

Love.

BY MISS HERGAL.

(Extract from "Kept for the Master's Use.")

"ON that always very interesting part, called a 'Corner for difficulties,' of that always interesting magazine, *Woman's Work*, the question has been discussed, 'When does love become idolatry? Is it the experience of Christians that the coming in of a new object of affection interferes with entire consecration to God? I should like to quote the many excellent answers in full, but must only refer my readers to the number for March, 1879. One replies: 'It seems to me that He who is love would not give us an object for our love unless He saw that our hearts needed expansion, and if the love is consecrated, and the friendship takes its stand in Christ, there is no need for the fear that it will become idolatry. Let the love on both sides be given to God to keep, and however much it may grow, the source from which it springs must yet be greater. Perhaps I may be pardoned for giving, at the same writer's suggestion, a quotation from *Under the Surface*, on this subject.

Eleanor says to Beatrice:—

'I tremble when I think How much I love him; but I turn away From thinking of it, just to love him more;

Indeed, I fear, too much.'

Dear Eleanor, Do you love him as much as Christ loves us?

Let your lips answer me.'

'Why ask me, dear? Our hearts are finite, Christ is infinite.'

'Then, till you reach the standard of that love,

Let neither fears nor well-meant warning voice

Distress you with "too much." For He hath said

How much—and who shall dare to change his measure?

"That ye should love AS I have loved you."

O sweet command, that goes so far beyond

The mightiest impulse of the tenderest heart!

A bare permission had been much; but He

Who knows our yearnings and our fearfulness,

Chose graciously to bid us do the thing That makes our earthly happiness,

A limit that we need not fear to pass, Because we cannot. Oh, the breadth

and length, And depth and height of love that passeth knowledge!

Yet Jesus said, "As I have loved you."

'O Beatrice, I long to feel the sunshine That this should bring; but there are other words

Which fall in chill eclipse. 'Tis written, "Keep Yourselves from idols." How shall I obey?'

'Oh, not by loving less, but loving more. It is not that we love our precious ones Too much, but God too little. As the lamp

A miner bears upon his shadowed brow Is only dazzling in the grimy dark, And has no glare against the summer sky,

So, set the tiny torch of our best love In the great sunshine of the love of God, And, though full fed and fanned, it casts no shade

And dazzles not, o'erflowed with mightier light."

A Substitute for Beer.

THE English are enormous beer drinkers. On the principle that of two evils the lesser is to be chosen, beer is to be preferred to gin or other more heating and destructive compounds, but to so great an extreme has the drinking of beer been carried, the English employers are beginning to enquire whether a substitute cannot be found for that. A London paper notes with satisfaction the experiments of Sir Philip Rose with his farm labourers. Sir Philip found that when giving them beer accidents happened sometimes, and that the men got sullen and stupid, "the boys noisy and rough with the horses," and the women excited. He substituted cold tea with milk and sugar, and it took well. Since then he has had better work done by his labourers at harvest time, and the women have been very grateful for the change, because, as Sir Philip says, they are able to save more money than formerly. It is economical also, the yearly expense for tea being but twenty-five dollars. In Scotland, unless the thinnest of "table-beer" is drank, the favourite liquor of the harvester is buttermilk. Then, in other places, a weak gruel of oatmeal and water, kept in a cool place, is found most refreshing and palatable. Perhaps in time they may add the Yankee beverage, "switchel," a compound of water, molasses and vinegar. In time, public opinion, heightened by experience, will drive out of use all alcoholic stimulants for labourers

at work. It is about as sensible to put fire inside of such men as it would be to add a hot stove to the heat of the sun.

—The sudden death of the hard drinkers, now so numerous, seem to have little effect upon those left behind. No matter how many of our companions are drawn into a whirlpool, we have no idea that we can ever be seduced within its fatal power.

—Beware of beer guzzling. It prepares the stomach for the stronger drinks of rum, whiskey and brandy. It is the genuine stimulant which provokes the great appetite.

Directory.

Grand Division of Ontario, Officers for 1880.

G.W.P., G. M. Rose, Toronto,
G.W.A., A. R. Hopkins, Gloucester.
G. Scribe, Thos. Webster, Brantford.
G. Treasurer, David Millar, Toronto.
G. Chap., John Jewell, Plainville.
G. Conductor, James Brooks, Wexford
G. Sentinel, G. P. Bliss, New Edinburgh.
P.G.W.P., Thos. Caswell, Toronto.

Grand Division, Sons of Temperance of Ontario, holds its next Annual Session in Oshawa, first Tuesday in December, 1880.

[Each Division, contributing the sum of one dollar annually is entitled to have its card inserted in this Directory.]

Alberta Division, No. 185, meets first and third Thursday each month, in basement of stone church, Paris Plains.

Almonte, No. 114, meets in Temperance Hall, Almonte, Co. of Lanark, every Tuesday evening.

Ashworth, No. 84, meets in Temperance Hall, Ashworth, Co. of Ontario, every Friday evening.

Arran Division, No. 315, meets in their Hall, Arran, Co. of Bruce, every Wednesday evening.

Bethesda Division, No. 372, meets in their Hall, Binbrook, Co. of Wentworth, every Saturday evening.

Box Grove Division, No. 273, meets in their Division Room, Box Grove, County of York, every Saturday evening.

Cedardale, No. 55, meets in their Hall, Cedardale, Co. of Ontario, every Thursday evening.

Chaudiere Division, No. 333, meets in their Division Room, Cor. of O'Connor and Sparks Streets, Ottawa, every Friday evening.

Cobourg Division, No. 9, meets in their Division Room, Cobourg, every Wednesday evening.

Crown Division, No. 356, meets in their Hall, Granton, Co. of Middlesex, every Friday evening.