

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND  
SISTER DORA.

Miss Florence Nightingale, replying to an invitation to unveil Sister Dora's statue, which Mr. Williamson had just completed, writes to the Mayor of Walsall:—"I would fain say what I cannot say, how deeply touched I am by the feeling of your town that I should unveil the statue of your own Sister Dora, and of the world's honoured Sister Dora, and would you kindly tell them so; as well as my deep regret that overworked and a prisoner from illness for years, as you have favored me by calling upon me, I cannot answer to your call. That noble tribute which you are raising to her memory—that memory nevertheless more everlasting than stone or marble—deserves the thanks of all who would see a noble life honoured, but I especially would thank you in the name of all nurses, who long to see the high motives such as hers, the love of God and our neighbour, become the true life of us all, leading us to seek, ever improved, to do the work better. May the lesson which you are generously giving us bear fruit till every nurse, though not gifted with Sister Dora's wonderful capacities, recognize her true mission in humility and self-devotion, to grow in training and care of her patients, so that she may be won for her Master's use, not only for their bodies but for their spirits; that none but may be better for her care whether for life or death, and may she remember, too, courage and obedience, and also that men patients especially are critical of religion now-a-days, and look sharp to see whether she is acting up to her profession. Such are some of the lessons taught by Sister Dora's life. May we lay them to heart, and to the noble rough fellows, the workman round Walsall, who so loved her, may I send my heartfelt greetings."

A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy fame is proud to win them;  
Alas! for those who never sing,  
But die with all their music in them.  
O! hearts that break, and give no sign,  
Save whitening up and fading tresses,  
Till death pours out his cordial wine.  
Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses.  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Dr. O. Wendall Holmes.

## A FEATURE OF OUR AGE.

I think there is no fault more prevalent in the present age than *levity*. The lofty in character, the high in station, the most sacred subjects, are alike objects of sport. Persons whom you know to be good and far from wishing to hurt the feelings of, or in any way injure others, yield to this fault.

In this age it is thought to be evidence of brightness, smartness, to be quick at picking all things to pieces, uttering thoughtless speeches concerning the manners or lives of those with whom we come in contact. To find motives for things other than what appears on the surface is counted wit. This spirit pervades our newspapers, our society, conversation, everything, and seems to be killing all reverence for any person or thing, however high or holy.

## THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

An Englishman was one day preaching in Calcutta to a number of natives. When he had done speaking a native stood up and said to him—"Four blind men sat by the roadside talking together, and in course of conversation they began discussing what an elephant was like. One said he was like a wall, another said he was like a stone pillar, another said he was a kind of a huge serpent, while the fourth said he was like a bell-rope. The discussion got so warm that, to save further quarrelling, it was agreed that the next time an elephant passed by they should all feel it with their hands, and thus prove which of the four was right in his idea of the elephant."

"Presently an elephant passed along the road, and all four put their hands on the great creature.

One touched its tall massive side, and he cried out, 'Just as I said—he is like the wall of a house.' Another put his arm round the beast's leg, and he cried out, 'Just as I said—he is like a stone pillar.' Another laid hold of his trunk, and he cried out, 'Just as I said—he is like a great serpent.' While the fourth man happened to catch hold of its tail and he cried out, 'Just as I said—he is exactly like a bell-rope.'

"And that," said the native, "is just how men are acting about the truth. All are anxious to know what is the truth, but all are blind and can only grope after it, and all get hold of different ideas about it; the Mahomedan says one thing, the Hindoo says another, the Buddhist says another, and you Englishmen come and say another. Well, all are right to a certain extent, just as each blind man was right to a certain extent about the elephant; but you English make the same mistake the blind men made. Each blind man thought that he, and he alone, knew what was the exact truth about the shape of an elephant, and that all the others were quite wrong; so you English think that you alone know what is really the truth, and you declare that Mahomedans, Hindoos, and Buddhists are quite wrong, while all the time we have got hold of a little bit of the truth, and you have got hold of no more."

And had the Englishman no answer for the native? Did he allow that he, as a Christian man with a Bible in his hand, knew no more about the truth than a Hindoo, or Mohomedan, or Buddhist? Not for a moment.

"I grant," he said, in reply to the native, "that the four blind men could only guess at the shape of the elephant, and that each was about as correct as his fellows, while all were pretty wide of the actual truth. But suppose an angel had come down from heaven and touched the eyes of one of those blind men and had given him sight, would he not have known what was the real shape of an elephant much better than his three blind friends? Would he not have been able to declare to them correctly and exactly what an elephant was like? And this is just the difference between a Christian and those of other religions. The Christian has given him by God the power to see. The Holy Spirit touches his blind soul, and he is able to see clearly the truth of God while others are spiritually blind."

What is the truth? is the cry of so many, as they find so many creeds and opinions held in the world. The truth is to be found in the Bible, and in the Bible only. "Thy Word is truth." And the only man who can see the truth is the man who has received power to do so from God Himself. Every man who wants to know what is the truth, may know if he will ask God to teach him. "Open Thou, O God, mine eyes, that I may behold the truth in Thy Word."

## INCOMES OF ENGLISH BISHOPS.

Attention has been drawn to the incomes of the bishops and the large sums which in some cases they have left behind them for the enrichment of their families. There is no subject upon which the bishops themselves could afford to have a fuller light thrown than upon the amount of their incomes and the way it is spent. In past times there were, no doubt, instances of episcopal rapacity. In the State, as well as in the Church, the prevailed to some extent "the good old rule, the simple plan, that they should get who have the power, and they should keep who can." But it is otherwise now. Take the Diocese of Durham, for example: Bishop Baring, who was a rich man from private sources, spent upon his see about as much as he received from it. Bishop Lightfoot, his successor, whose episcopal income has been reduced by the foundation of the Bishopric of Newcastle, gives away a very large part of his revenue, and has just announced his intention of building at his sole cost a church for workmen in Hendon, one of the most crowded and needy districts in Sunderland. This gift to the Church is but one out of many, and we have no hesitation in saying that no incomes bear so large a share in the charges for bettering others than the incomes of the bishops.

## TEN THOUSAND PER CENT.

Mr. Stuart dropped into the office of his friend Mr. Morris in a mood decidedly depressed, occasioned by a business investment that had proved a failure. It was a little after business hours, but Mr. Morris was still in his office and alone. He laid down his pen and greeted his friend with a cheerful nod and a cheerful "How are you, Stewart?" "Sour as an east wind," was the response as he looked at the beaming countenance of his friend, whom he had known for many a year, and whose counsel he had sought many a time and scarcely ever been disappointed.

There appeared to be a little more than the usual brightness in Mr. Morris's face as he wheeled his chair round and bade his friend be seated in another. Mr. Stuart noticed it, and said:

"What are you up to, Morris? Had some good news, eh?"

"O no, Stuart," he replied, "nothing unusual or new in particular. I was only thinking of a little investment I am just about making."

"I thought so," said Stuart. "and a good one, I'll be bound."

"I think so," was the reply. "What would you say to ten thousand per cent.?"

"Ten thousand per cent.! You are raving."

"Not a bit of it," said Morris. "And the very best of security—a regular royal pledge."

"Now I know you are crazy. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Crazy? Not a bit of it," said Mr. Morris. "This," wheeling round his chair and laying his hand upon a paper on his desk, "is a cheque which I have just signed, and intend for a poor missionary whom I know. I have just heard he is sick and in much need. The Scripture says that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,' but I was never awakened to the fact of what interest He pays until yesterday, when our clerk startled me by saying He had promised *ten thousand per cent.* I pricked up my ears at the statement, and waited curiously to hear the proof; and there it was sure enough in St. Matt. xix., 29: 'And every one that hath left houses, or brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or children or lands for My Name's sake, shall receive a *hundred-fold* and inherit eternal life.'

"I was struck at the sound of *ten thousand per cent.*, but I figured it out, and found it correct. The preacher was very much in earnest, as he declared the Lord's dividend. He was as enthusiastic as a stock-broker, only in an infinitely more noble cause. I was very much impressed at the time with the thought, and, in fact, have been ever since. It was in my mind when you came in. Not that I can lay claim for a moment to the spirit of self-sacrifice, which the text quoted indicates, but my gift to the poor is a loan to the Lord, and I am not afraid but that I shall reap a good dividend."

"You take a worldly-wise view of the matter; don't you?" inquired Mr. Stuart.

"Perhaps I do; but it will bear it, although it is only one view."—*Selected.*

THIS NEARNESS TO GOD.—Our religious life is a drawing near to God: we and God draw together, and that makes our spiritual history;—and this nearness of God breeds in us always these two effects, fear and love, and the two belong to each other, and they spring from the same cause, and they bear the same witness, and they both work into each other, and our inner discipline is the story of their alternating action, each shaping, moving, forcing the other,—fear, preparing the love, the love prompting the fear; the cry, "Depart from me," alternating with its response, "Lord to whom shall I go?" "Lord, depart from me:" "Lord draw me to Thee." So the double life moves, and grows, and aspires, until the goal is reached, and the perfect love is touched, the love which casteth out all fear.—*Scott-Holland.*

—Anger wishes that all mankind had only one eck; love, that it had only one heart: grief, two tear-glands; and pride, two bent knees.—*Jean Paul Richter.*