

understand that any part of the man represents the man, and just so of the cause of God. If a church limps, we say the cause of God is lame; because one church like any member represents the body. If we love the cause of God we will seek to make it sound by making its members sound. But if we seek an interest only in any one member (church), we may make it ever so strong, it will not prevent the cause from limping while other churches are lame or weak. Be sure and come to the Annual

H. MURRAY.

## THE FAMILY.

### THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED.

OR HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

Thus says the Prophet of the Turk  
Good Mussulman, abstain from pork,  
There is a part in every swine  
No friend or follower of mine  
May taste whate'er his inclination,  
On pain of excommunication.  
Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,  
And thus he left the joint at large  
Had he the sinful part expressed,  
They might with safety eat the rest,  
But, for one piece, they thought it hard  
From the whole hog to be debarred;  
And set their wits at work to find,  
What joint the Prophet had in mind.  
Much controversy straight arose—  
These choose the back, the belly those;  
By some, 'tis confidently said,  
He meant not to forbid the head;  
While others at the doctrine rail,  
And piously prefer the tail.  
Thus conscience freed from every clog,  
Mahometans eat up the hog.  
You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied,  
May make you laugh on t'other side,  
Renounce the world—the preacher cries.  
We do—a multitude replies.  
While one as innocent regards  
A snug and friendly game of cards,  
And one, whatever you may say,  
Can see no evil in a play,  
Some love a concert, or a race;  
And others shooting, and the chase.  
Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,  
Thus bit by bit the world is swallowed,  
Each thinks his neighbor makes too free,  
Yet likes a slice as well as he;  
With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

WILLIAM COWPER.

### SHOEBLACK JIM.

A TRUE STORY BY A NEW YORK TEACHER.

In a small, crowded room in one of the rear tenement houses of our great city, where the sun's rays were never known to shine, or the fresh air allowed to penetrate, our little Jim lay dying.

Months before, I, one morning, saw him standing on a street corner, with his shoe-box strapped to his back, calling out in tremulous tones, "Shine, sir?" But the hurrying business men paid little or no attention to the pleading voice and the frail form which was swayed to and fro by the bitter, biting, December wind. As I handed him a picture paper, I asked, "Are you hungry, my boy?" I noticed the pale, pinched cheeks and the large brown eyes fast filling with tears as he replied, "Yes, miss, I've had nothing to eat since yesterday morning; but granny is worse than me; fur she's had nothing but a cold tater since day afore yesterday."

"And who is granny?"

"She lives in the rear alley on Mott; me own mother died over on the island, so granny says, and I guess I never had any father."

Did you ever go to a Sunday school or Band of Hope meeting?"

"Laws, no, miss! I've no time. I has to stand around all day, and then sometimes gets only a couple of shimes, them Italian fellers with the chairs, takes all the profit off us chaps. Granny says, 'tis a hard world."

I handed the child a dime, and told him to get a warm cup of coffee and a roll; then got from him a promise to attend the Band of Hope meeting that afternoon at four o'clock. I hardly expected to see him again, but was happily surprised to see him walk in—shoe-box on his back—while we were singing, "Fold me to Thy bosom." I shall never forget the expression that was on his face as he stood spellbound in the middle of the floor, and stared at me and the organ. I motioned him to a seat but he did not move till the music had ceased and the other children were all seated.

My lesson that day was about the Great Shepherd that goes out among the hills and mountains of sin and gathers in the little lambs that wander away from the sheepfold. I did not know, that day, that the dear Saviour's hand was already stretched out to receive this one little lamb that had many tipes, young as he was, been found tipsy, and also smoking cigarettes that he had stolen from somebody's street-stand.

He was a regular attendant at Sunday-school and Band of Hope, and no one joined more heartily in the singing than "Jim." One day, in our children's prayer-meeting, he gave his heart to Jesus. No one could doubt the conversion of that little heart when they looked into the bright eyes and beaming face that continually shone with heavenly light.

One day a messenger came to me in haste, and said, "Jim is dying. Hurry, please, miss; he wants to see you agin afore he dies." I hurried; and, as I groped my way along the dark alley and up the rickety stairs, I caught the sound of the sweet voice singing, "Fold me, fold me, precious Saviour." I entered quietly, so as not to disturb the singer, but his bright eyes saw me, and he said, "Sing it with me once more, teacher." We next sang it through together, then he said, "The next time I sing will be when Jesus folds me in His arms; I'll never forget the hymn, but will remember it till you come up there too; then we'll sing it aga—in."

The little lamp of life went out. The Great Shepherd had called his little lamb home. There was

"Another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
Another soul in heaven."

—S. S. Times.

### STARTING RIGHT.

BY J. R. MILLER, D. D.

"The beginning is half of the whole," says an old proverb. A good start is a move in the direction of success. No time need then be wasted in revising plans, in correcting mistakes, or in changing one's course. No steps need then be retraced. There are no wrong teachings to unlearn; no false systems to abandon. One's whole energy can be given to the carrying out of one's chosen purpose.

On the other hand, many a career of brilliant possibilities is marred by a wrong beginning. There are mistakes of early days which men never get over. The latter half of many a life is spent in undoing, or vainly trying to undo, the acts of its former half. A bad foundation has caused the wreck of many a noble building. Inadequate preparation for a business or a calling leads to impaired success at the best, and most frequently it results in utter failure.

The same principles apply in Christian life. It is of the utmost importance that we start well. Many Christians walk in doubt and shadow all their days, never entering into joy and peace, because at the beginning they fail to understand the fullness of the blessedness into which, as children of God, they come when they receive Christ. Many others never attain anything noble and beau-

tiful in Christian life and character, because they do not, at the beginning, wholly disentangle themselves from their own life, and make a full dedication of themselves to Christ. A good beginning, therefore, involves two things—first, clearness and definiteness of aim, with intelligent views of what it is to be a Christian; second, completeness of consecration.

Many men fail in life because they have no settled purpose, no well-defined plan. They have no goal set before them which they strive to reach. There is no ideal in their mind toward which they mean to struggle. They merely drift on the current, and are borne by it whithersoever it flows. They are not masters in life, but poor slaves. They conquer nothing, but are the mere passive creatures of circumstances. Such a life is unworthy of an intelligent being with immortal powers; nor does it ever reach any high degree of nobleness or success. No sculptor ever touches the marble until he has in his mind a definite conception of his work as it will be when finished. He sees a vision before him of a very lovely form, and then sets to work to fashion the vision in the stone. No builder begins to erect a house until a complete plan, embracing every detail, has been adopted and prepared. He knows precisely what the finished structure will be before he strikes a stroke. No one would cut into a web of rich and costly cloth until he had before him the pattern of the garment he would make. In all work on material things men have definite aims, and they know precisely what they intend to produce before they begin their work. But in life itself and in living all do not exercise such wisdom. Many never give a thought to such questions as these: "What is my life? What ought I to do with it? What should be the great aim of my existence? What should I strive to be and to do?" Multitudes live aimlessly, having no thought of the responsibility of living, and never forming any earnest, resolute purpose to rise to any noble height, or to achieve any worthy or beautiful thing. But a true life should always have its aim. To grow up as a plant is well enough for a plant; but men with immortal souls and measureless possibilities should have a purpose, and should seek to attain it. No one begins well or worthy in life who has not settled in his own mind what he will strive to do with his life.

In entering upon a Christian life, there should always be a clear aim. We should know definitely what it is to be a Christian. With only vague ideas of the meaning of a Christian life, its aim, its requirements, its privileges, its duties, no one can begin well. We need to understand the new relations into which we come as children of God, so that we may realize the full blessedness of our position. We need to have a clear conception of the final aim of all Christian attainment, so that we may strive toward it. We need to know what is required of a Christian toward his God and toward his fellow-men, that we may faithfully and intelligently take up every duty. We need to know the conditions of Christian life, in order that we may avail ourselves of the necessary helps provided for us. Thus a clear and intelligent aim is essential in starting right as a Christian.

"Chisel in hand the sculptor stood,  
With his marble block before him,  
And his face lit up with a smile of joy  
As an angel dream passed o'er him:  
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone  
With many a sharp incision;  
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone;  
He had caught that angel-vision.

"Sculptors of life are we as we stand,  
With our souls uncarved before us,  
Waiting the hour when at God's command  
Our life-dream shall pass o'er us.  
If we carve it then on the yielding-stone  
With many a sharp incision,  
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own;  
Our lives, that angel-vision."

Another essential element is the devotion and consecration of ourselves to the life we have chosen,