

preparing for Holy Orders, but whose Ordination, I fear, will be further delayed by the death of our Bishop, which has just occurred (Bishop Russell, of Ningpo, six hundred and twenty miles from here). Even in old established Missions, a man is of little use until he has been in China a year or two, owing to the difficulty of the language, and this difficulty is increased in a new Mission, because there are no ready-made grooves for the new comers to run in, and no work ready to hand demanding instant attention. All has to be done from the beginning. Some Missions (I believe the C. M. S. Mission, in Foo Chow, now so flourishing) have had to wait eight and ten years before receiving a convert.

"We have now been five years and have no fruit to show, with the exception of one of our servants (whose brother has long been a Christian in the Presbyterian Church), who professes to be enquiring into the Christian Religion himself. We have a preaching-room at this Post, where we go and meet with such persons as may come in, and talk to them about Christianity, or it might be called, preached to them. The rest of our work, while here, consists in the preparation of Christian books in the Vernacular, instruction of such members of the household as are willing to receive it in our domestic chapel, and further study of the language for our own sakes. In the cooler part of the year we travel into the interior with the view of preaching the Gospel more widely; we are usually supplied with Christian books and tracts in the Vernacular, which we give to any who express an interest in the subject. This winter we are hoping all of us to go to the west of the Province, three hundred or four hundred miles from here, and to pass the winter there, travelling about or residing in the chief city of the Province.

"While here we have an English Service for the residents once a month, prayers each Sunday afternoon. The only place of worship for foreigners (not Roman Catholic) is a Union Chapel, and though there is a Sunday School, it is not under our care. Our work, in a word, is purely Missionary; we have no 'parish' or allotted district, but may rove at will over six or eight provinces, each as large as Great Britain. The place where Mr. Capel and I were relieving the famine-stricken people, was one thousand miles from here, and takes six or eight weeks to reach by the only available travelling methods. You will gather from the above that the needs of China are indeed great; everything has to be done from the beginning. We need a constant, unceasing, faithful tide of intercession, that God will break down the last barriers raised by the pride and exclusiveness of this great nation; and to come to a practical aspect of the matter—we need a steady supply of young earnest men, ready to give their lives for the sake of Christ to an apparently hopeless work, strong in the faith that not even China can long resist the mighty power of the Gospel of Christ. I believe S. P. G. has opened a fund to provide a Bishop and a staff of clergy for North China. I can think of no better end to which prayers and offerings can be devoted by those who are willing to help the work in China, than the support of this fund."

## Family Reading.

### THE GOLDEN SIDE.

There is many a rest on the road of life,  
If we only would stop and take it;  
And many a tone from the better land,  
If the querulous heart would wake it.  
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,  
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,  
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,  
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,  
And to keep the eyes still lifted;  
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,  
When the ominous clouds are rifted.  
There never was night without a day,  
Nor an evening without a morning;  
And the darkest hour the proverb goes,  
Is the hour before the dawning.

There's many a gem in the path of life,  
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,  
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,  
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;  
It may be the love of a little child,  
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,  
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks  
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life  
A bright and golden filling,  
And to do God's will with a ready heart,  
And hands that are swift and willing,

Than to snap the delicate silver threads  
Of our curious lives asunder,  
And then heaven blame for the tangled ends,  
And sit to grieve and wonder.

### CALLS FOR TENDERNESS.

We need the sick, the poor, the aged, to teach us mercy and love and kindness. Think of a society in which there is no call for tenderness! Soon we should be found killing not only the miserable, but the merely inconvenient. We should scruple at no murder by which a temporary end might be gained, or a temporary whim gratified. The heart made callous as a rock would know no reluctance and no remorse.

But it is not enough for us to live in a world where there is suffering. We must bring ourselves in sympathetic contact with grief in order to be benefitted by it. Into many households God hath not sent the blessing of sickness; and its inmate need to go out to find that which is so necessary to their culture, and which Heaven has withheld from their own circle. And they need not go far. One who desires may find the poor, the weary, the needy, the diseased, in every place.

We know persons, however, who studiously avoid all scenes of suffering. They never visit the sick. If their relatives require nursing, if their own children are attacked with disease, they have no large fund of sympathy or help, but spend the time in lamentations over the hardness of their lot.

We know others who seek in many ways to alleviate the griefs of mankind. We know a gentleman of wealth who encourages his children to spend a large share of the money he gives them in articles needed at the hospital of the city in which he lives. If young men call on them at the time appointed to visit the sick, they are asked to go also; and if they take no interest in the errand of mercy, they are set down as unworthy of special mention. When those girls travel they take with them, as companions, some of their poor acquaintances to whom the advantages of travel are denied. Several have been permitted in this way to go through Europe; and several, introduced to the best society, have made matrimonial alliances there which they could never have made but for the considerate kindness of their wealthy friends who are above the meanness of choosing associates exclusively from the rich. We know a church near Boston among whose members a club is formed to visit the hospitals of the city, and sing for the entertainment of the inmates, who cannot hear music at concert or church. We know many who contribute to help the children of the poor escape from the slums of the city in hot weather. These are of the persons who grow most in manhood and womanhood. Their hearts are made large and tender by their ministrations.

In which class shall we place ourselves? Among those who cannot look upon suffering, or among those who bear it to their help? We are persuaded that people in general go through the world without perceiving half the opportunities for the culture of tenderness which God has given them.

### IRREVERENCE IN CHURCH.

There are two classes of people who talk unnecessarily during church service—those who do not know any better, and those who, knowing better, persist in doing it, out of carelessness or irreverence. Those who do not know any better, are reminded that it is wrong, being irreverent, and may be catalogued as an offence against the third commandment; those who plead carelessness are affectionately reminded that such an excuse is only good for a fault until it has been pointed out. We have no business to be careless when God's honor and our own spiritual well-being are at stake. If any are wilfully irreverent and defiant, they can add to the reasons which are the most important, but which they might scorn, that it is also a breach of good manners, showing want of consideration for others people's comfort, and that careful culture, which makes people instinctively discern the fitness of things.

### INFANT BAPTISM.

The baptism of infants was universally practised by the early Christians. It is admitted by those who now oppose infant baptism, that from 3rd to the 15th century infants were baptized.

Before the third century we have the writings of Cyprian witnessing to an assembly of 66 Bishops, in the year 258, which fully recognized the duty of baptizing infants. If infant baptism had been an innovation, some mention would have been made of it in that assembly, instead of which these 66 Bishops were of opinion that baptism should be administered immediately after the birth of the child.

Blessed is the calamity which makes us humble; though so repugnant thereto is our nature, in our nature, in our present state, that after a while it is to be feared a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us of our pride in having become so humble.

"Every bird that upward springs  
Bears the cross upon its wings;  
We without it cannot rise  
Upward to our native skies."

The New Testament, complete, with maps and illustrations, is now offered by a London publisher for a penny. He says that he gets his profit even at this astonishingly low price.

### THE QUEEN OF ALL.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, ploughed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in all the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other upon earth. You cannot walk into a midnight where she cannot see you; you cannot enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can never mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her feeble arms, and carry you home and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

### GOOD READING.

Our beautiful service needs to be well read to be fully appreciated. When it is read hastily, listlessly and indifferently, it loses half its impressiveness and is scarcely adapted to inspire devotional feelings. The introductory address to the congregation is often so read, instead of adopting a speaking style, as the occasion and sense demands. To read well and with expression is no easy attainment in the elocutionary art, but with proper care and pains most persons can become passably good readers. It is surprising how few really good readers of the service there are among our clergy. It would almost seem as if there were no teachers of elocution in our theological seminaries, or else that many of the clergy consider it a matter beneath their care to themselves in the art of reading in such a manner as to bring out the sense of what they read understandingly with due expression.—*The Kalendar.*

### WHAT THOMAS CARLYLE THINKS OF DARWINISM.

Carlyle is now very feeble through age, but his memory is still marvellous, and the flow of his talk—doubtless the most eloquent of the age—is unabated. Take this as a sample:

"I have known three generations of the Darwins, grandfather, father, and son; atheist all. The brother of the present famous naturalist, a quiet man who lives not far from here, told me that among his grandfather's effects he found a seal engraved with this legend: 'Omnia ex conchis'; everything from a clam-shell! I saw the naturalist not many months ago; told him that I had read his *Origin of Species*, and other books; that he had by no means satisfied me that men were descended from monkeys, but had gone far toward persuading me that he and his so-called scientific brethren had brought the present generation of Englishmen very near to monkeys.

"A good sort of man was this Darwin, and well-meaning, but with very little intellect. Ah, it's a sad and terrible thing to see nigh a whole generation of men and women professing to be cultivated, looking around in pur-blind fashion, and finding no God in this universe. I suppose it is a reaction from the reign of cant and hollow pretence, professing to believe what in fact they do not believe. And this is what we have got to. All things from frog spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day. The older I grow—and now I stand upon the brink of eternity—the more come back to me the sentences in the catechism, which I learned when a child, and the fuller and deeper the meaning becomes. 'What is the chief end of man?' 'To glorify God and enjoy Him forever.' No gospel of dirt, teaching that men have descended from frogs through monkeys, can ever set that aside."