

of their boots and neckties, and like to go with the crowd.

An old teacher told us the other day that there are three kinds of young men in every college: 1. The strong and good third, who will do right anyhow; 2. The weak and ill-disposed third, who will be pretty sure to go wrong; 3. The middling third, who will go right or wrong, according to the current.

It is this last named class who are so much under the power of fashion. If, for two hundred years, this intermediate kind of young men have gone into vice, because vice was fashionable, some of them may follow the fashion of virtue.

We therefore hasten to chronicle the fact that the newspapers declare that to be reckoned a man of fashion in New York, it is no longer necessary to break any of the commandments, nor imitate any of the lower animals—one point gained in "fashionable life!"—*Youth's Companion*.

THE OUTLOOK FROM THE END OF GENESIS.

At eventide, in the patriarchal era, there was light; but very soon the light fades away, and darkness settles down—the darkness of Egyptian night. Jacob dies. Joseph dies. The children of Israel disappear from view. And when we find them again in the first chapter of Exodus, we find them in the degradation of slavery.

Where are the promises now—those glorious promises that were made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? Not only are they unfulfilled, but there is no sign of their fulfilment.

Where is the promise of the land? There is not a patriarch's tent in the whole of it now. The Canaanite has undisputed possession of every part. Where are the altars that were raised by Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? The Amorite may desecrate them as he will. There is no one to guard them or enclose them from sacrilegious tread. Even the grave at Machpelah, that Abraham bought for a large sum of money, is deserted and dishonoured now. There is no one to plant even a flower on the once sacred spot. Where is the promise of the land?

And where is the promise of the seed that was to bring salvation? Joseph seemed as if he were to fulfill the promise when he came into power in Egypt and had all things under his control. But Joseph is dead now, and another Pharaoh has arisen who knows not Joseph, nor cares for Joseph's race. As to the promise of "the great nation" and the "many nations," there are no signs of any nation at all.

Thus all the promises seem gone, and what is left? A few words and a few bones. That is really all that is left of the rich promises of Genesis—a few words of Jacob, and a few bones of Joseph; words of Jacob that have gone out into the empty air and seem to be lost forever; bones of Joseph that are dead, with no appearance of a resurrection. That is the end. What a miserable ending of all the sacrifices and the hopes of "the father of the faithful!" Miserable wreck of the Gospel in Genesis! Of all that has interested us and excited expectation, nothing now remains that can be seen but Joseph's bones.

But with these bones is linked a word of God, on the faith of which the dying Joseph had spoken these words of calm assurance: "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." The bones were dead, but the words were living. It was that word of God which "liveth and abideth forever." And therein lay the hope of the covenant. When we come to the close of the book, we are looking into a coffin, the narrow grave of Genesis. But as we look, we see it opening into the wide portal of Exodus. It is with this old tomb of Joseph as it is with the new tomb of him of Arimathea. The one seemed the grave of the old covenant, and the other seemed the grave of the new. But while the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea seemed the grave of Christianity, was it not indeed the gate of all its glory? So it is with the embalmed remains of Joseph in their narrow Egyptian coffin. Here we have the link between Genesis and Exodus. Joseph's bones bridge the dark chasm between them. There, on the Genesis side, they mark the end of the beginning, and a miserable end it seems; but they carry us over on the Exodus side, to the beginning of the end, and how glorious that end is doth not appear, until, after the long development of the ages, we reach the consummation in the glowing imagery of the Apocalypse.

Observe here the lesson which comes from comparing the directions given by Jacob concerning his bones, with those given by Joseph. Jacob says, "Bury me not in Egypt. Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah." It was a very natural thing in the old man, as all his holiest feelings were with the Canaan of the past. Canaan was to him a memory and a grave. But Joseph's Canaan was different. It was the Canaan of the future—not a memory and a grave, but a hope and a home. And that is the reason why the directions of Joseph concerning his bones are spoken of in the eleventh of Hebrews as a special exercise of faith. Joseph says in effect: "Keep my bones in Egypt. Ye shall carry them indeed to Canaan, but not in a mere funeral procession, as the bones of my father have gone. In triumph, not in sadness, shall they go; not as to a grave in a cave, but as to the broad and beautiful land of promise."

Each charge was beautiful in its time. When Jacob died, all was bright. Witness the gorgeous funeral and the mourning among the Egyptians. When Joseph died, all was getting dark. Years had elapsed. The night of slavery was already settling down. No notice seems to be taken in Egypt of the death of the old and almost forgotten Joseph. The lesson of each is appropriate and memorable. When the world is at its brightest, forget not the grave. Such is the lesson of Jacob's dying charge. When the world is the darkest, forget not the home. Such is the lesson which the dying Joseph teaches. On the furthest verge of Genesis, we see two figures disappearing from our view—the one with his eye on the past, the other with his eye on the future. What is there in the field of vision? On this side, the memory of a tent—the prospect of a grave. On the other side—the side that Joseph looks to—God and His word, life, heaven, eternity.—*Rev. John Monro Gibson, D.D., in "Ages before Moses."*

GROWTH.

Growth is gladdening. He who grows in holiness grows in joy. Spiritual strength brings gladness.

It is a poor, half-hearted religion—not spiritual power, but the want of it—that breeds gloom. The consciousness that a man is becoming stronger in his faith, clearer in his convictions, warmer in his love, must, from its very nature, be a glad consciousness. And the hope of greater strength yet to be attained, of loftier heights yet to be reached, is more joyous still. A story is told of Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, that on one occasion when he was adding a few finishing touches to one of his masterpieces—a statue of Christ—a friend called upon him at his studio and found him in a very depressed and desponding mood. On inquiring the cause of this unusual and apparently untimely depression, the sculptor gave this singular answer—pointing to his work, he said, "I can see no fault in it; my genius is decaying; it is the first of my works that I have felt satisfied with."—*Spurgeon*.

BIND UP THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

It is a beautiful figure, this binding up—as though the Crucified One took the liniment and the strapping, and put it round the broken heart, and with His own dear, gentle hand proceeded to close up the wound and make it cease to bleed. Luke does not tell us that He came to bind up the broken-hearted; if you examine his version of the text, you will read that He came to heal them. That is going still further, because you may bind up and yet fail to cure it, but Jesus never fails in His surgery. He whose own heart was broken knows how to cure broken hearts. If you have that broken heart within you, beloved, Christ came to cure you; and He will do it, for He never came in vain: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged." With sovereign power anointed from on high He watches for the worst cases. Heart disease, incurable by man, is Christ's speciality. His Gospel touches the root of the soul's ill, the mischief which dwells in that place whence are the issues of life. With pity, wisdom, power, and condescension, He bends over our broken bones, and ere He has done with them He makes them all rejoice and sing glory to His name.—*Spurgeon*.

BURMAH stands third in the list of donors last year to the American Baptist Missionary Union: Massachusetts gave \$41,312, New York \$39,469, and Burmah \$31,616.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

SAID Ambrose, one of the early fathers: "As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence."

"THE Lord is thy keeper," but not thy jailer. His keeping is not confinement, it is protection. When you commit your ways to Him He does not abridge your liberty; He only defends you against the evil. *J. M. Ludlow*.

WHERE science speaks of improvement, Christianity speaks of renovation; where science speaks of development, Christianity speaks of sanctification; where science speaks of progress, Christianity speaks of perfection.—*J. O. Thompson*.

THE truth is, whether a given excellence is a virtue or a grace, depends altogether on its relation to Jesus Christ; if practised without reference to Him, it is but a virtue; if practised with reference to Him, it is a grace.—*George Dana Boardman*.

THE truth cannot be burned, beheaded, or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory. No accident of position can change the essential nature of things, or the eternal laws which determine their destinies.—*William McKimley*.

SIMEON adopted the following rules for the conduct of his life: 1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a different account would be given of the matter.

IN our Lord's own life it is manifest that He did, day by day, a multitude of things for the mere sake of soothing trouble, of calming irritation, of smoothing asperities, of producing amiable feelings. While He instructed men, while He inspired them with noble heroisms and ambitions, His life was also filled with a thousand small shades of goodness, whose very nature it was to make men contented and happy, and His example is quoted for our imitation, "For even Christ pleased not Himself."

How easy is pen-and-paper piety, for one to write religiously! I will not say it costeth nothing; but it is far cheaper to work one's head than one's heart to goodness. Some, perchance, may guess me to be good by my writings, and so I shall deceive my reader. But, if I do not desire to be good, I must of all deceive myself. I can make a hundred meditations sooner than subdue the least sin in my soul. Yea, I was once in the mind never to write more for fear least my writing at the last day prove records against me. And yet why should I not write, that, by reading my own book, the disproportion betwixt my lines and my life may make me blush myself (if not into goodness) into less badness than I would; do otherwise; that so my writings may condemn myself; that so God may be moved to acquit me.—*Thomas Fuller*.

THE plain truth is that nothing but an almighty personal friend will ever meet the legitimate wants of man's soul. Metaphysical notions, philosophical theories, abstract ideas, vague speculations about the unseen, the infinite, the inner light, and so forth, may satisfy a select few for a time, but the vast majority of mankind, if they have any religion at all, will never be content with a religion which does not supply them with a person to whom they may look and trust. It is just this craving after a person which gives the idolatry and saint-worship of Rome its curious power. And this principle once admitted, where will you find one so perfectly fitted to satisfy man as the Christ of the Bible? Look around the world, and point, if you can, to an object of faith fit to be compared with this blessed Son of God, set before our eyes in the gospels. In face of a dying world, we want positives not negatives. I see myriads of men and women, all over the world, after eighteen hundred years, continuing to drink at this fountain; and none who honestly stoop to drink complain that their thirst is not relieved. And all this time those who profess to despise the good old fountain can shew us nothing to take its place.—*Bp. Ryle*.