

health, meets hardships, encounters loss, confronts disaster, without either thought of praise or whimper of discontent; who takes things as he finds them, and makes the best of them; who, in exact proportion to the fibre and staff of his manhood, scorns, while on duty, the thought of an inglorious ease. It is a mean life that has no ventures in it, and a poor life that never faces loss. If Julius Cæsar had shrunk from crossing the Rubicon one of the greatest names in history would never have adorned it. If Washington had not risked everything for his country's sake the grandest instance of patriotism would have been lost to the world.

People say now, in a pessimism as detestable as it is unjust, that love of country has died out of the English people, and that the citizens of Athens cared far more for the liberties and independence of Greece than we Englishmen of to-day. It is easy to say such things, and hard to disprove them, for it is nearly a hundred and fifty years since, for a few anxious hours, there was a brush of civil war in England. It is centuries since the Wars of the Roses drenched English soil with blood, or since foreign enemies trampled on its dignity. We have, in fact, so entirely lost the fear of invasion out of our hearts, that the mere thought of it provokes a scorn too languid for anger. Yet the English people, once roused by a real danger, once united by a foreign foe, would prove itself again, as it proved itself before, to be so passionately in love with their soil, their traditions, and their honour, that, when the fighting is over, their enemies will have disappeared.

Another feature in MANHOOD—manhood of the best kind—is TENDERNESS: tenderness for the young and the weak, for the sick and the suffering, for mother and wife, for daughter and little child. By tenderness I do not mean smothering with sugar plums, or lavishing gushing caresses, or the use of endearing epithets, which, if constantly used, lose much of their sincerity, and all their sweetness, or the forbearing to be straight and honest, when there is a need for it, even at the risk of giving, perhaps, a quick pain to those we love. But I mean that tenderness, so peculiarly the quality of the strong, which hiding, and almost ashamed of itself when it does not feel to be wanted, quickly and instinctively reveals itself by the bedside of a little child; or in the long watching hours of a wife's sickness, says but little, though, when it speaks, utters in a sentence volumes, is ever fain to have a reserve of love behind it, which years will not exhaust or even death destroy. The glance of the eye, the sudden tear on the cheek, the pressure of the strong hand, and the hushed, heavy footstep, all speak of tenderness, all convey the impression of its unutterable paths to the soul.

One thing more I must name; I wonder if you will agree with me. COURAGE admittedly is a feature of manhood, which almost goes without being named. But what is courage? Is it the total absence of all sense of fear, whether from a supreme ignorance of the perils to be encountered, or from a sort of brute instinct of blind and headstrong temerity; or rather is it not the serene and manful quality which sees and appreciates danger, and yet goes forth to confront it, feels alarm, but, so far from being scared by it, tramples it under foot; which in the solitude of the tent the night before the battle muses gravely, though with nothing of panic or regret in it, over what to-morrow's fight may mean for wives made widows, and children fatherless: for desolated homes and dearest joys buried for ever; and yet rises from it all, staunch and resolute, and with a gleam in the eye; for is it not all for duty, and for honour, for fatherland, and for the home where little ones are sleeping, unconscious of a cloud over

their heads, where there is one waking, who lives in his heart, and to whom his life is worth more than a world? He gulps down his trouble, he tosses off the rising tear, he calms and strengthens himself on his knees, then he takes his rest, as if to-morrow were his bridal, not the less a man because he is sensitive to the emotions and susceptibilities of manhood, brave, not because he does not feel fear, but because he loves duty, and trusts God more.

My friends, believe me, the true secret of manhood is faith in the *living God*; and the best kind of manhood is that which lives in the sense of His overruling Providence, and in the childlike fear of His Holy Name. Do not try to live without God, as if you did not need Him every hour. He is your Father, and His Son, whom He gave to mankind out of His love to us, took flesh that He might show to us what tenderness and self-sacrifice, what self-government and courage mean. He is at once our Life and our Pattern, our Saviour and our Friend. As you look to Him, and try to resemble Him, will you quit you like men, and be strong.—*Church Monthly*.

#### ASCENSION DAY.

(HOLY THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1893).

All Christians are especially interested in the fact of our Lord's Ascension:—

Because He is gone to the right hand of God in order to appear in the presence of God for us, and the High Priest went into the Holy of Holies on the day of atonement.

Because He then received, as Man, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, which He shed forth upon His Apostles on the day of Pentecost.

Because His Intercession there as our High Priest upon the Throne is the strength of all the ministrations of His Church on earth.

Because He is thereby established as our King, as well as our High Priest.

The Church enjoins that Ascension Day shall be observed with the celebration of the Holy Eucharist, appointing a proper preface for this day and seven days after.

Good Friday is the day on which we mourn for the sorrows of Christ in His Passion.

Ascension Day is the day on which we praise God with joyfulness for His entering upon that perpetual Intercession by which His Sacrifice obtains perpetual efficacy.

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the Right hand of God.—*Col. iii. 1.*

I have set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.—*Psa. ii. 6.*

Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto Him with reverence.—*Ib. 11.*

Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and so ye perish from the right way.—*Ib. 12.*

How can you do this if you refuse to keep Ascension Day?

Try then to keep it better.

Pray that others may do the like.

—*Leaflet.*

#### THE "FREE METHODIST" ON THE CHRISTIAN YEAR AND EASTERTIDE.

Earl Nelson, in *Church Bells* for April 7, gives the following article by the "Free Methodist," published, we believe, in London, Eng.:

'It is well for the Church of Christ that she persists in keeping her fasts and festivals, her holy days and saints' days. As Dissenters, we have lost much in the sweeping manner in which

we have obliterated these from our religious calendars; and it is with no small delight we welcome the signs in our own churches of a recognition of Advent, Lent, Whitsuntide, and other memorials of the great epochs in the life of Christ. We need these memorials; indeed, we cannot afford to dispense with them. Christ Himself, in the days of His flesh, urged the necessity of keeping in remembrance the facts of His life; and if it was difficult for His followers then so to do, when He was near them, and when the great fact of His life was fresh and vivid in their memories, what must it be to those of us who look back across a gulf of eighteen hundred years, and are in danger of tracing but a shadowy outline and a dim ideal? The tendency of time is to erase. Even the most startling facts lose their telling power and glamour with the flight of years. Our memories, too, take up so many fresh impressions that, unless some magic tincture is applied from time to time, that which was faded away beneath that which is, and which is ever occurring.

'Christianity, while a present religion—a religion which claims to afford the perpetual presence as given in the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"—is none the less a religion based upon facts which date far back in the past. And, what is more, it is most essential we should ever keep these facts before our minds. The birth of our Master was, and is, the warrant of His incarnation; while His death is mysteriously linked with the world's sin, the Cross being the great and only interpreter of that great cloud which in all ages has enveloped man. His resurrection, too, is our hope; the great theme of our joy, the unshaken warrant of our steadfastness and faith, and the goal of all our movements as we grow up into Him, our living Head, and as we seek those things which are above, where He sitteth at the right hand of God. Now these, as present truths, are all spiritual—that is, they do not appeal to flesh and blood, they are apprehended through faith. And yet faith needs stimulus; the spiritual now and again needs quickening by that which is in part its warrant. Hence, we keep our feasts and holy days, and thus revive what would otherwise be in danger of dying in a world and under conditions where the spiritual is deprived of all outer aids.

'We have spoken of the joy of Eastertide—joy because of sorrow, and because of the prophecy it establishes of the final overthrow of that sorrow which comes from sin and death. All men, no matter what their creed or what their conduct, have been, and are, under a sense of sin. True, they have not known it by that name, or even, in some cases, by any name at all. But they have felt it, fought against it, and finally submitted gloomily to its thralldom. Now, Eastertide reminds us of the one act by which sin was defeated, and also by which it stood defined. It perpetuates the death of One who came to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and it perpetuates His risen glory—a glory that it was not possible to diminish, or keep under the power of sin. In Christ's death and resurrection we have sin laid bare as self—as the stubborn waywardness of the will, and of its resistance to God—and we have also the grand conquest of the will; its absolute abnegation and conformity to the Father's will, and, as a result, its transformation and entrance into eternal life. This, we say, is the ground of joy, because of hope, and the prophecy of the powers of an endless life.

'It is fitting for all devout Christians thus to make these feasts and festivals the seasons for meditation and prayer. There is a beautiful conception in the old term, "the Christian year"—in other words, the Calendar of Grace, or a record of the birthday of our redemption and of our salvation. The Prayer-book is no