

nancial standpoint, the faith method is by far the more successful and satisfactory.

I repeat, people love to be trusted, and respond to it.

When I tried this for the first time three years ago in St. Paul's Church, Halifax, people said, "Mr. Hague, this plan of yours is all very well in a small parish where the expenses probably don't run up higher than twenty-five or thirty dollars; but here the expenses themselves are at least one hundred and twenty-five or thirty dollars, and the number of people vastly greater. The thing cannot be done! It's a dangerous experiment!"

The Sunday after that I announced that not only the Sunday-school, but all the congregation, were to spend the day at Princes' Lodge; that all were invited; that there would be no admission price; that tea would be provided for all who would come; and that it was to be a day of enjoyment for young and old; and I added, "Now, my dear people, I am going to trust you. They say—do some—that the money will not be forthcoming; that there will be danger of shortage. I do not believe it. I believe that you will give, and give freely. Do so, and God will bless you."

And what was the result?

The result was that the money flowed in so freely (and provisions, too) that not only was there enough to eat and to spare for the largest gathering ever known, but over and above the very large expense (\$125) there was a surplus in hand of about sixty dollars in cash.

Of course! People love to be trusted! People love to be thought honorable. People love to be relied on. People love to be considered superior to all meanness.

Treat people as mean—watch them; hedge them in—and you will make them mean. Treat people as open, and generous, and free-hearted, and they will become so, even if they are not.

This was the secret of Dr. Arnold's success at Rugby. He trusted the boys as if they were honorable and true, and instinctively they became so; and it is the same to-day.

The fact is, the entrance of the world into the church has robbed it of its faith.

Where is your faith, O church of the living God? Where is your faith? How is it that you have no faith in man and God?

You say, "Oh, if we have not a certain number of tickets sold, we shall not have enough money." Then that act of faithlessness leadeth to another, and you say,

"Oh, if we do not have a certain number of well-to-do and even worldly people, we shall not sell the tickets; we must have them, and, to have them, we must have things that are attractive to them." And so raffles, and shows, and dances, and all the round of worldly amusements, are brought in.

I say: It is all lack of faith—lack of faith. Lack, too, of Christian principle and consistent Christian action on the lines of I. Cor. x. 31: "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Our church excursions should be for the church, and carried on as a church should carry them on, in a Christian way. Therefore, let us do away with these inconsistencies, and cry them down, even unto the ground. The right way is always the best way.

DYSON HAGUE.

Halifax, Aug. 1st, 1893.

MY SHEPHERD.

"He leadeth me!"

And so I need not seek my own wild way

Across the desert wide;

He knoweth where the shaded pastures lie,

Where the still waters glide,

And how to reach the coolness of their rest

Beneath the calm hillside.

"He leadeth me!"

And though it be by rugged, weary ways,

Where thorns spring sharp and sore,

No pathway can seem strange or desolate

Where Jesus "goes before";

His gentle shepherding my solace is,

And gladness yet in store.

"He leadeth me!"

O Love that draws—but never drives me on—

Close be my following!

In blessed fellowship of joy or pain

Taught still Thy praise to sing,

And never thorn shall wound my wayworn feet

But Christ first felt its sting.

"He leadeth me!"

I shall not take one needless step through all,

In wind, or heat, or cold;

And all day long He sees the peaceful end,

Through trials manifold;

Up the far hillside, like some sweet surprise,

Waiteth the quiet fold.

—M.K.A.S.

FOR PARISH AND HOME.

WORLDLINESS.

Not so much what we do, as the spirit in which we do it, shows whether we are worldly. It is unwise to draw a hard line between, for instance, worldly and unworldly amusements. To go to a ball would be, in the minds of many good people, the extreme of worldliness. But what if an earnest Christian lady, who does not care for such things, happens to be the wife of some person whose official

position requires his and her presence there? Is there anything wrong in her going? Will her heart be led by it from higher to lower things? In a word, does she become worldly because she is one of the actors in a scene of gaiety?

We think not; because worldliness has to do with the spirit which governs the life, and a saint in spirit might be found upon such a scene—might, indeed, think it her highest duty to be there. "Love not the world," says St. John. The Greek word used here for love indicates a strong affection of the heart. It is used of God's love in sending Christ into the world, of His love in suffering for men. It means a passion of the spirit, an exclusive devotion to the object sought. "Love is strong as death," says the wise man. Many waters cannot quench it; stony limits cannot hold it out. St. John's warning is that we are not, in this sense, to love the world. It is not to have the first place in our affections, and those who give it this place are worldly. This is truly a terrible word. Contrast it with heavenly. A picture rises before the mind, on the one hand, of an eager, passionate striving for the vain things of this life—for place, honor, power, riches. The wise know that the heart of the seeker will not be at rest, even when these are gained. Yet the eager battle goes on! The weak are trampled under foot; holier ties are ignored in the vain rush; and the world claims for its own the embittered, saddened, unhappy men and women who find no rest even when they have reached the haven where they would be. Look, on the other hand, at the heavenly-minded. Trials and sorrows are in their path. There is little glitter and pomp in their lives. But there is also little unrest, and no vain rush after airy bubbles. Their minds are fixed on God, and they are calm and full of peace. With noble Henry Martyn, they can look up into God's face and say: "With Thee, O my God, there is no disappointment. I shall never live to regret that I have loved Thee too well."

We may sometimes doubt whether any one is really worldly in the sense of loving earthly things with so intense a passion. Experience, alas, dispels the doubt. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the vainglory, or, as it may properly be rendered, the *swagger*, of life have their devoted slaves, bound to them by every tie that can hold the spirit. The lust of the flesh holds the drunkard, and his passion for drink makes him willing to sell his soul for it. The miser will sacrifice