

He, though the Son of God, sent from heaven to bless and save men, strange to say He was met with the oppositions and hatred of men. Thus pride causing them to be zealous and revengeful, yea, so much so that He was rejected and finally crucified, dying the ignominious death of the cross.

Yet, throughout all this trying ordeal, He bore all those things with meekness and humility in order that we might have a perfect example to follow and that the scriptures might be fulfilled. And all who bear His name and have been married to Him by disengaging themselves from the world and its frivolities are under the banner of Christ's salvation. Their law book is the Bible; God's holy spirit their comforter and Christ Jesus their mediator. And these, within our grasp, we have no excuse whatever for neglecting our soul's eternal interests. "What doeth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Therefore, the complete answer to our question is to live as He lived as nearly as in us lies. He lived to honor His Father. This was His great delight and study. He honored Him because He loved Him and could never feel happy unless doing His will. And so it should be with us, we should never feel happy unless doing the thing that will meet the approval of God. It may appear hard sometimes, especially for young Christians, to comply with Christ's requirements. But in reality "His yoke is easy and His burden light." How often do they take part in foolish amusement without first asking conscience will this meet the approval of God at the judgment seat of Christ. If it will, then go ahead; if not, avoid it forever. How often is it the case that one moment's reckless folly has made shipwreck of a soul for eternity. Therefore, how important it is for us, as young Christians, to gird on the Gospel armour, that as we grow in years we may also grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. That whether we reach the allotted age of man or cut off in the prime of life, we shall be prepared to enter into the marriage feast. Christ lived for the advantage of man, although he received not man's thanks or man's approval, yet above all things he had the favor of God and the approval of heaven resting upon Him. He was God's own Son, sent to mediate between God and man. He knew the heart of man and He could feel and sympathize with him in all things relative to his nature. This He did continually. His love was ever flowing abundantly as a balm to sin-sick souls.

When the sick needed a physician, when the lame needed a support and the blind desired to see the light, His sympathy was awakened and their wants were supplied; and He felt then that He was simply doing the will of His Father in heaven. What a lesson for us to learn? What an example for us to follow? Let us then, as children of God, examine ourselves and see if we are embracing the golden opportunities as they are daily presented to us. For the harvest is great and the laborers few. Surely, if Christ's spirit is within us we are led to exclaim:

"What shall I render to my God,
For all His gifts me?"

A. N. S.

New Glasgow, P. E. I.

LITERATURE—ITS EFFECTS.

Literature is a powerful agent either for good or for evil. If we would improve the morals *choice* literature must be selected, "whether it be that which realizes the ideal or idealizes the real." Habits acquired by us in youth generally cling to us in life. The youth, like the infant plant, is very susceptible to outward influence. A touch or a breeze may ruin the tree forever. So, too, with the tender and undeveloped youth; a bad influence may produce such results as to change his destinies for life, yea, more, not only for this life which we

now live, but also for that which is to come. Our most intimate companions are the authors whose books we read; and as is the literature we read so are our characters or deportment. If we devote our time to the perusal and study of good books, we will in our lives exhibit those traits of characters most prominent in our favourite author. So, on the other hand, if we spend our leisure time, "those golden moments," in reading trashy novels, this sensational, imaginative, light literature that floods our land and deluges our cities, we will become devotees to the wildest mental illusions and to the most pronounced hallucinations that perverted talents can produce. Man is largely the product of CHANCE. I do not mean that blind chance, that a school of modern thinkers would have us believe, was the ancestor (if I may so express myself) of the human family. No! Man has not originated from natural laws, as the metaphysical philosophers would have us. Man is the product of chance in that he cannot select who will be his father, nor who will be his parent on the maternal side. He cannot determine where he will be born, nor into what society his lot will be cast.

The child of the city is subject to more vicious influence than the child of the country, while in some respects the civic boy may possess advantages superior to those which may come within reach of the rustic lad. One great disadvantage or evil to which the city boy is heir to is the truth that he has easier access to bad literature than the boy of the country. To give a clear idea of the effects of literature and its influence in determining character it will be necessary to introduce religious books. I mean those books that are the foundation of the various religions of the world. First we mention the Vedam of Hindu, their sacred books, the books which contains the religious tenets. The woful effect that these books produce are not known to the civilized world. The awful crimes which these books teach and that the Pagan Hindu regards as commendable would be abhorred by all Christendom. Why is it that the Hindu burns herself on the funeral pile of her dead husband? Why does the mother throw her child into the river Ganges? Why do the populace prostrate themselves before the death wheels of the car of Jugernaut? Why do the aged and infirm, those from whom the spirit of life has almost fled, why do they travel thousands of miles, over dreary wastes and desolate paths, through dense forests to the shore of their sacred river, there to be carried away by the rising tide? I know of no reason only that their book so teacheth, and that those who thus die are sure of entering into future happiness. One more example from heathendom and that will suffice. Take again the Mohammedan. Why is it that he is savage and cruel? Why is it that his greatest glory is to die propagating his religion with the sword? Is it not because he is so taught by the Koran—that fabrication of falsehood, intermingled with truth, stolen from the Bible; I say why is it that he glories to die in conflict for the faith? Is it not because their book tells them that he who thus departs life is sure of entering Paradise; sure of being admitted to the Elysian fields, to luxuriate forever in the enjoyment of endless bliss. But why ransack the archives of pagandom to find material to prove the demoralizing effects of bad literature?

Let us come nearer home. In New York City alone over 200,000 books of fiction are printed every week. These books by circulating libraries or private lending, pass from family to family, so that many read the same books. Besides over a million copies of sensational story papers are issued from the New York press every week; that is about one such paper to every ten families. Then think of the vast numbers that are supplied by other cities. Now, who are the authors of these flashy novels or stories; writers who are gaining a more universal

hearing than the best ministers of all denominations. Yes, it is true, palpably true, that these low writers are given the precedence. The authors of these stories may be seen on the streets of New York, with bleared eyes, tangled hair and treacherous looks; beings from whom you instantly recoil. The man of honor and strict moral decorum would rather see his daughter clasp the hand of a small-pox patient than in social equality the hand of one of these miserable wretches. But, though the girl just budding into womanhood, with dimpled cheeks and queenly lustre sparkling in her lips, that lovable creature, the last and most perfect of creation's wondrous works; we say though she may not come into immediate contact with the authors, yet she possesses their works. As she goes to her room, the books concealed under her apron, hidden from the piercing eye of a mother, she locks herself in; and there in seclusion spends many hours in reading filthy novels; and what does she find in these books? There are expressions there that if spoken to his daughter many a father would lynch the villain who dare do such a crime. Evil companions can be forced away, but the young lady in her room is free from a mother's watchful care and a father's stern rebuke, and whilst they think their daughter is doing something else—some household duty—little do they imagine that she is imbibing pernicious notions, false impressions, evil desires; receiving impressions that may induce her to long for such associates as she reads about, and eventually forsake her home and become a prostitute in a dingy corner in some populace city. Yes, that old serpent the Devil is still at work wreathing his slimy coil around the fairest daughters of Eve. But time would fail us to speak of the many instances of depressed spirits, suicides and crimes committed through the effects of immoral literature. We know the time that should be given to useful employment is wasted. Hours, when the reader might be studying some book, the knowledge obtained from which would be beneficial in his after years and daily life, are worse than wasted.

We now offer a few remarks on the educating and the elevating tendency of good literature. When the mind of the young becomes imbued with a desire for reading, with a love of books, a zeal to learn more of the world in which he lives, we can prophecy a brilliant literary career for all such persons thus disposed. Pure literature the outcome of pure motives, and a desire to instruct; literature that embodies within itself the very soul of its author, can have none other than an educative, moral and elevating influence. Let the youths, the young men of to day study the lives, the biographies of men of the last decade, who have become famous. Let them study the lives of men of renown, who have lived in the ages that are past; study the histories of nations and devote their time in perusal of religious literature. And above all, let the Bible, the book of books, be their daily companion. Let them study this book—a book that will never grow old, though the eyes of the reader grow dim with age; a book that is the centre from which has radiated the many streams of pure literature; from which the thirsty soul, in the journey of life, may draw deep draughts to quench an innate desire for knowledge.

May the few thoughts suggested in these lines ever animate our souls for a desire for literature; so that our lives, as they are born upon the flowing stream of time, to a spiritual destination—to realms of immortality, to the garden of paradise, the Eden of happiness—be a beneficial influence to our fellow creatures and to Him who hath said, "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life"

J. S. S.

P. E. I. January 12th, 1890.

Married.

TITUS-HAYCOCK.—At Westport on the 26th of December, by H. E. Cooke, Mr. Ainsley Titus to Martha A., second daughter of Wm. Haycock, all of Westport.

Died.

TITUS.—At Westport, on the 10th of January, Arthur, eldest son of Bro. Howard and Olivia Titus, aged 17 years.

HALIFAX CHURCH FUND.

Sister O. M. Packard, \$5 00
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