

PER PAGEM AD LUCEM.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be  
A pleasant road;  
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me  
Aught of its load:  
I do not ask that flowers should always spring  
Beneath my feet;  
I know too well the poison and the sting  
Of things too sweet.  
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,  
Lead me aright—  
Though strength should falter, and though heart  
Should bleed—  
Through peace to light.  
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed  
Full radiance here,  
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread,  
Without a fear:  
I do not ask my cross to understand,  
My way to see;  
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,  
And follow thee.  
Joy is like roses day; but peace divine  
Like quiet night,  
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine  
Through peace to light.  
—Abelale A. Proctor.

DEAN STANLEY ON THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

A celebrated Scotch statesman is reported to have said that a true patriot was a man who would venture his all for the Crown, and son of the Kirk; and whatever may be the future that is awaiting either the theology or ecclesiastical arrangements of the northern section of our island, there is no doubt whatever that the men—why should we not add the women?—who, before the days of Burns and Walter Scott, have vitally controlled, or permanently colored the development of the religious life in Scotland, have all belonged to the ultra-High-Kirk type, so naively defined by one of its eminent representatives. The modern Ritualist contrasts badly in his churchmanship with a son of the Scotch National Covenant. The Ritualist is a hectoring schoolboy, with special histrionic tendencies, who enjoys the game of badgering his bishop, if the prelate is of "Low" proclivities, and of displaying his banners in the face of ecclesiastical judicatories. The Church with him is a small matter, compared with the chasuble and florid "celebrations." He is insurgent, dissident, and contumacious in behalf of scenic effect. He is essentially sectarian, non-conformist, and separatist; is a "busy bee," who looks on his bishop very much as a drone, and who regards the queen of the hive with doubtful loyalty.

Dean Stanley is, of course, familiar with this species of ecclesiastical existence. But we trust he did not for a moment fancy before he delivered his four lectures on the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh, that Andrew Melville, Alexander Henderson, George Gillespie, Samuel Rutherford, or, in more recent times, David Welsh and Thomas Chalmers—all High-kirk men to their inmost hearts' core—had any affinity with the modern Anglican recalcitrant against the usages of the Establishment. Indeed, scattered all through the four brilliant lectures are hints and plain intimations that he was far from "condemning the persons" of the two separate classes. At the same time, we are obliged to express the suspicion that even Dr. Stanley, with all his fine historical imagination, had failed to realize to himself the obdurate, perfervid tenacity of Scotch churchmanship. Scotland has been baptized in blood for her convictions. Her sons and daughters, peers and peasants alike, went psalm-singing to the gallows, the stake, to death by flood, "for Christ's crown and covenant." The memories of her martyred saints are to this day household talk in the glens and moors of all the South of Scotland. Devout shepherds uncover their heads as they pass the gray stone underneath which lie the remains of such a boy, for instance, as Andrew Hishop, of Eskdale Muir, who, when commanded by the officer of Dalzell's dragoons to pull his cap over his eyes, before the soldiers discharged at him their deadly volley, replied,—"What for should I do see; I hae doon naucht to be ashamed o'!"

And even in Edinburgh itself, where there is to be found a considerable tincture of philosophic culture and liberalism, there is no question whatever that the majority of the church-goers of all sections of the community—and some even of the Episcopalian included—are prepared to testify their cordial adherence to the words of the thirtieth chapter of the Confession of Faith, that "the Lord Jesus Christ, as King and Head of the Church, hath therein appointed, in the hands of Church officers, a government distinct from the civil magistrate." The doctrine contained in this affirmation of the Westminster Confession supplies the key to the whole ecclesiastical history of Scotland for the last three hundred years. It involves the secret of Knox's painful, but dauntless contest with Queen Mary. It ministers the fuel to the fiery letters he addressed to the Lords of the Congregation. It was the wall leaning against which the short-statured, fearless Hebrew scholar, Andrew Melville, "dared" the insolent pedantry and vindictiveness of King James. It gave inspiration to the great Glasgow General Assembly of 1698, at the close of which the benign, but heroic Alexander Henderson—the

whole "Tulchan Apparatus," as Carlyle happily terms the Scotch Episcopate, having been abolished—proclaimed, "We have thrown down the walls of Jericho, the curse of Hiel the Bethelite rest on him who shall dare to build them up again."

The fervid faith in its divine authority braided the hearts of the late Covenanters to uphold their blue banner on the Scotch hills for eight and twenty wrestling years, until the Stewarts were driven from the throne. It necessitated all the sorrowful secessions of the eighteenth century, and finally, in 1843, when the Scotch civil courts, backed by the highest legal authority in England, had declared that the voice of the congregation in the settlement of a minister "was a merely formal, or altogether impertinent element, it effected an exodus from the Establishment of five hundred clergymen, including such names as Thomas Chalmers; Forbes, the eminent analyst, Welsh, the Church historian; and Sir David Brewster; while of the men who remained, "residuary legatees," as they were called, "under Lord Aberdeen's will," there was scarcely one who, at the time, had been heard off beyond the boundaries of his own parish. We are not forgetting as we write the relative positions occupied in 1872 by the respective Kirks—the Established and the Free—in the eyes of enlightened observers; nor are we, as yet, forecasting their respective futures. We are trying to speak only as historians, and it seems to us that it is just in this, the central element of the Scotch Kirk history, that Dean Stanley committed a fatal blunder.—*London Spectator.*

LODGINGS IN ROME.

We are not at a hotel; we are too familiar with European travel to pay first-class prices for third-class accommodations. We have taken apartments in the house of a Roman family, who reserve what is cleanly for their tenants and the opposite for themselves. In all these Roman lodgings there is something exteriorly grand. They are old, decayed, in a measure dilapidated, and yet there is a charm in their very antiquity. They are not convenient lodging-houses, are often dark and damp and cheerless, but they are—what shall I say?—Roman; no other word expresses it. With their covered terraces, their obscure corridors, their tumbling staircases, their unswept halls, they are repulsive to the housekeeper, but attractive to the antiquary. You respect them, but it is only for their old age. The very loungers who hang about the door form picturesque groups—if you do not come too near. Our landlord is, I believe, a Roman noble. His chief source of income is the petty rent he derives from the apartments in the rear. In Rome, industry is not aristocratic, but dirt is. The father and his son frequent a cafe, drink water—for the Romans are not intemperate—read a newspaper, and talk Italian politics. The young ladies—of whom there are two—remain in slatternly morning-gowns till the afternoon promenade, when you may see them on the streets, dressed like ladies, and carrying themselves as those who know by experience nothing of poverty. The aim of a true Roman's life is to do nothing, or as near it as possible. If you are inclined to find fault with your own apartments—and they will not bear to be measured by American standards—go into theirs. They are mere kennels; the dirt and confusion which reign would strike dismay into the heart of a citizen of the Fourth Ward of New York City. The public halls partake of this Roman characteristic. They are never swept. They constitute, in fact, a sort of private street, for there is no porter, and the main door stands open day and night; a rather disagreeable street to enter, also, late in the evening, for there is no light in the hall. We carry matches and a taper in our pockets, or grope our way up to our own apartment as best we can, vividly remembering, and vainly striving to forget, the fearful stories we have read in childhood of Italian assassination.

This aspect of decay characterizes the entire city of Rome. Shiftless! is the exclamation which springs involuntarily to the lips of the Yankee tourist a hundred times a day. It impresses itself upon you at every turn of every street. The markets are held under large umbrellas. The barber's shop is a little awning stretched across the sidewalk. There is no energy, activity, industry. The very sports are idlers' sports, in which two or three stalwart Romans engage, while half a score of idle on-lookers gather around to see.—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

The story of the human race is the story of God's temple. Unbelieving souls are the rubbish to be removed at the judgment day. Ask yourself: "Am I on that foundation, or am I of the rubbish?" Do you love Christ? Then you are in the temple. The architect has keen eyes, and goes around looking to see that all the lives of the temple are erect, that nothing may give way.—*H. M. Scudder.*

IS YOUR SOUL INSURED?

"Pa," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face as earnestly as if he understood the importance of the subject, "Pa, is your soul insured?" "What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father. "Why do you ask that question?" "Why, pa, I heard uncle George say that you had your house insured, and your life insured; but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it. Won't you get it insured right away?" The father leaned his head on his hand, and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty; his buildings were all well covered with insurance, but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease, he had the day before taken a life-policy for a large amount, yet not one thought had he given to his immortal soul. On that which wasteth away and becometh part and parcel of his own native dust, he had spared no pains; but for that which was to live on through the long ages of eternity, he had made no provision. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was a question he cared not to ask. Now, as he sits in silence his soul is stirred within him, and he mentally exclaims, "What shall I do to be saved?" Wasted years, golden opportunities unimproved, broken Sabbaths, a neglected Bible, the warnings of friends, and the voice of God's afflictive providence unanswered, rushed to his mind, and he finds no peace until he throws himself into the arms of Jesus. Dear reader, have you had your soul insured? If you have houses, you have not neglected to pay a premium to secure you against their loss by fire.—If you have stock in trade, you are wise enough to have it well covered by insurance; and if you have some loved friend to care for, perhaps you have taken a policy which will only be paid after your voice shall be hushed in silence, and your hands be folded across your breast, never again to be uplifted. You are wise in making these securities; but have you made sure of that everlasting home offered you by infinite love? Have you secured that policy given by covenant and by oath, and urged upon all, whether rich or poor, bond or free, in, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."—*The Christian at Work.*

THE COMING COMET.

In the actual case in question it is known, says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that a comet which itself passed in sight of us in the year 1862 has its path strewn with meteoric particles, as with debris that it had left behind it. The earth intersects its path every 11th of August, and some of these particles then plunge into our atmosphere, and are kindled into visibility, giving rise to the luminous meteors of that date which have long been known in tradition-loving Ireland as St. Lawrence's fiery tears. So that on that critical date we do encounter the trail (not the tail, for comets do not trail their tails) of a comet—with what harmless consequences we all know; and it is conceivable that the report, to which we have alluded, grew out of some simple announcement of this circumstance. It may be suspected that since each year we cross the comet's path, we may one day fall foul of the body itself. So we may, but it will not be this year, nor in the lifetime of any one who now reads these remarks, for the last approach was in the year 1862, and since the comet's period of revolution round its vast orbit is 113 years, it will not come near us till the year 1975, and the odds against the probability of an encounter even then are enormous.

In thinking lovingly about others, we think healthily about ourselves.

Hypocrisy, of course, delights in the most sublime speculation; for, never intending to go beyond speculation, it costs nothing to have it magnificent.—*Burke.*

If we had faith in God, as our Lord tells us, our hearts would share in his greatness and peace; for we should not then be shut up in ourselves, but would walk abroad in him.

Behind the mountains there live people, too. Be modest; as yet you have discovered and thought nothing which others have not thought and discovered before you. And even if you have done so regard it as a gift from above, which you have got to share with others.

The art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest. The teacher who would be successful must cultivate the gift. If it comes hard, pray earnestly over it, just as you would for any other spiritual grace. It is one of your greatest means for doing good.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

BY E. R. JAMES.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Yes, my impatient friend, in every emphatic sense. "But I make no profession. I do not set myself up as a model." Ah! but you are exercising a silent but powerful influence over your associates, the responsibility of which cannot be denied.

The writer speaks from an experience which years of penitence cannot relieve from painful regrets.

In the days of my thoughtless young manhood, while a revival of religion was in my native village, a comrad, noble, generous, frank, came to me in great distress of mind, and proposed with much earnestness to solicit the prayers of Christians, if I would do the same. After a moment's deliberate reflection, I replied: "No, I can't do it." The young man went away sorrowful. He was almost decided, but needed my humble example to form a determination. Christian people were not wanting a pious mother even—but impenitent as I was, it seemed that a small act of encouragement from me was essential in that critical hour.

Years have passed away. G. I., as I trust, has spoken peace to my soul, and sorely have I repented the decision upon which I hinged, largely at least, the destiny of my early friend. Much have I endeavored to counteract the fatal influence of that simple refusal, but my opportunity has gone by. A thousand miles lie between us, and, I fear, a fixed gulf, unmeasured by space. While recently visiting the scenes of my early life, I met that same friend of my youth. As a lawyer, he had occupied positions of honor; but though scarcely past middle life, he bore upon his countenance the visible impress of continued dissipation, and from all I could learn was a ruined man.

Reader, each moment has its peculiar responsibilities, its peculiar and precious opportunities. Neglect may be pardoned, but it will never fail to bring regret.

THE ACTIVITIES OF CHRIST ON BEHALF OF HIS PEOPLE.

- He gave himself for their sins. Gal. 1: 4.
  - He quickens them by his voice. John 5: 25.
  - He seals them with his Spirit. Eph. 1: 13.
  - He feeds them with his flesh and blood. John 6: 56, 57.
  - He cleanses them by his word. John 13: 5. Eph. 5: 26.
  - He maintains them by his intercession. Rom. 8: 31. Heb. 7: 25. 1 John 2: 1.
  - He takes them individually to himself. Acts. 7: 59. Phil. 1: 23.
  - He watches over their ashes. John 6: 39, 40.
  - He will raise them by his power. John 6: 39, 40. 1 Cor. 15: 52. 1 Thess. 5: 16.
  - He will come to meet them in the air. 1 Thess. 4: 17.
  - He will conform them to his image. Philippians 3: 21. 1 John 3: 2.
  - He will associate them with himself in his everlasting kingdom. John 13: 3; 18: 25.
- Thus the activities of Christ on behalf of his people, take in, in their range, the past, the present, and the future. They stretch like a golden line, from everlasting to everlasting. Well may it be said, "Happy is the people that is in such a case; yea, happy is the people whose God is their Lord."
- "Happy they who trust in Jesus,  
Sweet their portion is and sure."  
—*Things New and Old.*

TRAILING DRESSES.

It may do very well for princesses and ladies in king's places, whose stian slippers never touch the earth, but who walk on velvets and have maids in waiting to bear their trains, to wear trailing garments. But when self-reliant American women, who walk God's earth in shoe leather, go dragging their garments through the filthy streets, without servant or maid to lift them over the gutters, the style is too absurd and untidy to be sanctioned by any sensible woman.

We have four objections to trailing dresses, any one of which we think ought to condemn them in the estimation of sensible people.

1. They are inconvenient. They interfere with locomotion, and trammel our movements so that we cannot work or walk with ease.
2. They are a nuisance. They interfere with the rights, and hinder the movements of other people, and are too often a stumbling block on the public thoroughfare.
3. They are untidy. They are regular fifth gathers; they gather all the dirt that comes within their reach.
4. They are extravagant. They lead to a wilful waste of money that might be used for a better purpose.—*Christian Woman.*

THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secret confided to his keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantages of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of innuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident he comes in possession of his neighbors' councils, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye whether they flutter at the window or be open before him in unguarded exposure are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted alone, out of sight, near the thinnest partition anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly, he cannot descend to scurrility. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.—*Selected.*

CHRIST DIED FOR THE UN-GODLY.

Starr King, one of the most eloquent champions of the Socinians, paid the following tribute to the doctrine of the vicarious atonement:

It is embodied by the holiest of memories, as it has been consecrated by the loftiest talent of Christendom. It fired the fierce eloquence of Tertullian in the early church, and gushed in honeyed periods from the lips of Chrysostom: it enlisted the life-long zeal of Athanasius to keep it pure; the sublimity of it fired every power, and commanded all the resources of the mighty soul of Augustine; the learning of Jerome, and the energy of Ambrose, were committed to its defense; it was the text for the subtle eye and analytic thought of Aquinas; it was the pillar of Luther's soul, toiling for man; it was shapen into intellectual proportions and systematic symmetry by the iron logic of Calvin; it inspired the beautiful humility of Fenelon; fostered the devotion and self-sacrifice of Oberlin; flowed like molten metal into the rigid forms of Edwards' intellect, and kindled the deep and steady rapture of Wesley's heart. All the great enterprises of Christian history have been born from the influence, immediate or remote, which the vicarious theory of redemption has exercised upon the mind and heart of humanity.—*Church and State.*

HUMAN EQUALITY.

Perhaps of all the erroneous notions concerning mind which the science of metaphysics has engendered or abetted, there is none more fallacious than that which tacitly assumes or explicitly declares that men are born with equal original mental capacity, opportunities and educations determining the differences of subsequent development. The opinion is as cruel as it is false. What man can by taking thought add one cubit either to his mental or to his bodily stature? Multitudes of human beings come into the world weighted with a destiny against which they have neither the will nor power to contend; they are the step-children of Nature, and groan under the worst of all tyrannies, the tyranny of a bad organization. Men differ, indeed, in the fundamental characters of their minds as they do in the features of their countenances or in the habits of their bodies; and between those who are born with the potentiality of a full and complete mental development, under favorable circumstances, and those who are born with an innate incapacity of mental development, under any circumstances, there exists every gradation. What teaching could ever raise the congenital idiot to the common level of human intelligence? What teaching could ever keep the inspired mind of the man of genius at that level.—*Scribner's for August.*

Quietness under one's own roof, and quietness in our own consciences are two substantial blessings, which, whoever barbers for show and pomp, will find himself a loser by the exchange.

We should teach our children to think no more of their bodies when dead than they do of their hair when it is cut off, or of their old clothes when they have done with them. It is making altogether too much of the body, and is indicative of an evil tendency to materialism, that we talk as if we possessed souls, instead of being souls; for what a man has cannot be himself. They ought to be taught that they have bodies, and that their bodies die, while they themselves live on.