

take heart. He who preaches Christ and the Cross, he who lives Christ and the Cross, wherever he is, and to whomsoever he is sent, will work best for men, and will win the crown of life which fadeth not away.

GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN.

A charming illustration of consecrated living appeared many years ago in a London periodical. It was the story of the Crossley family in its very humble beginnings, and in its marvellous attainment in Christian beneficence. The main points of the narrative are as follows:

At the close of the eighteenth century a farmer's daughter left her home in Yorkshire, England, to go as a servant in a farm-house. She had to fill the places at once of kitchen-maid, house-maid, milk-maid and cook. She milked six cows morning and evening, beside all else; and when she found leisure beyond these services, she occupied herself in spinning wool. But with all that was lowly and unpromising in this young woman's life, she had a genuine piety. She had been brought up with the Bible as her guide, and with the pure and noble ideas which belong to Christian education. In the course of time she was engaged to marry a young weaver of Halifax, whose name was John Crossley. They married at length, and settled down to a life of honest industry. Crossley was frugal and thrifty. He got on well, laid by his earnings, and at length was able to rent a wool-mill and dwelling-house. When the couple were about entering their new quarters, a holy purpose of consecration took possession of the young wife. On the day of entering the house, she rose at four o'clock in the morning and went into the door-yard. There, in the early twilight, before entering the house, she knelt on the ground, and gave her life anew to God. She vowed most solemnly in these words, "If the Lord does bless me at this place, the poor shall have a share of it."

That grand act of consecration was the germ of a life of marvellous nobility. It was the law of this home for many years, while sons were born and grown up under its ennobling influence. John Crossley died, leaving a comfortable property and a good name. The widow lived on to old age, and would never consent to remove from her first home to a better one. The sons carried on their father's business, educated and controlled by the spirit of the mother's early vow. One of the younger sons became a baronet and member of Parliament for the West Riding. In his mature life he said, "It is to this vow, made and kept with so much fidelity, that I attribute the great success of my father in business. My mother was always looking how she could best keep her vow."

The Crossleys grew rich and great. The sons of the kitchen-maid became owners of mills which covered acres of ground. These structures rose, story above story, in solid masses. The workpeople were increased to the number of four and five thousand. The good old mother became alarmed, and said that such large operations were dangerous, and that a crash would come. The sons answered, "No; we are well insured. 'Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty.' This is our policy of insurance."

In 1852 one of these sons was in America. On seeing a fine landscape at sunset the glory of the sky entered his heart and he asked himself, "What shall I render unto the Lord?" The answer of this question was the purchase of land for a People's Park, after his return home, at a cost of \$30,000. The park was given to the town of Halifax. Next, two spacious almshouses were built and endowed by two of these brothers. Then came a row of workmen's dwelling houses, then an orphanage, and besides these any number of less conspicuous charities.

This lesson carries its story on its face. This magnificent beneficence was the outcome of *proportionate giving*. It was the fruit of systematic benevolence—of the regular allotting of a certain portion of one's income to Christian charity. It was simply dealing honestly with God, and giving Him the very reckoning of His own husbandry.

Put this Christian squareness into a thousand business men, give them the vow of the young wife, give them the fidelity of that mother who was always looking to see how she could keep her vow, give them a spirit of absolute persistent consecration, and the results would be startling. The Lord's treasury would

be full, for He would then be able to give the increase of a hundred fold, and not have it wrested from the service by the selfishness of a half consecration. Fill our churches with women as noble as that kitchen-maid, and our stores with such boys as she reared, and the salvation of God would soon sweep round the earth in a tidal wave, wrapping a redeemed world.

—Dr. F. G. Clark in *Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

SOCIABILITY—ITS WANT.

The complaint is made among Presbyterians probably it is heard in other denominations—that the people fail in their social relations. The good old days are pointed to as happy ones compared with these, and various suggestions are made as to the duty of greater friendliness and the way to bring it about. It is even asserted that, notwithstanding the increased concerted interest of Christians in religious work, they have grown personally more selfish, and are disposed to live in isolation that formerly would have been thought disreputable in the brotherhood.

There are one or two reasons why people may be tempted to be less actually sociable than they once were. They are, in most instances, very busy. Life is full of energy. The demands of their situations are such that they have to expend most of their power in meeting them, and the rest that they take is less that of social recreation than of secluded repose. Newspapers, too, are very many, and all the news of the day is furnished by them. People read at their fire-sides and breakfast tables what they once received from their neighbours in an afternoon's chat. The evenings are spent in becoming acquainted with the great world as seen through some *Tribune* or *Times*, and the smaller world of a community is forgotten or neglected. Education, also, is fuller than formerly, and families form a society for themselves. All these things and others like them have a tendency to restrict the disposition to neighbourly visiting and the free interchange of familiar sentiment.

While it may thus be accounted for, it cannot be denied that it is a loss. The heart needs something better than it can get by reading or study; something better, too, than it can procure within the limited range of a domestic intercourse. A life other than that which is our own is required to keep us from falling into selfishness and from dropping into ruts that hinder the right play of our affections. The Church is losing in many places because it does not guard against this growing tendency, and in no place more than where it is surrounded by active business and literary culture. Things which, properly regulated, would help profitable association, are permitted to become so perverted as to interrupt it, and thus to act as impediments in the way of Christian growth and usefulness.

It is not enough to say that people mean to be as friendly as they ever were. Neither will it do to argue that under some stress or in some particular way proof is afforded, by acts of special kindness, of an undiminished generosity. The fact is, and must always be, that the constant influence of meeting and looking each other in the face, exchanging sympathies, entering into mutual joys and sorrows, and thus blending our daily lives, is necessary to a properly friendly disposition.—*United Presbyterian*.

ARE MISSIONS A FAILURE?

Those who assert that missions have been a failure lay themselves open to the charge of culpable ignorance, if not wilful perversion. Seventy years ago the fires of Suttee were publicly blazing in the presidency towns of Madras, Bombay, and Calcutta, and all over India—the fires of Suttee, upon which the screaming and struggling widow, in many a case herself a mere child, was bound to and burnt to ashes with the dead body of her husband. Seventy years ago infants were publicly thrown into the Ganges, as a sacrifice to the goddess of the river. Seventy years ago young men and maidens, decked with flowers, were slain in Hindu temples, before the hideous idol of the goddess Kali, or hacked to pieces as the Meras, that their quivering flesh might be given to propitiate the god of the soil. Seventy years ago the cars of Juggernaut were rolling over India, crushing hundreds of human victims annually beneath their wheels. Seventy years ago lepers were buried alive; devotees publicly starved themselves to death; children brought their dying parents to the banks of the Ganges, and hastened their death by fill-

ing their mouths with the sand and water of the so-called sacred river. Seventy years ago the swinging festivals attracted thousands to see the poor writhing wretches, with iron hooks thrust through the muscles of their back, swing in mid-air in honour of the gods. For these scenes that disgraced India seventy years ago we may now look in vain. Every one of these changes for the better is due either directly or indirectly to the missionary enterprise. It was missionaries and the friends of missions who brought these tremendous evils to light. Branded as fanatics and satirized as fools, they ceased not until one by one these hideous crimes were crushed out by the strong arm of the Legislature, just as we will, not cease to agitate until other evils cease to exist. Seventy years ago there was not a single female school in the whole of India, not a single bookshop out of Calcutta, and these were in the sale of a few English books. Seventy years ago, and our native Christians would have been counted by tens, and the missionaries, themselves few in number, were liable to be turned out of the country at any moment as dangerous characters. In India Christianity has entered upon its work. The Bible has been translated into sixteen or seventeen different languages. Millions of tracts and books are now in circulation. Mission schools, in which the Scriptures are read, are scattered up and down through the country, and in many places the zenanas, so long closed against Christianity, are being opened. The Native Church now numbers about 400,000 members, nominal and true, and the work, in all of its departments, is making steady if not rapid progress. In view of all these things, who can be so unthankful to God for His kindness in the past as to step forward and declare that missions have proved a failure? But, while thankful for the past, let us not rest satisfied with the past. Let us not be contented with sending out merely one or two missionaries annually, as we have hitherto been doing. Let the Church of Jesus Christ but realize its responsibility, and raise its voice to God as one man in this matter, and both men and means will be supplied. There are still millions upon millions in India who have never heard of the blessed Jesus, and these millions upon millions are perishing for lack of knowledge. Think upon these things, remembering that He is faithful who has promised.

LET JESUS IN.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." A little boy, hearing his father read that passage aloud, rushed away from the window where he was playing, and looking with wondering and eager eyes into his parent's face, said feelingly, "But, father, did they let Him in?" Friends, you have heard the knock in some powerful sermon, some faithful warning, or when your cheeks ran down with tears and your very heart-strings were breaking as they lowered the little coffin with your dear little babe into that cold grave. But did you let Him in? Perhaps you say, "I fain would, but cannot." A minister once knocked at the door of a poor, aged and lone woman, but he received no answer. Louder and louder still he knocked. At length, as he kept his ear close to the door, he heard a feeble voice, saying, "Who is there?" "It is I, the minister," was the reply. "Ah, sir," said the woman, "I am lying very ill, and cannot rise to let you in; but if you would come in, just lift the latch and open the door for yourself." The good man cheerfully complied, and went in to comfort the dying sufferer with the consolation of the Gospel. Now, my hearers, you say you cannot open the door yourselves. I well believe you. But there is a remedy for your helplessness; ask the Lord Jesus to open the door for Himself and come in. And He surely will. Believest thou this? Some of you who once heard the knock of Christ, hear it not now. Well do I remember being startled and kept awake by the boom of the cannon when I went to the Crimea. After a time, however, I grew accustomed to it, and could sleep amidst the roar of the artillery. So it is with many. Jesus knocks at your door in vain. His knocking does not trouble you now as once it did. In vain He pleads with you, telling you that His locks are wet with the dews of night. He is out in the cold, dark, wet night; but you care not. He is threatening to depart and leave you to perish; but you are too drowsy to listen or to care. To-night He may go away forever. The last knock will be given. This may be the last one. What then? Oh! what then?—*Duncan Matheson*.