

Choice Literature.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where heart fires
glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterances prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and
true,
Moment by moment, the long day
through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro—
Down loneliest ways if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with race well won,
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, and fruits lie
deep,
Over worn-out hands—Oh, beautiful
sleep!

—Allen P. Allerton.

TWO EDINBURGH PREACHERS.

Edinburgh is not so rich in great preachers as when Chalmers, Candlish and Guthrie could be heard in its pulpits, but the Scotch capital still retains its reputation as a city of great preachers. The tourist who spends a Sabbath there need never go away without hearing sermons which, in ability, eloquence and spiritual power, will compare favorably with any sermon he will hear in his travels through Great Britain. Among the preachers of Edinburgh who stand head and shoulders above their brethren. They are Dr. James McGregor, senior minister of St. Cuthbert's Church, an ex-Moderator and a leader of the Established Church in Scotland, and Dr. Alexander Whyte, minister of St. George's Free church, the successor of Candlish in the pastorate of the wealthiest, most intellectual and most influential congregation in the Free Church of Scotland.

It is now twenty years since Dr. MacGregor came to his crown as a preacher of exceptional power and popularity. We remember well what a fascination his sermons exercised in our student days, in the gray old city of the North, over men of all creeds and of no creed at all. His church, familiarly known as the West Kirk, had nothing attractive about it, externally or internally. The building rose in the centre of a churchyard, and was barn-like in its plainness. The interior was dingy and extremely comfortable, with old-fashioned square pews, narrow passages, and a set of double galleries most inartistically constructed. Yet Sabbath after Sabbath the pews were crowded with eager hearers, and often the cold stone passages held scores who could not find a seat, and were glad to stand in the draught rather than go away without hearing the famous pulpit orator.

Dr. MacGregor is a small man, somewhat deformed in figure, but broad-chested and with a head firmly set on his shoulders. One look at his face, as he enters the pulpit, shows that on it strength and resolution are written large. His voice at first is quiet, and his manner conversational. The visitor may be a little disappointed with the opening part of the sermon—it seems so tame and restrained—but let him possess his soul in patience. Sentences that ran calmly and smoothly are soon played upon by a wind which lashes them into a storm. The Celtic fire burns in the preacher's heart, and his words leap forth in hot and impassioned eloquence, which car-

ries everything before it. Force of thought and fervour of language unite in a style which men who have heard many preachers declare to be oratorically unique. The hearer is led completely captive, and forgets to think of anything but the truth, which is driven home to his mind with all the skill of a master of assemblies.

It is a matter of fervent gratitude in evangelical circles that Dr. MacGregor's constant theme is the grace of God, bringing salvation. He never wanders far from the cross. All his reading, experiences and observations gleaned in journeys through many lands are converged on illustrations of the Love that stooped from the highest heaven to seek and to save that which was lost.

In an age when a false liberalism lowers Christianity by raising the value of other religious systems, he never loses an opportunity of extolling the unequalled blessedness of the religion of Jesus Christ. No listener in the vast congregation that heard Dr. MacGregor's sermon, in opening a new church in the west end of Edinburgh, can ever forget the masterly comparison therein made between the religion of ancient Rome and Christianity. After a brilliantly picturesque description of the imposing ceremonies of a religious function, at which the great Emperor was present, the preacher lowered his voice into a conversational tone, and, with an effective touch of inimitable quaintness, remarked, "Yes, the Emperor's there; but, as all was over, did he announce a public collection for the funds of the Royal Infirmary?" That question banished all the imposing splendour of Rome and showed in a vivid light how hollow and heartless was its ministry to afflicted humanity.

Dr. Whyte resembles Dr. MacGregor in Celtic fire and fidelity to the cross. Edinburgh's two greatest preachers are thoroughly at one in believing that he who preaches any other than the one Gospel will make a dismal failure of his ministry. It is maintained by Dr. Nicoll, the editor of the *Expositor*, and a most competent judge of good preaching, that Dr. Whyte made the pulpit of Free St. George's the foremost Presbyterian pulpit in the British Empire. The reader will find windows open into the mind and ministry of the man when we state that his acknowledged masters are Goodwin, Bunyan and Dante. The massive theology of the Puritan divine, the sanctified imagination of the wonderful dreamer, and the awe-inspiring insight of him who had been in hell, furnish three distinct elements of power, which unite in giving Dr. Whyte's sermons a quality all their own among the sermons of this generation.—Conor, in the *Presbyterian*, Philadelphia.

POLLY AND THE TRAMP.

"Yes, Polly is a pretty bird and as bright as she is pretty," said Aunt Abbie to us children who crowded about the cage to admire the bird's bright plumage and pert manners. "Did I ever tell you," she asked, how Polly did me a good turn by frightening a tramp away?"

"No, Aunt Abbie," we all cried, and we gathered about her, anxious to lose no word of the story.

"Well, children," she began, you know Uncle Daniel has lived with me for years. As he is old and feeble he stays in the sitting-room, and reads or sleeps most of the time. When he is wanted I go to the door and call rather loudly, for he is hard of hearing: 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted.' Polly has heard these words so many times that she can repeat them as plainly as I can, and when anything unusual is going on, she will scream, 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted,' but I never imagined this habit of Polly's would be of any service to me.

"One morning last summer I was alone in the house and while I was clearing off the breakfast table, I heard a loud knock at the back door. I opened it,

and there stood the dirtiest roughest-looking tramp I ever saw. He asked me for something to eat, and before I had time to make him any reply, pushed past me, and, uninvited, took a seat at the table.

"I never refuse to feed a hungry person, so I brought out what food there was in the pantry and placed it on the table. Nearly all my eatables were down the cellar, but I was afraid to leave the man alone to go after them, so I told him he was welcome to what was on the table. He glanced over the table disdainfully and demanded something better,

"I was afraid to go down into the cellar, thinking he would either follow me, or rob the house in my absence, so I told him that was the best I could do for him.

"He brought his fist down on the table with an angry oath, and demanded a good, hot breakfast.

"I was thoroughly frightened, and had decided to run to the neighbours for help, when Polly, disturbed by the man's loud talk, came to the rescue by screaming, 'Uncle Dan, Uncle Dan, you are wanted!'

"An open door hid the cage from the man's view, and he threw one startled glance in the direction of the voice, and rushed from the house, thinking, no doubt, it was a child's voice calling some man about the place to my aid.

"My fear vanished with the tramp, and I laughed heartily at his sudden flight. No man was ever changed more quickly from an insolent bully to a crestfallen coward, than he was by Polly's words.

"I gave her an extra lunch that morning, and I shall always feel grateful to her for saving me from an unpleasant, if not dangerous situation."—*Atlanta Journal*.

"THE WHOLE OF BUDDHISM."

The Religious Congress was opened on the Sabbath by the preaching of a sermon by H. Dharmapala in Unity church. He thus set forth the religion of Buddha: "Twenty-five centuries ago in India the Brahmins, then all-powerful, were divided into four classes. One class believed in curing all sorrows by prayer. Another attempted to satisfy all desires by singing. They sang, give us to eat, give us to drink, take us to heaven. Another class believed in sacrifices. They killed goats, buffalo and cattle, and the mass of blood daily covered the altar of God. The fourth class read the Scriptures. That was their religion. The young people dressed gorgeously and lived luxuriously, and allowed the Brahmins to do the religion for them. Intellectual activity was high. Scepticism was rampant. The most scholarly men regarded the Brahmins as whitened sepulchres, unworthy of confidence. Then arose a great teacher whose followers now number 475,000,000 people. He was a king. He left his wife and only child, parents and kingdom, took the part of a mendicant and went in search of truth. He became the disciple of great teachers. He did not find rest. He went into solitude. He then found enlightenment. Wisdom dawned on him. He began to preach the system of pure life and pure thought. His name is Buddha. We have read of him for the last twenty-five centuries. He has been known to you for the last fifteen years. Sir Edwin Arnold in the 'Light of Asia' has popularized his name and life with you. He teaches that there are two extremes to be avoided by a man who would live a true life—to avoid alike sensuality and asceticism—and pursue a middle path which opens the eyes, bestows understanding, gives peace of mind, leads to higher wisdom and to a fullness of enlightenment; that the way to destroy suffering is by entertaining right views, aspirations, speech, effort, mindfulness, and contemplation. Buddha for forty-five years preached those doctrines of pure life, pure thoughts, and pure con-

templation. That is the whole of Buddhism. Buddha says, man, to be rid of sorrows, to have in his bosom that peace which passeth all understanding, must eradicate all evil and everything that is bad, lustful. He must accustom himself to all that is pure, holy, to a life of renunciation, of knowledge, of universal charity. Do all that is good without expectation of reward, but because it is good. Completely purify the mind. Then you can see the truth in the purest light. Be free of passion. Renounce those pleasures that the ignorant and illiterate believe good. Think dispassionately and calmly."

He then charged the Christians of Chicago with reading the teachings of Christ but refusing to practice them. His doctrine is a dreamy mysticism. It wholly lacks the sharp, clear and practical distinction between good and evil which God's law gives us in the Scriptures.—*Interior*.

THE FAMILY.

Fathers and mothers whatever may be your duties in the world, keep the better part of yourself for your family. Be sure that in neglecting it, you neglect an essential, and that the services you render elsewhere are neutralized by the injury you do at home. It is for this reason we are bound to the family by the tender ties of joy and sorrow. Make the family pleasant for the children. Make the nest warm, but at the same time be judicious. Be good, yet firm; loved, yet respected. Be neither violent, nor foolish indulgent. Have none of that tyrannical love which stifles individuality and kills the will. May the family and the hearth never lose their power of attraction and development. Keep the confidence of your sons as long as possible. Make them feel the need and pleasure of confiding in you by the tact with which you hear them.

How we must pity those who have no family, or towards whom the family has not done its duty. But let us not lift that veil; we should have before our eyes too hopeless a world.

Young men, do not relax your family ties. Be your father's and mother's little children, even when you are yourselves fathers. It is so good to feel one's self a child, and the more one grows, and the older one gets, the more good it does one. The strongest men are those who have best loved their mothers. When we love and respect her who brought us into the world, we are very near respect for all women. And when we respect our father's moral authority, happy in being able to show our filial feeling, we have a good basis for respecting all authority—Honour thy father and mother. This twofold law of respect—for woman in her motherhood and for man in his moral pre-eminence—must be considered as an indispensable foundation of human solidarity and of good, just life. Let us strengthen our souls by contact with these elementary principles, these simple and holy truths, which become more widespread the farther from childhood we see them, and which even though our hair be white, we must hear, on bended knees and with joined hands, as little children.—*Youth*.

WHY CROW OLD?

I find that if old people are put on a good meat diet, in the way of strong soup, beef tea, and animal food, and only just sufficient farinaceous food and fats and sugar to maintain the heat of the body, they increase wonderfully in energy, and, as they often express it, feel twenty years younger. This is only natural; it is a food of energy, the food that builds up muscle, nerve, and constitutional stamina.

The requirements of the system in old age, as a rule, are not very great, and more harm is done by taking too much food than by taking too little. I have known people considerably over seventy