

Selected Articles.

WHEN WILL IT DAWN?

When will it dawn? that promised day of blessing
When land and sea,
Joyous as souls may be with love's caressing,

When o'er the valleys boom no sound of slaughter,
When ocean's wave
Is crimsoned not with blood of son or daughter,

THE LAST PRAYER IN THE BIBLE.

BY REV. THODORE L. CUYLER.

The word of God begins with a story and ends with a prayer. It begins with the sublime story of the Creation's six days' work,

This is the shortest, and yet it is the sweetest and most comprehensive request that devout hearts are taught to utter.

We have a great deal of repetitions and rambling verbiage in our average prayer-meetings. Everything is mentioned, and often very little is really sought.

I sincerely believe it would. Such a request would be in the direct line of the Divine promises.

For Jesus has distinctly promised his presence to his people. When his bodily form floated up from the side of Olivet he did not bid farewell to earth.

There is a strange mist of unbelief that seems to hang over good people's minds when they are urged to realize and actualize their Saviour as a living person.

unapproachable glory. That he should really come into their souls as truly as he came into the house of Jairus, seems to them almost a shocking irreverence to speak of.

INFLUENCE OF WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

More potent than the fabled spells of enchantment or the boldest visions of a poetic fancy, more wonderful than the achievements of epic heroes, of Tancred, Eneas, or Achilles, are often the vigorous operations of common-sense.

Nor will the historian of the future, who, writing from some central home of freedom in the valleys of the Nevada or on the banks of the Columbia, reviews and corrects the errors of the medieval story, forget, like Hume or Robertson or Scott, to celebrate the true historical characters of Scotland.

BRAIN WORK.

One thing I would like to impress upon those who are exceptionally excitable. The very slightest stimulants, which others may use with impunity, are bad for them.

All the diseases to which we are constitutionally liable are aggravated by the use of stimulants. They assist the development of chronic complaints, and make all sickness harder to cure.

I believe that one, working the brain at proper hours and giving it the requisite rest, relaxation and nourishment, and never stimulating it into unhealthy action, might go on doing the very hardest mental work from youth to extreme old age and never suffer an atom from it—on the contrary, be benefited.—Howard Glyndon.

HOME FRIENDSHIP.

Our best friends are at home. Those who love us best, who would do most for us, who are most interested in our lives, and would weep the bitterest tears were we to die, dwell under our own roof, eat at our own table, and sleep under the shadow of our own protection.

If a mine of gold is on our farm, and we know it not, we are not much better off for it. Many people have a strange way of showing their friendship to the members of their own home circle.

DR. LIVINGSTONE DESCRIBED.

Mr. Stanley, in his newly published work, How I Found Dr. Livingstone, gives a graphic and pleasant description of the great missionary explorer.

I was led to believe that Livingstone possessed a placid, misanthropic temper. Some have said that he is garrulous, that he is demure; that he has utterly changed from the David Livingstone whom people knew as the reverend missionary; that he takes no notes or observations but such as those which no other person could read but himself; and that was reported before I proceeded to Central Africa, that he was married to an African princess.

In Livingstone I have seen many amiable traits. His gentleness never forsakes him; his hopefulness never deserts him.

"There is a good natured abandon about Livingstone which was not lost on me. Whenever he began to laugh, there was a contagion about it that compelled me to imitate him."

"The wan features which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the gray beard and bowed shoulders, belied the man. Underneath that well-worn exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits and inexhaustible humour; that rugged frame of his enclosed a young and most exuberant soul."

"The study of Dr. Livingstone would not be complete if we did not take the religious side of his character into consideration. His religion is not of the theoretical kind, but it is a constant, earnest sincere practice. It is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet, practical way, and is always at work. It is not aggressive, which sometimes is troublesome, if not impertinent. In him, religion exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct, not only toward his servants, but toward the natives, the bigoted Mohammedans, and all who come in contact with him."

"I don't want to hear of any more revivals of religion—stop my paper. I am tired of hearing about Education and missionary operations, about theological seminaries and colleges—stop my paper."

THE DISCIPLINE OF BUSINESS.

Everything in the universe has a higher end than its own existence, and one of the chief objects of a worthy life is to discover those ends, and to contribute its share towards their furtherance. The seed evidently exists for the plant, the plant for the fruit, the fruit for the sustenance of life.

A deeper insight into life's meanings will, however, reveal a fuller and nobler significance in business than the mere acquisition of property. It has an end beyond that of supply, an object above that of pecuniary success. It has a great moral purpose, the establishment of a lofty and unending rectitude in the hearts and lives of men.

No such results will be reaped, however, by him who substitutes the immediate end of business, acquisition, for its ultimate end, character. To him the paths of trade are conical. Temptations to gain by artifice, concealment and deceit will surround him

on every hand, opportunities for enriching himself at the expense of another's rights, enticements to amass money by speculation and chance rather than by earnest striving, will continually occur to tempt and perchance to overwhelm him.

On the other hand, the business man who regards his pursuit as a school of virtue rather than a sphere of selfish interests, who is daily studying its lessons of fidelity, integrity, and honor, will ever win its loftiest moral prizes. He may acquire a fortune or he may lose one, but in either case he will gain that which no wealth can bestow and no poverty take away, an unblemished name, an unsullied character, a fidelity to truth and a conscious rectitude of purpose.

STOP MY PAPER,

There are not a few people who are well hit by the shot from the piece below—"Stop my Paper!"

I don't want to know any more about what is going on in the Christian world—stop my paper.

I'm interested in the things that are seen and temporal, and not in the things that are unseen and eternal—stop my paper.

I don't want to hear of any more revivals of religion—stop my paper.

I am tired of hearing about Education and missionary operations, about theological seminaries and colleges—stop my paper.

I don't want to read the obituary notices of ministers and other Christians, telling how they lived and died. I don't trouble myself about dying—stop my paper.

I am tired of being urged to attend prayer-meetings, and have family worship, support preachers, and grow in grace, and train my children in the fear and nurture of the Lord—stop my paper.

I am disgusted with so much ado about Sabbath breaking, and drunkenness and lotteries, and card playing, and profane swearing—stop my paper.

I take no interest in columns filled with opposition to Mormonism, and Popery, and Infidelity, and grog selling, and Sabbath travel—stop my paper.

I prefer to give my whole attention and the whole attention of my family to the question: "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed—stop my paper."

I would like to accommodate my wife. She thinks the paper very interesting, and likes to read it to the children; but I haven't seen much in it that I cared about, except the market article—stop my paper.

I wouldn't mind pleasing our minister. He says a religious paper is next to the Bible in a family; that without it children are raised in ignorance, and that it is just as important for grown folks—I don't see it—stop my paper.

I am a little worried about the matter. One of our elders came to me to get me to send money for the paper for another year, and when I told him I intended stopping the paper he scouted the idea, and said that every church was made of two classes—the one, growing, faithful, punctual and intelligent persons; and the other ignorant, irregular, negligent and stationery members, and that it was easy to tell to which class any one belongs, if you only know whether he reads a religious paper. What an insult! Such talk don't move me—stop my paper.—Central Presbyterian.

"NEVER ANSWERED BACK."

The Quaker's rule was never to speak above his ordinary tone of voice when angry; perhaps the following example is better still:

The words might be sharp, harsh, censorious, or even bitter—it mattered not, she threw nothing back, but met them all with the same sweet spirit of endurance. She was often placed in very trying circumstances, but her self-control never left her; her patient kindness remained unchanged.

When a mere child her mother gave, as it were, the care of the entire family into her hands, and kissed her a last farewell. Tender, delicate child that she was, and yet so strong, so firm in goodness. Her father hasty, irritable, and at times unreasonable was most exacting in his requirements; but she met his various moods with patient, forgiving love.

Her brothers and sisters were passionate, fitful and trying, but their misdeeds were never visited with sharp rebuke. She never answered back to their peevish and complaining words.

I have seen sadness pass over her countenance like a heavy cloud, and large tear drops roll slowly down her fair cheeks, but no temper flashes, even disturbed the quiet beauty of her face, no violent emphasis or unlovely accents broke the melody of her sweet voice. I've seen her slowly leave the room to avoid a conflict, and once, through some misapprehension, she received a painfully upbraiding letter; she stole away softly to her chamber, and afterward she told me that she hastened to God to get right feelings quickly.

One day she was telling me of a particular trial with one of the wayward children, and I asked:

"Well, what did you say?"

She answered—"Oh nothing. I only kept still. You know it does not make things better to answer back."

"But what did you do?" I again asked.

"I just waited as patiently as I could, until she got over it."

"Kept still!" How wise, how heroic, how beautiful to keep still and bear in silence sharp, passionate words! "Just waited." How admirable the grace of patience, to wait until the furious storm of anger is over, and never increase it by the utterance of a single word.