IS THE YOUNG MAN SAFE?

(From a Sermon by Dr. Talmage).

My friends, the question which the father asked in regard to his son is the question that resounds today in the hearts of hundreds of parents.

Yes: there are a great multitude of young men, who know that the question of the subject is appropriate, when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded. They see so many who started in life with as good resolutions as they have, who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my subject, Is the young man safe?

The fact is, that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the Grace of God and a proper understanding of the conflicts into which he is going, must certainly be defeated.

Just look off upon society today. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position and from great fortune; disgraced for time, disgraced for eternity. All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow.

Take a dishonest dollar, and bury it in the centre of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountains on top of it, then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of the world, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California, and they can't keep down that dishonest dollar. That one dishonest dollar in the centre of the earth will begin to heave and rock and upturn itself until it comes to the resurrection of damnation.

So, he that getteth riches and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.

Now: What are the safe guards of young men? The first on which I want to speak is, Love of Home.

There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that concentrate around that word Home. Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words and peculiance and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of the spot. Love, kindness and self-sacrifice, which have built their altars in so may abodes, were strangers in your fathers house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home.

But, some in this audience can look back to a spot they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul. A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it, but oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace walls does not mean so much to you as those rough hewn rafters. The barred gateway swung open by a porter in full dress does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other. She, gone years ago into glory. That scene coming back to you today as you swept backward and forward on the gate singing the songs of your childhood.

But there are those here who have their second dwelling place; it is your adopted home. That, also, is sacred forever. There, you established the first family altar; there your children were born. On that room lapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can convey your idea of that place, and that word is Home. Here, let me say, I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over, at the same time, to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club-room, in the literary society, in the art saloon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the way to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your kindred. Young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it may be the fourth storey of a third class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures, and a harp. Hang your mothers picture over the mantle. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in the room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a fathers council, a mothers love and a sisters confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for young men is, Industrious Habits. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by hones: toil. There is a young man who goes from the country to the city. After a while he has his estate by penmanship making copy plates. Now is the time for him to retire to the country amid the flocks and the herds to culture the domestic virtues. I should not wonder if that young man died a dishonorable death and soon tumbled into a dishonorable grave and then went into the gnashing of teeth. "The way of the ungodly shall perish."

Oh young man you must have industry of head or hand or foot or perish. Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of the country today is genius. Men with large self-conceit and nothing else. The man who purposes making his living by his wits probably has not any. I should rather be an ox plain and plodding and useful than to be an eagle high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Even in the garden of Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, and consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth her food in summer and gatheth her meat in harvest. Satan is a roaring lion and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword. The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen and type and hammer and adze and saw and pick-axe and yard stick and the weapon of honest toil. Work. Work or die.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low and it is often that the captain going into conflict with his men will cry out, now men aim high. The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all, and a great many men start the important structure of life without knowing whether it is going to be a rude Tartar's hut or a St. Marks Cathedral. Out of one thousand, 999 have no life plot, booted and spured they hasten along, and you run out and say, Hollos, man! whither away? Nowhere, they say. Oh young man make every day's duties a filling up of the great life plot. Alas that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port. They are swept everywhere by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sail with no chart; they gaze on no star; they long for no harbor. Oh young man have a high ideal and press to it, and it will be a mighty safeguard. There never were grander opportunities opening before young men than are opening now. Young men of strong arm and of the strong heart and of the bounding step, I marshall you today for a great achievement.

Another safeguard is, Respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbaths, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exhorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeding and clothing of the immortal soul. Our bodies are seven day clocks and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask the aged men and they will tell you that they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fail in mind, body, or moral principles. Oh my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advise but I give it to you now, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt do no work." A man said that he would prove all this was a fallacy, and so he said I shall raise a Sunday crop, and he plowed the field on Sunday, and then he put in the seed on Sunday and he cultured the groung on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe he reaped it on the Sabbath and carried it in on the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his christian neighbors and said, "There, that is my Sunday crop and it is all garnered." After a while a storm came up and a great darkness and the lightnings from heaven struck the barn and away went his Sunday crop.

There is another safeguard that I want to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be more emphatic. The great safeguard for every young man is The Christian Religion. Nothing can take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to the blush Lord Chesterfield; you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue; you may discuss laws and literature; you may have a pen of unequalled polish and power; you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house; you may be as sharp as Herod, and as strong as Sampson, and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you look forward to life with great despondency, I know it, I see it in your faces from time to time. You say all of the occupations and professions are full and there is no chance for me. Oh young man cheer up. I will tell you how you can make your future. Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in the matter. You will not drink the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a generous Saviour you will not act like that; You have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly; That is not honorable; That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lord Jesus I tell you so today, and the blessed Spirit passes through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips. Oh thrust it not back; mercy presents it, bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains but to despise God's love, for your soul do not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me: "I start out now to preach the Gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people. Do you remember me? I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you were worshipping in the chapel after you come from Philadelphia. Do you remember at the close of the service a man coming up to you all a tremble with conviction, and crying out for mercy, and telling you he had a very bad business and he thought he would change it? That was the turning point in my history. I gave up my bad business. I gave my heart to God, and the desire to serve Him has been growing upon me all these years until now, woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel." That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of some young men in this room. God help us. Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theatre, New York, to see a play which made religion ridiculous and hypocritical; They had been brought up in Christian families; They started for the theatre to see the vile play, and their early convictions came back upon them, they felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theatre, one of the young men stopped and started for home, the other young man went in, he went from one degree of temptation to, another, caught in the whirl of frivolity of sin he sank lower and lower, he lost his business position, he lost his morals. He lost his soul and died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you today, said the minister, to thank God that for 20 years I have been permitted to preach the Gospel. I am the other young man. Oh you see that was the turning point, the one went back the other went on. The great roaring world of business life will soon break in on you young man. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day, as an ocean billon dishes letters out of the sand on the beach. You need something better than this world can give you. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you, and may the Lord bless and keep you all.

Condensed

REPORT ON EDUCATION OF THE P. E. I. ASSOCIATION.

PREPARED BY REV. C. W. COSBY.

After noting the prosperous year enjoyed by the institutions, expressing confidence in the management of the College, Academy and Ladies' Seminary, noting the loyalty of the students to their *Alma Mater* and the high place which Acadia has won in the esteem of educators at home and abroad, the report proceeds:

PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

Acadia, we are convinced is in the advance ranks of educational institutions today. Her ladies seminary is finely equipped, Horton academy offers the very best advantages for academic work. The university we have already spoken of. But her progressive spirit is attested to also by the addition of manual training. This is a most highly practical department of her work. Young men are taught the use of tools in wood and iron work, practical drawing, etc. She is also fortunate in having connected to the institution the N. S. Government Horticulural School, thus offering to her students an opportunity to familiarise themselves with the most improved ideas of nourishing and training plant life, and of becoming practical fruit growers. There are opportunities indicative of the practical idea of her educational work. Acadia believes in an education for her preachers and professional men, and she also believes in an education for the farmers and workmen. The education of the future must be for the masses and not merely for the classes.

ACADIA AND THE CHURCHES.

Too much can scarcely be said of the important work these institutions are doing for our churches. They have raised us from a dependent to an independent educational people. Through their influence the Maritime Baptists have cast off the stigma of ignorant thrown at her by those more richly favored at that time. The ministry of the churches has largely been educated by her. In fact a very large number of our pastors had not only not been moved to preach, but had not even been called into the Kingdom of Christ till after they had begun study at Acadia. The large number of laymen who are among the best supporters of the churches, by advice, means and prayer, received, if not the new life, at least strong moral and religious training at Acadia.

MORE CAN BE DONE.

We are strongly of the opinion, however, that our churches have not yet made the most of their opportunities in our schools. . . . . Here is a large field of opportunity open to the churches. Let parents stimulate their children with the idea of better educational equipment. Let the churches more fully insist on, not educated men for the ministry, but men for the ministry educated. Let all seek to combine a genuine culture with piety and the progress of our churches at large will be more gratifying, because more substantial. Our aim should not be to produce here and there an intellectual giant, but rather to have a Baptist constituency polished by, not merely grace, but gracious culture into the similitude of a palace.

DR. SAWYER'S RESIGNATION.

Your committee note with regret the resignation of the honored head of our college, Dr. Sawyer. We regard it as very appropriate that this association give expression to its high appreciation of Dr. Sawyer, at this season of retirement from office. Having given so many years of his valuable services to the denomination in its educational work we are deeply indebted to him. In his resignation, while to us not having any apparent ground for his reason, he is exercising the same prudence and forethought which has characterized his action in all his past work. While we can observe no abatement in his energies, yet for some years past he has spoken to graduating classes of his advancing years and the consequent necessity of relief in his work. The institution, however, cannot afford to lose the benefit of his wisdom, and his eminent didactic ability. We therefore, express gratification with his announced intention still to give his strength to the institution as an instructor. We pray also that the eternal God may give wisdom to the denomination in filling this most important vacancy. A man of culture is required, eminent for his educational, fully in sympathy with young life, a leader, and above all sound in the faith.

CHRISTIANITY THE UNIVERSAL RELIGION.

B. H. CHIVERS, D.D.

The ministry of Jesus Christ, though confined to the narrow limits of Palestine, was a ministry with a large outlook. The horizon of Christ embraced the world. His sympathies were broadly human, catholic. He spoke in universal terms, announcing himself "the Light of the World," "the Bread of Life," "I am the Way, and the Truth and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." The "great commission" was but the consummate expression of the spirit and purpose of his life.

It is not strange that the first disciples were slow to apprehend the largeness of that purpose. It involved the most original and daring conception in the history of human thought. The idea of a universal religion of purely spiritual principles and forces, winning its way to absolute triumph by purely moral methods of propagation, was beyond anything that had entered the mind of man, even in dream or vision. Yet this is the astounding claim of christianity in the New Testament, reiterated all along the ages, and reaffirmed with fresh emphasis today in this era of missions—one religion for the whole world, one spiritual leader for the race, and that religion christianity and that leader Jesus Christ.

An examination of the contents of christianity as a system discloses in it the essential notes of a universal religion. Ignoring all superficial distinctions, and penetrating the thin guise of the external, it deals with the essential in human nature. It appeals to the man in all men. It recognises in all the same human nature, the same guilt, the same need of God, the same instinctive longings, the same capability of rising to higher things, and claims for all a common salvation.

The experience of the centuries furnishes ample proof of the universal adaptation of christianity. Alike in apostolic times, in mediaeval times, and in the world-wide missionary experiments of modern times, the gospel has proved itself "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The soil has yet to be found in which the seed of the kingdom will not germinate and bring forth fruit. There has been no race or tribe so debased or brutalised as to be beneath the redeeming, sanctifying power of the gospel. There has been no class so cultured and refined that it did not need the enlightening and quickening power of the gospel.

Yet today, as ever, there are those who challenge our claim for christianity as the universal religion. Some pronounce the claim irrational and extravagant. Food for the souls of men must differ, they say, as food for the body differs, Religion, they tell us, is but the yearning of the human spirit after the infinite. It matters not how the feeling is quickened, if only it be called forth.

A superficial acquaintance with the various ethnic religions gives added emphasis to this challenge. There is a tendency in the present day to exaggerate the moral value of the great religions of heathenism. Even when it is acknowledged that these religions are inferior to the christian faith in their conceptions of God, of man and of ethical duty itself, it is claimed that they contain enough religious truth to constitute a guide of life. These religions are presented to us in the garb of poetry, etherealized and sublimated; but the facts are against the poetry.

The investigations which have been instituted into the religions of the world have brought to light, and will doubtless bring to light, the seeds of spiritual truth which lie buried beneath the mass of error and superstition. Fresh witness is thus borne to the inextinguishable cravings of humanity after God. But deeper study will demonstrate more profoundly the absolute need of the christian revelation. "Comparative theology," writes Dr. Flint, "is a magnificent demonstration not only that man was made for religion, but what religion he was made for." Man is made for the religion of Jesus Christ; the religion of Jesus Christ is made for man the world over, "Thy kingdom is a kingdom for all ages," and for all nations. "Thy kingdom come."—The Commonwealth.

THE ART OF OVERLOOKING.

The discriminating art of forgetting is invaluable, but the art of overlooking may take precedence, even over this distinct aid to happiness. It is well to put aside the annoyances of by-past time, dropping the remembrance of disagreeables, but it is better still to pass them by in the beginning without taking them up. Prevent the impression, and there will be no occasion to erase it. A mollifying ointment is good for a hurt, but better no hurt in need of healing.

Do not dwell upon unpleasantness long enough for it to take a place in the convolutions of the brain. Do not scrutinise what is unseemly obnoxious, or disquieting, if nothing is to be gained by it save a disturbing memory. Don't stop and stoop to examine displeasing things along the life-path. Keep the eyes at higher levels, and overlook the thorn hedges at the sides, taking care to keep the middle of the track, so as not to brush against them.

Even the excellent people that one meets constantly are sometimes rather trying. Some of them are positive and persistent in opinions which we, in our wisdom, know to be wrong, of course, though strangely enough our convictions fail to be convincing to them. Our way is crossed when there seems to be no need for it; small domestic calamities are legion; carelessless is actually culpable, and a moment's thoughtlessness may cost great inconvenience; yet, after all, these things, either in themselves or in their consequences, are not vital. If they cannot be righted, or even resisted, never mind them. This one bit of advice is so hard to follow that it will be good discipline for a sensitive soul to practice the precept. Even disappointments and hindering interruptions the resolute sunshine-seer will not lay to heart, but will look over and beyond them to the next bright thing to be seen

Sometimes the mere recognition of a thing seems to give it force and form, therefore do not notice the apparent slight, the covert criticism, or the tokens of impatience. Overlook, also, the little inadvertence, the unintentional mistake, and the small disaster that cannot be retrieved. To take note of such things brings confusion to others and discomfort to one's self. The spirit that is too acutely observant is unquiet and overburdened. The constant accuser, who calls one to account for every slip, and demands endless explanations, is a very uncomfortable sort of a friend. Overlook the unmeant offence, and, with no chance to fester in the memory, it will leave no scar behind.

It is amazing how the vexing things of the moment, that seem to grow large while we look, sink into insignificance by-and-bye. Why give them an opportunity to disturb the present? Gauge them, sensibly, by the measure certain to be applied in the moment of calmer after-thought, and forbear the excited protest, forego the resentful expression. One cannot always be sensible, say you? Well, one can at least emulate the example of the old lady who was "determined to endeavor to try."

A discriminating observer of the "method" of a mother who trained a large and very energetic family, a diverse and tumultous set indeed, said that one secret of the marvellous success was the "judicious amount of letting alone." The mother never brought on a controversy or clash of wills when, by prudent overlooking and good management, matters would presently right themselves.

Some people, it is true, have a happy faculty of overlooking, but all may attain a certain facility, through love which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, and never faileth." An "art" we know, thanks to our bulky "Websters," is knowledge applied to practical purposes. It is aptitude, skill, dexterity, acquired by experience. What hourly opportunities common life affords for such acquirement! The art of overlooking may not belong to arts liberal, polite or fine, but it is a kindly and useful one for every day. Cultivate it in life's intimate associations, and thus forestall, in a measure, the need of the art of forgetting.—*Interior.*

GOD, PRESENT IN LITTLE THINGS.

GEO. M. STONE, D.D.

People who understand very little of the "immanence" and "transcendence" of God as terms, have nevertheless a profound longing to see him in the humbler ways of life. They know the sparrow lesson and the word which affirms the numbering of the hairs of the head, and they feel somehow that God being what the Testaments, old and new declare him to be, he can manifest himself in the little as well as in the great. Our modern science comes in very powerfully to reinforce this feeling. The microscope is showing us how he finishes and polishes infinitesimal details beyond natural sight. The more we know of the sparrow and its miracle of flying the more our wonder grows over the deftness and skill which makes it a victor over the air, and the less we wonder that our Heavenly Father should notice its fall. Again, why should he not number the hairs of our head? What unique and marvellous mechanisms of tubes and cells they exhibit! An infinite creator can afford to count what has so much of his own handiwork about it. I take it the mistake most of us are making is in seeking God far away in things of bulk and magnitude while we fail to look for him in the near and lesser spheres of creation and providence. The Master tells us our value, pledges his presence in the little things of life. Sparrows, sheep and oxen have only a relatively small value. Worth in visible things here below belongs to man. Now that a God which must fix and focus our thought is his care for everything which concerns us, he descends and condescends to us. Such are our possibilities that Christ made no mistake in dying for sins to get thereby a leverage to raise us to eternal fellowship with himself. Now he numbers the hairs of our head for another reason than that which leads him to note the sparrow's fall.

We are candidates for glory. Every day we live, every movement we make concerns him far more deeply than we dare to think. Well, if he descends we must descend to find him. We must look for him in every turn of our lives. The visits of Queen Victoria to the bedside of a Scotch peasant woman near Balmoral honor her more than when she wears the coronet of the British Empire upon some great day of royalty. We must emphasize the fact that God chooses to glorify himself in his condescensions. So Christ sought the lowly and the lowly places. It was no accident that he was born among the horned cattle or that Nazareth, a town of ill-repute, was his earthly home. Nothing in his earthly career is more wonderful than his tact and regard for little doings. He tells the half-bewildered parents of the little maid raised from the dead to give her something to eat. He directs the disciples after the miracle of the loaves to gather up the fragments left upon the field. All the visitant angels who have helped the people of God in their trials down here have an eye for details. One of them reminds Peter in the prison, when suddenly awakened, to put on his sandals. Some one has said if there was care for Peter's old shoes, there is surely care for our spiritual needs. And this divine interest in the little things is the sure pledge that he will remember us in the greater necessities of our souls. It is well to rest in the range of God's thoughts in our behalf, even as the Psalmist said in the 139th Psalm, the Psalm of particulars, "How precious also are the thoughts unto me, O God; how great is the sum of them!"—Commonwealth.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands and lay it at his feet,
And whether it be sorrow, or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
Oh, leave it calmly there.

It is the lonely loan
That crushes out the life and light of Heaven;
But, borne with him, the soul, restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy and God's high praise.
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