

THE EVENING GLORY.

BY MRS. MARY E. FRYER.

The shadows were falling softly. The sun had sunk to rest, And the deep, sweet dusk of twilight Was hain and joy to my breast.

I sat at my open doorway, Freshing the fragrant air, And watched the crystal flowers Nodding and bending there.

Over my garden trellis, Freshed thick with deep creep, Long, glossy, buds of beauty Swayed gently in the breeze.

I almost heard the flutter Of many wings about, And waiting still in silence, A rustle seemed to hear.

'Twas but the swift unfolding Of the dainty buds of green Into the milk white blossom— The ev'ning's powerless queen.

Not like thy radiant sister Of the morning's golden light, Glad in her gorgeous garment, Waving in azure bright.

Then comest in the darkness; The stars above look down, And catch the gleam of thy beauty, The sheen of thy pure white crown.

Oh, evening glory scottles, Read me the fragrant air, Tell of brave souls who walk the earth With never a ray of light!

Still the sunset pathway blossoms With their own white dew of love And the fragrance of their living Is wafted far above.

Only the great hereafter Shall tell how the earth-born flowers Were changed in the amaranth gold, That bloom in celestial bowers.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF HOUSE-TO-HOUSE PREACHING.

The great question of the age is will or does it pay. Or in other words is their profit in any matter under consideration. If, in addition to the profit, can be attached the idea of pleasure in the occupation or pursuit, it becomes all the more desirable. What we mean by the profit or pleasure is the benefit derived from preaching in the family. Surely this is a work of the preacher, as is set forth by the apostle Paul in his labor from house to house. And the many inefficient preachers we have amongst us may be owing to the fact that just here they break down. I am satisfied that as much or perhaps more good is done in this way than by the public effort of the preacher. As in all matters where the voice of God is followed and his design is carried out there is pleasure for all his ways are ways of pleasantness and his paths are peace, so in this most important part of the minister's work, The Saviour has said that "my yoke is easy and my burden is light," and not only so but his service is pleasant. The joys of the redeemed are not all treasured up in the great garner house of heaven, but are scattered along our pathway of duty, and interspersed in the vines of the master's vineyard and mingled in each cup of our duty. Among the many pleasures of the labor from house to house may be mentioned, The association of friends and kindred hearts, who learn to love each other better by exchange of friendships. As steel sharpens steel, so the face of man brightens the face of man. Or, in other words the soul of man is made to drink of joy he would otherwise not be able to taste. Heart exchanges joys with its neighbor and thus shares with him, it with it. And as the society of man is what makes the hills and valleys more green and the sun brightens. As we come to the conclusion it is the master's will, the pleasure of doing the master's work is very great in soul. The pleasant reflection that when we are sitting in some lonely dwelling of God's own child, and talking of Christ and his love, to some heart for which the man of sorrow

is calm while others are excited, industrious, while others are idle, hopeful while others are discouraged, or despairing. Though his occasional immediate good arising from his labors his purpose and zeal fail not, for as a man of faith he believes that his labor shall not be in vain in the Lord. How much need of patience the disciple has in times of affliction when the flesh fails and when the spirit is weary and sorrowful! Such times we all have. Disease assails us and misfortune overtakes us and if we have not the patience that the gospel nourishes how weak and miserable we are in time of trouble. And the disciples of adversity yield us only bitterness and shame, and when the trial of our faith is ended and we find that we have lost ground and are worse than before. How specially needful is patience in those evil days which come to all earnest upright souls, when the good understand us and the malicious seek to harm us; when the tongue of slander is against us, and the fickle multitude revile our name. Then, if ever, is the time to be patient, and in the face of clamorous accusation maintain a plying silence, letting our lives, not our words, be our answer to our enemies. It is better to suffer wrong than to go below, better to bear detraction than to reply to hateful language. Examples of patience are precious indeed in those later days when the devices of error are multiplied, and defaming tongues and pens are busy with the reputation of the faithful. Let us look then, to the noble ones who have borne and here hid patience, who for the sake of Christ have labored and not faint.

Reader, are you patient? Does this grace of patience possess your heart and adorn your daily walk and conversation? If so blessed are you for your obedience to the apostolic injunction! Octograph.

THESE, G. 21. "Praise all things, hail fast that which it good." One of the most natural things in the world is to examine the quality of things. Where there is any choice, we want the best to be had. Discrimination is a necessity. Every thing we have to do with is selected with reference to fitness and quality. All we buy and use is examined and tested. The good we want the best we let go. Religion is no exception to this rule. There is a call for the exercise of our thinking, reasoning faculties. People who take their religious ideas at second hand and simply on the authority of others, as fallible as themselves, make good followers of it, may be bound guides; make very good disciples; may be very zealous partisans, full of zeal and tenacious for traditions and usages, but hardly such worshippers of the only true and living God as they ought to be. Jehovah wants a worship based upon conviction. The service we render to him is to be intelligent service. Hence he comes to us and says, "Come, let us reason together," "My son give me thine heart," The intellect and affections are to be employed in serving God. Examination will often lead us to change our opinions and ideas. How often have certain conclusions been reached by a superficial examination, which, on a closer scrutiny have been set aside. I am sure that he who can scorn the religion of Jews, and turn away from it, has looked at it very carefully. The more we study

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PATIENCE.

Fourth in the list of additions to our faith Peter names patience. It thus stands central in the group of commanding qualities, and is well worthy of its place. The careless reader might think it a negative trait only—an idle waiting for providence to bring about desired results. But careless readers seldom think correctly. Patience is not so much negative as positive. As part of the Christian life it is nearly equivalent to perseverance. Hence we read in the Scriptures of those "who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory and honor and immortality." The patient man selects his path of duty and persistently follows it. Opposition, abuse or persecution he heeds not, for he is truly determined to let nothing distract his attention from the right which he has chosen. Hence

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the character of Christ and his religion the more will we be drawn towards him.

The Lord is not afraid of scrutiny and close investigation. Christianity has nothing to fear from criticism. If honestly conducted, no matter how severe, careful, painstaking and protracted it may be honest search and investigation has always resulted to the furtherance of the cause of Christ. It is the cause of infidelity, and therefore it must succeed.

All the boasts of infidelity can not check the onward march of Christianity. All the confident predictions of its downfall fall by the hundreds of all eyes have been as they ever will be, the false utterances of misguided souls. Christianity asks no favors. She demands simple honest work. No man can be an idol, who with an honest and good heart examines the claims and work of the religion of Jesus Christ.

The fact is everywhere recognized that truth and falsehood—the good and the bad—exist side by side, are mingled together and presented by their respective advocates to men for their acceptance. This principle is illustrated in the parable of the wheat and tares. The good seed was sown by the Son of man. But the wicked one came, under cover of darkness and sowed tares. Both grew up together in the world, often not only side by side, but intermingled and intermingled. Nor is it always easy to tell what is true, and therefore good, or false and hence pernicious. Infrequent and demand painstaking labor. In pictures the devil is painted as a rule, as a hideous, repulsive being. But the Scriptures present him far otherwise. He is there presented as clothed himself in the garb of an angel of light. So we find in verses and verses dressed up in the beautiful garments of virtue.

If the false, the evil, the pernicious are so often in disguise, we could hardly recognize and spurn it. But no! It puts on the clothes, becomes gilded and attractive. It needs therefore our constant care. We need to watch as well as pray. Whatever is presented for our acceptance and acceptance must be weighed and tested.

"Hail fast the good." Let the bad go, the sooner the better. The good alone can do us good. The bad is always injurious. Truth frees; error enslaves. The latter destroys the weeds because they will injure his crop, if let alone. The gold miner keeps the precious metal, but throws away the dirt and dross.

This is the meaning of the work of the disciples of Christ. This the plea we make before the world. Throw aside the dogmas and traditions of men and return to the old paths of primitive Christianity. In this plea we are right. So long as we are true to it, so long as we are true to ourselves, to our fellowmen, to the Lord and his word.

FRED. HOFFMAN, in Octograph.

The New York Evangelist (Presbyterian) says:—

"There is no positive precept for infant baptism in the New Testament." Of course not. There is a positive precept for the baptism of believers, and the New Testament is not a book to contradict itself by giving one positive precept and then annulling and setting it aside by another.—Christian Index.

Language most shows a man speak that I may see thee! It springs out of the most retired and the inmost part of us.—Ben Jonson.

OBITUARY.

For the Worker

Sister Hill, of Collingwood, has gone to her reward. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," with the spirit they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. A God shall wipe away all the tears from their eyes and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. The friends of Jesus here, the relatives of sister Hill, the loved ones mourn, not as those who have no hope, believing "that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring him." Sister H. was beloved by all—the Church here took part in the death of Sister Hill they have lost one of their most exemplary members. The writer has been laboring in Collingwood and Staver for some time past frequently calling on and spending time very pleasantly too, with this dear departed sister whose face even in death, seemed almost like the face of an angel, so composed, so sweet. She never complained but always smiled and said in a sweet voice "I cannot complain" or "I don't feel any better" or other words that showed her complete resignation to the master's will. She appeared quite cheerful till within a few days of her departure, when she became very weak, and could not talk much. On the morning of the 20th inst, about 3 o'clock she quietly and peacefully passed away from the body to be with the Lord Cor. 5:8. Sister H. was born in England, and came to this country when quite young, was in her 34th year. She made the good confession about 20 years ago and continued to maintain a steady allegiance to the king of kings till the close of her pilgrim's race. And now she sings the song of immortal and saints in the happy chorus join.

When we faded withered leaves, Are falling on the Autumn winds, No great shadow of things To us, fasting for a moment, Gave place, then like fleeting Phantoms leave us in Disappearment.

"There is no light there."

H. Brown, Collingwood, Aug. 25th, 1881.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED.

McNEIL. LUTON.—I think no better or more fitting eulogy could be found for what I am writing than the above. Of late the church in Dorchester has suffered the loss of two of its strong pillars in the death of Elder Peter McNeil and I soon John Laton.

Bro. McNeil was a member of the Scotch Baptist Church in Scotland, he emigrated to Canada 36 years ago, and settled in Dorchester. He soon became acquainted with the disciples, and united with the church, and was chosen one of its elders, which honorable position he filled to the satisfaction of his brethren to the end of his life. He was a quiet and a gently man, blessed with a wife of rare Christian excellence, who was eminently qualified to fill the position of an elder's wife. They raised a large family, all trained in the teaching of the Lord, and all of whom, at a proper season came into the church to the great joy of their parents. Now they are deprived of a father's counsel, which were always given for their good. However they have a mother still. The last anxious care our Lord had while hanging on the cross was for his mother. He said to John, behold thy mother, and from that time John took care of her. Bro. and Sister McNeil made their profession a

living reality it was a household and every day matter to read the Scriptures and offer up prayer. With them the Lord's day was sacred. They were never seen driving off on a friendly visit and leaving the worship on that day. The Lord's house and worship had no attractions they all other things. Every one expected to see the McNeil family at meeting. Rain, wind, or blinding snow were no barriers to them to meeting the must go. Bro. McNeil was an active man a good speaker and teacher, but he has gone and left a long sorrow and a broken heart. But their sorrow must be mingled with our joy that our standing is taken as a

Brother John Eaton, who died more recently, was one of the oldest members of the Dorchester church, being one of the first to join the cause of Jesus, under the preaching of Elder E. Sheppard. He loved to see his countrymen and I now it came about like many other thinking men, he could not see the charity of the bible in sectarianism. The first true light that beamed in his soul, was given in his table preaching, at Dr. Sheppard's. He soon obeyed the gospel, as also a brother Irwin, long since deceased. They were the first fruits of the gospel in that place. Bro. Eaton was classed at hearing the sermon, which had been yellow, darkened and mystified by sectarian dogmas now presented in its true light. He and his wife would spend a whole night reading and examining the scriptures to see if these things were so, and drawing new light and comfort from them. From that time on there was no vacillating in him. He was a true, every day Christian in every sense of the comprehensive word. He had no talent for public speaking, but was always ready to tell the old, old story of Jesus to every one privately, and in this way did much good.

I am told his death was one of rare sweetness. He had all of his affairs so arranged that he could say he owed no man anything, and had nothing on his mind but to depart and be with Christ. anxiously waiting for the hour to come. His complaint was dropsy. I cannot relate the long and full expressions, full of faith and hope that fell from his lips, on his death, the sighs, tears, and sobs of his most excellent wife and loving children, who loved him so that they leaved his loss, but without hope.

The funeral services were conducted by brother Samuel Keffler and brother Isaac Bentley. The procession was very large, 150 carriages, beside a great many on foot. There have passed from earth to heaven, two of the Lord's most noble—who have finished their work here and gone to engage in the services of their Redeemer, in their heavenly home. How truly we can say the memory of the just is blessed.

JOSEPH ASH.

Died at the residence of his father in the township of Nottawasaga, Byron Wagner, aged 26 years. The writer addressed a very pleasant and attentive and intelligent audience on the occasion from part of the 13th chapter of 1st Cor. Brother and sister Wagner have the warmest sympathies of all who know them and while they deeply feel the loss of their dear boy, yet they do not mourn as those who have no hope. H. Brown, Nottawa village.

Died, at Mc-Ford, Sept. 14th Sister Selena York, wife of Mr. J. Perry, of Carleton, Manitoba. Sister Perry arrived home on Thursday, 11th, "Come home to me." Brother and sister York have the sympathy of all the brethren in this hour of trial.