

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life, If we only would stop to take it, And many a balm from the heart's land, If the quivering heart would take it.

Better to hope through the clouds than low, And to keep the eyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peer through When the mists are lifted.

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer far than the jewelled crown, Or the miser's hoarded treasure.

SINK OR SWIM.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

We entered the ministry with a mortal horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week we wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen. We did not dare to give out the notice of a prayer-meeting unless it was on paper.

It so happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the church had been building a gasometer back of the church, and the night I speak of the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way.

With our ten-minute manuscript we went into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on our forehead.

But after we got home we saw the wickedness of being in such dread. As the Lord got us out of that predicament, we resolved never again to be concerned in one similar. Forthwith the thralldom was broken, we hope never again to be felt.

hears sit with lead-pencils out to mark down the inaccuracies of extemporaneousness, shall the pulpit cower? If these critics do not repent they will go to hell, and take their lead-pencils with them.

Which thoughts came to us this week as we visited again the village church aforesaid, and preached out of the same old Bible in which years ago we laid the tentative manuscript, and looked upon the same lights that once behaved so badly.

THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

Although the North Pole has not yet been reached, notable progress has recently been made in the exploration of the zone of which it is the center.

Dr. Augustus Petermann, the eminent German geographer, has received advices, via Norway, that the land at the east of the island of Spitzbergen, of which the position has frequently changed on the charts during the past two centuries, has at last been reached.

The length of the island between its furthest points was determined to be 44 marine miles. The drift wood had accumulated in vast heaps, hundreds of feet from the shore and as high as twenty feet above the sea level.

THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.

The following is from an article by Prof. Bascom in the Bibliotheca Sacra for October. "One grand of disparagement of this

established and time worn agent, the pulpit, is found in comparison of it with the press. So astonishing has been the outburst here, that all vagrant eyes and thoughts are captivated and swept away.

SLANG PHRASES.

Rev. Dr. Hall was sitting in his study one pleasant August afternoon, his thoughts intent upon his Sunday Sermon, and his mind withdrawn from earthly cares.

"Oh, Nellie, where are you—you'd ought to have been there—just the stunnerest fellow."

"Is that you, Maggie?"

"Yes, come down quick, I've got something to tell you."

"I'll be there in half a jiffy."

"What do you think, as I was coming over here, there was just the stunnerest fellow, right in front of me."

"And so I was, but it was so ridiculous that I almost died laughing."

"Well, that fellow, do you think, stopped, turned round and helped me pick them up. I was all lumpy dory then. He walked as far as here with me, and I thanked him of course, etc., etc."

"The good Doctor scratched his head. Could that be his Nellie, whom he thought so lady like?"

"There, how's that for high?"

"Only five dollars, cheap enough."

"Yes, indeed, but you said you were going to have pink, this is blue."

"Never mind, it's all the same in Dutch."

"The Doc' or pecked to see what they were talking about—and Miss Nellie was exhibiting her new bonnet to the admiring gaze of her friend."

"It's raging hot here."

"Well, I don't know as I can make it any cooler," said Nellie, looking around, "I s'pose father'd kill me if I opened a door."

"I guess it's time for me to absquatulate," said Maggie rising.

"Don't tear yourself away. Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

"Yes, I had a staving old time last Tuesday night."

"George Saunders said he should go home with you to-night."

"Did he? He'd better spell able first."

"That's so. If there's anything I hate, 'tis the boys boistering round; they ought to be put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until they are old enough to behave."

"I must bid you a fond adieu now, I've got thousands of errands to do."

"Well, good bye."

"Oh, the dickens, I've left my parcel."

"Here it is."

"Now, good-bye, be sure and come to-night."

"Yes, good-bye."

Then the door closed, and Nellie went up stairs.

The Doctor gently shut the door, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. He sat buried in thought some little time.

"Then again his face lengthened and his brow grew dark, until at last with a profound shake of the head he sat down to resume his sermon; but in vain, he could

not concentrate his thoughts, not an idea would enter his brain; so he sat idly scratching his pen on the paper, till at last with a gesture of impatience, he pushed back his chair, got up, shook himself, took his hat and went out for a walk.

"In half a jiffy, Madam."

Nellie looked up, but her father took no notice.

"Really, this cake is quite stunning," went on the Doctor, as solemn as a judge.

"Gracious, I'm con-dumb-founded," ejaculated the doctor, getting it a little wrong.

"My dear, this sauce is staving. Where did you buy it?"

"I made it," said his wife, coolly.

"Oh, well, it's all the same in German," Nellie dropped her knife and fork.

"You must give me some money for the butcher to-morrow," said Mrs. Hall.

"You'll have to spell 'ability' first," growled the Doctor savagely.

Then suddenly taking out his handkerchief, he gave his nose a tremendous blow.

"There," said he, "how's that for high."

"I know how 'tis myself," meekly replied his wife. This capped the climax.

The knowledge that her father must have heard the afternoon conversation was too much for Nellie. She burst into tears and left the room.

The next day the good Doctor called his daughter into his study, and said to her, "My dear girl, don't you see how very foolish all these phrases are?"

"Such expressions as, 'By Gorry,' or 'By Darn,' are not only foolish, but wicked. For does not the Scripture say, 'Swear not at all, neither by heaven, nor by the earth; but let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'"

"We have made quite a sermon of it, so let us have no more of slang phrases."

PAY DAY.

The New York Witness contains a suggestive article on Saturday as Pay Day. From it we take the following:

"A general change of the time of paying men is urgently demanded. Any other working day would be better than the present one, but Monday is the best of all. Were this day adopted, the week's wages would be likely to go for food, clothing, fuel and other necessities or comforts before the close of the week, and there would be no money for Saturday night and Sunday carousing."

FREE CHURCH.

The "Free Church of England" is an organization recently formed in that country of those Evangelicals, who are too much opposed to Ritualism and its work to have any fellowship with a body like the Church of England, which recognizes and protects it.

Persecution often does in this life what the last day will do completely—separate the wheat from the tares.

LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

We are indebted to the London correspondent of the Exter Flying Post for the following:

"Next year it is whispered that we are to have a couple of fresh newspapers; a daily and a weekly—the weekly, a religious organ, under the editorship of Mr. Grant, the late editor of the 'Tribune,' and the daily, an organ of Republican politics, under the editorship of Mr. Jenkins, the author of 'Gin's Baby.'"

ANOTHER MYTH.

Another of the romantic delusions of our youth has been rudely swept away by the ceaseless and penetrating discoveries of this all-inquiring age. Already we have been forced to doubt the existence of a William Tell, and the exploits of William Wallace; we are asked to believe that Lucrezia Borgia was, if not quite, a model of medieval ladyhood, at least not much worse than other royal or noble ladies of her time; that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; that Aaron Burr was almost an exemplary character, and that Henry VIII. was a fine specimen of bluff and hearty, and by no means wicked, Englishman of his day.

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PRINCIPAL ROBERTSON AND DR. ERKINE.

Principal Robertson, the historian, was preaching one forenoon in the Grayfriars, Edinburgh. He was expatiating on man's love of virtue, as was the fashion with the Broad Churchmen of his day, as well as of ours. "So great was that love," he said, "that if virtue were to descend full-robed from heaven to earth, men would fall down and worship her."

The love of Christ; the only atmosphere in which a child of God can live and thrive.