

the error of Dissent are identical. Both parties have treated the Church *not as a Divine institution established for and by Christ Himself*, and moulded and developed as His Holy Spirit alone thought fit and chose to operate on it, but they have profanely laid human hands on the Ark of God; they have dealt with the Church as if it were an invention of man's which they were at liberty to cut, and carve, and fashion, and alter, to suit theories of their own devising, and to fulfil ideals that seemed to them the most desirable and complete.

In conclusion, the lessons of history as well as the plain testimony of Scripture, and the example and behaviour of the Apostles, ought to impress upon our minds (if we come to the subject in the teachable, humble spirit with which we should regard all God's manifestations of Himself) this all-important truth—that the Church is God's creation; that He has committed to it, as a trust, the doctrines which He empowers it to proclaim; that He has fixed the lines of its evolution and development; that He has instituted its ministry, and assigned the various orders their respective functions; that He has drawn up its constitution, or form of government; that He has endowed it with its means of grace as sources of spiritual health and sustenance: and that it is for man only to avail himself thankfully and carefully of the spiritual provision therein vouchsafed to him—even as a patient in the hospital, not venturing on so indecent and inexcusable an impropriety as the alteration or breach of the rules of the institution, of whose benefits he is an unworthy recipient. For us to commit such an impropriety in the Church would be to take the Founder's place, whereas we are only there of His bounty, and on sufferance, not as by right.

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

"WHITHER HE HIMSELF WOULD COME."

St. Luke x: 1.—By J. C. S.

Of old the Saviour's loyal band
Went forth before His face
To spread abroad throughout the land
The riches of His grace,
They sought those who in darkness lay,
Whose hearts were cold and numb;
They straightened paths and smoothed the way
Where He Himself would come.

Again to-day the summons falls
On many a heedless ear,
To succor those whom sin enthalls,
Who mourn in gloom and fear,
But Christian hands and hearts are weak,
Their lips too oft are dumb,
Will none His erring children seek,
Ere He Himself shall come?

Can we to whom His Word is given,
Forbear to make it known?
Are holy joys and hopes of heaven
Meant for ourselves alone?
How can we feed on living bread
While they taste not a crumb?
Rise! haste the blessed feast to spread
Where He Himself shall come!

O Saviour! look with pitying eye,
On these our careless hearts!
And send Thy Spirit from on high
Who zeal and love imparts.
Take Thou each selfish thought away,
Unseal these lips now dumb,
That we may face Thee in that day
When Thou Thyself shalt come.

RELIGION is not a pot of hyacinth, to be set in a parlor bay window for passers by to look at, and to be examined only by ourselves when we have company; but it is to be a perfume filling all the room of the heart.

CHRISTA'S SUFFERING.

BY MRS. EMMA HEWITT.

Mrs. Rosengarten sat beneath the shade of the great elm, darning stockings. Christabel, aged fourteen, lay at her feet upon a rug in a very comfortable, if unladylike, position, doing what she was pleased to call reading; but, in reality, she was dreaming. Dreaming day-dreams! Beautiful visions she wove, and as her eye kindled and her cheeks flushed, and the breath came quick and fast between her half-parted lips, her mother smiled at the pretty picture made by the daughter of whom she was so fond, so proud. Her fond smile was half checked by a sigh of anxiety a moment later, for this same pretty, high spirited daughter had one or two faults that Mrs. Rosengarten had some little difficulty in coping with, and she could not help feeling anxious as to what life might hold for her child.

"What is it, Christa dear?" she asked presently.

"O mother!" exclaimed the girl, in a burst of enthusiasm. "O mother! I wish I might be one of them."

"One of what, dear? I am afraid you will have to explain a little or your stupid old mother will not understand," smiled Mrs. Rosengarten.

"Why mother, I have just been reading the most lovely, horrible story of some missionaries—how they went out to India and first suffered all kinds of privation and then fell in with tribes who were so hostile that several of the missionaries only escaped with their lives, and the rest were killed. Even the younger ones (there was a girl sixteen and a boy fourteen) were called upon to suffer—to suffer for Christ, mother! Only think of it! What a glorious life to live? What a glorious death to die! And the girl, mother, the girl gave her life that her brother might be saved!"

But somehow the degree of enthusiasm with which Christa had succeeded in inspiring her mother was not at all satisfactory.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"I was just wondering, Christa, dear, if you were called upon in a foreign land to save your brother's life at the expense of your own, whether you would do it cheerfully," answered Mrs. Rosengarten, quietly, as she set a neat darn in the heel of little Horace's stocking.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Christa, checked and hurt, "how can you doubt it? Do you suppose for one moment I wouldn't gladly suffer in his place? To suffer for Christ! Mother, may I be a missionary some day?"

"We will settle that question when you are a little older. I hope that whatever path my darling daughter may be called to walk, she will take it cheerfully, and that if she should be called upon to suffer for Christ, she will not shrink."

"Never fear for me," answered the girl confidently.

"But dear, what is your idea of suffering for the sake of right? Tell me clearly."

"Why, don't you know? I've just told you All this about these people out in India."

"And in no other way?"

"Why—no—not that I can—think of—just now," hesitated Christabel.

"I am afraid, Christa, that your ideas of religion and mine do not entirely agree, then."

The daughter saw that her mother looked very grave.

"Why, mother! don't you believe in all this? I thought you did," answered Christabel, in a tone of thorough disappointment.

"Certainly 'I believe in all this,' as you express it, but there is more, very much more than is written in books about missionaries, that

has part in the suffering for right that you so long to do."

"If one gives one's life for others, what more can one do? Even Christ himself has said 'Greater love than this hath no man,' you know?"

"But then, Christabel, it is not everyone who is so situated that he can give up his life for others. What then? Is there no way for him to prove that he loves God as well as another who has been so fortunate as to be martyred?"

Christabel looked puzzled and dissatisfied, but remained silent.

"Tell me, Christa, word it a little differently, and tell me what you think is absolutely the noblest mission on earth?"

She hesitated a moment and then replied with kindling eye:

"Self-sacrifice for others."

"And yet, Christabel," questioned Mrs. Rosengarten, gently, "you, who can think of going to foreign lands, to give your life to people you have never known nor even seen; you, I say, felt it hard when little Harry wanted you to stay and play with him yesterday afternoon when he was sick?"

Christabel crimsoned.

"O mother! I didn't mean—O that is so different," stammered she—"and besides you said I might go."

"True. I did say you might go, and having given my promise, I would not retract it without positive necessity. I am not finding fault with your going. I am only saying that if you are looking for opportunities of suffering for the cause of right, you may find them right around you. Poor Harry! he needed you sadly yesterday. He cried and said that he thought as sister had been out every afternoon, she might stay home one day with her little lame brother."

"I didn't think of it that way," answered Christabel her eyes filled with tears; "It seems so different to do some little thing like that from giving your life!"

"Ah, Christabel, I am afraid that is the mistake a good many Christians make. If I may express it so, they are very willing to give their death, but cannot make up their minds to sacrifice their life. It is by giving our daily life to the service of our Saviour that we are known as his flock. One of the most touching incidents I ever heard related was in regard to a poor, ignorant servant girl. When asked what evidence she had to make her think she was converted, she replied, 'Please sir, I sweeps out all the corners now, when missus isn't lookin'.' Her questioners considered her testimony sufficient. Believe me, dear child, such a thing as that is quite as well worthy the name of religion as anything else is."

"Mother," asked Christa, slowly, "when I practise my scales faithfully for a half hour when I hate 'em, and I know you would never know the difference, am I suffering?"

"Certainly, dear child. Have you never heard the expression, 'faithful in little things?' We cannot all be heroes or heroines, as the world counts, for there is, fortunately, but little call for a race of martyrs, but we can walk our allotted path cheerfully, whether that be on a sick bed, in foreign lands, in the parlor, or in someone's else kitchen. And he or she who does this, walks straight toward God. Now, dearie, I must go lie down a little while."

"All right, mamma, dear, I'll stay here and think. You have made it all seem so different."

When Mrs. Rosengarten returned an hour afterward, Christabel was gone, but the neatly-mended stockings she had left and the empty darning basket proved that she had thought to some purpose and that "Christa's Suffering," had begun.—*The Churchman, N. Y.*