

to the standard of apostolic faith and practice in the blessed work of giving the gospel of Christ to the dying sons of men. It does not require a prophetic eye to see the utter failure of the cause of God, while in our hands, unless there is a radical reformation in this way of dealing with the message of salvation. Don't think I am erratic or fanatical, but terribly emphatic. I cannot blind my eyes to the fact that in many cases the tendency on the part of God's children is to remain in, and thereby cause others to go out of the reach of salvation instead of going out and bringing others in. The order is completely changed and the results, necessarily, are disastrous. Our anxiety is often deepened into perplexity and blank amazement, when we see those who are not interested in this noble work lending their influence to discourage those who are at work. Let us be very careful that we do not put a stumbling-block in our brother's way. If we find a servant of God working for the salvation of the world, we must encourage him. If he is not working in the way we think is best we will show him how to work; if we can't do that we will not stop him. The most unique thing you can imagine is a man with an anti-mission beam in his eye, trying to put the unscriptural mission mote out of his brother's eye. If it is wrong to work in certain lines I am sure it is twice wrong not to be working in this mission call of mercy.

If there are any in the old ship of Zion who are not heeding the message "go" let us understand the only safety for them and the church is to pitch them overboard. There is no other possible way to calm the troubled sea and make any progress whatever, than by parting with the sin that will sink us. Unless we destroy the evil we must ourselves be destroyed. The demand is urgent. The storm is raging, and can we sleep? No, a thousand times no! The servant of God must go to the broken hearted, and the lost, perishing, and dying. He must go out and compel them to come in. Go now, for the "golden fields are smiling," and the opportunities are waning.

H. MURRAY.

AN ADDRESS TO THE YOUNG.

It is a grand thing to live. 'Tis a grand thing, too, to be a youth. O! the days of innocency and childhood, when our hearts beat with the fondest emotions of joy and bliss. In fancy's weird domain I go back to other years and live over again the scenes of my early days.

O! how many wishes daily
They their lives might live again,
If you'd not be of their number,
Work like heroes—ne'er complain.

The Christian life is the noblest life to live. It is fraught with trials, it is true, but it is a grand thing to live a Christian. Life is all that we have to face eternally. Therefore you should make the best use of that life by beginning early to live the life of the Christian. Remember, a flower when offered in the bud is no mean sacrifice.

Look around and see lives wasted,
Here, and there, on every hand;
From their fate learn golden lessons,
Take a bold and noble stand.

Never be an idle dreamer;
In your youth be now in haste;
Age will come and bring its sorrows,
Then beware the time you waste.

Is it not truly heart-rending to see so much time wasted all along the lane of life? See the wrecks of mortality—people bowed in sorrow and in shame all along from youth to old age, and on to the last lonely reach in life's rugged journey.

The Christian life is the easiest life to live. Do you believe it? If not, follow me, and I will spend a short time with you in presenting a few pictures

of some who began with me to tread the halls of learning in the sunny days of boyhood. My heart melts within me when I even think of undertaking so sorrowful a task. I ask, Where are my college chums? the boys and girls of my youthful days? Oh! the dim memories of faint-gleaming remembrances! Echo answers, Where? And a voice, more solemn still, answers, Where? While in a low plaintive strain, from out the mystic past, is heard the solemn words,—

All scattered and sundered by mountain and wave,
While many repose in the embrace of the grave.

O solitude and meditation! why all this suffering, trials, and misfortune? It is caused by the violation of the very laws of God—the very laws of our being. Sin has become the god of this world. He has laid the foundations of his dominion broad and deep, having entrenched himself in the habits, customs, prejudices, institutions of learning, government and religion of our race; and thus fortified he has ruled for ages amid the horrors of depravity. Let me impress this one fact upon your mind, viz.: every act, either good or bad, leaves an impress stamped upon the very lineaments of the face. Therefore, if you would be beautiful in old age, lead a Christian life. Then will your gray hairs be to you a crown of glory, and your old age be bright and lovely as the setting sun, while a halo of glory will linger behind you when you are gone.

But I almost forgot to picture to you the lives of some of those who were the friends and associates of my early years. At the age of sixteen I entered a seminary, and out of a class of forty-nine, ten died with the quick consumption, three entered the insane asylum, two were lost at sea, one shot himself, three became drunkards, and one of them is dying now. I have travelled extensively since that day, and have visited hospitals, prisons, and asylums, in different countries, and I am fully convinced that ninety per cent. of the misery that there is in the world, people bring it upon themselves. You may ask, How do they do it? I answer, In violating the laws of health—the very laws of their being. O, the face! the face! It is the mirror of the mind, the very canvas upon which the life's history is written. Hence, it numerous muscles and nerves, by which it is so wonderfully adjusted to this end. It certainly expresses the passions, the emotions and the inmost feelings of the soul. But oh, how often the face is marred by care and wriment, and a scowl sits awkwardly upon the brow! Nor is this all. The lustre goes from the eye, and the wine from the cheek, and a sly, nervous, haggard look becomes manifest, and then the beauty of the face is gone. Ladies, it is true, sometimes try to bring it back by the use of powder, etc., but in vain.

Paul laid down the true system of beauty when he said, "Finally, my brethren, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." The mind controls everything. Matter is made according to mental trait and peculiarity. This is why some people look so forsaken, cast down, sad, mean, ugly, vicious, beastly and fiendish. Compare these with those that lead a Christian life and mark the contrast. Notice the aged saint, the child of God. On the one hand you see beauty and loveliness resting gently upon their brow; on the other, misery, degradation, and woe.

Then let me urge as one that loves you,
Be in earnest while you may;
Time so precious now is passing,
Youthful days soon fly away.

One thought more and I will finish;
Principle will make the man;
Gold and silver they will perish;
Get them just, though, if you can.

Wisdom, goodness, wealth and power
Fills life's cup of joy each day;
But remember now in boyhood,
Youthful days soon pass away.

W. K. BURR.

Ameliasburg, Ont.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen's life at Balmoral is very simple and quiet. Her Majesty is always accompanied to the Highlands by Her Royal Highness the Princess Beatrice, whose devotion to her mother is a splendid example to every English, or, as the Queen would herself say, every "British" daughter. Since the Princess' marriage she is of course, frequently accompanied by her husband, Prince Harry of Battenberg, whose pleasant frankness of manner and genuine kindness of nature have won a high place in the regard of the Highlanders. Occasionally other members of the Royal Family visit the Queen. The Prince and Princess of Wales often come to Aberfeldie, which is quite near Balmoral; and this season the young widowed Duchess of Albany has been staying at Birk Hall. Frequently Her Majesty invites some of her friends to reside at Aberfeldie Mains, and a visit to them there for an afternoon call or afternoon tea makes a pleasant drive. A lady in waiting, two young ladies—maids of honor—a Cabinet minister, an equerry, one of the Queen's secretaries and the doctor may be said to make up the suite; and the Queen's able and indefatigable commissioner, Dr. Profeit, is always at hand. Her Majesty here, works very hard, and gives much of her time to the business of the nation, the management of her own estate, and the welfare of the people among whom she lives. She spends as much as possible of her time in the open air, reading and writing outside when the weather permits, and sometimes breakfasting and taking tea in one of the summer-houses, in walking about the grounds with a single attendant and one or more of her fine collie dogs, and in taking long drives to places of interest and beauty in the neighborhood, and frequently honoring some of the neighboring gentry with a visit. The Queen also visits a great deal in the homes of the cotters, in many of which there are tokens in the shape of photographs, pictures, books and other valuable presents of Her Majesty's affection and regard for her humble subjects and friends. It is most touching to hear them speak of the Queen's kindness, and the interest they take in all the members of the Royal Family is very great and almost intimately personal in its character. She frequently shares in their domestic joys by attending in their homes the "kirstnin" (christening) of a baby, and in their sorrows by being present at the short religious services performed by the minister on the occasion of a funeral.—Selected.

News of the Churches.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN.

Two additions by baptism last month.

Bro. J. A. Gates was at our prayer and social meeting Thursday evening (April 21).

The prayer and social meeting at the close of the evening services on Lord's day are largely attended and is the best meeting of the week.

Bro. Leslie Devoe, one of our young brethren, left on Monday evening (April 18) for Boston. A large number of the brethren and friends assembled at the station to see him off.

BACK BAY.

Since my last report in THE CHRISTIAN, our hearts have been made to rejoice in the confession and baptism of two more happy converts, one of them a lady 65 years of age. This makes five who have of late publicly put on Christ in this community, and we hope and pray that the day is not