

How Can They Bear it up in Heaven?

How can they bear it up in heaven,
They who so loved and love us yet,
If they can see us still, and know
The heavy hours that come and go,
The fears that sting, the cares that fret,
The hopes belied, the helps ungiven?

Can they sit watching us all day,
Measure our tears, and count our sighs,
And mark each throb and stab of pain,
The ungranted wish, the longing vain,
And still smile on with happy eyes,
Content on golden harps to play?

Ah, no! we will not so them wrong!
When mothers hear their babies cry
For broken toy or trivial woe,
They smile, for all their love—they know
Laughter shall follow presently,
And sighing turn to merry song.

They are not cruel that they smile;
Their eyes, grown old, can farther see,
Weighing the large thing and the less
With wise, experienced tenderness—
The moment's grief with joy to be
In such a little, little while.

Just so the angels, starry-eyed,
With vision cleared, and made all-wise,
Look past the storm-rack and the rain
And shifting mists of mortal pain
To where the steadfast sunshine lies,
And everlasting Summer-tide.

They see, beyond the pang, the strife,
(To us how long, to them how brief!)
The compensation and the balm,
The victor's wreath, the conqueror's palm;
They see the healing laid to grief,
They see unfold the perfect life.

For all our blind, impatient pain,
Our desolate and sore estate,
They see the door that open is
Of heaven's abundant treasures,
The comforts and the cures that wait
The bow of promise in the rain.

And even as they watch, they smile,
With eyes of love, as mothers may,
Nor grieve too much, although we cry,
Because joy cometh presently,
And sunshine, and the fair new day,
When we have wept a little while.

The Donkey.

M. L. C.

He is a patient little fellow, and resembles an English donkey very much; but his surroundings tell us that his home is in Turkey. That load on his back is arranged so that his master may ride behind it.

The donkey is a very useful animal in that country, and is compelled to do all the drudgery, while the horse gets along with the easier part of the work.

That man in the picture who is holding the long-stemmed pipe, is an opium dealer. He has several jars of the vile drug, and the little balances that hang by his side show us that he sells it in small quantities. Perhaps the donkey's master has bought some of it. If he uses opium he is worse off than the donkey, although the little animal does work so hard. Ah, yes! an opium slave is as badly off as a slave to drink. But the former destroys only himself, while the latter seeks to destroy others as well. Better would it be if all intoxicants were forever banished from every country. How many hearts would be made lighter, and how many homes would be brightened! Who would not rejoice to see such a happy time?

For four years Dr. D. H. Wheeler held the position of consul to Genoa. During this time he was a close observer of Italian life and customs. His notes on this interesting country have never been published until now. He is furnishing for *The Charlatan* a serial on Modern Italy which, if we are to judge from the paper in the October issue, will be very good reading.

Archdeacon Farrar's Sermon in Toronto.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, of Westminster, preached a special sermon to young men in St. James' Cathedral. The great church was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The sermon was a powerful one. Archdeacon Farrar's utterance is rather rapid, but exceedingly clear. He took for his text the words, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet."—Psalm xci. 13.

There are lions in the path of life which the slothful man will not encounter, but which the brave man fights, and in the end slays. There are perils which come to us from the world, the flesh, and the devil; perils from lives of outward and public wickedness which we have to face as citizens and as men. In his struggles against the varied forms of sin and vice which are without and around him the brave man may often be, or seem to be, defeated, for in such a cause his every defeat carries with it the germs of future and of certain victory. When the good man seems to be conquered the powers of evil have still to serve their short-lived triumph, and to say as Pyrrhus said when he defeated the Romans, "Three such victories would utterly ruin me." To-day, however, we have to speak of a different slaying of lions and of

A CONTEST WITHIN US,

not without us; of a contest in which, if we would not be lost, we must, God helping us, win the victory—a personal, an assured, and, if not in this life, an absolute and final victory. It is a subject which we may make intensely practical, a subject which directly affects every one of us, whatever our age or our circumstances. For upon the issue of this contest the strength and majesty and blessedness in every other contest must depend. May the Holy Spirit above, who sendeth forth His seraph with a live coal from the altar, touch the lips of whom He will, and so teach me to speak and so open your ears and touch your hearts to hear, that by His mercy every one of us may leave this church awakened and solemnized, more resolute, more hopeful, more determined to make his stand against the powers of evil, and work out his own salvation with fear, indeed, and trembling, yet with indomitable energy and the strongest concentration of every power of his will. We learn from Scripture and from experience that

A PICTURE, AN ALLEGORY,

especially if it be unhackneyed, may sometimes bring a great truth, or a pressing duty home to the heart and conscience when a more unimaginative inculcation of it may fail to furrow the trodden ground of our familiarity. Such an allegory is found in the words of my text, and in many other passages of Scripture. The definite promise, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the dragon," was a reference not only to reptiles and wild beasts of outward evil, but to evils in which the deadliness of vice is concentrated in our individual hearts—evil thoughts and deeds and habits which assail and hurt the soul. When the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says of some of the Old Testament characters that they stopped the mouths of lions, he

doubtless meant his words to be understood metaphorically as well as literally. So, too, does St. Paul, when he says that he fought the beasts at Ephesus, and that God delivered him out of the mouths of lions. So, too, St. Ignatius, when he says that on his way to martyrdom he was fighting with wild beasts all the way, and describes the Roman soldiers as ten leopards with whom he was travelling. So when David speaks of the jawbones of the lion he is not thinking of actual lions but of human and spiritual enemies. If, therefore, we can adopt the metaphor, we are no more guilty than these of using language which is fantastical or sensational language, and the fitness of the metaphor is shown by the fact that we find it also in the heathen mythology. Let us not follow the ignorant prejudice which would regard the

THOUGHTS OF THE HEATHEN

as if they were not worthy of our Christian interest. We have learned more and more in our own day that there is an ethnic as well as a Hebrew inspiration. The noble study of comparative religions is widening the horizon of our thoughts, and revealing to us that God spoke in old times to the Greek and the Roman and the Persian and the Hindoo, as well as to the Jew. All wisdom is not hid in Moses' law. Now in the old and uncorrupted springs of Greek mythology we find the purest moral intuitions of that wonderfully gifted race. If there was one virtue which the ancient Greeks admired above all others it was sober-mindedness, which is also earnestly impressed upon all, especially upon young men, by St. Paul and St. Peter. Now, if Paul, even on the Scripture page, quotes the Greek poets, why should we not also refer to the pure lessons of Greek mythology, and the Greek type of this noble

VIRTUE OF SOBER-MINDEDNESS,

the ideal type which they set before themselves, of a life strong in self-control and almost divine in its self-sacrifice? The type of a deliverer of the world is their hero Hercules. Grossly as that idea was dwarfed and stunted by the polluted imaginations of the later poets, the hero stands in the old mythology as the grand representative of toiling, suffering, persecuted, victorious manhood, the embodied conception of a life raised to immortality by mighty toil for the good of others. And they saw, as we see, that he who would indeed conquer evil in the world must first conquer it in his own heart. To him it must never be said, as to the Pharisee of old, "Thou, therefore, that teachest others, teachest thou not thyself?" This is the meaning of that fine apologue of the choice of Hercules. The young hero, in his opening manhood, makes his choice of self-denying virtue, and not for unlawful pleasure. But the moral is yet more finely conveyed in that legend of his conquest of the Nemean lion, which is the first of his great labours. The great hero in his adolescence is always represented as arrayed in the pelt of this conquered wild beast. Doubtless the slaying of an actual lion is something. The Scriptures deem it worthy of record that lions were slain by the youth Samson and the youth David. But neither Samson nor David wore the lion's skin in memory of their victory all the rest

of their lives. The skin of the lion which the Greek hero wore was held to make him invulnerable and well-nigh invincible. It was difficult to get this hide. The lion must be fought in the darkness and dealt upon without weapons, but by the grip of the throat. What is the meaning of that? It means that the Nemean lion is the first great adversary. Whatever that may be to Hercules or to any one of us, then or now, the first monster we have to struggle with and strangle, or be destroyed, is to be fought in the dark with no man helping us, for

EVERY MAN'S NEMEAN LION

lies in the way for him somewhere. All future victories depend upon that. Kill it, and through all the rest of your lives what was once terrible becomes your armour; you are clothed with the virtue of that conquest. In the first place 'his lion is to be fought in the darkness and in the cavern, and with no earthly weapons. It is not the stout club, it is not the keen arrows which can slay it. You must block up the entrance to its cave, you must plunge through the murky gloom, and there by sheer force of arm and by resolute might, by that will which God has given to every one of you, and which makes it your chief human privilege to say I ought, I can, I will, strengthened as you will be by the grace of Christ, you must fearlessly and pitilessly meet and strangle this lion. The lion is that inward sin, that special impulse and temptation to evil which is most directed against your individual heart. Are you at this time willing, or are you not, to conquer the sin, whatever it may be, which doth most easily beset you? Remember that God will have no reservations. Remember that His law is that you must keep all His commandments. Not all but one. Do not deceive yourself with the fancy that

THERE IS ONE SIN

which you may cherish for yourself; one law to be violated with impunity. On the tree of death, as on the tree of life, there are twelve manner of fruits; but God will not suffer you so much as one of them, because in each one of these fatal fruits is infused the deathliness of all. Millions of men would be saved almost without an effort but for one sin—the drunkard, but for his drink; the envious man, but for his inworking malice; the unclean, but for his guilty love or desecrating vice. And the man who does not struggle and overcome is losing himself more and more helplessly in the pathless morass; he is sinking deeper and deeper in the unfathomable sea; he is fettering himself with heavier and heavier chains. Therefore, my brethren, as you love your lives, enter with resolution the dark caverns of your hearts and face the lion who is lurking there. Lay aside the fancy that he can lie there undisturbed without destroying, that you can fence yourself round against him by reason or philosophy, or by prudential reserve, or by any procrastination of the struggle. Nothing will save you but a resolute effort, putting forth the gathered force of your life, intensified with grace and prayer. Give that lion but one fatal wound, and though its flaming eye may glare upon you, and its relaxing claw may have power to rend you, each subsequent blow, each tightening grip on its throat, will find it weaker,