

rous and divine. To be Christ-like is to be benevolent, and to be benevolent is to do noble things, not dream them all day long. Along our shores, there is a creature that the only evidence you have of its life consists of a tentacle, which is always moving—that it may catch something with which to feed itself. There are many people like this insignificant animal, but they are not followers of benevolence. Hereby we know if we love the Master—if we do what the Master did. There is no mistake about that. Benevolence draws us to the sick bed, makes us quick to respond to the call of our brothers, makes us charitable to all, urges to assuage all human suffering, makes us take the widow and the orphan under our sheltering wing, and inspires us to do deeds that are heroic.

Now we urge you to perform these deeds, because of their helpfulness to others. We often talk about making others happy—and can you imagine a greater luxury in life than in so doing? Many there are—small souls all of them—who, instead of trying to make others happy, try to make others miserable. They delight to misrepresent—misjudge others, to put into others' lips words they never spoke, and who accuse others of deeds they never did. Christ never did such things, and Benevolence is a stranger to all such things. Our perfect Pattern was always making others happy—at least those who wanted to be happy. Benevolence is a great joy producer, for wherever it goes, happiness springs up like budding flowers. We once heard a man say, who had provided, at considerable expense, a feast for poor children, that he was more than recompensed by seeing how happy he had made them. Isn't that an ambition worthy of the best of us? Have your part in this work. Do not leave it to others: the more the merrier. Go in your weakness and insufficiency. Go with trembling step and faltering tongue, but remember that what you do will cause others to walk on streets of pure gold, and will robe the home and the hospital with a beauty they never saw and never enjoyed before. Again, we urge you to do deeds of benevolence, because they will make the doer happier. How many imagine Christ as sad and disconsolate. We are

told that he never smiled. Frankly, I do not believe a word of such nonsense. The picture outrages all human experience. Do you think it was possible for Christ to make others happy and not be happy himself? Could his deeds cheer everybody but himself? It is monstrous to think so. Benevolence is like Mercy, "twice blessed." He blesses him that gives and him that takes." He never was the poorer, who made others richer. Here is a cure for many evil; prevailing to-day. Many a one asks, "how can I be happy?" Dr. Young declares that it is impious for a good man to be sad, but there are many impious." Here is a good answer to the question, by John Howard: "Set about doing good. Put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and the poor in your neighborhood. Inquire into their wants, and minister to them. I have often tried this method, and have always found it the best medicine. Charles V. declared, I find that kings are happy but in this, that they have the power of doing good. During the mock trial of Louis XVI. he was asked what he had done with a certain sum of money. His voice faltered and the tears came into his eyes as he said: 'I had the pleasure of making other people happy. That is the spirit and fruit of benevolence, and, depend upon it, that the man who makes the greatest number of people happy—will himself be the happiest of men.'

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,

And thou an angel's happiness shalt know.

The seed that in these few and fleeting hours

Thy hands unspairing and unwearyed sow,  
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,  
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal  
bowers.

The test of all organizations is right here. Dr. Guthrie says: "I do not believe in a Christianity that is not Christ-like, and no more believe in a profession of piety which is not associated with pity than in a sun which sheds no light, in a fire which gives no heat, in a rose that breathes no perfume: they are mere paintings, life-like, but dead: clever, but cold. People may talk of such and such a man as being godly, but none are

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