

But you ask: "Where are the asylums for the old?" I answer: "The inhabitants are all young." "Where are the hospitals for the lame?" "They are all agile." "Where are the infirmaries for the blind and deaf?" "They all see and hear." "Where are the alms-houses for the poor?" "They are all multi-millionaires." "Where are the inebriate asylums?" "Why, there are no saloons." "Where are the graveyards?" "Why they never die." Pass down those boulevards of gold and amber and sapphire and see those interminable streets built by the Architect of the universe into homes, over the threshold of which sorrow never steps, and out of whose windows faces, once pale with earthly sickness, now look rubicund with immortal health. "Oh, let me go in and see them!" you say. No, you cannot go in. There are those there who would never consent to let you come out again. You say: "Let me stay here in this place where they never sin, where they never suffer, where they never part." No, no! Our time is short, our thirty minutes are almost gone. Come on! We must get back to earth before this half-hour of heavenly silence breaks up, for in your mortal state you cannot endure the pomp and splendor and resonance when this half hour of silence is ended. The day will come when you can see heaven in full blast, but not now.

## Editorial Articles.

### EMIGRATION.



THE fact of removing from one place to another in our own wide land, or going over to the neighboring Union, is such a constant occurrence, as to make it proper to have some settled rules of procedure concerning some phases of it. We take up just one out of many: the

case of a young man going away. He may be a member of a church, or he may not. But almost certainly he goes out from a religious circle, or leaves Christian friends who are interested in him.

Suppose him to be a member of the church. If he knows *where* he is going to, and likely to remain there for a time, insist on him taking a letter of transfer to a church there. Often such letters are not asked for. If he goes away without, *send a letter after him*, addressed to the pastor there. A church should not—except in cases of rare exception, for which there is some weighty reason—keep names on their church-roll, of persons over whom they cannot keep watch and ward. A Baptist brother once told us, that in the little Northern Ontario town he had left, the

church insisted on him and his wife taking letters when they removed; even before they were able to tell exactly where they expected to settle down. The reason given in that case was, that whereas the church was aided from the home-missionary fund, two names on their roll, of persons who had ceased to be contributors, made the church seem *stronger* than it really was, and weakened their claim for assistance. There was something in that; but a much stronger reason is the church's inability to keep "watch and ward"—the untransferable duty of the church. Every pastor likes to hear of young men come newly to the place; and the newcomer will be visited at once.

If the young man is *not* a professor, the duty is equally as strong. But this is the class that is continually neglected! A vague feeling that "it would be *nice*—now—if somebody would write to some Christian people there, to look after that young man;" but nothing done; and after two or three weeks the excuse, "Oh, it's too late now; no doubt somebody has already done it!" John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, used to say, "His first thoughts, in matters of conscience and duty, were always purest; the *sober second thought* was generally a selfish thought!" And so he always followed his first impulse of duty. So in this case, sit right down, and write a short letter; and put an honest three-cent stamp on it—and don't take that three cents out of next Sunday's "weekly offering," either! You'll get a blessing for your own soul, even if you don't hear from the young man; but in most cases you *will* hear from him, after a while. To think that some friendly neighbor, from whom he never asked a favor—nor looked for one—has thought enough of him to write a letter to help him, lifts him a good step toward right-doing and right-thinking.

The first fortnight a young man is in a new and strange place, goes far to settle his destiny and future character. Then is the time to get him under good influences. If you don't know names and addresses of pastors, you can always (if in cities) be sure by writing to "The Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.," to secure that the young man shall be "looked up," and helped and advised. We have tried it, and know whereof we speak. And every such letter written, makes it easier to write another.