

Another brother, also, well beloved, writing in THE CHRISTIAN, hopes this movement, referred to, may extend to all the churches. On the contrary, I hope and pray that there may be "no divisions among us." That we may be found all "endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." That there may be "one body," "one Spirit," "one Hope," "one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all," that "unto Him may be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

D. McDougall.

## THE FAMILY.

### A WORD ABOUT WORDS.

Ah me! these terrible tongues of ours!  
Are we half aware of their mighty powers?  
Do we ever trouble our heads at all  
Where the jest may strike or the hint may fall?  
The latest chirp of that "little bird,"  
That spicy story "you must have heard,"—  
We jerk them away in our gossip rash,  
And somebody's glass, of course, goes smash,  
What fumes have been blasted and broken,  
What pestilent sinks have been stirred,  
By a word in lightness spoken,  
By only an idle word!

A sneer—a shrug—a whisper low—  
They are poisoned shafts from an ambushed bow;  
Shot by the coward, the fool, the knave,  
They pierce the mail of the great and brave,  
Vain is the buckler of wisdom or pride,  
To turn the pitiless point aside;  
The lip may curl with a careless smile,  
But the heart drips blood—drips blood the while.  
Ah me! what hearts have been broken;  
What rivers of blood been stirred,  
By a word in malice spoken,  
By only a bitter word.

A kindly word and a tender tone—  
To only God is their virtue known!  
They can lift from the dust the abject head,  
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;  
The heart close-barred with passion and pride  
Will fling at their knock its portal wide,  
And the hate, that blights and the scorn that sears  
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.  
What ice-bound griefs have been broken,  
What rivers of love been stirred,  
By a word in kindness spoken,  
By only a gentle word!

—Sunday Magazine.

### CHARLOTTE ELLIOT'S HYMN.

SOME fifty years ago, that eminent minister, the Rev. Caesar Malan, of Geneva, was the guest of the Elliots, a well to do family in the West End of London.

One evening in conversation with the daughter, he wished to know if she was a Christian. The young lady resented his question, and told him that religion was a matter that she did not wish to discuss. Mr. Malan replied with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue the subject then, if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to God and become a useful worker for Him."

Several days afterwards the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her.

"But I do not know how to find Christ," she said, "I want you to help me."

"Come to Him just as you are," said Mr. Malan.

He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world.

Further advice resulted in opening the young lady's mind to spiritual light, and her life of devout activity began. She possessed literary gifts, and having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer*, on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of the poems was:

"Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood was shed for me,  
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come."

The words of Pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were of course the writer's inspiration.

Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending religious magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel to troubled minds, found its way into devout persons' scrap books, and then into religious circles and chapel assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the "Church Universal." Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, struck by its beauty and spiritual value, had it printed on a leaflet, and sent for circulation through the cities and towns of the kingdom; and in connection with this, an incident at an English watering-place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the world. Miss Elliot, being in feeble health, was staying at Torquay, in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. The doctor, who was an earnest Christian man, placed one of those floating leaflets in the patient's hands, saying he felt sure she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognized her own hymn, and he discovered that she was its author.

In a letter describing the close of the Diocesan Convention, the late Bishop McIlvaine thus beautifully writes:

"I have chosen a sweet hymn, ('Just as I am,') and have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as my hymn.

"This hymn contains my religion, my theology, my hope! It has been my ministry to preach just what it contains. In health it expresses all my refuge. In death, I desire no other support or consolation.

"When I am gone I wish to be remembered in association with this hymn."

It was among the last hymns that he heard on earth. Often during his last illness he asked to have it read to him.

It was sung by the immense congregation at his funeral as his "favourite hymn."—*Parish Visitor*.

### SAM JONES TO THE WOMEN OF CHICAGO.

"Wife, above all things in the world, let me say a word to you about temperance. We will never put the bar-rooms out of the city, we will never put down the curse of whiskey as long as wives keep it in their homes or allow it to be kept there. Let me tell you. I know women who have kept whiskey at their homes and had their wine entertainments, and they have gone on in that in spite of all advice that could be given; and I've had these same women come to me after service at church, and take my hand and look in my face with tears streaming from their eyes, and say, 'pray for my husband. The poor fellow hasn't drawn a sober breath for five years, and he is now well-nigh to death and damnation.' And these women started their husbands and helped them along until they were poor, helpless drunkards. Thank Almighty God, my wife never gave me a drop of whiskey in her life, and never would suffer it to be brought into her home. You may say, 'Oh, my husband is never going to make a brute of himself.' How do you know? Your husband never had any more will power than I had; he never had any more manhood in him than I have, but I'll tell you, fire, F-I-R-E, like that don't

ask any kind of material, any odds; put that down. If you will keep wine and whiskey in your house, if your husband and boys don't die drunk it won't be your fault. I'll tell you that to-day in all love and kindness.

I hope when you go home you'll break up every demijohn and bottle in your house. You'll never reform society in Chicago until you do. And there's lots of women in Chicago, too, that like the "creeper."

We don't want high license on whiskey, but we want prohibition. Putting high license on whiskey is like putting high license on murder, and then only a few men will be able to pay it, and they'll be the chief murderers of Illinois, going around killing whom they please. Its just as reasonable. If the snake ought to be hit anywhere, hit it on the head, and kill it now and forever. I want every woman in this building who is in favor of constitutional, social, political and eternal prohibition of whiskey to stand up."

The entire congregation of women rose to their feet with a unanimity that was absolutely startling, and they stood and waved their handkerchiefs, and actually cheered the speaker to the echo, so enthusiastic were they.—*Union Signal*.

### SUSPICIOUS SYMPTOMS.

A minister who was, perhaps, not too careful in his habits, was induced by his friend to take the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer, and the doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night; and when Peggy brings you up hot water, you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterward appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after and said:

"I'm glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain affected; there's something wrong wi' his mind."

"How?"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves in the morn, he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner, he shaves at night—he's aye shavin'."

The symptoms were, indeed, very suspicious.—*Harper's Magazine*.

### THE GREAT DANGER.

A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner the Christian is not ruined by being in the world, which he must needs do while he remains in the body, but by the world living in him. The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful is the captain to guard against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees, cause the vessel to sink; and ought not the Christian to watch and pray lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet in his heart?—*New York Observer*.

When a man undertakes to please everybody he is almost sure to please nobody. At least this is true: You cannot please every one. It is therefore always best to do right, seeking to give no one any just cause for offence, whether men are pleased or displeased. If one always acts with a good motive and has a good conscience and God is pleased with him he need not even fear the displeasure of the world.—*Religious Telescope*.