

Family Department.

SO RUN THAT YE MAY OBTAIN.

1 Cor. ix. 24.

[Written for the Church Guardian.]

The race is almost over, And the course is nearly run, While I am gaining step by step, And rising rung by rung.

The prize is worth the struggle Of this hard and bitter fight, And though my footsteps often slide, Guide Thou my feet aright.

It would never do to falter, Or to linger by the way, I must reach the heavenly mansions, Where night is changed to day.

When once I get to that City, With its strands of shining gold, When once I see the Saviour's face And rest within His fold.

And hear His dear voice saying, "Thou hast not toiled in vain, Rest thee from want and sorrow, Rest free from weary pain."

I will join the loud hosannas Which the Heavenly Hosts shall sing, I will lay down my burden, At the feet of Christ my King. P. E. Cromwell, N. B.

THE BROKEN MILE-STONE.

AN ALLEGORY.

As I was journeying along a highway, formerly much frequented, but now almost deserted, my glance fell on a broken mile-stone. There it lay—an old moss-grown, apparently useless monument of bygone times, yet picturesque and suggestive in its neglected decay.

And as I glanced at the mile-stone, many sad thoughts, born of that which men call "chance and change," floated through my mind. By degrees, I seemed to lose myself in the train of meditation suggested by it. Methought there appeared, resting upon the bank upon which lay the fragments of the broken mile-stone, a traveller, old and weary, who beckoned me to sit beside him. I yielded, more from a compassionate feeling towards one so much in need of compassion, than from anticipation of any pleasure or profit to be derived from a colloquy with him.

Scarcely had I seated myself, when he bade me close my eyes. I obeyed, and felt his trembling fingers softly touching my eyelids. Then he bade me open my eyes; and again I obeyed his man date.

My eyes had closed on a vast extent of moor and upland, barren, (for it was winter time,) and with scarce a living creature in all the extent of country which stretched before me. They opened on a great plain, crowded with living beings, hurrying hither and thither, running to and fro, pressing one on the other, each striving to go beyond his brother in the way. It was a vision of complex motion, such as is rovened when an ant-heap is displaced by an unwary foot; and there was as little apparent unity of purpose in the movement of the masses who crowded the plain, as in those of the ant whose home has been shattered by the ruthless invader.

I turned in distress to my comrade, "Whither, ah! whither," said I, "is all this multifold journeying, and why this restless turmoil?"

"My son," his calm voice answered, "there is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is the way of death."

I scarce could bear to gaze on this scene of inextricable confusion: my very eye-balls ached as I looked on what seemed to me a restless sea of change. Then my companion put a glass into my hands, and bade me look through it, and tell him what I discerned by its aid.

The glass steadied my gaze, and the confused mass seemed as it were, to divide itself into various sections; so that I perceived that, notwithstanding the hurry and the running to and fro, there was yet some method in the seeming confusion.

The old man at my side inquired of me, "What seest thou now?" "Father," I replied, "I see a multitude of paths perpetually crossing, and millions upon millions of travellers thereupon."

"Yes, my son," said the old man mournfully, "the way of man is froward and strange."

Again I looked, and saw that every one of the millions and millions of tr-

avellers bore such a heavy burden. Some staggered under the weight of their burdens, but none seemed to regard his brother's trouble—all hustled and jostled and struggled together, seeming rather to try to hinder than advance each other's progress. And in deep amaze, I said again to my guide.

"Whither, ah! whither, are all these restless millions journeying?" "Look once again, my son," he answered.

I obeyed; and this time I discerned that, though the paths crossed and recrossed, yet they really led in one direction; and as I strained my eyes to the far horizon, I beheld in the remote west a huge temple, upon the portico of which was inscribed in gigantic letters—"To the Worship of Self;" and I turned in surprise to my guide to know why these travellers, hurrying by so many paths to the temple, bore with them such heavy burdens.

Then he explained that these burdens were their votive offerings at the Shrine of Self; and bade me examine them more narrowly. I did so; and it appeared to me that each burden was inscribed with a name, declaring the nature of its contents. Upon thousands of burdens was inscribed the word, "Business;" many bore the name "Pleasure;" many "Vanity;" and there were a variety of other inscriptions. And methought, as I gazed, a murmur of voices reached my ear. Presently the tones grew clearer, and I found that the travellers, though barely pausing in their hurried way, were yet communicating their thoughts rapidly to one another; and many wore the plaquid I heard bestowed upon those who bore the burdens labeled "Business." I turned in much surprise to my companion.

"Yes," he said, "as long as thou dost well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee."

Again I looked at the strangely shifting scene; and this time I looked more narrowly at the paths, and discerned that all along by the way-side were mile-stones. Those already passed by the travellers were overgrown with moss, and looked as old and neglected as the broken mile-stone by which I was resting. Each, whether old or new, had its inscription—only to be discovered by searching on the old, but standing out clearly and plainly on the new. On some was graven only the word "Now!"—on some "Repent!"—on others "Prepare!"—and such like words of admonition and warning. I noticed that as each traveller neared a mile-stone, his burden increased in size and weight; so that he was forced to pause on his way.

I looked eagerly to see what effect these pauses had on the restless crowd. I saw that most of the travellers but paused for a moment; and then rushed forward with redoubled haste on their tumultuous journey, breaking and crushing many of the mile-stones in their headlong course. Other travellers paused and gazed at some of the mile-stones, and endeavoured to read the inscriptions; but I was astonished to see how very hard a task this was to them. Most of those who paused seemed only to give themselves time to read the inscription, and then hurried on to join their companions; some lingered longer by the mile-stones, and then followed those who had gone before. For a little while they walked with slackened steps; but soon they resumed their former headlong pace. Some few there were who, after reading the inscription, dashed down their burdens at the foot of the mile-stone, and, turning back, retreated swiftly by the way that they came.

(To be Concluded.)

SPURGEON ON PERFECTION.

Spurgeon concerning perfection, in a recent letter said: "I have heard of some professors who dream that sin is utterly destroyed in them, and that they have not more evil tendencies and desires. I shall not controvert their motion. If it be so, I congratulate them, and greatly wish it were so with me. I have however, had some little experience of perfect people, and I have generally found them the most disagreeable, touchy, and sensitive persons in the world, and some of them have turned out to be such detestable hypocrites that I am rather afraid of a person who has no imperfections. As soon as I learn that a brother states that he has lived for months without sin, I wonder whether his vice is lawfulness, or theft, or drink, but I feel that somewhere or other there is a leak in the ship."

PASSING AWAY.

How quickly the time passes! It does not seem long since you and I were children; and now we are in the middle, perhaps near the end, of the journey of life. Time is passing away.

"How things are changing!" Old customs, old ways, get forgotten, and new ones come into fashion; only in their turn to pass away. The scenes of our childhood and youth, how altered they are! The world is passing away.

"How fast money goes!" Why, there are many people we know who once were very well off as it is called, and now they seem to be always in difficulties. Riches are passing away. "How people are dying!" The old faces are continually disappearing. We are always hearing of some friend who has left us for the unknown land. And day after day the great list is swelled of those who have lived and suffered like ourselves, but whose time of living and suffering here is over. All men are passing away.

Then you and I are passing away. God only knows how soon our friends will say, "He is gone." And the word—it will go on much as it has done till its turn shall come—and the sky and the sun and the flowers will look as beautiful. And we shall have passed away—passed away—from the pleasures of life, from the society of those whom we loved, from the cares, the struggles, the hopes of this world, from the ease to which we had looked forward, and the position at last obtained, and passed away for ever.

Whither shall we have passed? Into eternity; into the unknown land where all wait the final award. Others expect us there. And we, you and I, are expected at the Judgment of God.

There will be one more Passing away. When the books shall have been opened, and every man's account made up, there will be those who shall pass away—shall pass from the vision of untold happiness just unfolded—shall pass from the opened gates of heaven, and the very throne of God—and shall pass away for ever.

Must we, you and I, be among that number? God forbid! Our day is passing away, and the night will soon overtake us; but as yet there is time—time for an earnest repentance; time but only just time, to do the will of God. Shall we not begin at once? God is ready to forgive the past neglect of Him on a true contrition. The atonement and merits of Jesus make up, more than make up, our miserable deficiency. And the grace of the blessed Spirit is ample strength for our struggle in the future. In these is our true, our only safety.

"The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

SACRA PRIVATA.

Our Father which art in Heaven. In Thee we live, and move, and have our being." Acts xvii. 28.

Grant, O Father, that all Christians may live worthy of this glorious relation. O that we may not sin, knowing that we are accounted Thy children. Grant that we may love Thee with all our heart, and mind, and soul, and strength. Blessed be God, who dealth with us with the tenderness of a Father. O that we may remember that our Father and our inheritance is in Heaven. I commit myself, and all that belongs to me, to Thy fatherly care and love. "Verily, whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you." This is the great support and comfort of sinners. Hear us for Thy Son's sake; for, as sinners, we have no right to ask any favors. "What manner of love is it that we should be called the sons of God." 1 John iii. 1.

Hallowed be Thy Name.—"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honor and power, for Thou hast created all things"—Rev. iv. 11.

"Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."—John xv. 15.

May Thy children have a great regard for everything that belongs to Thee. May I never dishonor Thee, O heavenly Father by word or deed. May I glorify Thee daily by a good life. Fill my heart with a great concern and zeal for Thy glory.

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Ps. ciii. 6.

"Them that honor Me, I will honor." 1 Sam. ii. 30.

—How little have I done to promote Thy glory! God be merciful unto me.

Thy Kingdom Come.—May all the kingdoms of the world obey Thy laws,

and submit to Thy providence, and become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ. May all that own Thee for their King become Thy faithful subjects. Bless the pious endeavors of all those that strive to propagate the Gospel of Thy Kingdom. Vouchsafe to reign in my heart, and let not Satan ever have dominion over me. Fit us, O God, for the coming of Thy Kingdom. May I subside and rejoice to be governed by Thee. O that Thy Holy Spirit may direct and rule my heart. Subdue in me all pride and covetousness, hatred, malice, envy, lust and all uncleanness, and whatsoever shall offend Thee.

(To be continued.)

MAKE up your mind that God does not look at your professions or intentions, but at your life. His Spirit is a "discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

THERE is no coming at the fair haven of eternal glory without sailing through the narrow strait of repentance.

SOLA singing psalms are souls bringing palms.

Our London Letter.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The great day has come; and if weather is at all ominous it opens a session perfectly brilliant. This, the 9th of January, is the finest day we have had this winter. The air is cold, but clear enough to suggest that the fog demon has been frightened into absence by the threatened demonstration against him, which is to be held under high auspices to-morrow at the Mansion House. The sun shines brightly, and across the sky the clouds pass as fleecily as in summer. The weather has, of course, permitted innumerable idlers to take their stand at Westminster, though the ceremony, shorn of the royal presence, was rather dull. To those who have never seen them before, the Royal Commissioners, dressed in pantomimic robes, who come ready to back up the Lord Chancellor in his statement that the Queen's Speech is "in her Majesty's own words," are interesting; but when the novelty has worn off the interest wears off too. To-day the scene in the Lords at the opening ceremony was far from exhilarating; and those who took part in it, having come only because they must, or to hear at the earliest moment what the Queen had to say, were evidently glad when all was over.

Lord Selborne is a very prudent man. He has contrived to be too busy to hear the Dale and Enraght appeals, and to lay the responsibility for whatever may be the legal decision upon the three Lord Justices—James, Brett and Cotton. In this way he escapes as a member of the Government from the odium which would attach to his judgment, whichever way it went. So far as the three Lord Justices are concerned, it is, happily, impossible to guess from their theological leaning what their judgment will be. So far as the points in dispute are concerned, they have the impartiality of very Gallios. Tuesday is fixed for the hearing.

The project for building an ecclesiastical exhibition in London has by no means been abandoned. It was to have begun as a temporary institution, with its home in an iron building. That plan has for the present been given up. In place of it a proposal is now being considered by its promoters to build galleries for permanent use on the Thames Embankment, the upper floors of which would be let out in luxurious flats to the families whose object in life is not to possess their own front door.

Canon Farrar has become a full Stanleyite. He has been preaching lately on the Ritual controversy, and, with that flowing eloquence which distinguished him, he has been urging, both in St. Margaret's and in Westminster Abbey, that "the menacing tyranny" which is being assailed as the unholy hand of the State is in truth "the eagle of our protection." The majestic impartiality of the civil power he regards as the palladium of the liberties of the Church. Without it, ecclesiastical intolerance, the gusts of religious passion; will make the parties now held together fly at each other's throats; the freedom that will be gained by what is called liberation will be "such as is found in the numberless subdichotomies of self asserting schisms."

Free opinion will be crushed by noisy ignorance. "Beware (he cries) lest you exchange something infinitely better than King Log for something infinitely worse than King Stork." The unlearned will probably stare at the word "subdichotomies." It must have puzzled even the canon's congregation, which has had a training in the use of hard words. I never saw it used before but once, and that was in Milton. Strangely enough, when the word is used by Milton it is to say the very opposite of what Canon Farrar has alleged. "We may seem," says Milton, "fall again into a gross conforming stupidity, a stark and dead congelment of wood, hay and stubble, forced and frozen together, which is more to the sudden degenerating of a church than many subdichotomies of petty schisms." It is, to say the least, an error to use an obsolete word, which can mean nothing to the vast majority, and to those who can understand it will recall Milton's plea: gainst uniformity of ritual.

The deceased wife's sister must mourn this year. Mr. Gladstone will pay absolutely no attention to her; and though she has the oldest unredressed grievance known to Parliament, her advocates not only expect, but they believe, that so far as the House of Commons is concerned she may remain a spinster to the end of 1882. Sir Thomas Chambers introduces his measure on the "off chance;" but in all probability it will soon be in the hands of Lord Houghton, and relegated to a certain defeat in the House of Lords.

We expect every day now to hear that the universities, who have bought the copyright of the revised version of the Bible, will have it ready for publication. It must be in type; and the changes made are in possession of a large number of Biblical scholars. The long-expected addition to Biblical knowledge cannot, therefore, be delayed much longer. The delay we have suffered is due to the great care being taken to make every line, every word, every comma right. A word misspelt or a stop misplaced would be a blot on the volume. For nobody doubts that as it appears so it will be used for— it may be—centuries. When the revision was first undertaken a cry went out against the new version and not a day passed without disturbing belief in the doctrine of primary verbal inspiration, which any change, he said, would assail. Murmurs of opposition came from Mr. Spurgeon. But the demand for an accurate representation of the most ancient manuscripts has silenced all these voices, and the acceptance of the new version by the unanimous voice of a committee representing all sections of religious thought shows that, whatever controversies may break out, the new rendering will be generally adopted in the end.

In a paper laid by Earl Puffrin before the Irish Land Commissioners amongst the other things, he suggests that Emigration should be applied to that region of Ireland in the West, where there extends "a broad riband of hopeless misery which no change in the present relations of landlord and tenant is likely to alleviate." The following is the charming and hopeful picture which he draws:—

"Within the compass of little more than a week, after a pleasant voyage a proportion of these unhappy multitudes might be landed on the quays of Quebec; the women healthier, the children rosier, and the men in better heart and spirits than ever they have been since the day they were born. Four or five days more would plant them without fatigue or inconveniences on a soil so rich that it has only to be scratched to grow the best wheat and barley that can be raised on the continent of America. I myself have seen an immeasurable sea of corn clothed with its golden expanse what two years before had been a desolate prairie, the home of the lynx and the jackal, simply through the exertions of a small Russian colony that had run up their shanties in the favoured land. In the neighbourhood was an Irish settlement containing many descendants of the extirpated peasantry who had fled from the famine of 1846, now converted into happy, loyal, and contented yeomen. Instinctively, my mind reverted to the sights I had seen in Mayo, Connemara and Galway in 1848. Strange to say the appearance of the horizon in each case was identical. Its verge stood against the setting sun indented like the teeth of a saw; but in Ireland the impression was produced by the gable ends of deserted cottages; in Manitoba by the long line of cornstacks which sheltered every homestead."