

What could suggest a picture more sadly true of a quarrelling congregation? So any church may go. Once let the members, forgetting God, rush into reckless bickerings and quarrels, and usually how they hurry themselves into utter dissolution and remediless ruin! The end comes swiftly. And this sight, we are sorry to say, is not rare. There have been enough such church deaths in our fair land to make a whole cemetery full of desolate graves. And over every one of them might be erected a monument with this dire inscription: "Died of suicide by dismemberment."

Now there is one sure remedy—a remedy against every such evil possibility. It is love—love to Christ, and to one another for Christ's sake. Where such love is found church discord cannot come. A wife of a few months, in her first quarrel, was asked by her husband which ought to give up first. With a smile and a caress she replied: "The one that loves most." Think what blessed results would flow from following this rule in the family of God. Who will do most, or even submit to most? The one that loves most. Who will yield most? The one that loves most. Yes; and who will bear most and yield first for Zion's sake? He who loves most. Beautiful are the fruits of love as displayed in the Christian. Surely we ought to cultivate them more, and thereby more and more display the graces that should mark the members of the household of God.

"But" says one, "I have rights." So you have. But that does not make it either wise or right for you to drive ruthlessly along and run over people and wreck things. Having the right of way does not necessarily imply that you should take it. There is many a railroad train which has the right of way on the track, and yet does not move forward. The road belongs to that train and no other train has a right on the track; but there is another train there—perhaps through ignorance, accident, or wilfulness; nevertheless the train is there. If the engineer undertakes to drive on because he has the right of way there will be an inevitable wreck. So he must waive his claim, and till the track is clear, right or no right, if he would escape a general smash. So you see it does not work well for a man under all circumstances to claim and enforce even his rights. Rights are rights, but wrecks are wrecks; and it is better to sacrifice rights than to plunge into ruinous wrecks. And just so is it better for a sensible Christian man or woman to endure much, sacrifice much and concede much rather than put on steam, drive through, wreck his train, break his own neck and the necks of others. A celebrated English lawyer was once asked the secret of success. He replied: "I win my cases by admissions." He would admit so much, would yield so far and make so many concessions, that the jury were impressed by his extreme fairness. Wonderful principle this would be for securing peace in the household of God. Why should we insist on having only our own way? No great principle can be at stake; certainly none so important as that of love and good-will. Why not yield to the wishes of others? Win peace by concession—a most honorable triumph.

Let us not forget that love, brotherly love, is the badge of discipleship. To be really Christ's is to display a spirit of love which must annihilate all feuds and heal all differences. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."—*Rev Gerard B. F. Halluck, in Presbyterian Banner.*

Get a child to love Christ and you will start a multitude toward God.

THE LATE EDMUND SHEPPARD.

It is more than forty years since Edmund Sheppard began his ministry in Ontario, Canada, after attending Bethany College for a short time. Though not a graduate of this institution, by perseverance in study he came to be recognized as a scholar, as well as a preacher of great ability. During the early part of his ministry he lived in South Dorchester, where he built up a large congregation. More than a third part of his ministerial life was given to this church. His fame spread in all the surrounding country, and as a result he was found preaching in school-houses, and town halls and chapels in various directions, from Chatham to Coburg, and from Selkirk, on Lake Ontario to Meaford on Georgian Bay. His services were in constant demand, and he could not refuse the calls that came to him, though he knew that quite often he would return as empty handed as he departed. In those days there were many brethren who were not willing to serve the preacher as though he needed anything. In order to support himself and family he for many years acted as superintendent of schools, visiting schools during the day and preaching or lecturing at night. It is not to be inferred that the brethren whom he served were altogether forgetful of his necessities, but simply that the support which he received from them was not sufficient for the wants of his large family—a family into whose midst sickness and death came often.

No preacher in Canada has been more widely known than Edmund Sheppard. We feel safe in saying that he preached more sermons, married more people, and buried more dead than any other of our preachers in Canada. He was successful also in winning men to Christ.

As a pulpit orator he stood high. His delivery was easy, and under the inspiration of a large audience he would rise to flights of eloquence that few ever reach. In his best days he did not want for hearers. If for any cause his audience was small his sermon was apt to be far below his best. More than most speakers, he was influenced by the occasion and the people to whom he spoke. He was a man of elastic powers, at times walking in the star depths, and at other times walking with ordinary mortals. Bro. Sheppard, during the last half of his ministry, served as pastor in Bowmanville, Ridgetown, Walkerton and West Lorne, Ontario. In the closing years of his ministry it was manifest that his best days in the pulpit had passed but brethren who listened to him with rapt attention in former years loved to hear him still. They remembered the past.

It was in his best days that the writer of these lines was privileged to hear this able preacher a hundred times or more, and it is gratefully said that the lessons of truth and the impressions in favor of right, then received, have not been effaced though nearly forty years have passed away since then.

After a life well spent—a life of abundant labors and trials and sorrows—Edmund Sheppard passed away, April 30, at his home at West Lorne, Ontario, Canada. Many brethren throughout the province of Ontario will continue to cherish his memory, and speak of the delight they had in listening to his eloquent presentations of truth, and of how he helped them on in the Christian path. The memory of the righteous is blessed.—*Christian Standard.*

[Many of our readers will remember Bro. Sheppard's visit to the Maritime Provinces.]

The man who loves his neighbor as himself can put up with a thousand things no one else could stand.

False worship will kill the soul as quick as no worship.

NIGHT ON OLIVET.

Every man went unto his own house.
Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives.
Where was the great King's palace-home?
He hath not where to lay His head!
No friendly voice invited Him,
None cared to flatter board and bed:
Small share had He of warmth or mirth.
Whose love lights all the homes of earth.

The lonely Christ! He went away
From clustered homes; and through the shades
Of menacing Gethsemane.
With patient feet His way He made,
God only measuring His hopes,
As silently He climbed the slopes.

But space and welcome met Him there!
The meek flowers covered up His feet,
And all the silver olive leaves
Soothed Him with whispers low and sweet,
The soft winds murmured a glad psalm,
The blue heavens gave Him rest and calm.

It was the joyous summer-time,
And God's fair world, in love with Him,
Received Him into sheltering arms,
And all night long no star grew dim,
No harsh rains fell, no cold winds blew,
But Nature's heart was warm and true.

And all that passed on Olivet
Between the Father and the Son
Is kept a secret even yet!
Only we know God's will was done,
And Christ refreshed and strong, again
Sought His beloved world of men.

Some of His grace seems lingering yet
Upon the green and tree-crowned height.
Ah! happy hill, that so might serve
The Christ upon that strenuous night.
Precious and reverenced even yet,
For His sake art thou Olivet!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

People who behave themselves keep a good many other people out of mischief.

The best reward for having wrought well already is to have more to do.—*Charles Kingsley.*

I have known a vast quantity of nonsense talked about bad men not looking you in the face. Do not trust that conventional idea. Dishonesty will stare honesty out of countenance any day in the week, if there is anything to be got by it.—*Charles Dickens.*

Luther's ten qualifications for the ministry will afford food for thought. They are: 1. He should be able to teach plainly and in order. 2. He should have a good head. 3. Good power of language. 4. A good voice. 5. A good memory. 6. He should know when to stop. 7. He should be sure of what he means to say. 8. And be ready to stake body and soul, goods and reputation, on its truth. 9. He should study diligently. 10. And suffer himself to be vexed and criticised by every one.

The sin of ingratitude is a monstrosity. God destroyed thousands of Israelites in the wilderness on their journey to the promised land on account of their continuous and persistent murmurings and complainings, though with a mighty hand he had led them out of Egypt, delivered them from their tormentors, and daily provided for all their wants. Let us be careful lest, by constant complaining and fretful faultfinding, we, too, shall fall short of entering the rest provided for those who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ. Having food and raiment, let us learn therewith to be constant, because, having brought nothing in with us; we can take nothing out with us.—*Leader.*