

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"IT IS I—BE NOT AFRAID."

The eventide—a little bark
Is tossing on the stormy deep,
Her crew are toiling in the dark,
The course they would they cannot keep.

Alone upon the mountain side,
By them unseen, their Master prays,
Yet as they struggle 'gainst the tide,
His watchful eye their toil surveys.

He tarries till night's darkest hour,
Then calmly walking on the wave,
He comes to them in love, in power,
To soothe, to succour and to save.

They know Him not when He draws near,
Yet will He not withhold His aid,
But when they cry aloud for fear,
Says, "It is I, be not afraid."

He gains the ship, the wind is stilled,
The angry billows sink to rest,
The mariners, with wonder filled,
Their Lord, the Son of God, confess.

Lord grant we may the lesson learn
Which for our good Thou here dost trace,
For in this history we discern
A record of the life of grace.

Embarked upon life's stormy sea,
Left to ourselves we strive in vain
To reach the shore, apart from Thee,
The longed-for rest we cannot gain.

We know not that Thy watchful eye
Has marked the way that we have gone,
To us it seems Thou art not nigh,
That we are left to toil alone.

We deem Thee near when all is bright,
When calm our sea and clear our sky,
We look not for Thee in the night,
Nor know Thee when Thou drawest nigh.

And should'st Thou in the storm appear,
Our foolish hearts are sore dismay'd,
Till we above the tempest hear
The words "Tis I, be not afraid."

Grant us, dear Lord, in good or ill,
In storm or calm to feel Thy nigh,
With Thine own peace our bosoms fill,
Jesus, Thou Son of God Most High.

THOUGHTS FOR SECOND SUNDAY
AFTER TRINITY.

(Written for the Church Guardian.)

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.

What stronger expression could be used to enforce the infinite importance of the command—**LOVE ONE ANOTHER!** To have passed from death unto life—from that state of coldness and darkness, wherein, though we may have "the name" that we live, yet are we dead, where we are *without* God, into the regions of light and love and heavenly comfort! To *know* that we have thus passed from death unto life depends upon our *love for the brethren*. Does this seem strange? But why strange? Is not God the God of Love? What but His Love, immeasurable, eternal, could have led Him to give His Only Begotten Son to save us from the just punishment of our sins? What but His Love could lead Him to bear with us day after day? To wait year by year for the tardy fruit which we may bring forth to His glory? What but His Love has laid up a crown of life for His faithful, though imperfect servants, and prepared for them such things as pass man's understanding, joys never ending in the heavenly mansions? If, then, Love is the attribute by which our God chiefly displays Himself to His creatures, if God *is* Love, must it not be that what is most pleasing in His sight is that we reflect in some measure that attribute? And must not the absence of Love be what is most hateful to Him? It is as when the Sun, the centre of light and heat for our material world, pours forth his fertilizing rays on rock or arid sands which remain barren and unresponsive. *We love Him*, says the Apostle, *because He first loved*

us, and if we love Him, if our hearts, our souls, our whole beings are His, then have we passed from death unto life, then, if we question our own selves, we shall find that we *love the brethren* also, that we bear that sign of life of which S. John speaks. God above all and all men in Him, all who were created in His image, all for whom Christ died. Those words of our Saviour will be forever echoing in our hearts: *the least of these my brethren*. We shall see Him in the poor, the afflicted, the oppressed, in those whom the world passes by! And His image in ourselves will become more and more manifest, so that for those who are to us cold and loveless, or it may be actively hostile, we shall learn to feel the love most nearly resembling that which cried "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." From death to life indeed, to be thus drawing nearer and nearer to Him, Who is the Way, the Truth, the Life,—it is to have entered upon the way leading straight onward and upward to the city of our God, it is to be learning more and more of that truth which hereafter in full measure shall be made plain, it is to be **LIVING** members of that body which is the spouse of Him Whom to know is Life Eternal.

THE GRACE OF FIDELITY.

ONE more word and I am done. I have said something about the means of the work, but let those of you who are Sunday School teachers also bear in mind the importance of the qualification of fidelity in the service, for I know of no grace more needful to the Sunday School teacher than the humble grace of fidelity that marches steadily on in sunshine and rain, when no banners are waving, and when there is no music to cheer your weary feet, no crowd to applaud you, simply bent upon duty, loyally true—that is one of the grandest qualifications for a Sunday-school teacher, it brings grandeur of character and brings about glorious results.

Down in the lower part of the city the old smith keeps hammering away at the cable-chain. He could make ten more links a day by skimping his work; but each link must be truly wrought, so he hammers on, in and out, through the long days, until his work is finished and he passes away and lies under the green sod in the church-yard. The chain, too, passes until it is found upon the deck of a noble ship, coiled limp and rusty around an anchor, and the passengers march up and down, spurning it with their feet as they pass, for it seems to be in their way. But the day of sunshine goes by. The night comes on. The wind whistles in growing fury, and the mad waves leap like mountains. The yards snap, the masts give way, the vessel is driven a waif on the raging sea until in the light of the morning dawn a howling reef looms, before which the vessel drifts, a hopeless wreck. Little bower anchor, great bower are gone. "Stand by, men; let go the sheet-anchor!" Out it falls into the seething surge, still limp and listless as it runs out, till at last the vessel is brought to bay, when the limp chain stands out in the tempest stiff as an iron bar, so taut it seems to ring a song of triumph. It is the old blacksmith fighting the storm. Clink, clink, clink, he hammers on, till out in the night it is one man against sea, wind and storm, and one man wins because fidelity is his. The storm passes by, the skies are clear, and three hundred men gather to sing thanksgiving to God for deliverance. Think you the old blacksmith hears anybody quote some other man as earning the meed for his faithful work?

Teacher, day by day in faithful work you are forging a chain that holds something more precious than the noblest vessel that ever floated at sea—the human soul; and by and by, when there comes some furious storm of temptation with its mad rage to drive the soul on eternal ruin, that which you have wrought—your faithful work—is stronger than cable-chain with links of steel to hold that soul steadfast in its hour of trial, and when it is saved, something of the victory is yours. To-night there sits near my side a venerated father who was my teacher in my youth, and I thank God that the

lessons I caught from his sermons and his teachings in the Bible class have been to me an anchor-chain in many an hour of danger.—*Selected.*

JULIUS HARE IN HIS GARDEN AT
HURSTMONCEAUX.

We are utterly unable to bring forth anything, whether in thought or deed, that shall be perfect in the sight of God—as unable as we are to build up a sky with our hands, and to launch a fleet of stars across it. Hereby we betray a secret corruption of our nature, the taint of which spreads through our whole lives. We betray that we have touched the dead body of sin. Think, what an enormous difference there is, in consequence of this fatal touch, between man and the other parts of creation. When a tree is healthy, what a number of leaves does it bring forth, each one perfect in its kind—unless there be some blight, or some nipping blasts, something not in itself, but from without, to injure them. Now man is made to be lord over the trees; and the Lord should of right be better than that he rules. Yet when will man bring forth good thoughts, and good words, and good deeds, as abundantly as the tree brings forth its leaves?—Whereas, if man's nature were sound and healthy, surely the lord of the earth, he who was made in the image of God, and was endowed with the mighty, teeming powers of thought, and speech, and desire, and affection, and action, ought not to be thus surpassed by creatures without thought or feeling. Or think, again, of the beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, which a garden brings forth in spring and summer, and then tell me where are your flowers which God appointed you to bring forth? Where is their sweetness? Where are the living seeds in them? Nay, what flowers, how many, have you brought forth? Think well; have you done anything to which you can give so fair a name? If not, can it be right that you alone in the universe should utterly fail in fulfilling God's purpose. Again, what rich ears of corn has this autumn ripened! how full they have been! how heavy the grain! Have our deeds been like those ears of corn? Alas! no; none of us can say this of himself.—Surely, then, we must all be unclean; for everything we do has a rotting taint of uncleanness.—*From J. T. W's Herbarium. V.*

A SCENE IN INDIA.

I shall never forget as long as I live that day when in the glow of the eventide, as the sun was sinking, and as the mists were creeping over the land, I walked with one of our native brethren by the river side; and saw a light in the dim distance, when he said to me, "Yonder is the *only Christian* in all that great town." Ten years ago he received Christ into his heart; his father and mother turned him out; his friends forsook him, his neighbors persecuted him; and all these years he stood his ground, scarcely getting food to eat. During all those ten years he maintained his Christian character unspotted in the midst of the heathen round about him, and the native brother said to me, "Now his business is reviving, because people say he sells the best things, and always means what he says." I entered his humble bamboo hut, and sat down upon the ground by his side, and as I discoursed about his loneliness and his sadness, the tears sprang into his eyes, and he said, "No, I am never lonely; for as Christ was with the Hebrew children, and as He was with Daniel in the lions' den, so all the years has He been with me."

"Lonely, dear Lord! how can I be
With Thy sweet presence here?
Thy strength in weakness to make strong;
Thy hand to wipe each tear?"

Lonely, dear Lord, I only am
When wandering from Thy side,
And heaviest crosses light become
If I in thee abide.

O blessed Saviour, faithful friend,
When earthly friends forsake,
Thy presence lights life's darkest hour,
And earth a heaven doth make."

—*From a Speech by A. H. Baynes, Esq.*