singers. Cheered and comforted by that dear old hymn, he no longer feels tempted to join the gay throng of Sabbath breakers, and he returns to the "busy haunts," a wiser and a better young man. It!—as affirms a celebrated divine—Religion means *service* or it means *nothing*—there awaits for the gifted singer and reader, a Sabbath service which will surely merit the "well done," and "inasmuch" of the Master. This is to carry to humble thome or hospital, Christ's message of peace and love,

on His holy day—and lend to the words of Poet, Prophet and Evangelist the music of the voice." What nobler work than to cheer, comfort, or point to heaven by word or song the last thoughts of God's weary suffering ones? Would they not carry from earth to the very feet of the Saviour grateful thanks for such service? Little children may also be amused and find pleasure in ministering unto Him by carrying to homes of the sick and needy a trifling delicacy, bright flower, or useful article of clothing. Older members of a family might cheer the stranger, visit the sick and in prison rendering to God in so doing a more acceptable service than prayer or praise. *Too many* public religious gatherings, on week day or Sabbath, tend to destroy the quiet influence of home life, and in many cities it amounts most surely to religious dissipation.

A true follower of Jesus must and will find time for the study of God's Word on His day, no other book be it ever so good can supply the heavenly food necessary to the soul's life, and we are commanded to "search." Lastly if the mind be filled with thoughts of doing good, blessing others by our timely help; we may travel by land or sea—rest quietly at home, minister to the "Least of these," and yet be keeping the Sabbath as Christ kept it while on earth and fitting ourselves for an unending Sabbath above.

## HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL.

BY LOUISE MABLE PRYOR.

It is not that "delusion, mockery, snare, that fatal gift, beauty," of which I would speak, nor of the science of the beautiful in art, the æsthetic in music, painting and poetry; but of that highest beauty in man, where the intellect, the emotions and the will are blended into one great purpose in life. It matters little that some philosophers tell us that beauty is purely subjective, and that others declare with equal faith it is objective, or that still others say it is a union of the two. Whether it be one or the other, or both combined, the real beauty in man is that which shines forth, through his form and features and action; it is the expression of the spiritual in the form of the sensible.

In this work-a-day world we are apt to consider beauty as merely ornamental, or as a secondary acquirement, when, in reality, as Emerson says: "The beautiful must come back to the usual arts. In nature all is beautiful, because all is useful." And beauty is in reality the most sacred duty of man.

The definition of the beautiful which the ancient Roman school accepted is, "Multitude in unity"; and, when we consider the highest beauty, it is indeed a multitude of virtues blended harmoniously into the unity of the good, just as we admire each separate color of the spectrum: but it is only the pure white light which we say is truly beautiful.

And since "truth is beauty, and beauty truth," first of all let us strive for the truly beautiful. It is Carlisle who, in speaking of that message from the highest voice ever heard upon earth, "Consider the lilies of the field: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," says: "A glance, that, into the deepest beauty. The lilies in that humble furrow field are beautiful eyes looking out on you from that great inner sea of beauty, for how could the rude earth make these if her essence, rugged as she looks, and is, were not inwardly beauty?" It is so with us, for it is that inward beauty which is the highest, and just as nearly as we are true to our real selves, just so nearly will we approach the truly beautiful. And this true beauty must be full of hope, for the perfect life, as well as the perfect face, is the one which is filled with change and promise, unfolding ever, bright with the hope of better things, radiant with faith and strong with indomitable courage.

Nor can there be that highest beauty without joyousness, for beauty is joy and gladness. Faber says: "There are souls in the world who have the gift of finding joy everywhere, and of leaving it behind them when they go. Joy gushes from under their fingers, and they give light without meaning to shine." Not all of us have that magic gift, but the heart that is "all glorious within" will of necessity shine out and transfigure the very life into a benediction. It is this glad earnestness in life which brings out the true