

about to come. Few things in later history are more like to what was noblest in the career of Columbus than the sailing of Carey and his Baptist brethren to convert India to Christ amid the guffaws of all England led off by the Rev. Sidney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*. The orators of three years hence in their religious retrospect of four hundred years, will not fail to draw a Plutarchian parallel between Christopher Columbus and David Livingstone.

But it was not until the full meaning of the work Columbus did began to sink into men's minds that modern missions as a system were inaugurated. And this was only three or four generations ago. When Christian people began to take in the dimensions of the earth, when it got to be no wonderful thing for one to have gone round the globe half a dozen times in a lifetime, then it became plain that this is not so very much of a world, after all. The work appointed to us by our ascending Lord is infinite in one dimension, but very definite and not over-vast in the other dimensions. It is a practicable work, with the Lord's help—we know this by sight now, as well as by faith. Henceforth every achievement counts double. It is so much deducted from the work to be done and added to the resources for accomplishing it. We look less at the things that are behind. The question with us is not so much what distance we have covered, but how much remains. We press toward the mark, and the mark is in full view.

Herein, to my mind, is the secret of that systematic method, and sustained vigour, and vivid hope which characterize the present as compared with former missionary ages of the Church—that we have not only a great work in hand, but a definite work. And the more distinct and clean-cut grows the Church's estimate of her work, the more her intelligent zeal expands and consciously measures itself against the task.

Looking forward, are there any signs to be discerned of future lapses of the Church into inertia and a defensive policy? Study the sky as I can, through whatever changes of wind or cloud, I find, no prognostics but of hope. I do believe that this time we are "on the home-stretch."

### HURRY.

Why are people in such a hurry? Probably if you asked them they would tell you that life is short and work plentiful, and would show a serene conviction (if such an expression as serene could at any time be applied to their state of mind) that their method was the only one likely to succeed in accomplishing that work. True enough there is plenty of work for everyone—no need to tell us that; but, on the other hand, these over-energetic people labour under a great mistake in thinking that they are promoting the general industry. On the contrary, they are adding enormously to the already large amount of laziness in the world. For such is the inherent contradiction of human nature, that the ordinary individual, who would naturally be inclined to do a moderate amount of work, on coming into contact with his friend's excessive zeal, very often then and there makes up his mind that there is nothing in this world he hates so much as fuss, and that no amount of persuasion shall move him from his comfortable fireside. In more ways than one, therefore, our feverishly industrious brothers and sisters fail to attain their end, assuming that that end consists in the accomplishment of as great an amount of work as possible. In the first place, taking the common acceptance of the words, "More haste, worse speed" is applicable to the effects of hurry on the workers themselves—to say so is a truism. We have all had our childish experiences of the evil and inevitable result of pulling up our flowers to see if they were growing, but by no means all of us have learnt thereby the wholesome lesson that most things—whether flowers or human beings—are the better for a little judicious letting alone. We must make the most of our opportunities, we must strive after culture—that is the cry, and so we rush on trying to keep pace with the times, to read this and that new book which everyone ought to have read, and get up more or less superficially this or that subject which is the question of the day, to talk a little art, a little music, a little science, and a vast amount of shallow nonsense on every conceivable subject. And after all, what is the result? True we can, metaphorically speaking, "pack a bag and sweeten a sauce"; but we are not a bit nearer the music of discourse, which can hymn the true life lived by the immortals or men blessed of heaven. We reason that because plants refuse to grow without rain, therefore the best thing we can do is to treat them to a perpetual shower-bath—because our minds want an occasional stimulus from without, therefore the best thing we can do is to apply that stimulus continuously—because sometimes there is need of energy, therefore, like the lawyer, we should be always in a hurry. One phase of this hurrying, this zealous self culture, appears, I take it, in that disease of modern social life, otherwise known as the Self-Improvement Society. Truly this might be said to be the Age of Societies. You can hardly read your favourite poet without falling into the clutches of a society which professes to interpret him to you; and even if you are heretical enough to prefer your own interpretation, fashion probably proves too strong for you, and carries you off by might and main to be improved and cultivated. If you happen to be a Conservative in politics, straightway you are adopted by the Primrose League, and have such-and-such ready-made sentiments put into your mouth. Indeed, if so minded, a man might read by a society, walk by a society, hear music by a society, and in short be taken in and done for by half a dozen societies, until there was about as much individuality left in him as could, by the uninitiated, be discovered in his top-hat.—*Woman's World*.

## Our Young Folks.

### CASTLE BUILDING.

"What are you building, darling?"  
I asked of my girlie fair,  
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,  
Piling her blocks with care;  
And the ruddy glow of the fire-light  
Danced on her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"  
My little maid replied;  
"And these are the walls around it,  
And here is a gateway wide,  
And this is a funny stairway  
To climb up by the side."

The busy, flitting fingers  
Went on with her pretty play,  
And the castle's walls were rising  
In the fading winter day  
When a sudden, luckless motion,  
And all in ruin lay!

Ah, merry little builder,  
The years with stealthy feet,  
May bring full many a vision  
Of castles rare and sweet,  
To end, like your baby pastime,  
In ruin sad and fleet.

You laugh o'er the toy walls fallen,  
So sunshine follows rain,  
And we may smile, looking backward,  
At ruined shrine and fane—  
While the heart hath shattered temples  
It may not build again.

### ALL IN A HALF CENTURY.

The discovery of the electric telegraph.  
The discovery of photography.  
The establishment of ocean steam navigation.  
The annexation of Texas.  
The war with Mexico, and the acquisition of California, with the discoveries of gold that followed.  
The French revolution of 1848.  
The rise and fall of Napoleon III., and the establishment of the French republic.  
The laying of the ocean cables.  
The great civil war and abolition of slavery in the United States.  
The great Franco-German war and the unification of Germany.  
The overthrow of the Pope's temporal power.  
The emancipation of the Russian serfs.  
The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.  
The discovery of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.  
The discovery of the telephone.

### THE ROYALTY OF CHARACTER.

Bishop Fowler, in a recent sermon, said: "After all there is nothing in this world but character." This truth he illustrated by a picture of the days of the war, when Lee and his generals met on one of the streets of Chambersburg, Pa., and, after consultation, decided to march to Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg. A plain farmer's boy heard the conversation from a second story window overlooking the scene below, and then following the column to see that they took the road to Gettysburg, he hastened to a telegraph office and telegraphed to Governor Curtin, saying that Lee had gone to Gettysburg. Curtin sent for the boy, who was taken to him by a special engine at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. As they stood around him, the governor said:

"I would give my right hand to know that this lad tells the truth."

A corporal at headquarters knew the boy, and said:  
"Governor Curtin, I know that boy. I live in the same neighbourhood, and I know it is absolutely impossible for him to lie! There is not a drop of false blood in his veins!"

In five minutes the news went to headquarters, and fifteen minutes from that time the troops were pushing toward Gettysburg. Character, said the Bishop, is the core on which the world turns. It is the pivot of destiny. Let us not worry about reputation, but let us see to it that our characters are right. Reputation is the dust at which swine become frightened in the street. Character is the jewel that blazes on the brow of royalty. Reputation is the breath of the heated mob. Character is the verdict of the eternal Judge!

### GENTLE WORDS AT HOME.

What trifles make or mar the happiness of home! Mr. Jones comes home to dinner, tired and perhaps a little cross. The dinner is not quite ready, the meat is a little overdone, or not quite done enough, and Mr. Jones thinks he does well to be angry. It is trying, to be sure; and Mrs. Jones, if she be a loving wife, will do her very utmost to prevent such a contingency; but it may be she has had the charge of several children, with an inefficient servant in the kitchen, and has really done her best. "I wonder why I can't have my dinner in comfort like Tom Smith," says Mr. Jones. Now Tom Smith has just twice his income, and Mrs. Smith is able to keep a

thoroughly efficient servant, besides which she has no children. All this Mr. Jones forgets in his anger, but not so his wife. It makes the question doubly galling to her, and she replies quickly, "I wonder why I can't have as much housekeeping money as Mrs. Smith." This turning the tables on Mr. Jones is very consoling at the time, but is another of the trifles that destroy the peace of home. A soft answer, a conciliatory word, would have stopped the quarrel at its beginning, but now retorts fly back and forth and an atmosphere of irritation and anger pervades the household for the remainder of the day—aye, for the remainder of life—for each family jar paves the way for another unless some mighty, reforming force, some new birth of love and holiness comes in. The children catch the tone of their parents and bicker among themselves, and that house ceases to be a home except in name. Only where love reigns in every heart, where slights are neither given nor imagined, where no bitter, cutting word is ever spoken, can there be a happy, ideal home.

### THE SMILE BOXES.

Such a racket! It hardly seemed possible for two people no bigger than George and Mabel to so fill the sitting room with noise.

Grandma had gone to her room to take a nap and a rest, and had said before she went that for once she was glad she was pretty deaf, because if she could only hear with one ear and not very well with that one, and could be disturbed with such a racket, she was thankful she had no more ears with which to hear the noise.

The racket wasn't a jolly noise at all. It was cross, and more ugly and disagreeable even than the dreary day out of doors. The children seemed possessed with the spirit of ugliness, and quarrelled over everything. Now they had a pitched battle as to who should have the red checker-men to play with and who the black ones, and then it was a furious little tempest because George had possession of Mabel's "spot" on the carpet. Her mamma was appealed to by Mabel.

"Mamma, make George get off my spot!" Mamma looked puzzled, and then Mabel went on, "George is sitting on my spot, and I was there first, and—make him get off! My spot on the carpet, mamma! He's so hateful!"

At first mamma didn't say anything, but she wondered to herself if it wouldn't be a good plan to do with her two naughty children as did the old woman who lived in a shoe, and whip them both soundly and send them to bed. But mamma remembered that sometimes she felt cross and ugly herself, so decided to try a better way.

She went to a closet and got out two deep boxes, and, calling the little people to her, told them that they were smile-boxes, and writing "George" on one and "Mabel" on the other, gave them to the children to fill up with smiles. As soon as a smile went into the box, the lid was to be put on quickly to hold the smile securely.

Three or four smiles slid into the boxes in fine style, and then there arose a cry from George of:

"Mamma, mamma! Mabel smiled in my box! Take it out! Take it out!"

But instead, mamma quickly clapped on the lid, saying:

"How nice! Let's keep it good and tight, and sometime, when Mabel needs a smile, and her box is empty, and her smile strings are out of order, you can give it to her again. Let mamma put a smile in each of your boxes, and you little people keep them safe for her till she needs them some day."

So a big, big smile, a regular laugh, from mamma went into each box; and then you ought to have seen the smiles that went into those boxes! The children pretended they even had trouble to get the lids on—they were so full and running over with smiles.

By the time the smile boxes were full, the tempers of the children were as smiling and sunshiny as a bright June day, and they no longer mourned over the rain, but had great fun naming the drops of rains, and watching them run races down the window-panes.

A few weeks after the rainy day, when the smile boxes were supposed to be full, Mabel went up to a sad-faced woman, who was a visitor in her home, and said:

"Let me see your dark speckles, Cousin Mary."

"My what?" asked puzzled Cousin Mary.

"Your dark speckles," replied Mabel. "Papa says you see every thing through dark speckles, and I want to see them."

"Nonsense, child, I have none."

"Then, what did papa mean?" insisted the child.

"He meant, little one, that the world looked dark to me, because I was sad," she replied with a sigh.

"Is that the reason you don't ever smile?" asked Mabel. Then with a kiss, "Cousin Mary, I will give you something that will help you to smile." And, sliding down from the cousin's lap, she brought her the box with "Mabel" written on it, and, giving it to her, said "That's my smile-box; and its full to the very tippy-top with smiles. Most of them are mine; two of them are George's, and one of grandma's, and one beautiful one of my own mamma's. I'll give them to you, and you can have them to help you to smile, for its nicer to smile, Cousin Mary, than to cry. Its pleasanter, and then you feel better."

Cousin Mary kissed the little girl, and gave her the biggest smile she had given for a week, and said softly to herself:

"A little child shall lead them."