

## RESTFULNESS.

Long time my restless wishes fought and strove,

Long time I bent me to the heavy task  
Of winning such full recompense of love  
As dream could paint, importunate fancy ask.

Morning and night a hunger filled my soul;  
Ever my eager hands went out to sue  
And still I sped toward a shifting goal,  
And still the horizon widened as I flew.

There was no joy in love, but jealous wrath;  
I walked athirst all day, and did not heed  
The wayside brooks which followed by my path  
And held their cooling threadlets to my need.

But now, these warring fancies left behind,  
I sit in clear air with the sun overhead  
And take my share, repining not, and find  
Perpetual feast in just such daily bread.

Asking no more than what unasked is sent;  
Freedom is dearer still than love may be;  
And I, my dearest, am at last content:  
Content to love thee and to leave thee free.

Love me then not, for pity nor for prayer,  
But as the sunshine loveth and the rain,  
Which speed them gladly through the upper air  
Because the gracious pathway is made plain.

And as we watch the slant lines, gold and dun,  
Bridge heaven's distance, all intent to bless,  
And cavi not if we or other one  
Shall have the larger portion or the less.

So with unvexed eye I mark and see  
Where blessed and blessing your sweet days are spent,  
And, though another win more love from thee,  
Having my share I am therewith content.

## A FRONTIER SERMON.

Though the preachers in the far west may not have all the culture and refinement of their eastern brethren, they nevertheless often make up any deficiency in this line by pointed comparisons, which are easily understood by the people. Below we give an extract from one of these sermons recently preached at Deadwood. The preacher announced his subject as "Heaven," and took for his text, "Rev. xxi: 1, 2: *And I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and first earth had passed away,*" etc. In order to bring his subject within the supposed limited understanding of his hearers, he spoke of heaven as a land to which he was trying to get them to emigrate—a country which had no alkali land, sand-hills, or grass-hoppers.

"This country is new. All of you are immigrants from somewhere or other, and most of you will keep on moving while you live, for a man who once gets on the frontier seldom settles down anywhere till he settles into the ground.

"Now, I'm tryin' to git you to go to a country where there's no more movin' for it says, 'They shall reign with Him a thousand years.' Some are going there but I want to get up a big stampede. Now I expect that afore you hile your 'declaration of intentions to locate,' you'll want me to tell you what kind of a country it is. and first you'll ask me if it's good grass land. Why, it says, 'He shall lead them in green pastures beside clear waters,' and there'll be grass and flowers all the year round, for there ain't no winter there, nor no dry spells. I s'pose you'll want to know if it's a good fruit country. 'On either side of the river was the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruit and yielded her fruit every month.' Just think of it—*every month!*—fresn fruit all the time and twelve different kinds! Here fruit is only fresh for a few months in the fall,

and you have to can it and preserve it and bury it to have a little in the winter, but it won't be so there.

"And you'll want to know if its good water. 'He showed me a pure river of water of life.' Clear as crystal—you won't want any soda fountains or lemonade.

"But most of you want to go to a healthy country. Well, 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain;' and 'the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations,' and, besides, we shall have there a great physician.

"Some of you have got families, and you want to take them where the society is better than it is in Deadwood. The society will be of the select of the earth, martyrs, and saints, and philanthropists, and there shall in nowise enter in anything that defileth or maketh a lie.' You want to know what you'll do for a living. Why, you'll live to sing praises and be happy. If you inquire whether money is plenty, I shall tell you that 'the city is of pure gold, and the walls of jasper, and the foundations are garnished with all manner of precious stones, and the twelve gates are twelve pearls.' You won't have to pay any money for coal-oil, for there is no night, and they have no need of sun or moon.

"If you ask me about the timber, I shall tell you that the houses are already built, and they're mansions. Now the way to get there is easy, for the journey is all the way overland, for it says 'there was no more sea,' and the twelve gates are always open. The city is 12,000 furlongs square. I have heard some say heaven is not large enough to hold all who live or have lived, if they choose to go there; but I've figured it out, and its about 1,500 miles square and 1,500 miles high. If you allow one-half for streets and one-third of what is left for partitions, and divide the remainder into rooms sixteen feet square, there will be one room for every one who has lived on the earth or is likely to for the next ten generations, and 144,000 rooms to spare.

"Now, if you want to know if you can depend on all this, and I answer that the Bible is as susceptible of proof as *Gibbon's England* or *Macaulay's Rome*, and I want you all to file either a homestead or a pre-emption claim on some part of it; and if you think it a good while to wait before getting full possession, I am certain that after having once made your claim you will get a part of the benefit of it here, for 'all things work together for good for those that love Him.' I believe that promise, and could tell you hundreds of stories to prove it. Down at Sioux City I knew a man who said he couldn't be religious because he couldn't make anything if he was. His father was a local preacher down there and a good old man, and his son said to me:

'Now, there's father, he'll never get rich. He's got a bucking broncho that ain't worth the grass he eats. The other day he rode him to town, and there, some fellows driving some stock through, and in need of a horse, saw him and offered father \$40 for him, but he told them he wouldn't take it because the pony wasn't worth it, but they might have him for \$10, but then they wouldn't buy him at all. Now, if it had been me, I'd have sold him for \$40, bought a better one for \$25, and been \$15 ahead.' 'You depend upon it,' says I, 'the old man will come out ahead; all things work together for good.' Last spring I saw the young man again and said to him: 'Well, got rich yet?' 'No,' said he, 'have had bad luck; lost some of my stock, and the Big Muddy has been up and taken half my land down stream.' 'But how did that pony come out?' 'Oh, he got good a few months ago, and father's

been offered \$100 for him. He's the best horse in the country. Father always has good luck, and is getting rich.' 'Didn't I tell you, young man,' says I, 'that all things work together for good for those who love Him?'"

After one or two more similar incidents to illustrate the "working together" theory, and an exciting appeal to his hearers to prepare to emigrate, he called for the singing of a hymn, and after that was done said: "Now let each one tell what kind of a claim he has or wants to have on that heavenly country." The congregation was small, about one-fourth coloured people, and most of the rest of that illiterate class who follow a leader of that kind. In response to the invitation, a man whose ability at comparisons seemed equal to that of the preacher, arose and said: "My claim is a deed, signed in the blood of the Son, witnessed by the Holy Ghost, acknowledged by the Father, and recorded on high." "Amen! Amen!" shouted the preacher. "That can't be 'jumped'. Lay a homestead on it, brother, and you'll get your patent by and bye." The speaking being thus auspiciously started, an old coloured auntie next rose and said: "My claim is like a man has a great big mine; dey don't know how far it goes nor how rich it is; only it's de richest mine in de world and all de world's people bowin' before him 'cause he's so rich. Now my claim is like dat. The preacher says dere's no en' to heaven an' it all belongs to me. Yet I b'leve I'll see it all. When I get dere I'll go 'broad. I'll run all ober it, an' de gold in de streets an' de gems on de gates de foolish world people won't want any jewellery there."—*Golden Censer.*

## SUNDAY SCHOLARS.

## WHERE ARE THE NINE?

"Suppose we could take out of the world all the sorrow of bereavement, disappointment, and doubt, how much sorrow would be left?"

This was one of the remarks of Rev. Dr. Meredith, in his masterly address and real Sunday-school teachers' lesson on Thursday evening. The inquiry was most appropriate, and reflected much light on the state of despondency of the disciples on their way to Emmaus. But the inquiry left out of consideration the most fruitful source of sorrow and sin of modern times. If the experience of the Christian Church were given, and the evidence of ministers and people were taken, no doubt we should hear more of the sorrow of bereavement and unbelief than of any other, but the world's great sorrow is the drink curse, which brings more disgrace and shame and woe upon the Church and the world than all else. It may be said that it is even the source of half the disappointment and much of the bereavement: but this is only a mild view of the fearful evils which afflict the Church and rob the Sunday-school of its brightest jewels.

It is gratifying to notice that this question was not left out of consideration at the Convention. Too much attention cannot be given to it.

Sunday-school statistics are extremely interesting. The grand army of seven millions of Sunday scholars on the continent of America, is the promise of the future integrity, morality and glory of the nations, but only so in proportion to its power to resist the opposing attractive forces which tempt the young astray, as they leave the fold of Sabbath-school influence. What will become of this 7,000,000 young people during the next ten years? What proportion of them will be carried down to ruin and death by the agency of drink?

One of the ablest and most eloquent of Sunday school advocates in England, is the Rev. Charles Garret, of Liver-

pool. We cannot do better than to quote the following from an address given by him in Exeter Hall some time since:—

It has been said that only one in ten of the scholars of our Sunday-schools becomes a member of the visible church! Teachers, is this what you contemplate, in your self-sacrificing toil? Ministers, is this to be the end of your labour and prayers, anxiety and care? Can we bear the thought that only one in ten of those for whom we have written, and preached, and prayed, and toiled, should leave the school members of the visible church? The thought should fall on our hearts like a spark from hell! Only one for Christ! Where, then, are the nine? With more than a mother's anxiety that question should be asked by the Christian church. Here is a young woman who is blessing God for the Sabbath-school and for the influence it exerted upon her, but where are her nine companions? Here is a young man, rejoicing in the favour of God, but where are the nine lads who used to sit by his side? Some of them thoughtless and worldly; some of them, by and bye, to have old memories revived and stand as monuments of mercy; but others, alas! passing from the school to vice, brutality, crime, and destruction. Where are the nine? You will find one in that poor creature, with wasted constitution, dying on a work-house bed and going to a pauper's grave. Where are the nine? You will find another in that brutal wretch who, as his heart-broken wife tries to gather a smile on her face and greets him with words of kindness, fells her to the earth, and with oaths and curses, kicks the trembling form he once swore to cherish. Where are they? There is one, in that guilty creature who stands at the gin palace, lying in wait for the passer-by. Aye! shrink not back; vile as she now is, she was once a happy child in your school. You took her by the hand, you polished her by your intercourse,—you, by your kindness and care, rendered her more womanly and beautiful, and sensitive; and there she is, now doing the devil's work and earning the devil's wages. Where are they? There, in that poor girl hastening through your streets bent upon destruction. Her father loved her as I love my children; prayed for her as I pray for mine; and when she was born said—*this same shall comfort me; and now, sick of a world which to her eyes seems filled with woes, she leaps from the bridge—*

Mad from life's history.

Glad of death's mystery;

Swift to be hurled—

Anywhere—anywhere—out of the world!

Where are the nine? In your prisons, in the lunatic asylums, at the hulks, and swinging from the gallows! Yes, fellow teachers, though you have to look at the scene with aching hearts and tear-filled eyes, there are your scholars. You cared for them, and toiled and prayed, and yet the wolf of hell has dragged them to destruction. You say this is terrible! So it is; so terrible that my lips quiver as I speak. And, oh! would to God that it were not true! Would that it could be shown that we had only lost one and had saved the nine!

## WHITHER WE ARE MOVING.

The signs of the times are God's teachers to the senses of men. By these tokens He foreshadows the movements of His providence, connects the past with the present and the present with the future, reveals the order of His government, and prepares men to feel His presence more fully in the affairs of the world. St. Paul declared to the inhabitants of Lystra—a people