

## Selections.

### The Loneliness of Sorrow.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Friends crowd around and take it by  
the hand,  
Intruding gently on its loneliness,  
Striving with word of love and sweet  
caress,  
To draw it into light and air. Like  
band  
Of brothers, all men gather close, and  
stand  
About it, making half its grief their own,  
Leaving it never silent nor alone.

But through all crowds of strangers and  
of friends,  
Among all voices of good-will and cheer  
Walks Sorrow, silently, and does not  
hear,  
Like hermit whom mere loneliness de-  
fends;  
Like one born deaf, to whose still ear  
sound sends  
No word of message; and like one  
born dumb,  
From whose sealed lips complaint can  
never come.

Majestic in its patience, and more  
sweet  
Than all things else that can of souls  
have birth,  
Bearing the one redemption of this  
earth  
Which God's eternities fulfil, complete,  
Down to its grave, with steadfast, tire-  
less feet  
It goes uncomforted, serene, alone,  
And leaves not even name on any stone.

### English Topics.

GEORGE RAPKIN.

The English "Disciples" have gained the benefit of a valuable recruit from the Salvation Army. Perverts from one form of faith to another are very often of only equivocal value. Sometimes in England a Baptist, Congregational, or Methodist preacher goes off at a tangent from his own denomination and lands in the church of England. In nine cases out of ten the old associates of the deserter are able to say with truthful disparagement that they have lost as little as the Anglicans have gained. The cases are comparatively rare in which a seceder is a success. There are some very brilliant exceptions to the mediocrity which is the usual characteristic of religious transitionists. Our brother, George Rapkin, is a splendid addition to our forces. He was for several years one of the finest workers in the Salvation Army. His particular function was that of Chief Statistician to General Booth. I have not met with any man who knows so much about the inner working of the Salvation Army. Bro. Rapkin was baptized at West London Tabernacle by G. T.

Walden. He has been engaged by our English Board as a regular preacher and is winning golden opinions in every quarter. He is a popular "all-round" man, being equally efficient as an evangelist, revivalist, lecturer and pastor. I will show in brief outline what has been the interesting career of this versatile brother. At one time he was sent to Holland by General Booth. He rapidly learned to speak and preach the Dutch language. In conversation with me the other day he declared that the Hollanders were the most impressionable and hopeful people amongst whom he had ever labored, and that if we only had the means to plant a church in Amsterdam or Rotterdam glorious results might be expected to follow. In consequence of his Dutch experience and success, Bro. Rapkin was commissioned by General Booth to take his departure for the Transvaal in order to edit a Dutch edition of the War Cry in south Africa. This commission was not carried out as, before it could be put in execution, Rapkin's services were wanted elsewhere. After his baptism he discovered, like other men, that conscience is not allowed full play in the Salvation Army. I know exactly what this means, as I have baptized more than one Salvation Army worker. The sequel is invariably the same. The baptized believer may still find a home in that connection, but only as a dumb dog. Rapkin is one of the last men whom it would be possible to gag or muzzle. He next became assistant to the noted Palestine explorer, Mr. James Neil and travelled for three years through the whole length and breadth of the British islands as "lanternist." This engagement of course had the effect of clapping Bro. Rapkin's best abilities under a bushel. He has now burned the bushel and is a shining light in our ranks.

W. DURBAN,

in *Christian Evangelist*.

### To a Lady.

Will our lady readers forgive us for putting before them Mr. Arnold's advice to a "female relative." "If I were you," says this master, "I should take to some regular reading, if it were only for an hour a day. It is the best thing in the world to have something of this sort as a point in the day, and far too few people know and use this secret. You would have your district still, and all your business as usual, but you would have this hour in the day in the midst of it all, and it would soon become of the greatest solace to you. Desultory reading is a mere anodyne; regular reading, well chosen, is

restoring and edifying." As Mr. John Morley well says, "No wiser counsel could be devised either for women or men," but we specially commend it to our feminine readers. It is much to be feared that many use reading only as an "anodyne," and while such uses have their place in the economy of life, they are not the only, and certainly not the best uses of books. Novel reading is far too much of this order, and so it is bad for many men and women. They read only for the sensation of the story, and they shy off when they take up one of Meredith's books, or any work that requires attention. Whereas, if they would take Matthew Arnold's counsel they would soon find that books had a new meaning and message to them. Browning refused to be the after-dinner poet, and our best novelists are hardly after-dinner reading. The hour, or half-hour, as Mr. Morley suggests, for busy women, must be devoted to serious reading. Whatever choice is made, whether History, Poetry, Economics, Science, Literature, all this will depend on our tastes and needs, the half-hour or hour must be real study. Tennyson read in this way will be found to have new interest, and to be both "restoring and edifying." And what woman could not spare this half-hour, or hour, for serious study and meditation? It will discipline the mind, inform the intellect, and strengthen the higher nature. It will also help to create nobler tastes, and it will soon make the reading of worthless books practically impossible. Will any of our readers, young or old, try Arnold's recipe? It is simple, within the reach of all, and it will be a real blessing and inspiration to many. — *A. C. World*.

### You Will Never Be Sorry

For living a white life.  
For doing your level best.  
For being kind to the poor.  
For looking before leaping.  
For your faith in humanity.  
For hearing before judging.  
For being candid and frank.  
For thinking before speaking.  
For harboring clean thoughts.  
For discounting the tale bearer.  
For being loyal to the truth.  
For standing by your principles.  
For stopping your ears to gossip.  
For the influence of high motives.  
For asking pardon when in error.  
For being as courteous as a duke.  
For bridling a slanderous tongue.  
For being generous with an enemy.  
For being square in business deals.  
For sympathising with the oppressed.  
For giving an unfortunate fellow a lift.

For being patient with cranky neighbors.

For promptness in keeping your promises.

For dollars you have given to missions.

For putting the best possible construction upon the doings of others.—  
*Selected.*

### How to Use Wealth.

When Jesus said to the rich young man, "Go and sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," He had simply found a man who did not know how to be rich. There was nothing to do with that man but to send him back to the preparatory school of poverty. To make that special treatment of a single man the universal rule of human life would be to shut up one of the great higher schools of human character in sheer despair. Sometimes, perhaps, a rich man feels that if he could get rid of his money he could be a strong and unselfish man. It is the old delusion. The sinner in the tropics thinks he could be a saint at the north pole. It is only that he knows how the sun burns, but has never felt how the frost freezes. There is a special strength and a particular unselfishness which the rich man's wealth makes possible for him. It is his duty to seek after them, and never rest till he has found them. Not to make himself poor, but to know how to be rich, is the problem of his life.—BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS.

"Her Majesty," says a writer in the *Woman at Home*, London, "has kept the religious instruction of her children largely in her own hands. When Mr. Birch had been appointed tutor to the Prince of Wales the Queen wrote: 'It is an important step, and God's blessing be upon it; for upon the good education of princes, and especially those who are destined to govern, the welfare of the world, in these days, very greatly depends.' A story is told that when the archdeacon of London was catechising the young princes, he said: 'Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly.' At which the boys piped up, 'Oh, but it is mamma who teaches us our catechism.' It is not, perhaps, generally known that the Queen occasionally taught a Bible class for the children of those in attendance at Buckingham Palace."

Such a queen deserves to reign a half century over an empire on which the sun never sets. Think of the Queen of England teaching a Bible class, at which some of our highalutin church-members would turn up their stubby noses!—  
*Christian Leader.*