

there are signs today that Christian people are more and more waking up to the consciousness of their obligations in regard to the outcasts in their own and other lands. Let them go to them, as Jesus Christ did, with no false flatteries, but with plain rebukes of sin, and yet with manifest out-going of the heart, and they will find that the same thing which drew these poor creatures to the Master will draw them to the feeblest, faintest reflection of him in his servants.

And, last of all, dear friends, let each think that Jesus Christ is my Friend and your Friend, because he is the Friend of sinners, and we are sinners. If he did not love sinners there would be nobody for him to love. The universality of sin, however various in its degrees and manifestations, make more wonderful the universal sweep of his friendship.

How do I know He is my Friend? "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And when we were yet enemies He was our Friend, and died for us. How shall we requite that love? "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you to do." All over the Eastern world to this day the same by which the Patriarch Abraham is known as the "Friend" or the "Companion." Well for us, for time and for eternity, if, knowing that Jesus is our Friend, we yield ourselves, in faith and love, to become his friend.

Protected by Faith.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Everything depends upon the state in which the spiritual constitution meets the struggle and, upon what takes them into the midst of doubt. And so it is with all exposures of the spiritual life. What took you there? What right had you to be there? Those are the critical questions on which everything depends. If you are passing through temptation with your eye fixed on a pure, true life beyond it, temptation being only a necessary stage upon your way, so long as you keep that purpose, that resolution, that ideal, you shall be safe. If you are in temptation, with no purpose beyond it, you are lost. Two men walk through the vilest streets in a great city. One of them has nothing in him but selfishness and low love of self indulgence. The other is glowing with human charity, seeking perhaps some child of his who has wandered into that dreadful hell, or longing, it may be, to pluck out of the burning some man's or woman's life, whose fiery iniquity makes these streets the streets of hell. Why is it that one man fills himself full of the iniquity through which he walks, and the other comes out with garments all the whiter for the fire? Two men go into politics. One of them wants office. What shall be their personal fate, the fate of their personal characters, there in the political turmoil? One of them has no faith. It is faith that sends the other where perhaps his feet half refuse to go. According to their faith so it is unto them; and while one man sinks into unscrupulous selfishness and shameless corruption the other seems to breathe the foulest air without a weakness or a taint. The women in social life bears a charmed life through all its deadening frivolity because the life of Christ is in her, and she, ever counts herself, and all of those whom her life touches in the lightest contact, the children of God, sacred, and capable of pure and beautiful life. Everywhere the amulet is Faith; some great idea, some large, long hope. Wherever Death rages most wantonly, there "the just shall live by Faith."—Watchman.

Our Duty to Ourselves.

A popular conception of duty to one's self is that it involves getting all which one can and keeping all which one gets. This, of course, is selfishness unadulterated. On the other hand there are those who insist that utter disregard of self is the only proper rule of life. The truth lies between these two extremes. Of the two the latter is often claimed to be in accord with Christian teaching, and certainly is safer, nobler and more promotive of personal and general welfare than its opposite. But it must be understood with some qualification.

Sheer selfishness, strongly although it makes its appeal, always is ignoble and evil. There is no need of arguing to prove its indefensibility. When, then, is its opposite, entire unselfishness, susceptible of doing harm? When, it tends to defeat its own purpose, we may answer. Parental self-denial for the sake of promoting the good of children is as honorable and creditable as it is beautiful in itself. But in many an instance it causes the children who are its objects to become indolent, selfish and inefficient. Everything being done for them at whatever cost of parental effort, they learn to depend more and more upon others instead of themselves, and usually grow increasingly grasping and blind to the sacrifices which are made in their behalf.

Unselfishness which is thus indiscriminate may be genuine, yet it is mischievous. That alone is commendable unselfishness which studies the highest good of its objects. The obligation to illustrate it is not the only one resting upon us. We also are bound to consider our-

selves in some degree. As individuals we have inalienable rights, to claim which is quite consistent with our duty to others. We may not always yield our judgment to that of others. We may not always regulate our conduct by the convictions of others, still less by their prejudices and whims. We may do them lasting harm by failing to resist the domineering spirit which prompts them to insist that we deny ourselves, or by neglecting the opportunity to show them in our practice that their opinions are mistaken. The weak brethren, whose weakness often proves a tower of strength to them, frequently receive too much deference. The apostle's injunction must be interpreted in connection with his own teachings and his example, and not solely by itself.—Congregationalist.

Book Notices.

BIBLE SOCIETIES AND THE BAPTISTS.

Under the above heading Dr. C. C. Bitting has brought together in a booklet of 95 pages a large amount of information respecting the relation of the Baptists of Great Britain and the United States to Bible Societies. As is well known the attitude assumed by the British and Foreign Bible Society in England and the American Bible Society in the United States toward translations of the New Testament by competent Baptist scholars on their Foreign Mission fields has been very unsatisfactory to Baptists. The history of the discussions on this subject is presented in considerable detail in Dr. Bitting's book. Those who desire information on the subject will find it here in a convenient form. The booklet is issued by the American Baptist Publication Society.

Select Notes. A commentary on the Sunday School lessons for 1898. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston and Chicago.

The excellence of Peloubet's Select Notes is very widely recognized. The issue for 1898, just received, bears upon every page marks of the careful, painstaking work of its compilers and publishers, and it will undoubtedly prove to be the most valuable volume of the series, now twenty-four years old. The lessons for 1898 will demand much earnest work on the part of those who shall so master their contents as to be efficient instructors of others, and the teacher will hardly find elsewhere, within the same compass, so much valuable information and illustrative material furnished to his hand. The book is a fine specimen of printing, contains three truthful maps, five full-page illustrations, besides a host of smaller pictures scattered through the book, is strongly bound, and in every way fitly establishes the high reputation of its publishers, who are recognized leaders among Sunday School publishers.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

The Century Magazine, with its November number, enters upon its twenty-seventh year. During its long existence, by reason of its many notable successes, it has won an assured and commanding position. During the coming year The Century will maintain its exceptional position as a magazine of entertainment and as a leader in art and thought.

Its pictorial features will be notable, and it will command the services of the foremost artists, illustrators and engravers of this country and of Europe.

Nothing like a complete announcement of its literary features can be attempted now. Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose novel of the American Revolution, "Hugh Wynne," is the great success of the year, has written a new story for the present volume. It bears the quaint title: "The Adventures of Francois: Foundling, Adventurer, Juggler and Fencing-Master during the French Revolution." The tale is full of romance and adventure. Mrs. Burton Harrison contributes a new novel of New York life, called "Good Americans," in which contemporaneous social types and tendencies are brightly mirrored and described.

There will be a group of clever stories about horses and people who like horses, under the general title of "Gallopas." "A Woman's Reminiscences of the French Intervention in Mexico" will be given in a series of graphic and highly picturesque papers by Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson. Further contributions to the interesting series of "Heroes of Peace" will be made by Jacob A. Riis, Gustav Kobbé, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, and others.

For the benefit of readers of The Century an unusual combination offer is made for this year. There has been issued "The Century Gallery of One Hundred Portraits," made up of the finest engravings that have appeared in the magazine, and representing a total expenditure of nearly \$30,000. These are printed on heavy plate-paper, with wide margins, like proofs. The retail price of the gallery is \$7.50, but this year it will be sold only in connection with a subscription to The Century, the price of the two together being \$5.50.

ST. NICHOLAS.

St. Nicholas, conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, enters upon the twenty-fifth year for its successful career as the leading magazine for boys and girls with its November issue. A remarkably varied and attractive list of features has been secured for the coming year, including contributions by several of the foremost writers of the day.

Rudyard Kipling's first "Jungle Stories" were written for St. Nicholas, and this year he will contribute a new series of stories, to the magazine, called "The Just-So Stories," written in a new vein—fantastic stories. Some stories, Mr. Kipling says, are meant to be read quietly, and some are meant to be told aloud. Some are for rainy mornings and some for long, hot afternoons, and some are for bedtime. These stories of Mr. Kipling's are meant to be told "just-so," and one must not alter one single little word. They are stories about animals, queer, very queer animals.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton will contribute "The Buccaneers of Our Coast." This is a series of narrative sketches in which will be treated the origin, characteristics, adventures, and exploits of that wild body of sea-rovers, calling themselves "The Brethren of the Coast," who during the greater part of the seventeenth century ravaged and almost ruled the waters and shores of the West Indies.

Mr. J. T. Trowbridge has written a serial, "Two Bid-dicut Boys, and Their Adventures With a Wonderful Trick Dog." This is marked by his best qualities and is full of effective interest. A lively story of track and field is "The Lakerim Athletic Club," by Rupert Hughes, which will tell of a year of sports carried out by a party of "real boys." Mr. W. O. Stoddard writes a stirring romance of chivalry, "With the Black Prince," telling of the fortunes and adventures of an English lad who fights at the battle of Crécy. A fairy-tale of science "Through the Earth," by Clement Fozzandé, is a serial of the Jules Verne order. It tells of the daring conception of a scientist of the next century, who by the enormously increased power of electricity succeeds in boring a hole through the earth and sending a boy in a cigar-shaped car through the tunnel.

There will be the usual number of articles of instruction and entertainment, short stories, poems and jingles, as well as hundreds of pictures by leading artists. The price of St. Nicholas is 25 cents a copy, or \$3.00 a year.

Love's Sweet Work.

A London paper tells this touching story of Prof. Herkomer: "His aged father, who lives with him in his splendid home at Bushney, used to model clay in his early life. He has recently taken to it again, but his fear is that soon his hands will lose their skill, and his work will show the mark of imperfections. It is his one sorrow. At night he goes to his early rest, and when he has gone his talented son goes into his studio, takes up his father's feeble attempts, and makes the work as beautiful as art can make it. When the old man comes down in the morning he takes the work and looks at it, and rubs his hands and says: 'Ha! I can do as well as I ever did!' May we not believe that the hands of divine love will thus make over our feeble work for God till it shall bear the light of day, and be perfect to all eternity?"

When the microscopic search of scepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square, where a decent man can live in decency, comfort and security, supporting and educating his children, unspooled and unpolluted, a place where age is revered, infancy respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard,—when skeptics can find such a place, ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundations and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical literati to move thither, and there ventilate their views.—James Russell Lowell.

A little girl of five or so was much puzzled on hearing the lines of the old hymn—

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

"What ever," she asked, "did they want to sit on Satan's knees for? I'm sure I should not like to sit on Satan's knees at all. And why should he tremble, if they were so little?" This is a delightful bit of childish misunderstanding, and it is half pathetic in its suggestion of how we wander when searching for the meanings of our hieroglyphics.—National Review.

Many a teacher knows how to teach, but doesn't know how to be taught.