

to his advantage, for the gaudy French uniform was anything but becoming to him. He has retained his old "dragging" walk, and by this, as well as by his short, thick-set figure, he is smaller than all his attendants, and is much overtopped by some of them, one can, even at a distance, easily recognize him. After a short time had elapsed the party returned to the castle. It is possible that the spectators, who, with a certainly pardonable curiosity, beset the Emperor's path on all sides, may have been a source of annoyance to him, but at the same time, proves the statements "that he was specially guarded, and the public kept at a distance," to be false. Only the terraces immediately before and behind the castle are no longer open to the public. With this exception, everything is as it used to be in this respect. Although, as I have already observed, the spectators were only at a very short distance from the Emperor, he was nevertheless saluted but by very few, one exception being an American who has been staying for several days at the hotel, a handsome, elderly gentleman, who never loses an opportunity of reverently greeting him. He was also present on this occasion with his two daughters, and got a bow from the Emperor in return for his deep obeisance. This evident admirer of fallen greatness (rather a rarity in our days), has, however, left this morning."

H. A. B.

(To be continued.)

Hope's Quiet Hour

Unselfishness

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.—1 St. John, iii.: 18.

"Such was the life Thou livedst, self-abjuring,

Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,

A life without self-pleasing."

I have been asked to write on "Unselfishness," and the subject is like a boomerang—the moment I begin to preach against selfishness, my own sermon turns round and hits me full in the face. What can I do but step down from the pulpit and study unselfishness from the penitent bench? Even St. John, the Apostle of Love, looks up to this great grace longingly. Instead of telling his people to climb to heights already reached by himself, he stretches out a brother's hand and urges them to climb beside him: "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth." "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "Beloved, let us love one another."

"So, if I hold up before you the radiant beauty of unselfishness, please do not imagine that I am unselfish myself, or that I even fancy myself to be unselfish. Looking at the people around me, who are patiently and cheerily spending their lives in unselfish toil for others, my easy and comfortable existence looks very mean and poor.

You see how apologetic I feel in attacking this suggested topic. If it has succeeded in making me so uncomfortable, perhaps it may also spur you on, and so we may gain ground together.

There is an easy kind of good-nature which likes to pose as unselfishness, let us never rest satisfied with that. It is pleasant to do things for other people, it is pleasant to keep on good terms with all the world, but that is no proof of real love. A mother may think she loves an only child, though her way of showing that love is to give him his own way in everything, crippling and weakening his soul for the battle of life. Even in his weak affection for his sons, could not nerve himself to punish them for small sins, and it was largely the fault of this righteous, God-fearing man that his sons died a violent death in impetuous wickedness. David, the man after God's own heart, was weakly indulgent towards Absalom; and this cruel failure in a father's duty led to Absalom's shameful failure in the duty of a son, when he fought against David and drove him out of Jerusalem.

It is sometimes cruel selfishness to be sweet and gentle, when the wrong-doing

of one whom God has entrusted to our care demands merciful severity and firm discipline. It is also selfish for a woman to make a drudge of herself in order that her daughters may not spoil their white hands, to injure her nerves by overstrain and allow her family to grow up without the companionship she could have given them, if she had insisted from the first on their doing their fair share of the work. That is not real love, because love would know that a girl's white soul is infinitely more precious than the beauty of her white hands, and would not recklessly injure the priceless soul for the sake of the appearance of the body. It is selfish, because a mother

faults behind his back. Lately I have listened to a lecture on Socialism. The lecturer seemed to think his chief business was to speak fiercely about the cruel indifference of capitalists towards their employees. But was this violent language likely to rouse the slumbering consciences of the hated capitalists? Not at all! The millionaires were conspicuously absent in the crowded hall, and the lecturer received the loud applause which he evidently expected. I am not intending to find fault with the Socialist movement, which is the natural growth of the wonderful increase in brotherly feeling which has taken possession of us. I am only conscious that men and women—all

the knowledge of their danger. The cancer of sin was eating out the heart of their religion; and, no matter what the cost to Himself, they must be wakened from their dream of safety. Many brave men in these days are echoing His warning. Many—thousands of Socialists among them—are flinging their defiance of oppression in the very face of the oppressors, reckless of the cost to themselves. Courage is a splendid thing, but at least one thing is greater—Love. To tell men of their sins because you hate the sins, and are not far from hating the sinners, is far better than easy, self-satisfied complacency. But to tell a man straight to his face about some special sin, because you love him and cannot endure to let him go unwarned down the precipice, that is Christ-like unselfishness.

But most of us are not called to talk to others about their sins, our business is chiefly to look at our own sins; and we can't become holy in a few days, any more than a child can become a man in a few days. Love is an accomplishment requiring daily practice. If there has been very little pure gold in our offering of service to God and man, in the past, we can do better to-day, and still better to-morrow. Perhaps the next day we may slip back a little, or forget we are soldiers fighting to win. Well, what of that? We can rouse up from our carelessness, clasp the hand of our Master in penitent prayer for help, and try again, and yet again. We are ashamed to think how often we have pretended to be unselfish, how often we have done a kind act, or presented a "gift," without any real love in our hearts. Unless that habit is checked, we shall become hypocrites!—how we hate that mean word. Character is slowly made by repeated acts; and acts of apparent kindness, intended only for the glorification of self, are hypocritical. They pretend to be far better than they are. Such acts, constantly repeated for many years, harden into character. May God keep us all from becoming hypocrites. Let us love, not in word and deed only, but in TRUTH!

"Glory built

On selfish principles, is shame and guilt."

Let us try to be constantly and consciously with Him Who is LOVE, then we shall unconsciously grow more and more like Him, and shall find that the great gladness of life comes from seeing and using everyday chances of being kind and loving. It was said of two of the apostles that the people around them perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, but "they took knowledge of them, that they had been with JESUS." His character was seen in them. What a glorious proof they gave of His Risen Life. May we also reflect His Living Love.

DORA FARNCOMB

News of the Week.

Parliament was prorogued at Ottawa on April 1st.

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Sir James Whitney proposes an anti-treating clause as a counter policy to Mr. Rowell's scheme for banishing the bar.

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A movement is afoot to introduce a local option campaign in Toronto.

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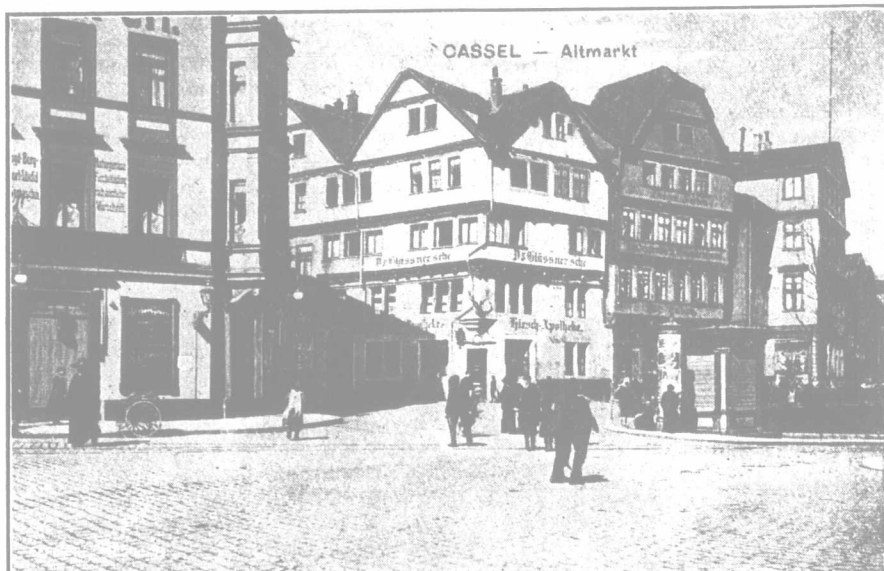
The Government bill for home rule in Ireland, entitled the "Irish Government Bill," will be introduced in the British Parliament on April 11th.

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Despatches from Captain Scott's Antarctic exploration party state that both coal and marble have been found in the south polar regions. The party took thousands of cinematograph films on their journey towards the Pole.

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On April 1st about 200,000 bituminous coal miners and 170,000 anthracite miners in the United States suspended work. The former asked for an increase of 10 cents a ton, with a shortening of time equivalent to as much more, but afterwards reduced their demand to 5 cents.

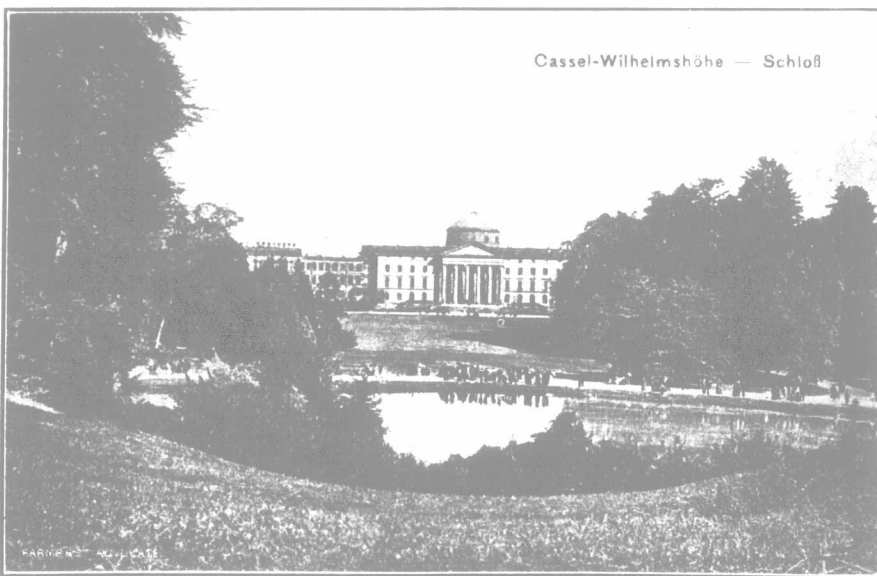


Cassel—Old Market.

who is the companion of her boys and girls, who claims her right—if possible—to have time for reading and rest, can do infinitely more to help them than if she slaved all day and every day for the sake of their bodily comfort.

Unselfishness is, of course, another name for Love. We must not love in word only, but in deed and in truth. "One can do a great deal of good in this world, if one doesn't care who gets the credit for it." That remark is rather too pointed to be pleasant. The plate is passed round in church, and we all feel uncomfortable if we have nothing to put on it. I was going to say, "nothing to give," but too often the money put on

of us—are on the lookout for appreciation. When we speak severely about the sins of our neighbors (sometimes without remembering that we live in glass houses), we are all very apt to do it cautiously enough to secure applause and safety for ourselves. Our Leader was unselfish enough to speak with awful severity about the sins of the rich and powerful, but His words were prompted by love, not by hatred,—and He spoke straight to the men He loved and whom He wished to awaken. He cared more for their spiritual danger than for His own bodily safety, and dared their wrath—the wrath which demanded His death—because He loved them "in truth." Satan was



Wilhelmshöhe.

The palace of the Wilhelmshöhe which the Emperor Napoleon III. occupied after his defeat in the Franco-Prussian War, 1870.

the plate is not "given" to either God or man, but is only a selfish attempt to appear generous. The "offertory" may be "presented" to God, while the people sing, "Of Thine Own Have We Given Thee"; and yet sometimes it may be that there is scarcely a single piece of money there that is really an offering at all. Instead of joyously presenting our gifts, we are often forced to ask forgiveness for daring to pretend, before the Searcher of hearts, that we have offered Him anything.

Then, again, we dare not claim to be loving our neighbor "in deed and in truth," when we are all friendliness before his face and eager to talk about his

soothing their uneasy consciences by reminding them that they were always careful about paying tithes to God, even from the mint in their gardens. He told them the lie that they were religious men. Did they not make long prayers? Were they not scrupulously particular about the ceremonial washings demanded by church etiquette? Did they not build the tombs of the prophets? All these things were most respectable, and while they admired their own righteousness so much, there was little chance of any improvement. So the Good Physician, in His burning love, His passionate unselfishness, was willing to endure their fierce anger if only He could arouse them to