

NIGHTFALL.

Lie still, O heart!
Crush out thy vainness and unreach'd
desires.

Mark how the sunset fires,
Which kindled all the west with red and
gold,
Are slumbering 'neath the amethystine glow
Of the receding day, whose tale is told.
Stay, stay thy questionings; what would'st
thou know,
O anxious heart?

Soft is the air;
And not a leaflet rustles to the ground
To break the calm around.
Creep, little wakeful heart, into thy nest;
The world is full of flowers even yet,
Close fast thy dewy eyes, and be at rest,
Pour out thy plaints at day, if thou must
fret;
Day is for care.

Now, turn to God,
Night is too beautiful for us to cling
To selfish sorrowing,
O memory! the grass is ever green
Above thy grave; but we have brighter
things
Than thou hast ever claimed or known, I
ween.
Day is for tears. At night, the soul hath
wings
To leave the sod.

The thought of night,
That comes to us like breath of primrose
time,
That comes like the sweet rhyme
Of a pure thought expressed, lulls all our
fears,
And stirs the angel that is in us—night,
Which is a sermon to the soul that hears.
Hush! for the heavens with starlets are
alight.
Thank God for night!
—Chambers Journal.

"HONOURABLE WOMEN WHO WERE GREEKS."

From this text Dr. Bennett preached a sermon in aid of St. John's Ladies' College, an institution yet to be built.

The preacher remarked that the term "honourable" when applied to Greek women, suggested its opposite, not honourable, as we estimate the meaning of the word, and brought before us a semi-barbarous condition of Greek society. After describing the difference which existed between the wives, the mothers of the legal heirs, and the Hetaire or companions, "who were in many cases among the most cultured and learned of the day," who "by their charms drew men of culture and education from their homes into their free and easy society," so that even Socrates held intercourse with them, the preacher said: "This was a bad condition of society, what was wanted was that the legal wife should have all the culture and charms which were denied her in Grecian life. This raised the question, 'What was that education which was proper (for women) in our better civilization? There were some underlying questions needing to be discussed, i. e., the equality of woman to man.' After going along some of the old ruts to prove that woman is not man's equal in strength, stature, or logical mental constitution, and expressing his dislike to the idea of woman as 'a surgeon, brandishing a knife and tourniquet' as a physician, going about in semi-masculine attire," as a lawyer, "brawling with lawyers," or even in the pulpit expounding the doctrines of grace and salvation, Dr. Bennett told his hearers that though woman was not "wanted to plough or to dig in the mine, yet there were, no doubt, many lighter and more graceful things which she might well do." These she should be fitted by education for. But the great business for which she should be fitted was to keep and hold the affections of her husband in a well ordered house." (The italics are our own.) Of course we know what Dr. Bennett means, though the mode of expression as reported, grammatically considered, is rather hazy, but what nonsense it all is. We wonder whether some men who take upon them-

selves to lecture for women are blind, or whether they go about with their eyes shut. We would ask Dr. Bennett, *et hoc genus omne*, what is to become of all the women who have by their own labour to keep themselves—as single women; to keep their husbands—as unfortunate wives, and to keep their families—as widows?

And if a woman have no special technical training in some mode of bread winning, just as her brother has, how is she to get that bread? Is it not because women have only been allowed exactly that kind of education that Dr. Bennett approves of, enough to have and to hold the affection of her husband, that the world is full at the present moment of white slaves toiling and dying at the needle, woman's only resource, unless her early life have forced her into some technical training for the purpose of getting a living?

Did not President Garfield's mother plough and sow? And who does not honour her? Do not good women work, if not in, about, mines, whether coal, tin, salt, iron, or other. And are they to be scorned? Are there no women whose crowns shall be set with the stars of many turned to righteousness through their pulpit ministrations? And is not world history full of records of women as surgeons and physicians, though they had no college diploma, as have the noble women practitioners of to-day, to entitle them to the honour of their calling? Talk about logic, too! In one sentence Dr. Bennett says, "In pure reason she might be incapable of holding argument with man; even in works of imagination might be incapable of soaring to such heights as man," and a little further on, as an argument in favour of a higher education for woman, he proceeds to tell us that, "In the new civilization she must be fitted to take part in conversation on equal terms, and not be at the mercy of masculine courtesy. Serious argument was impossible with ignorant person. What, we would ask, is the use of trying to teach logic to a person incapable of it? To be sure, we can easily see the advantage of trying an argument with a person who is incapable of answering you,—you are sure to win,—which is a comfort. We are sorry we can only agree with Dr. Bennett on one point, which is that it is right St. John should have a Ladies' College.

SOME CAUSES OF SPIRITUAL DEATH.

One cause of spiritual death is self-satisfaction. A traveller, lost on the prairie, with the snow falling fast and thick, with his blood coursing slowly, feels that sense of ease which the opium-eater knows. He lies down in the soft white drifts. They make an easy bed. His friends find him, and try to arouse him. He would rather be left undisturbed. His self-satisfaction works his death. George III. was satisfied with his government of the American colonies; he, therefore, refused to remedy his abuses, and his satisfaction cost him these colonies. The man who is satisfied with his moral character makes no attempt to improve it. The man satisfied with the impurity of his thoughts makes no attempt to purify them. The man satisfied with his occasional lapse into sin, makes no attempt to live a life of constant godliness. Upon all who are satisfied with their standing before God, the chill of spiritual death has begun to rest. They can no more draw spiritual life from themselves, than one can feed his body by sucking blood from his veins. Therefore, satisfied with their relation to God, they do not strive to gain life from Him who is the source of the life spiritual as He is of the life physical. Their self-satisfaction works the ruin of their souls. But more frequently than by self-satisfaction is the spiritual life killed by the indulgence of some sin. The

Christian thought no sacrifice was too great to make, no labour too hard to do, for God. But there comes an hour of temptation. The choice must be made between pleasure and duty. He hesitates, he yields. He has opened the door of his soul to one sin, opened it knowingly and voluntarily. Alas, too often that one sin grows as the dragon's teeth, each of which springs up into a hundred, till they succeed in destroying life! Many a man has felt he could surrender his entire property to God; but when the temptation arose of making a hundred dollars by a trick of the trade, he has chosen to be dishonest. Many a druggist has allowed profit of selling liquor to keep him out of the kingdom of God. Many a Christian, when he was obliged to choose between a winter given to dances and masquerades, and theatres, and a winter given to the prayer-meeting, to the Church, and to noble work for man and God, has preferred the ball and the theatre; and in that preference has found the cause of spiritual decline and death.

But the sin may not be one of commission. It may consist in the preference of doing nothing to advance God's cause.

Such sins of omission deaden the spiritual life. But in general, the sin consists in the choice of some other good than the good which the Christian life affords. A freshman of Princeton College wrote home that he felt he could not enter the higher Christian life till he had rushed the sophomores. So, constantly, men are saying, I want to make more money in this questionable business; I want that office; I want to revenge myself on A; and thus they are prevented from growing into a Christian character. The spiritual life is thus dwarfed.

Other causes of spiritual death might be named, but none are either more frequent or more dangerous than satisfaction with one's Christian growth and the indulgence of some sin.

SURE OF VICTORY.

"In nothing terrified by your adversaries," says Paul. He uses a very vivid, and some people might think, a very vulgar metaphor here. The word rendered terrified properly refers to a horse shying or plunging at some object. It is generally things half seen and mistaken for something more dreadful than themselves that makes horses shy, and it is usually a half-look at adversaries, and a mistaken estimate of their strength, that makes Christians afraid. Go up to your fears and speak to them, and, as ghosts are said to do, they will generally fade away. So we may go into the battle, as the rash minister did into the Franco-German war, "with a light heart," and that for good reasons. We have no reason to fear for ourselves. We have no reason to fear for the ark of God. We have no reason to fear for the growth of Christianity in the world. Many good men in this time seem to be getting half-ashamed of the gospel, and some preachers are preaching it in words which seem an apology rather than a creed. Do not let us allow the enemy to overpower our imaginations in that fashion. Do not let us fight as if we expected to be beaten, always casting our eyes over our shoulders, even while all are advancing, to make sure of our retreat, but let us trust our gospel, and trust our King, and let us take to heart the old admonition, "Lift up thy voice with strength, lift it up, and be not afraid."

Such courage is a prophecy of victory. Such courage is based upon a sure hope. "Our citizenship is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Lord Jesus as Saviour." The little outlying colony in the far-off edge of the empire is ringed about by wide-stretching hosts of barbarians. Far as the eye can reach their myriads cover the land, and the watchers from the ramparts might well be dismayed if they had only their own resources to depend on. But they know that the Emperor in his progress will come to this

sorely beset outpost, and their eyes are fixed on the pass in the hills where they expect to see the waving banners and the gleaming spears. Soon like our countrymen in Lucknow, they will hear the music and the shouts that will tell he is at hand. Then when he comes he will raise the siege and scatter all the enemies as the chaff of the threshing-floor, and the colonists who held the post will go to the land which they have never seen, but which is their home, and will, with the victor, sweep in triumph "through the gates into the city."—Rev. Dr. A. MacLaren.

A STREET CAR SCENE.

The amount of one's usefulness depends more upon the spirit than upon the means. The first movement to a noble charity comes often from the sympathizing poor calling the attention of the thoughtless rich to some immediate suffering.

No one noticed a humble market-woman seated in one of the crowded Philadelphia horse-cars as it made its way on a certain morning towards the centre of the city. She was middle-aged, and very plain of face and plain of dress—but her soul was beautiful, for she was one of the children of God, and ever quick to do a Christian deed. By her side sat a poor, worn-looking mother trying to hold two little children on her lap. She was evidently in trouble, for her face was very sad, and tears rolled frequently down her cheeks. When the market-woman saw this she kindly took one of her children upon her own lap, and began talking with her and the child, and trying to impart some comfort. This act of sympathy soon won the mother's grateful confidence, and she told her story. Her husband, a working mason, was employed at one of the great summer hotels in Atlantic City, New Jersey, and she had just received news that he had fallen and had broken his leg. He could send her no money, and she had determined to go to him from Philadelphia on foot—a journey of more than fifty miles.

"Bless you, poor soul," said the tender-hearted market-woman, "you're but a weak little body, and you'd never live to get there so, with the two little ones." Then reflecting for a moment (for she had but ten cents in her own pocket,) she spoke out to the passengers, "Ladies and gentlemen, will you listen to this woman's story?" and she repeated it exactly as she had heard it. Immediately one of the gentlemen passed a hat up and down the car, and a sum of money was collected sufficient to pay the poor woman's passage to her husband on the railroad, and her expenses in Atlantic City for a month.

The spirit of the humble market-woman, and her genuine kindness, so pleased a wealthy and benevolent lady who happened to be in the car, that she made her acquaintance—and the result was an arrangement by which hundreds of needy ones besides the poor mason's wife received encouragement and help. Ann B—, the market woman, became the wealthy lady's agent to distribute her charities among the worthy poor, and for years in the homes of want and sorrow in the great city no name has been more warmly blessed than hers. Everywhere the homely aims-bringer carried some treasure of cheerful counsel and words of Christian peace. Her business as a huckster brought her in contact with the roughest characters when she made her night purchases at the wharves, but her pure and simple goodness every one knew and respected. She made her station glorious. "I don't know anything about de big churches," said a negro stevedore, "but I know Ann B—, an' I believe in her God."