


# THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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## Editorial.

### THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS AND THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

HEN Paul said to the Corinthian church "*All things are yours,*" he in a few words expressed, as usual with him, a truth of deep meaning and wide application. Matters are so arranged in the material world, by Him who is head over all things to His Church, that all things in nature, from "the stars in their courses" to the "hornet which drove out the Canaanites," work together for the good of the Church.

In Providence, empires rise and fall, nations are born and perish with special reference to the well-being of the "Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

In sympathy with this policy of centralization (if we may so express it) in virtue of which Christ and his Church has always been in "the midst,"—a policy indeed much abused by the Church of Rome, but which, by Protestants, is too much forgotten, Christians ought to covet for their Master's work and glory the best instruments, agencies, and gifts to be found on earth. From the very beginning of the invention, the Church laid hold of the *printing press* and through its potent help the Reformation spread with lightning rapidity through Europe. Slowly but surely, evangelical Christianity, while rejecting the vicious doctrines of Rome on these subjects, is rightly aiming at enlisting as its hand-maid in the task of subduing the world to Christ, the secular education of the young, civil government, and also voluntary associations.

It is a pleasing and encouraging fact that the Associations for the promotion of Temperance, which at one time were too unfriendly with the Churches, have come, to a large degree, under the control of Christian principles and Christian men. Chief among the Associations that have of late wrought nobly as hand-maids to the evangelical Churches stand the *Young Men's Christian Associations of the world*. In various ways these Associations are capable of doing good service, and have done it to the cause of God; and the churches may be deemed lacking in discrimination if they refuse the aid these Associations can offer in the way of assisting in the many and very varied departments of Christian usefulness.

At the recent General meeting of the Associations held in Hamilton a question came up as to the precise relation the Associations hold, or ought to hold, to the Evangelical Churches of Canada. The impression, we are aware, was produced in some quarters, and found utterance in prominent religious weekly newspapers of the States, that the Y.M.C.A. was becoming gradually a rival to existing Churches, and therefore, in essence and tendency, a new sect. We are glad to see a very laudable desire to set at rest this alarm, as far as *resolutions* can do so, by the following unanimous finding of the Hamilton meeting:—

*Whereas*—It has been publicly asserted that persons connected with the Association have engaged in criticism of the official action of evangelical ecclesiastical bodies; that others have administered the ordinances of the Church; that the Associations are seeking directly or indirectly, by lay evangelism and a new Church organization, to supplant or supplement existing Church organizations on one hand, or to disseminate Plymouth and anti-Church views on the other; and

*Whereas*—Much public discussion has taken place in regard to the same, and the Associations as organized bodies have in some quarters been charged with responsibility for these utterances or acts of some of them; therefore,

*Resolved*—That we re-affirm the utterances of the General Conventions of the Associations of this continent, which declare in substance that the Associations are not political or merely reform societies, nor substitutes for, nor rivals of, the Churches of Christ; that they hold the obligation and duty of their members to the Churches with which they are connected as superior to those due the Association; that they recognise and uphold a divinely-appointed ministry; that they hold that questions of doctrine or polity as to which the various branches of the evangelical Churches are not agreed are questions with which as Associations they have nothing whatever to do.

It is evidently not the *desire* or the wish of the leading men of the Y.M.C.A. that their Association should depart from the object of the Societies as stated in the declaration made at Paris, in 1855, by the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations, and re-affirmed at Albany, in 1866, by the Annual Convention of the American Associations as follows:—"The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be His disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of His kingdom among young men."

But we fear that the value of the above resolutions will not be increased in the eyes of those who wish to see clearly defined the relation between the Associations and the Churches by the following that comes right on the heels of the above:—

*Resolved*—That the Associations are not responsible for the opinions, public declarations, or acts of those who may be members of them unless they be in harmony with the pronounced official judgment of the representative bodies of the Associations.

*Resolved*—That we do not esteem it just to the Associations, nor to their members, to charge them with the adoption or approval of the acts or opinions of any individual, which may be thought unscriptural, unsound, or unwise, simply for the reason that such individuals are members of an Association, or office-bearers in the same, or perform service on the invitation of individual Associations.

Does not this last resolution seem to say that while the Associations are willing to become responsible for the *sound* and *wise* utterances and deeds of its office-bearers, it, at the same time, shrinks from becoming responsible for their *unsound* and *foolish* utterances and deeds? Does not this look very much like a parent saying that he is responsible for his child when he acts well, but not when he acts otherwise? The truth is, that the Associations and the Churches are being forced into the consideration of the question, "Is the *Preaching of the Word* a part of the function of the Y.M.C.A.; or, should that be left to the regularly constituted Churches who have powers of examination, supervision, and discipline that the Y.M.C.A. cannot, from the nature of the case, possess?"

On this question we do not propose to enter at present. We would simply call attention to this fact, that supposing the Associations were to abandon this department of usefulness, which, however, has great attractions for young men; and to leave it in the hands of the ordained ministry of the evangelical Churches, they would still have to their hands a large and legitimate sphere in which they could serve God, their generation, and the Church. The field of *private* and *personal* effort for Christ is large enough to satisfy the ambition of an angel; and it is a field that is perhaps too much neglected in days when an epidemic of public talk seizes the members of churches.

"A Litchfield deacon," we are told in the *American Messenger*, "has moved three or four successive times to as many different states, and left in each place a church and a settled minister as the fruits of his own prayers and labors. At the age of eighty, he walks four miles every week to attend a Sabbath-school, and already reaps a rich reward for his fidelity in seeing around him thirteen children and fifty grandchildren, nearly all of whom are prosperous and pious."

"An old writer," says Rev. J. G. Pike, "mentions the case of a pious man who, by his zeal in conversing with his neighbors and acquaintances in their shops or their fields, had been the instrument, in the hands of God, of converting thirty or forty persons.

"Harlan Page, immediately after his conversion, felt that he must labor for souls. He did so. He was unceasing in his efforts, and glorious were the results of his labors. Upon his death-bed he said, 'I know it is all of God's grace, and nothing that I have done; but I think I have evidence that more than one hundred souls have been converted to God through my instrumentality.'"

"Much of the evangelistic labor of the present day is of this character. Personal appeals made to the heart and conscience, are more effective, in many instances, than the most able and eloquent sermons. And this is a field, too, in which every Christian, who is alive to the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom, may labor with the assurance of success. All cannot preach the gospel from the pulpit, but all can labor with untiring zeal in the more private walks of life, and do much for the glory of God and the salvation of souls."

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## Living Preachers.

### THE CURE FOR THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. GEO. A. CHADWICK, D.D., PREBENDARY AND RECTOR OF ARMAGH.

"Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."—*PHIL. iii. 20.*

IT is well known that "conversation" in this verse means citizenship, or rather state polity, carrying with it not only the notion of belonging to a state, but of actions which our nationality inspires. Just as, in the crisis of affairs around us, Turk and Russian, German and Briton, think and act with a view to the interests of their nation, so a Christian's bearing will indicate his heavenly birth. The context complains of men who are enemies of the cross deifying their appetites, glorying in their shame; but we, it says, are loyal to the "statutes of a heavenly king," our state polity is in heaven, from whence also we expect a final rescue from all peril by the coming of our Lord, "we look for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

Among the countless lessons offered by such a verse, which would only distract our minds if they roved unchecked amongst them, let us now fix our attention upon one minor thought, the effect of such relationships on our common days and occupations, the romance which vital religion pours over the dull and plodding lives which most men are doomed to live.

It has often been said, and truly, that faith in Christ is for tens of thousands the sole chance of living with any kind of ideal, any clear aim, any defined conception of what they would fain be, and any effort to mould themselves accordingly. It is not only the true ideal, the right aim, but it is the only possible one which can arrest those vast masses of mankind who live from hand to mouth, going just where the hour leads, trading, or pleading, or even preaching, because circumstances draw them on, just as a mountain Rambler strolls by the sheep-track or the stream, and as a man in a crowd goes where he is thrust. That is the way most lives are shaped. It is a shallow mistake to say that most men have a master passion, that business men are consumed by avarice, or professional men by ambition.

Now, the love of Christ takes common men, not more wise, nor clever, nor fortunate than their neighbors, and throws across the waves on which they toss a beacon-flame to light up at once the wish and hope of a great attainment, even conformity to the mind of Christ, which becomes their pattern, their aim, and their ideal, alike in the dungeon and the palace. To all men, to the dullest and most dusty lives, He offers an ideal.

But we now advance a further step: we say that this newly animated life is no longer dull and dusty; it becomes romantic, it looks on things and men with fresh and child-like eyes, they assume the aspect which things in a foreign city wear by contrast with things at home, and they are also brightened as the aspect of battle brightens for a soldier when, hard-pressed, and the cheer of comrades marching to help, shakes the ranks of the enemy, and breathes new valour into his own. We look for a deliverer.

Every one knows with what different eyes he looks upon nature and art at different times: the colourless greyness of his torpid moods, and again, when the boy's heart moves within the man's, the deeper purple in the sky, the fresher green upon the meadows, the more buoyant song of the bird.

"It seems that I am happy, that to me,  
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea."

Consider, then, first, how prodigious a benefit any belief would bestow upon mankind which gave a share in the stir, the glow, the romance of a great career to all men; and, secondly, whether the faith of Christ can really do this.

I. Not one half of the bitterness of life arises from sharp pain or from keen privation. The profound discontent which agitates the masses until men tremble lest it swell into an earthquake and shake our institutions to the ground, is not merely discontent with their clothes, their food, or their ignorance, it is keenest among the prosperous and the instructed, and the humblest has comforts once unknown to kings: he has better medicine and surgery than the Cæsars, and a richer literature is within his reach than Shakespeare had. They chafe against a monotonous existence, with woefully little stir, little excitement, no deep emotion to thrill them, no grand prize to strain toward.

Truly it is pitiful to see a life—a man's life—worn out in keeping a fire lighted, in the navigation of a mud barge, in coiling threads around

a wheel, in selling ribands, in writing figures into a book. Truly the most dreadful outburst of savage temper is but a wild and wicked mis-statement of the truth that men were not made, with all their glorious powers, for this. And yet no Chartist or socialist theory can rail the seal off the bond which dooms multitudes to these ignoble fates, or contradict the saying of the ancient sage that the foot must be trodden into the mire if the head is to be carried aloft. So much for the masses.

Now look higher, and ask whether the vices of the better classes commonly results from fiery passions and overwhelming temptations, or from the demand of their torpid energies for some ripple on the surface of life, and the persuasion that it must needs be an angel who stirs those waters out of their stagnation. It is commonly said that men are in most danger in early manhood, when the restraints of home give way. But there is a fall quite as frequent as the fall of inexperienced youth, and far more hopeless. It is the crash of disenchanting, disillusioned experience. How often have we been shocked by a scandal in mature age, and imagined perhaps that a mask had fallen from one who was a deceiver and a hypocrite all his reputable days. But that is scarcely credible; for the honour of human nature we cannot believe it to be common.

No, the truth was more probably, that a man of large desires and shining hope ran well as long as he saw the prize glittering before him, before the bloom was brushed off the fruit of the tree of life. But he fell when the cruel truth came home to him that the world had little more, or at least little different, to give, that he had found his level, that either the prizes were not for him, or else they were scarce worth grasping. Then he *stole* some prize that still seemed near or valuable; then he tried strong spices because plain food had little relish; then, like the fabled Faust, he sold to the devil the soul which could find no pleasure left on earth.

Yes, the desire for "more life and fuller," the hatred of these rigid iron grooves along which the ponderous machinery of social life thunders, and drags us along its straight, graceless, flat, monotonous lines—this has much to do with the conflict of classes, the collapse of reputations, the weariness of life.

Yes, and every theory of life is self-condemned which looks upon this profound yearning as vague and meaningless. The gospels of the nineteenth century fail miserably to grapple with this demand of nature, and they will drag down humanity in their collapse, if ever they really persuade men that Nature evolved them through millions of years and changes,

and put fire into their hearts and light into their eyes, only that their hearts might break and their eyes grow dim in sharpening the points of pins for a lifetime, or in driving a steam-engine in a dark pit through the midnight of all their days. They will curse Nature, as Job refused to curse God, and die.

No, it is not to vegetate and stagnate that God lighted up our childhood with tale and legend, and our youth with aspiration and song. And our second point is—

II. The faith of Christ can meet this demand of our nature, which the world and learning only outrage, until they become the vassals of the cross.

1. *It redeems life from monotony by a great deliverance.*

You watch some pallid youth behind a counter; he has been there since early morning, and now it is dark night; he has had no change of scene for years; no bright prospect relieves his future; you say he is born to be a slave, and you contrast his vapid life with the eventful life of one who has been under fire in murderous battles, or shot tigers in the desert, or been rescued from cruel savages. But that pallid youth could tell you of deadlier peril and a more amazing rescue. He has been upon the edge of death eternal, has been led captive by the devil at his will, hell has yawned under his feet, deliverance has been bought for him by sacred blood, and now he stands erect in the freedom of the soul.

My friends, if this is nothing to us, do you think our religion is good for much? or can life be utterly flat and commonplace, when all this is realized? or can any circumstances rob us of the emotions which it should excite?

2. One event cannot stir a lifetime, but this rescue from slavery is followed by a *spiritual warfare*, so that the most monotonous calling is consistent with great events within the soul.

You have watched a soldier in torrents of rain bearing his rifle to and fro along a muddy track, and you shudder to think of the hardship of such a task at midnight. But tell him that an enemy is close, let the fate of an army rest upon his watchfulness, and what a change in his heart, though his outlook be the very same. Instead of complaining, he finds that his position is great; he is all alert; his eye strains through the darkness and examines every waving branch; no whispering breeze is unheard, and the meaning of every autumn leaf is questioned as it rustles past. His horrible occupation has become romantic and intense.

So it might be with our monotonous toils. Things which seem triv-



ial are temptations, and may issue in cruel defeats. A word spoken to a comrade may gain a great victory for Christ. An angry moment may throw open the citadel of the soul to its beleaguers, and the watchful conscience hears the stealthy footfall of traitors within the ramparts, and many a time there is stern battle, deadly onslaught, and high defiance, and repulse of the attack by the arm of Christ himself, when the ear is filled with the tumult of the market, or the hand with implements of lowly toil. And if our life is dignified by no such experiences, it is because we have fallen asleep, forgetting where we are, and what; only conscious through our drowsiness of the dripping rain and cold, but not of the noble meaning of our life.

3. No occupation is ever dull that engages and excites the *heart and affections*. Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and they seemed but a few days for the love which he had for her. No hunted patriot in garret or cave or thicket, planning still the salvation of his fatherland, is stranded in the ooze and marsh of stagnation as the proud and luxurious often are; no! the full tide of emotion and sensibility still flashes and sings about his heart. The worst hour in any life is when the mortal coldness of the heart like death itself comes down; when it looks at its old gods and sees them to be wood or stone, or only mortal at best, and it either festers into cynicism or else freezes into ice.

Who shall restore what is lost then? in what waters shall the leprosy of the soul be washed that its flesh may come to us again as the flesh of a little child? or can these dry bones live?

We often speak of the poor man's squalid home as half excusing his intemperance and waste, but it is not only his home, it is his associates, and the coarseness and vulgarity which cling to himself and his wife and children, of which he is dimly and undefinedly conscious, and cannot even set about ameliorating. These sometimes kindle his rage against his betters, and sometimes plunge him into loveless apathy and despairing recklessness.

Now then, show him—O God, show us one and all!—that grand and radiant character which turns all our conventional refinements yellow, as gaslight in a flame of noon. Show us Christ, and teach us that Christ may be formed in us; that meantime Christ is our friend and brother, has worked and suffered and still pleads and rules for us. What a change! How noble the thought that our privations are sacrificial offerings when life is laid upon that altar which sanctifieth the poorest gift. How sublime the moment when even a small and mean provocation moves in our

bosom the mind of Christ. How blessed is the hour when one finds that anger and bitterness, malice and evil-speaking have lost hold, as the snow slips away from the hillside in spring, because the Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his wings.

Such are the consolations of Christ for the inevitable routine of most men's lives. How dares any man to quench this one day-star, and bring back the night, or to call these hopes unnatural and fantastic? Despair is unnatural, not hope; the desert is a blot upon the landscape, not the rose garden, nor the cedar grove; shine on, therefore, O light and life of man.

O triumph begun below, success never to be reversed, joys never to be forfeited, never to pall upon the taste!

O victory that sears no tenderest heart with sorrow for the brave who fell or who were overthrown that we might rejoice, since none are defeated but the stubborn enemies of God and Christ?

O garlands greener far than were ever plucked on the slippery plains of earthly conflict, where blackest battle-clouds broke oftenest in deadliest thunders; leaves of the tree of life twisted into unfading wreaths for the brows of conquerors immortal by the pierced hands of Him who for our sakes jeopardised His life unto the death in the high places of the field!

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## Poetry.

### IN THY STEAD.

A LIFEBOAT on the northern coast was manned to reach a wreck,  
O'er which the angry mountain waves poured thundering on her deck;  
Driven by the wind right on the reef, there seemed no hope to save,  
In such a tempest these poor souls from the devouring wave.

The storm-cloud hid the evening light, and thunder loud and long,  
The wind lashed up the angry waves, and shrieked a deafening song,  
Yet still the hardy mariners put forth their precious boat,  
Though but a cockleshell she seemed in that wild sea afloat.

They tried and tried to reach the wreck; their efforts were in vain;  
Each time they neared the wind and waves drove them far back again;  
At length exhausted—sad at heart—they strove the shore to reach,  
Where anxious wives, and mothers dear were crowding on the beach.

Home to their cots the seamen sped, drenched to the very skin,  
Feeling to leave those men to death would be a crying sin;  
They ate and drank, and dried themselves, at home they could not stay,  
They hurried to the beach once more, and watched the lightning's play;

For by its flashes they could see distinctly the dark wreck,  
And helpless beings swept away from broken masts and deck;  
And as they strained their eyes to gaze, and keep the wreck in view,  
A giant wave leaped on her deck and parted her in two.

"I can't stand this!" a seaman cried; "Lads! we must try again,  
For ere the morning light has dawned she'll sink, 'tis pretty plain."  
They launched the boat a second time, and soon were all afloat,  
When shouts were heard, "Hold hard! hold hard! I'm going in the boat."

Up ran brave Jack, "Now, Willum, lad, I'm going in thy stead,  
Thou hast a wife and little ones who look to thee for bread;  
My sister is thy wife most kind; thou hast been out before;  
Thou shalt not go a second time; I told her at the door."

"No, Jack; thou stay and comfort Jane; thou must not risk thy life,  
Else what will pretty Mary say, so soon to be thy wife?  
Please God, I trust we'll all be back before the morning light,  
And bring yon creatures home with us, and brighten up their life."

"Please God," said Jack, quite solemnly, baring his curly head,  
"But this one time, Willum, my lad, I'm going in thy stead;  
No use to bandy words to-night; I know I risk my life,  
But God can keep us on the sea, e'en in this wild night's strife.

"And if he takes me, 'all is well,' since 'tis the path of right;  
Give me your hand, my brother Will, and bid us all 'good night.'"  
Away they went, right through the surf, battling with might and main,  
Now on the crest of mountain wave, then lost to sight again.

Backward and forward, driven and tossed by wind and tide and wave  
They felt their strength was failing fast, and still no power to save;  
The unequal fight so hard had grown, to shore they now must flee,  
But as they turned a heavy wave swept all into the sea.

The boat—soon righting—floated on, was gained by some all right;  
But half her human freight went down, that dark and stormy night:  
Battered and aged a few poor souls, half-dead, at length came back,  
And found old William on the shore, who cried, "Where's brother Jack?"

They told their tale in simple words, amid the women's tears,  
Whose hearts were sadly tried that night by dark and anxious fears;  
Poor William speechless stood at first, in mental agony,  
Then bowed his grizzled head and said, "He gave his life for me!"

"He took my place in yonder boat, he braved the storm for me,  
For me he gave his young fair life, that I might saved be."  
His grief was great, and to his cot they gently homeward led,  
For none could soothe—his spirit sore could not be comforted.

Day after day he wandered forth, and gazed upon the sea,  
Murmuring in accents soft and low, "He gave his life for me."  
To hoary years he ne'er forgot that friend's warm, loving heart,  
And lived in hope of meeting him where they no more should part.

Dear reader, such a friend has thou, in Christ, the Son of God,  
Who came from heaven to take thy place, and sorrow's pathway trod,  
To the lost step of suffering, of shame, and painful death,  
And 'twas for thee He bore it all, and gave His gentle breath.

He saw thy sins—a mountain load—and knew thou couldst not bear,  
Their crushing weight and bitter sting would drive thee to despair;  
He knew they hid His Father's face of pity and of love,  
And so to rescue thee He left His glorious home above.

He took thy nature that He might have sympathy with thee,  
Ere dying in thy place and stead on precious Calvary;  
He sealed thy pardon with His blood, He satisfied the law,  
While angels gazed in wonder down, full of admiring awe.

No longer then a slave to sin, since He has set thee free,  
Accept the pardon offered thee, *believe* He died for thee;  
Confess thy sins, repent, turn round, and take the upward road,  
For He will give thee strength to turn, and take away thy load.

Tell Him thy wants, He loves thee well, and knows thy weakness sore,  
He will not turn away from one for whom He suffering bore;  
Come in thy rags; He will not scorn, but royal robes provide,  
And cleanse thee from thy filthiness, and draw thee to His side.

Nearer than angels art thou brought to that dear precious side,  
Since He redeemed thee for Himself, and claims thee as His bride;  
Oh yield thy heart in fullest love, and take what He has given,  
For He has paid thy debt for thee, and gives thee love and heaven.

No greater love could e'er be shown than that of giving life,  
To save a wayward wicked one, whose heart is full of strife;  
Think that the *Son of God* did this to save and set thee free,  
And yielding up thy heart proclaim—"He gave His life for me!"—*H.D.*

## Christian Thought.

### BACCALAUREATE SERMON—PERORATION.

DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK, BY  
CHANCELLOR HOWARD CROSEY, D.D., LL.D.

"In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. And this I say, lest any man should beguile you with enticing words."—Col. ii. 3. 4.



Y dear young friends, you are now to use the materials of knowledge you have gathered in your academic course, in forming the views which are to govern your life and determine your character. You will be tempted by theories that are called scientific, but which are merely the theories (and only theories) of some godless scientific men. These men, so long as they keep to their science, are good guides. They are thoroughly at home with the crucible and the microscope, and the facts that they disclose are curious and important; but when these men attempt to construct theories of cosmogony and life they are no longer scientists, but dreamers, and do you see to it that their *true* science give no weight to their crude and *false* theories in your minds. God has set His seal on all His creation, and these men endeavour to erase it. They affect to laugh at the old truth, that "design implies a designer," and thus attempt to undermine the belief in God. While some of them pretend that they are not atheists, yet all their theorizing leads to atheism, and what Huxley and Tyndall and Darwin would hide, Haeckel boldly affirms and shows the aim and animus of the whole crew. Stand fast, young men, in the first principle of your reason, that "design implies a designer," and see God creating, supporting, operating in all the world of nature about you. Refuse to be guided by men who deny this foundation of your intelligence, as you would repel the teaching of men who would deny the distinction between good and evil, the distinction which lies at the basis of all morality. You will also be tempted by another class of teachers—men who have won fame by their literary talent; men who in poetry or history or fiction have done such grand things that the world loves to offer them the incense of its applause. They will talk eloquently of humanity and its destiny. They will show you Chinese, Hottentot and Anglo-Saxon all alike developing into angels through innate potencies; they will write down sin as a mere

misfortune, the friction of a disordered society; they will speak to you beautifully of God as the great All Father, who holds all alike tenderly in His bosom, and is too full of love ever to exhibit either justice or truth. The light literature of our day is very largely in the hands of these easy-going philosophers. They are not atheists; they do not deny a God. But they hate revelation. They make a God out of their own consciousness, and they array Him in their own attributes. He is a God who will not interfere with their pride or selfishness, but will be flattered by their kind approbation. He is a God whose service is poetry and whose worship is art. Religion is a sort of general *bonhomie*, skin deep, and hence Confucius and Zoroaster and Mohammed are ranked by these men on the same level with Jesus, and a hundred years hereafter they will add Joe Smith to the list. It makes no difference what you call God. It may be Baal or Buddha, Jehovah, Jove or Lord. It is all the same. Religion has not much to do with God anyhow. It is rather a getting along smoothly, with a certain spicing of culture and æsthetic talk. These people, you see, make religion very toothsome to a man who loves sin and hates the idea of repentance. All ideas of a wicked heart, a just God, a day of judgment, an eternal hell, are thoroughly eliminated from this soft religion which prevails among the literary magnates of our day. And as the Bible contains all these ugly, disagreeable and unrefined things, why, all the worse for the Bible. They set it aside absolutely, or else tear it to pieces with rationalistic or mythical theories. In doing this, what care they if they deny the strongest evidence that could be given to man, and impeach the positive testimony of eighteen hundred years of history, and the positive experience of eighteen hundred millions of believers? And what have all these boastful Atheists and Deists to give you for this Bible, this God, this Saviour that they would take away from you? What to ease the burdened soul, to quiet the tormenting conscience, to purify the polluted affections? Nothing! They will tell you to be rid of your fears and troubles; that they are all delusions. As well say to the man writhing in bodily pain, "Be rid of your distress; it is all delusion." Ah! the soul will cry out for relief in spite of this brave talk. It feels sin and needs salvation. In this blessed Bible the disease is exposed and the remedy is offered. Jesus, the Son of God, has come to earth and died for us, and risen again. In him is life. Be found in Him by faith, and you are at the fountain-head of all truth; you have discovered "the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."

## Christian Life.

### THE REV. HENRY VENN: OR THE CHRISTIAN CURATE.

BY ALICE KING, IN THE "QUIVER."

IT was an age of glitter: there was glitter at the Court, where jewels flashed on the white arms of the ladies and sparkled on the breasts of the fine gentlemen; there was glitter on the bayonets of the soldiers, as they talked of the past glories of Oudenarde and Blenheim, and of the great things they would do when they marched against the Pretender; there was glitter in literature, a somewhat cold brilliance, that had come over from France; there was glitter in the drawing-rooms, where the polished little shafts of wit were flying about; but there was not much warmth and brightness in religion. It was into this world of glitter, and yet of dimness, that Henry Venn was born in 1724.

The boy entered life with ancestral credentials that seemed good sureties of his one day fighting for God and for His truth. He sprang from a race of men who for a hundred years and more had written their names in marked characters on the clergy list of the Church of England. One had looked on in calm faith in the days of James I., while a king, with more learning, than sense, had twisted about the Book of Common Prayer to suit his own pet theological whims; one had stood firm to his colours while the storm of rebellion swept through the land; and one had aimed a stout blow against error in the teaching of a bishop. From his grandmother also he received a good inheritance of decision of character. She was a woman of strong will and high Christian principles, and these she used, as every good mother uses all that is best and fairest in her nature, in the education of her children. "My son Richard shall not go to school till he has learned to say No," she is reported to have said, and Richard did learn to say "No" to some good purpose, for he was the man who broke lances with the bishop, and he was the father who trained Henry Venn to a life of steady work and patient self-restraint.

Richard Venn held the living of Barnes in Surrey, and there the first years of Henry Venn's childhood were passed, his mind enough under

the influence of the great capital, which was comparatively not so very far off, to be more fully awake to public events and the topics of the day than the minds of most country boys; his heart putting forth fair buds in a genial home atmosphere. The boy soon began to show that he was made of no common stuff, as one or two stories told of him at this period testify.

There was a Dissenting minister who lived in the next street to Mr. Venn. Young Henry chose to take umbrage at this gentleman's preaching in his father's parish, and therefore whenever he met his son he always insisted on fighting him. This other boy was two or three years older than Henry, and yet he is said to have owned in after life that Henry Venn was one of the nightmare terrors of his youth. Henry Venn went early to school, as most of those Englishmen have done who have grown up to do anything in the world. The boy soon showed that he meant work; one of the first letters he wrote home from school had in it a singular complaint for a schoolboy. It was not that the butter was scanty, or the milk sour, but that the master did not compel the pupils to study sufficiently. By his own wish he was removed to a school at Bristol, where the young scholar found a master learned enough, and severe enough, to suit his heart's desire, and where he soon made rapid progress.

Years went on, the sinews of the lad's mind strengthened with the sinews of his body; years went on, and in process of time he passed from school to Cambridge. There his upward course was steady, and he was soon known as a young man of promise. He had always been brought up in the idea that he was to be a clergyman, and so at the usual age he was ordained, and took the curacy of Barton near Cambridge.

But though, as has just been said, he had always intended himself for the ministry, Venn's stronger yearnings for a higher life do not seem to have begun until after his ordination. While he was at Barton he would often walk up and down the cloisters of Queen's College in the twilight, and there, with the memories of all those who had gone forth from the grand old university city to fight and suffer for the truth echoing round him, with the solemn vows he had lately taken lying on his brave young heart, he first fully understood what it means to be a minister of Christ. Calmly and deliberately he then took up the Gospel sword, which was never again to leave his hand till he laid it down before the altar above.

Henry Venn's next curacy was Horsley in Surrey. There, though



as yet he neither knew nor had tried half his powers, he rapidly became the leaven of the parish. The parsonage grew to be the pulse of life of the village, the table of the Lord was crowded, people flocked even to the family prayers of the young curate. The neighbouring clergy looked on surprised and a little uneasy, for any spark of novelty in church matters in those days was distrusted.

Henry Venn's third sphere of work was a curacy at Clapham, where he remained for several years, and where both his character and his intellect were ripened to their complete fulness. Besides his Clapham curacy, he held a lectureship in London, and his full duty to both—and duty was now Henry Venn's watchword—required that he should preach six sermons a week. Fling a Newfoundland pup into the water, and he will quickly find out the use of his web-footed paws; put a man with eloquence sleeping on his lips into a pulpit, or on to a platform, without a written word, and the hitherto hidden stream will burst forth. With all his other parish work, Venn found it utterly impossible to write six weekly sermons, and so he began to preach extempore. He soon found out that he had got hold of his right tool: energy of delivery, and a flow of vigorous picturesque words seemed second nature with him the moment he stepped into the pulpit, and his preaching rapidly became very popular. True, ceaseless exertion of body and mind proved too much for the young man's as yet unseasoned frame, and for eight months he had to give up all his duties; but this period of forced inactivity only gave him more time for prayer and high resolve, and he rose from his bed of sickness a braver worker than before.

While he was at Clapham, Venn made many friends, whose influence wrought well upon his character, and whose affection for him was to be life-long; among the number were Wesley, Whitefield, and Lady Huntingdon. These three were his constant correspondents in after life, and the two great evangelists were to be frequent visitors in his future home. This home was very soon to be founded, for during his residence at Clapham he met Miss Bishop, the daughter of Dr. Bishop of Ipswich. Frequent intercourse between Henry Venn and this young lady made liking grow up, and liking soon blossomed into love, and the curate had found a wife. Never did woman fit more exactly into her place than Mrs. Venn; from the day when he put on her wedding-ring to the day when she was taken away from his side to enter, long before him, into the joy of her Lord, she stood by Henry Venn, his constant helper in every work of mercy, his fellow champion in every fight he fought for

the pure and the true. She was full of solid common sense, and full of gracious sweetness, and her almost manly strength of will and purpose only made fairer by contrast the softer lights and shadows of her womanhood.

But Henry Venn was not to spend all his life in the neighbourhood of the capital, preaching to fashionably-dressed congregations, and trying to show fine ladies and gay wits that this world means something besides lace, ruffles, and repartee. God wanted him for a severer struggle, and the hour for it was at hand. Through the influence of his friend, Lord Dartmouth, he was offered the living of Huddersfield in Yorkshire. It was no great clerical prize, his work would be much harder than it had been at Clapham, and the living was of no high value; but hard work was what Venn liked, and as for money, that was a thing that Henry Venn cared for less than most people; so Huddersfield was accepted, and he and his young wife, after many sad partings with London friends, started for Yorkshire.

Henry Venn was not easily discouraged, he buckled to at once to his work, for he was not a man to shrink weakly from looking into the ugliest of the difficulties that surrounded him. He went from house to house, first casting over men and women the spells of his genial face and manner, and then trying to lead them gently upward; he met the opposition that sprang up against him with steady cheerfulness, now flinging a jest at his adversaries, and now offering them the shield of quiet indifference; he lit a light in Huddersfield which all were forced to acknowledge, even if they did not admire; and soon many did admire, and not only admired but loved and followed. There seemed something almost infectious in his active goodness; he carried with him, as it were, wherever he went, a breeze from heaven, that stirred up people to wish to do a little for God; they could not be easy and comfortable in sin with him among them. They came to him—boys, and girls, and men and women—soiled with the dust of life, and asked him to show them the way to God, and he had a ready word for all.

In all his work, in all his trials, alike in his hours of brief household rest, and in his crowded hours of duty, Mrs. Venn was one, heart and soul, with her husband. Bravely and tenderly she did her woman's work in the parish, watching by the sick, warning the young, and raising with soft hands her fallen sisters; and all the while she shed mild radiance on cottage hearth and dingy back parlour, the home altar-flame was kept warm and bright; and all the while she had ever a smile and a sweet

strong word for him who was her first upon earth; and all the while each new baby as it lay upon her knee found morning sunshine in its mother's eyes.

Venn preached everywhere—in church, in the fields, in the cottage kitchen where the grandmother sat, in the shops where the young men worked, he preached everywhere, and from far and near they came to listen: from back streets foul with disease and sin, from the pleasant homes of the rich, from distant busy cities, from the shepherd's moorland hut. It is said that long after Henry Venn had left Huddersfield, long after even he himself had gone to a higher life, old men and women, who had been in youth his parishioners, would rouse at the mention of his name, and talk with kindling eyes of the great preacher, and tell with voices broken by strong feeling of the wondrous Sundays when he stood in the familiar pulpit speaking to thousands. Let us try for a moment to take a photograph of Huddersfield church on one of those memorable Sabbaths.

It is early, long indeed before the service begins, but already the church is crowded. There are faces everywhere. They lean from the high gallery, they are packed together in the tall pews, they flit up and down the isles, they look in at the windows. They are very varied faces. There are faces of delicate, refined ladies who have driven in from their country seats to hear the famous preacher, and rosy faces of village girls, and weather-beaten faces of old peasant men and women. And now he enters, the man that has brought all this assembly together. There is the brisk firm step which is so characteristic of his whole nature, there the erect, almost soldier-like carriage of the head, there the face which for many there is as God's blessed sunshine. He goes into the reading-desk, and first—as has been his custom ever since he came to Huddersfield—he speaks a few solemn words, bidding his congregation consider for what they are come hither. The service now goes on, and familiar prayers and lessons gain new meaning from his expressive voice, and the very hearts of the people seem rising on the psalm as it swells up around him. At length he stands in the pulpit. And now the man is transfigured; his whole soul is in his face, which looks as if an angel had just passed by and spoken to him; his whole heart is in his voice, which now rings out clear as chimes borne upon the breeze, and now breaks into liquid fragments from the very force of the holy fire that blazes within him. They are not in that dim north-country church, that crowd of listeners; they are walking by the blue lake of Galilee, they are watching with the shepherds beneath the glow of Eastern

stars, they are standing by the garden tomb. He is so full of all he has to tell, he cannot stop to choose his words like one who writes for polished minds to read, now and then there slips from his lips a homely phrase, which, however, only makes his pictures more graphic. But now the congregation are gazing at a yet more stirring vision. He shows them life with all its shadowy problems, with all its stern inconsistencies. They see that it is nothing but gloom and confusion, they shrink and tremble, until the preacher, with a great burst of joy in his voice, pours down upon them the light from above. They are all moved by this time. The face of him who came to scoff, quivers; the face of him who came to be indifferent, breaks up into lines of deep feeling; the faces of strong men who come from the loom and the plough, are hidden in their horny hands; women sob; through the whole church there thrills a great wave of suppressed emotion. But the God-given spell must end at last. He cannot keep them always with him, at the gates of heaven; both he and they must go back again to the dusty high road of commonplace life; but surely they will take with them rich stores of hope and joy for the way.

But light and joy were not always the portion of Huddersfield and its vicar. Dark hours were near, hours of sorrow and of separation. She, the mother of the parish, the clear moon of the vicarage—Mrs. Venn—began to droop; perhaps the double weight of work among the people and of home cares was too much for her tender woman's frame. They strove to keep her here—husband, and children, and friends—with all that watchful love and boundless devotion could do; but the angels wanted her, and one day they bore her up to God. Then for a while a great despondency fell upon Henry Venn. She whose foremost care it had been to make the hard things of life light and soft for him was gone; his motherless children seemed an all too piteous load for the widower. His health, which had doubtless been overtaxed by incessant hard work, began to give way. When he entered his pulpit only tears came instead of words; to go into any house in the parish was but to add a fresh, almost unbearable, sting to his grief, for she had crossed every threshold at his side. It was just at this period that a friend, knowing probably something of his state of mind, offered him the small rural living of Yelling, in Huntingdonshire. Venn took it as a God-sent message; Yelling was a new and lighter sphere of duty. It would be a hard struggle to tear himself from his beloved people at Huddersfield, but he felt that he was no longer fit for so important a charge; besides, her dear image would not haunt him so sadly at every turn. He, therefore,

accepted Yelling. Who can tell the gloom of these last few days which the man, who in twelve short years had put a new spirit into Huddersfield, spent going for the last time from house to house in its streets? Who can tell the bitterness, and yet the sweetness, of that last sermon, when they knew that they should see his face no more, and yet knew that between him and them there was a bond which would be strong throughout eternity? These sad hours were, however, over at length, and Venn found himself at Yelling. It would be very unjust to cast the faintest blame on Henry Venn for giving up his post at Huddersfield. When a man feels himself unequal to fill a wide field of duty, it is surely right for him to leave it for a smaller one.

At Yelling, with new work growing up around him, with his health restored by country air, Venn's mind soon regained its usual tone. His was not a character to have energy long crushed out of it by even the severest blow. She whom he had lost would, he knew, be the first to chide him for giving way to listless, self-absorbed sorrow. He roused himself, therefore, and gradually his grief took a softer and more resigned hue. There were many friends and many interests to be made in Yelling and its neighbourhood, and Venn's was one of those warm, sympathetic natures which cannot do without friends and interests. There was plenty, too, for a clergyman to do, and, as was his wont, he began to do it with a will. As is always the case, fulfilment of duty brought cheerfulness, and Venn was once more useful and happy.

When he had been some years at Yelling, Venn married again. His was that sort of thoroughly domestic temperament which cannot do without communion with a sympathetic woman's mind. The lady was a widow, a Mrs. Smith. Venn showed much discrimination in choosing his second wife; she was a kindly, sensible woman, who made his home very warm and bright. His feeling for her was, doubtless, different from what it had been for her who was the love of his youth, but the marriage was a very happy one, and she seems fully to have appreciated the privilege of being Henry Venn's support and comfort. She was an excellent mother to his children, all of whom grew up well endowed as to heart and mind. His mantle fell on one of his sons, who was a preacher of some note.

Venn lived for more than twenty years at Yelling—years in which his time was well filled up. He led many to God in and near his own parish; he often went to preach in London and elsewhere; he wrote books and letters. His books, the best known of which is "The Complete Duty of Man," were read in his own day, though seldom looked at now.


There is a coldness and a "tiffiness" in their style which has prevented their ever getting hold of the people's heart. Somehow, Venn always got upon stilts the moment he wrote sentences to be printed. His letters, however, which he did not know would be printed, but numbers of which have been published, are delightful, because in them he wrote as he talked; they show his wide influence over other minds. Many of them are to people who had written to him for advice, or for consolation in some trouble.

Henry Venn's last days upon earth were one strain of triumphant thankfulness. "He cannot die while he is in this state of lively joy," said the doctor, as he turned away from the old man's bed, and for him, in truth, what we call death was a glorious passage into eternal life. His face is said never to have looked so bright as just before he went up to God.

## Christian Work.

### MEDICAL MISSIONS.

[We are indebted to the "Quiver" for the following glimpse of good deeds at home and abroad:]

ONGST the most cheering aspects of mission work abroad we may fairly place the medical missions, which are of comparatively modern origin. Unquestionably the primary object of mission work is to lead dark and degraded souls to the Saviour of the world; nevertheless, it is true that missionaries are treading in the footprints of our blessed Lord when they care for those who are afflicted with all manner of diseases. Medical missions have been started by various societies in China, Japan, India, Ceylon, Siam, Palestine, and Syria. There is an Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, founded in 1841, for aiding suitable candidates to study medicine. The Church of England is now adopting measures which have been some time in use by the London Baptist and Wesleyan Missionary Societies, and the American General Board of Missions has resolved that wherever practicable a physician shall be stationed in each of their centres of operation. How noble a resolve this is! We rejoice, therefore, that the Church of England has entered on this new and noble work. Long ago it was felt that there are auxiliary forces which may aid the mission work; and the

skilled artisan, the printing press, and the school-master, have been employed in the great service. The Rev. T. F. French, of St. Ebbes Rectory, Oxford, writes thus: "A former student of mine, writing to urge on the Church at home the duty of sending out more teachers, says:—'At this time a flood of life, by the grace of God, is flowing in England. There little children are filled with the knowledge of God, and rejoice in His love. Spiritual dearth and barrenness is the lot of the Punjab and Hindostan. . . . Various means are in our hands. One is this—Medical Missions. There are many diseases here, and but few remedies. Native doctors have little skill, and sell it dear. Certified doctors have been appointed, but they don't dispense their remedies with tenderness and kindness—they behave with surliness and sourfacedness. So it is that delicate people do not like to employ them; and, being without prayer, their practice lacks the blessing of God. Medical missionaries will be a great boon, such as Dr. Elmslie, who is gratefully remembered. Women wring their hands for his loss.'" This is a somewhat gainsaying generation. True, the old satires of Sydney Smith would not "tell" now in connection with mission work in general. The wilderness in many places does "rejoice and blossom as the rose," owing to the work of missionaries; still there are many who criticise the work as too much connected with the interest of the world to come. Bishop McDougall says that a doctor gains special access to men's homes openly, and then the power of God that worketh good passes from the bodily ailment to the deadly sickness of immortal souls. Nothing breaks down the wall of separation like this. We find that Dr. Parker, the first ordained doctor of the American Mission in China, has treated 48,000 patients in the ophthalmic hospital alone. In connection with this work we are glad to notice that there are two Worsley scholarships of £25 each at King's College for the purpose of aiding medical missionaries. Most heartily do we rejoice in the extension of this noble work! In writing to the Secretary of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, the Archbishop of Canterbury says: "I believe the blessing of Almighty God has already rested in large measure upon the work of medical missionaries, especially among wild and savage tribes—a work with which the name of Livingstone will be associated for all time. I am sure that we may look with confidence for a continuance of the Divine help in the days to come, when, as I hope, the field of work shall have been widely extended under the auspices of your Society, and of others with similar aim."

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*SUNDAY OBSERVANCE IN INDIA.*

Mr. Gathorne Hardy, Secretary of State for India, has been visited by an influential deputation of gentlemen at the India Office in relation to this question. The Earl of Shaftesbury called the right honourable gentleman's attention to the fact that by the schedule of the Civil Procedure Code for India, the Act of 29 Charles II., commonly called the Lord's Day Act, was repealed for that country. Rightly enough the Sunday as a day of rest has ever been, as his lordship suggested, "the glory and strength of the British nation." The legal working week until now in India has been six days, but this alteration would make it seven. While we hear so much of the unity of the Empire—let it be united in the best sense by the universal remembrance of the Christian day of rest. The memorialists begged that the sanction of the Imperial Government, which has not as yet been given to the Civil Procedure Code of 1877, may be withheld so far as it repeals the Act of Charles II. Sir A. Cotton said his long experience in public works in India had convinced him that more work was done in a week of six than could be done in a week of seven days. Mr. Reid and General Alexander, speaking from their own experience in India, bore out this statement, and also pointed out that if the Sabbath were not kept in that country the natives would say the English had no religion, and therefore could not be depended upon. We need not fear the danger that the natives should imagine we are going to introduce some new religious rite. The fact is they will respect us only in proportion as we are faithful to our Christian character as a nation. We expect it will be found that as the Act of Charles II. did not apply to India at all, the inserting the Act in the schedule was a merely nominal repeal. We are glad, however, to find the true friends of India awake and alive to her true interests, and we endorse most heartily the endeavour to preserve to all our people a true day of rest.

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*OPEN-AIR MISSION.*

The annual meeting of this Society was held in Hanover Square, and Mr. John Macgregor gave a brief account of the twenty-five years' work of the mission. There is no work which requires such judicious conduct as this. The field is indeed wide in London alone, and the results are much more encouraging than is generally thought. It is difficult we admit, and requires "tact" and "good taste," and ready ability. Some eloquent



cathedral preachers might find it rather discomposing to be interrupted amid their most telling arguments, and it is sometimes rather irritating to have your sentences finished for you in an opposite direction from that which you intended; but there is not nearly so much of all this as in the days of Whitfield and Wesley. Indeed, the multitudes are disposed to listen, and they constitute a very good sort of police amongst themselves in protecting any man whom they feel to be in earnest, and who cares for their souls. Because it is a work so arduous and so difficult, and because it is a work which God has so abundantly blessed, we wish the workers the most divine success.

### THE GOSPEL IN SYRIA.

Our readers may have already become acquainted with the work of British Syrian schools and Bible missions. Amongst various and superstitious creeds Protestant truth is struggling for a footing. The work is most arduous. Ever since their expulsion from most parts of Europe the Jesuits have established themselves more securely in Syria. The Jesuits are the great opponents of the schools, opening new ones in their immediate vicinity. In the remoter schools at Tyre and the Lebanon their persecution is more decided, such as waylaying the children, beating and, if they run away, following them into the schools, dragging them out; or, if not successful, running away with their shoes and their caps, to allure them to follow, accompanied by excommunicating, and refusal of absolution. The teachers meantime were insulted by the nuns, some stoning and often seriously hurting them. And what varieties of creed there are in Syria—Druses, Jews, Mahomedans, Maronites, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholic, Armenian Jacobites! The latter sects have much in common—truth overlaid with superstition. Many indeed find it difficult to realise how it is possible that in one class in this training institution, consisting of eighteen girls, nine should be of different religions. Happily there is no religious difficulty; and although the schools do not proselytise, they lay down the one uncompromising condition that all must learn to read that one Book which alone can harmonise such discordant elements. There are now seventy-nine agents and teachers in connection with this admirable Society, and twenty-six schools, with an average attendance of 2,080 pupils. These have been gathered from the Greek, Latin, Druse, and Maronite communities. Mrs. H. Smith, of 12, Lawn Terrace, Blackheath, is the hon. secretary; the Right Rev. the Bishop of Sydney is the patron.

*THE MINISTRY OF FLOWERS.*

Flower missions grow almost as rapidly as the flowers themselves. There are depôts everywhere. Busy hands gather in the country these "stars that in earth's firmament do shine," and transport them to the city, where they are soon scattered amongst hospitals and workhouses, courts and alleys, cellars and garrets. These united ministers open doors and hearts closed to the garrulous human tongue, and are the means of bringing to light misery, which but for them, would lie concealed in the dark corners of the earth. The bearer of the sweet freight of flowers is soon surrounded by ragged children craving a blossom, and is led by them into scenes of sin, shame, penury, or suffering, such as neither pen nor pencil could paint. Appended to each nosegay is a text of Scripture distinctly printed and illuminated, and together they not unfrequently become evangelists to many who would listen to no other Gospel teaching. It is touching to see the wan face brighten and the dull eye glisten as these heaven-sent ministers appear. It is hopeful, if sad, to watch the sin-soiled start and weep at sight of a primrose or violet, recalling the early home and purity of childhood; and it is affecting to know that the carefully designed texts are treasured, and even framed, when the fragrance of the flowers has departed. Some given to foreigners in their own language, have been forwarded to their native country in proof of the tender care of the stranger. Thus, this "nature which is beautiful and dumb," wakes up the spring-tide of hope in many a despairing soul. It is accompanied by Christian love and sympathy, and so is the pioneer of aid temporal and spiritual, when such aid is as unexpected as needed. There could scarcely be a more graceful or more pleasing occupation for the young than to roam the mead and woodland in search of these treasures, and then to arrange and despatch them to their contemporaries in the great city, ready to receive and distribute them. Hundreds of thousands of nosegays are thus culled and utilised during Flora's bountiful reign. May they be multiplied, until every wayworn pilgrim learn to say with Longfellow—

"In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things."

*Way of Life.*—If the way to heaven be narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—*Beveridge.*

## Practical Papers.

### THE MISTAKEN BUILDER; or, FALSE CONFIDENCE.



ABOUT fourteen miles from Plymouth, on the Cornish coast, lies a perilous reef of rocks, against which the long rolling swell of the Atlantic waves dash with appalling force, and breaks up into those swirling eddies from which the reef is named—the Eddystone. Upon these treacherous crags many a gallant vessel has foundered and gone down, within sight of the shore it has scarcely quitted or was just about to reach; and, situated in the midst of a much frequented track, the rapid succession of calamities at the Eddystone was not long in awakening men's minds to the necessity of some warning light. The exposure of the reef to the wild fury of the Atlantic, and the small extent of the surface rock, however, rendered the construction of a lighthouse in such a situation a work of great, and, as it was long considered, insuperable difficulty.

The project was long talked of before any one was found daring enough to attempt it; but in the year 1696 a person of the name of Henry Winstanley came forward, and after six years of hard and dangerous labour it was accomplished.

It was found, however, that in the course of a few years the winds and waves had made sad havoc with the fabric, and that something must be done to repair and strengthen it; and with a view to the accomplishment of this, its builder, Henry Winstanley, in November, 1703, went out to the rock himself, accompanied by some workmen, observing to a friend as they left the shore that he only wished to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew, that he might see the effect it would have upon his structure! Alas! his wish was but too soon realised, for in a very few hours after he had reached his lighthouse both it and himself were buried beneath the proud waves for ever. Alas! what a solemn warning in relation to false and presumptuous confidence. How many are there, however, who emulate this conduct in relation to the soul? They believe that a day of test and trial will come, and they believe that they are perfectly secure; but when we reach the ground of their hope, how often do we discover that they are not hiding themselves in the salvation which God has provided, but in one which they have built and provided for themselves!

In some cases we find the house in which they dwell, and in which they think they shall remain and be secure for ever, is made up of their own deeds and activities. We have a striking illustration of this spirit in the case of Madame de Maintenon, a celebrated character in the reign of Louis XIV. of France, and who was esteemed very religious. Thus she writes to her confessor, the Abbe Gobelin: "My days are now pretty regular and very solitary. I pray to God as soon as I rise. I go to mass twice on Sundays and holy days, and once every other day. I say my office daily, and read a chapter in some pious book. I pray to God on going to bed, and when I awake in the night I say a 'Laudate Dominum' or a 'Gloria Patri.' I think of God often in the course of the day, and make Him an offering of my actions!" What was the character of these actions which she so ignorantly and with such confidence offered to God may be gathered from the following. She goes on to say: "I can scarcely ever reproach myself with *deeds*, but only with human motives, great vanity, much levity, great freedom of thought and judgment, and a reserve in speaking that proceeds from nothing but human prudence." What a state of mind! No mention is made of the Saviour; and His one offering is superseded by the presentation of her own actions!

Others seek to find a shelter in a refuge made up of outward formalities, the show and glitter of sensuous worship. They are very scrupulous in the observance of certain days; they fast and they pray; repeat certain forms of prayer; partake of the sacraments of the church; pay great deference to the teachings of certain authorities; and go so far often as to confess their sins and receive absolution from the priest; and through these things, and resting upon them, they hope to find acceptance with God, to enjoy His favour, and to escape the punishment due to sin, which must come in the future.

Others there are who, while repudiating their own deeds and outward observances, are yet found hiding themselves in their own feelings and enjoyments; they have had so much sorrow for sin, and so much joy in the service of God, that they feel they must be secure.

All such persons, however, as we have described, viewed in the light of the gospel, are but foolish builders, and are living self-deceived; they are, indeed, one and all building upon the sand, and not upon Christ, the Rock of Ages. However sincere and careful they may be, they are really by their own work trying to supersede the work of Christ; they are striving to save themselves; and to the extent that they thus strive they reject Christ. It is, however, written: "And a man shall be a hiding-place

from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The man referred to is Christ Himself, the Son of God, who suffered, bled, and died to save us. In His blood only can we find cleansing and forgiveness, in His righteousness only, justification and grace; by faith in Him, trusting in Him, and Him only, we are delivered from the guilt and dominion of sin, and fitted for God's presence and glory. Reader, beware of *false confidence*; be assured that if hope is not built upon Christ, to the exclusion of every other ground of trust, it will fail thee when most needed, and in the midst of that storm which sooner or later must come to try every man's work of what sort it is.

### SHALL WE TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH?

BY MRS. SANGSTER.

It is quite safe to say that forty years ago this question could not have been asked with any propriety; for it was then the prevailing custom to take even the very little children to church, and parents did not dream of any other course of action. The minister, as he sat in his high pulpit and surveyed his congregation, had the pleasure, seldom enjoyed by the clergymen of these days, of seeing whole families assembled in their pews. There would be a father and mother, and beside them a graduated row of boys and girls, each head a step higher than the one next; and the "wee tot," just emerging from babyhood, would be very likely seated on the father's lap, with his protecting arm about it. There was, of course, some restlessness and weariness on the part of these little listeners, yet far less than there would be now if so many of them came to a grown people's service; for a beneficent habit of parental authority then obtained, and obedience had not gone out of fashion. Some kind and thoughtful mothers brought comfits or peppermint drops in their pocket, and administered them judiciously when the sermon had gone as far as "fifthly;" while others had a pencil or a bit of paper with which the very smallest were allowed to amuse themselves. But many a little child grew up in the constant and habitual attendance at church, without ever expecting to have the monotony of the long hours lightened at all. What we need to consider now is whether the old way or our own is the better. We send our children to Sunday-school, and we go ourselves to church. Many children in Christian households never see the inside of a

church except on some ceremonial occasion of the Sunday-school, till they are twelve years of age. Are they the losers or the gainers by this?

For our own part, one of the very dearest memories of our childhood is of the Sabbaths spent in the venerable sanctuary where we, as a family—for nobody in health ever stayed at home—were used to worship. Long before we could understand the argument of the preacher, his benignant face, framed in its silvery hair, his gold-rimmed spectacles, and his tall figure, had made a picture for us which we somehow mixed in with our thoughts of God and Moses and David and the cattle on a thousand hills. Still can we remember how his clear voice would announce his favourite psalm,—

"Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;"

and we never hear the rapt and accumulative splendour of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews without hearing the triumphant ring of the good pastor's tone as he would say, "By faith Noah," "By faith Abraham," its naturally plaintive cadence rising into a martial and victorious strain.

The benefits of the old way were shown in the fact that as they grew older, the children, instead of drifting into non-church-going, or roaming wherever they would, stayed where their parents were. As the mantle fell from the fathers, the sons assumed it. As the mothers ceased from labour, the daughters were trained to take their places. The boys and girls, fed on wholesome meat of creed and catechism, grew up strong in their convictions, self-poised, able to render a reason intellectually for their religious belief. And we have yet to see what there is which, under God, can make men and women so strong, so able to endure the manifold temptations of life, as a mental diet of the Bible, well learned and thoroughly assimilated in the days of their youth.

Little children would consider it no hardship, but, on the contrary, a pleasure, to be permitted to go often, indeed always, to church with their parents. They would feel altogether better if they were not treated during so many years as something between heathens and idiots. There would be a sort of moral leverage, a purchase upon them, when they were naughty and self-willed, which parents who go to church and leave their children at home to quarrel or to play never have. There would come no conflict after a while, when the parents concluded that the children were old enough, and suddenly required that which they had previously ignored. And, as in the old Jewish times, the father of a family could say with confidence, as few fathers, unhappily, in this period of juvenile misrule, can: As for me, I and my house will serve the Lord.

## Christian Miscellany.

## THE HONEST DOCTOR.



WEALTHY invalid, who was far too fond of the bottle, sent one day for his physician, and after detaining him some time with a minute description of his pains, aches, and nervous affections, summed up with these words:

"Now, doctor, you have bothered me long enough with your good-for-nothing pills and draughts; they don't touch the real difficulty. I wish you to strike at the real cause of my ailments, if it is in your power to reach it?"

"It shall be done," replied the doctor, and at the same moment he lifted his cane and demolished a decanter of gin that stood on the table.

"Now, then," continued the honest physician, "I have struck at the real cause of your ailments—banish the 'bottle,' and you will have far less need of my pills and draughts."

Workingmen and youths! here's a lesson for you and for me. For many years past statesmen, politicians, and reformers of every grade have been trying to improve our social, moral, and religious position. Notwithstanding much has been done, yet it is a melancholy fact that new prisons and new workhouses are always being built, or old ones enlarged, and the inmates of these buildings are chiefly supplied from our ranks, and that through our drinking habits.

Acts of Parliament are very good things in their place, but, like the doctor's pills and draughts, they will not do much to raise our morals, if we do not strike a blow at the "bottle."

Instead of taking one hundred millions a year as we now do to the "Losings' Banks," let us act wisely, and put this immense rich mine of wealth into the SAVINGS' BANKS! What a difference this would make to us nationally!

SUCCESS FROM GOD ONLY.—However diligent we may be in our calling, yet the ability and the blessing can come only from God. We pray for daily bread, and He gives it, though we labor for it. There is a gift of success, and unless it be given us from above, we shall then with the disciples toil all day, but catch nothing.—Richard Sibbs.

“NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep;”  
 And the blue eyes, dark and deep,  
 Let their snowy curtains down,  
 Edged with fringes golden brown.  
 “All day long the angels fair  
 I’ve been watching over there;  
 Heaven’s not far, ’tis just in sight;  
 Now they’re calling me—good night.  
 Kiss me, mother, do not weep,  
 Now I lay me down to sleep.

Over there, just over there,  
 I shall say my morning prayer;  
 Kiss me, mother, do not weep,  
 Now I lay me down to sleep.”

Tangled ringlets all smooth now,  
 Looped back from the waxen brow;  
 Little hands so dimpled, white,  
 Clasped together, cold to-night.  
 Where the mossy, daisied sod  
 Brought sweet messages from God,  
 Two pale lips with kisses pressed  
 There we left her to her rest.  
 And the dews of evening weep  
 Where we laid her down to sleep.

Over there, just over there,  
 List the angel’s morning prayer!  
 Lisplings low through fancy creep,—  
 “Now I lay me down to sleep.”

THE FOUR ANCHORS.

“They cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day.”—Acts xxvii. 29.

THE night is dark, but God, my God,  
 Is here and in command;  
 And sure am I, when morning breaks,  
 I shall be “at the land.”  
 And since I know the darkness is  
 To Him as sunniest day,  
 I’ll cast the anchor *Patience* out,  
 And wish—but wait—for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves  
 Within his hand are held,  
 And, trusting in Omnipotence,  
 My fears are sweetly quelled.  
 If wrecked, I’m in His faithful grasp:  
 I’ll trust Him, though He slay;  
 So, letting go the anchor *Faith*,  
 I’ll wish—but wait—for day.



Still seem the moments dreary, long?  
I rest upon the Lord;  
I muse on His "eternal years,"  
And feast upon His word;  
His promises, so rich and great,  
Are my support and stay;  
I'll drop the anchor *Hope* ahead,  
And wish—but wait—for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light  
And love supreme, divine!  
How can I feel one fluttering doubt  
In hands so dear as Thine?  
I'll lean on Thee, beloved Lord,  
My heart on Thy heart lay;  
And casting out the anchor *Love*,  
I'll wish—but wait—for day.

—Mrs. Helen E. Brown.

### THE LEAF FOR CURING QUARRELS.

"The best way of making peace," said a good minister once, "is to let the innocent forgive the guilty.

"How do you manage to keep out of quarrels?" said a person once to a good man, known to be a great lover of peace. His answer was a wise one: "By letting the angry person have the quarrel all to himself.

A missionary in Africa was once visiting a man and his wife who were members of his church. Before they became Christians they were always quarreling; and he asked them how they managed to live so peaceably now. The man answered, "Sometimes I say a word my wife no like; or my wife talk, or do, what I no like; but when we want to quarrel, we shake hands together, shut the door, and go to prayer; and then we soon get peace."

Ah! yes, if, when tempted to quarrel, we would only pause, and pray, the fire of anger would be put out before it was fairly kindled.

An Eastern prince once asked two of his wisest counsellors to tell him in what way he could do his people the greatest good, and make them the happiest. He gave them two months' time in which to prepare their answers. At the end of that time these wise men appeared before the prince. One of them came bearing on his shoulder a great roll of papyrus-leaves, which were used in that country instead of paper. On these he had written out two hundred rules, to show what he thought the prince ought to do to make his people happy. The second came

with nothing in his hand, but with a wise thought in his head. The reading of the two hundred rules was very tiresome to the prince. After hearing them, he called upon the other counsellor for his advice. He gave it in two short words: "Love God."

"What do you mean?" said the prince. "I asked you to tell me not what I was to do for God, but what I should do for my people, to make them most happy."

"True," said the wise man, "but loving God supremely will secure the highest happiness, both to yourself and to your people."

This was a good answer. It is just what the Bible teaches when it says: "*Love is the fulfilling of the law.*"

### FAMILY WORSHIP.

The practice of family worship is the castle of Protestantism. It is the grand defence against all attacks by a priestly caste, who set up their temples and tell us to pray by their mediation. Nay, but our houses are temples, and every man is a priest in his own house. This is a brazen wall of defence against superstition and priestcraft.

Family prayer is the nutriment of family piety, and woe to those who allow it to cease. I read the other day of parents who said they could not have family prayer, and one asked this question, "If you knew that your children would be sick through the neglect of family prayer, would you not have it? If one child was smitten down with fever each morning that you neglected prayer, how then?"

Oh, then they would have it.

"And if there was a law that you would be fined five shillings if you did not meet for prayer, would you find time for it?"

"Yes."

"And if there were five pounds given to all who had family prayer, would you not by some means arrange to have it?"

"Yes."

And so the inquirer went on with many questions and wound up with this: "Then it is but an idle excuse when you, who profess to be servants of God, say that you have no time or opportunity for family prayer?"

Should idle excuse rob God of his worship, and our families of a blessing? Begin to pray in your families; and especially if things have gone wrong, get them right by drawing near to God more distinctly.

Did I hear you say, " We do not want to be formalists ? " No, I am not afraid you would be. I am afraid of your neglecting anything that tends towards the good of your household and your own spiritual growth ; and therefore I pray you labor at once to acquaint yourselves with God and be at peace. Draw near the Lord again, more thoroughly than you have done before ; for it is the only way by which the backslidings of persons and families are at all likely to be corrected.—*Spurgeon.*

WHEN THE SOUL DRAWS NEAR TO GOD.

When the soul draws near to God,  
All its dark sins leaving,  
Then how sweet is Jesus' word,  
Peace and comfort breathing :  
" Come in anguish, come in doubt,  
I will never cast thee out ;  
Plenteous mercy shall be thine,  
If thou wilt receive Me,  
Life and strength and joy divine,  
If thou wilt believe Me."  
Oh, how sweet is Jesus' word  
When the soul draws near to God !

When the soul draws near to God,  
In temptation grieving,  
Then how sweet is Jesus' word  
To its sorrows breathing :  
" Find in Me thy keeping power,  
Grace in every needful hour ;  
On my cross the burdens cast  
That oppress thy spirit ;  
He that overcomes at last  
All things shall inherit."  
Oh, how sweet is Jesus' word  
When the soul draws near to God !

When the soul draws near to God,  
Earth for ever leaving,  
Then how sweet is Jesus' word,  
Peace and comfort breathing :  
" Life and glory find in Me,  
Resurrection, victory !  
Whosoever Me believes,  
Naught from Me can sever ;  
Whosoever Me receives,  
Mine shall be for ever !"  
Oh, how sweet is Jesus' word  
When the soul draws near to God !

—*Hesekiah Butterworth.*

*PRAYER.*

However early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it always open; and however deep the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Saviour near—and this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend a special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or put off your shoes on some holy ground. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovah-shammah—"the Lord hath been here"—inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink of Genesareth, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the lions gazed on him, or the hill-side whereon the Man of Sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the prints of the ladder's feet let down from heaven—the landing-place of mercies, because the starting-point of prayer.—*Hamilton.*

*OVERCOMING ENEMIES.*

A Chinese emperor once heard that his enemies had raised an insurrection in one of the distant provinces. "Come, my friends," said he to those about him, "follow me, and I promise you that we shall destroy our enemies." He marched forward, and the rebels submitted on his approach. All now thought that he would take the most signal revenge. Instead of this, however, they were surprised to see the captives treated with mildness and humanity. "What!" cried one of his officers, "is this the way in which you fulfil your promise? Your royal word was given that your enemies should be destroyed, and, behold, you have pardoned them all, and even showed special favor to some of them!"

"I promised," replied the emperor, with a generous air, "to destroy my enemies. This I have done. For, see they are enemies no longer; I have made them my friends."

How well might Christian people learn to imitate so noble an example, and learn to "overcome evil with good."—*Bible Banner.*

WHAT I BRING.

I BRING my sins to thee,  
The sins I cannot count;  
That all may cleansed be  
In thy once-opened fount.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;  
The burden is too great for me.

My heart to Thee I bring,  
The heart I cannot read;                    10  
A faithless, wandering thing—  
An evil heart indeed.  
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee;  
That fixed and faithful it may be.

To Thee I bring my care,  
The care I cannot flee;  
Thou wilt not only share,  
But take it all for me.  
O, loving Saviour! now to Thee  
I bring the load that wearies me.

I bring my grief to Thee;  
The grief I cannot tell;  
No word shall needed be,  
Thou knowest all so well.  
I bring the sorrow laid on me,  
O, suffering Saviour, all to Thee.

My joys to Thee I bring,  
The joys thy love has given;  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven.  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee  
Who hath procured them all for me.

My life I bring to thee,  
I would not be my own,  
O! Saviour, let me be  
Thine, only thine alone!  
My heart, my life, my all I bring  
To Thee, my Saviour and my king.

SHUT OUT.—If you stand at the door of the kingdom of grace to light others in, but will not go in yourselves, you shall knock at the gates of glory in vain. Many a preacher is now in hell, who called upon his hearers a hundred times to use their utmost endeavors to avoid that place of torment.—*Baxter.*

*A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.*

The following eloquent passage is from the pen of Albert Barnes:—

A whole family in heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy? No one absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter away. In the world they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascended together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walk hand in hand, and as a family they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. Hereafter there is to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain. No one to sink into the arms of death. Never in heaven is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that in His infinite mercy every family may be thus united.

*THE OVER-TIMID.*

There are members in all our churches who are afraid to undertake to be useful. They say, and are doubtless honest in their disbelief of themselves, that they are not qualified. Yet herein they are mistaken. All qualification of whatever sort anywhere is the result of effort, and of persistent effort. Make a beginning. Be not simply a hearer of the word, but take its directions, trusting in Him who has said, "My grace is sufficient for you." Do not be afraid of failure or of criticism. Do the best you can, and you shall soon find that faith will beget experience and experience faith, and ere long you will wonder why you waited to enter upon some pathway of Christian work. And then you shall have joy in the discipleship. The unhappy, the discontented, the irritable, fault-finding, and censorious members of active and aggressive churches are commonly found to be those who sit still and decline to share with others in the service whereunto all are called. A united church can never be where there is room for many who are too timid to undertake tasks for Christ, and yet bold enough to sit in judgment upon the ways, methods, and manners of others.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

**ATHEISM.**—We know, and it is our pride to know, that man is by his constitution a religious animal; that atheism is against not only our reason but our instincts, and that it cannot prevail long.—*Burke.*

*A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.*

The noble missionary Moffat tells a beautiful story. He says: "In one of my early journeys I came, with my companions, to a heathen village on the banks of the Orange River. We had travelled far and were hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; but the people of the village rather roughly directed us to halt at a distance. We asked for water, but they would not supply it. I offered the three or four buttons left on my jacket for a little milk; but was refused. We had the prospect of another hungry night, at a distance from water, though within sight of the river. When twilight grew on, a woman approached from the height beyond which the village lay. She bore on her head a bundle of wood, and had a vessel of milk in her hand. The latter, without opening her lips, she handed to us, laid down the wood, and returned to the village. A second time she approached with a cooking vessel on her head, and a leg of mutton in one hand and water in the other. She sat down without saying a word, prepared the fire and put on the meat. We asked her again and again who she was. She remained silent until we affectionately entreated her to give a reason for such unlooked-for kindness to strangers. Then the tears stole down her sable cheeks, and she replied: "I love Him whose you are, and surely it is my duty to give you a cup of cold water in His name. My heart is full, therefore I can't speak the joy I feel at seeing you in this out-of-the-world-place." On learning a little of her history, and that she was a solitary light burning in a dark place, I asked her how she kept up the light of God in her soul in entire absence of the communion of saints. She drew from her bosom a copy of the Dutch New Testament, which she had received from Mr. Helm when in his school some years before. "This," said she, "is the fountain whence I drink; this is the oil that makes my lamp burn." I looked on the precious relic printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the reader may conceive my joy while we mingled our prayers and sympathies together at the throne of the Heavenly Father.

HERE is a South Sea missionary who has a reputation among his savage parishioners for skill in making three-legged stools, and they know nothing of the fame for scholarship which he has in our country. So if we have much secret converse with God, our reputation on the earth will be always less than what we have in heaven or our own country. Our best qualities are better known there than here.—*Tenny.*

**INDECISION.**

"I never realised before that indecision was in reality opposition," said a young man, after listening to a sermon from the words, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

"There is no middle ground," said the preacher. "You are this moment choosing to serve God, or choosing to oppose him. The mere failure to choose his service leaves you in opposition. 'He that is not with me is against me,' are words from the lips of the Saviour."

For weeks this young man had considered himself a-seeker after truth, ready to receive Christ whenever the way became plain; but these words convinced him that his indecision was keeping him in the company of God's most bitter opposers.

From that day he was a changed man. Placing his will on the side of God, he found his faith taking hold of the promises, and soon he was walking in hopeful and loving communion with the Saviour.

Reader, has *your indecision* thus far kept you from that peace which those who choose right may enjoy?—*E. C. E.*

**DO THE WORK NEAREST TO HAND.**

There are two things which young men should not do. They should neither procrastinate nor anticipate. I have sometimes said to students when they have been going to college: "Now, do not anticipate; keep to the studies of the session; attend to the particular thing which you have to do at the present hour, and leave to the next the business of the next; do not neglect the duties and studies of this particular session, by involving yourselves in the investigation of subjects which will all come in due order." That is very injurious as well as procrastination. The great thing is, to do neither the one nor the other, but wisely to understand, that every day is to come with its burden; if you put each day's burden on your back, you will bear it with ease and vigour, but do not put two burdens upon it in one day.—*Rev. T. Binney.*

BETWEEN Christless culture and Christianity a bridge of accommodation can no more be built than between light and darkness; and woe to him who undertakes this.—*Christlieb.*

No affliction would trouble a child of God, if he knew God's reasons for sending it.



CHARITABLE CANT.

"You preach your sermons, and you sing your songs, and talk your pious talk in the prayer-meetings, but the poor all around you are hungry and cold. Give us a little less theoretical and emotional religion, and a little more of the practical variety." We hear a good deal of this kind of talk, and a large share of it is simple cant. There is humanitarian cant that is just as meaningless and nauseating as the cant of the prayer-meetings.

Of course, the duty of caring for the poor is the first of Christian duties. When you find a starving family you must feed them first and preach to them afterward. Of course, the religion that is merely theological or sentimental is the worst sort of a sham.

But, in the first place, the work of visiting the sick and feeding the hungry is mostly done by the people who preach and sing in the churches, and who talk in the prayer-meetings. If the folks who stand outside and snarl at them did as much for the poor as they do they would find much less time for snarling.

In the second place, nine-tenths of these poor need moral help more than they need material help. While they are in their present condition of mind, alas are more likely to be a curse than a blessing to them. They are poor and degraded only because their inner life was first impoverished; if they could be taught self-denial and self-respect, and the value of character, they would speedily find their way out of pauperism. Inspire them with a higher motive, teach them to postpone present gratification for future good, lift up before them a hope of better life, and the great majority of them would soon be above the need of charity. In other words, the ideas and sentiments which it is the business of the churches to propagate, are what they are starving for. Those of them that come into the churches, not after the loaves and fishes, but after the Bread of Life, do not remain in penury and dependence very long.

The doctrines of the gospel, as interpreted by the evangelical branches are always potent in saving men from sin. Wherever preached in love, in fulness and in the fear of God, there will be conversions. The well-established principles of that "faith once delivered to the saints," are rock-like in weight, in security, and immovable in grandeur. They are as old as the beginnings, and as new as every new day's need. Science, as its secrets open, only proves the "old, old story" to be true. Preach this blessed power of salvation to all.—*Methodist Recorder.*

## ARROWS SHOT AT A VENTURE.

*The Three Wishes.*—The apostle Paul had three wishes—that he might be *found* in Christ, that he might be *with* Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Luther.*

*Heavenly-mindedness.*—We should carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance of his people for evermore.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

*The Atonement.*—The atonement of the cross is not so much a member of the body of the Christian doctrine, as the life-blood that runs through the whole of it. There is not an important truth but what is presupposed by it, included in it, or arises out of it; nor any part of practical religion but what hangs upon it.—*Andrew Fuller.*

*Faith.*—Faith is the trust of the mind for the blessing of justification, upon the obedience and death of the Son of God; and the ground of this trust is, the excellence of the Saviour's work, and the worth and glory of Him who suffered.

*Defective Religion.*—A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish him from a wicked world, will never distinguish him from a perishing world.—*Howe.*

*Afflictions.*—Sanctified afflictions are like so many artificers, working on a pious man's crown to make it more bright and massive.—*Cudworth.*

*Grace and Glory.*—Grace and glory are one and the same thing in a different print, in a smaller and greater letter. Glory lies couched and compacted in grace, as the beauty of a flower lies couched and concealed in the seed.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

*Peace.*—The peace which Christ gives is infinitely more valuable than that which the world gives. The world's peace begins in ignorance, consists with sin, and ends in endless troubles. Christ's peace begins in grace, consists with no allowed sin, and ends at length in everlasting peace.—*M. Henry.*

*Prosperity and Adversity.*—Let prosperity be as oil to the wheels of obedience, and affliction as wind to the sails of prayer.—*Philip Henry.*

*The Strait Gate.*—The strait gate of religion is wide enough to admit any penitent sinner, but too narrow to admit of any sin.—*Howells.*

## Children's Treasury.

### A BATTLE THAT WAS NOT FOUGHT.



WO boys were once at play. A dispute arose between them, and in high words they dared each other to fight. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground, and both boys were ready to begin. But who was to strike the first blow, for both of them seemed as if they would rather not?

"Now, then, strike me if you dare!" said the younger boy, with an angry look. The other boy looked at him, but did not strike, and at last said:

"I have nothing to strike you for."

"Well, then, after all, neither have I," said the other, who had begun the quarrel. "Let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for either."

They left the field without striking a single blow, and never quarrelled again. Both of them became good men, and held good positions in life.

How few battles would be fought if young people, and old as well, tried to find a reason for the quarrel before they struck a blow!

"The beginning of strife is like one letting out water;" but "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

### THE CHILD MISSIONARY.

One Sabbath, on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A little boy, about half-clad, came in and said:—"O, I do so love my Jesus! May I do something for his house?" "And what can you do?" said the missionary. Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say anything, he replied:—"I will always be there; I will do it loud. Please let me ring the bell." While a boy he rang the bell that invited the people to church, and when he became a man he preached to his people the same glad news that he commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell. Little boys, begin while you are young to call the people by bell, or mouth, or tract, or inviting children to a Sabbath school; and as you grow up you will be trained servants and soldiers to serve Christ anywhere.

*WHO MADE IT?*

Sir Isaac Newton, was once examining a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked :

“ Who made it ? ”

“ Nobody,” answered Sir Isaac. “ It happened here.”

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

The Bible says, “ The fool hath said in his heart there is no God.” Must not that man be a fool indeed who can say this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance, when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture, or anything in it, but has had a maker? We might better say that this paper we are reading grew just as it is, than to say that the sun, moon, and stars, and this globe on which we live, came without a creative hand.—*S. S. Herald.*

*HOW THEY LEARN.*

In the streets from morn till night  
 Hosts of boys you'll see  
 Swapping marbles, jack-knives, balls—  
 Busy as can be.  
 That's the way they learn you know  
 “ Barter and Exchange,”  
 If they learn to cheat besides,  
 Do you think it strange?

Out upon the crowded wharves,  
 Where the great ships lie,  
 You may count them too by scores  
 As you're passing by,  
 Language garnished well with oaths  
 Is the kind taught here,  
 If they learn to swear themselves,  
 Is it *very* queer?

Round the corners of the streets  
 Hours the youngsters spend,  
 This the “ Free School ” hundreds may  
 If they choose attend;  
 Willing teachers, scholars apt,  
 Can you marvel then,  
 When they graduate at last,  
 That they're wicked men?

—*Ruth Argyle.*

### THE LITTLE OUTCAST.

Nearly four thousand years ago a poor mother, with her boy, was turned out of doors, to wander in the wilderness, and, for aught she knew, to die. Where could she find food and water in that barren place, to keep the old wolf—famine—away?

But the Lord saw her great trouble, and showed her a way out of it. So they both lived, and the little boy in due time became a strong man and an archer, that is, he lived by hunting.

That was a very roving sort of life, and I presume his mother lived with him, for the story says she took him a wife from the land of Egypt, and that was a long way from their old home.

But I dare say Hagar, for this was the mother's name, came to like this sort of life quite well. Certain it is that her grandchildren, and all their descendants liked it. For though they became in time quite a nation, they still live the same wandering lives, with tents for their only shelter besides the starry sky, camels carrying all their worldly goods from place to place.

The little boy's name was Ishmael, and his father's, Abraham. The strange and interesting people who descended from the little outcast we call Arabs.—*Xqung Reaper.*

### STUDY THE BIBLE.

John v. 89: Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.

John viii. 82: And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

Psalms cxix. 129: Thy testimonies are wonderful; therefore doth my soul keep them.

Psalms i. 2, 3: His delight is in the Law of the Lord, and in his Law doth he meditate day and night.

Psalms cxix. 140: Thy Word is very pure; therefore thy servant loveth it.

A GENTLEMAN visited an unhappy man in jail awaiting his trial. "Sir," said the prisoner, "I had a good home education. My street education ruined me. I used to slip out of the house and go off with the boys in the street. In the street I learned to lounge; in the street I learned to swear; in the street I learned to smoke; in the street I learned to gamble; in the street I learned to pilfer and to do all evil. Oh, sir, it is in the street that the devil lurks to work the ruin of the young."

**BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU FILL UP WITH.**

A boy returned from school one day with the report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you."

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if his son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty these apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips. And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."

When the apples were replaced, the son said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No; of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket; it will not hold much more than so much; and here you have been the past month filling it up with rubbish—worthless, cheap novels."

The boy turned on his heel and whistled, and said:

"Whew! I see the point."—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

**LITTLE WHEEL AND BIG WHEEL.**

Says the big waggon wheel  
To the little waggon wheel,  
"What a difference between us I see!  
As our course we pursue,  
Can a small thing like you  
E'er keep up with a great thing like me?"

Says the little waggon wheel  
To the big waggon wheel,  
"You are larger, I own, my good friend;  
But my quickness supplies  
What is wanting in my size,  
So I keep in the front to the end!"

## OUR JESUS.

A little girl three years old stood one Sabbath morning at the window, and waited till she saw her papa come from church. As he opened the door, she ran to meet him, and asked, "What has pastor Reinhold preached about to-day, papa?"

"He preached about Jesus, my child," replied her father.

"Papa, was that *our* Jesus?"

"Yes, indeed," said her father; "it was our Jesus."

Her eyes beamed with joy to think that the preacher had spoken to the whole congregation about her Jesus, who loved her so much, and whom she tried to love again in return.

It is so precious for a child to believe and receive Jesus as *her* Jesus. It makes not the heart happy to know that he loves other children; but it makes it happy and joyful to know that he loves and cares for me.

One Sabbath evening a father gathered his children about him, and had them tell him what they had learned in the Sabbath School. And the little ones began to tell, in their simple way, what their teacher had said to them about the heavenly home, and the glory with the Father which Jesus had left in order to come to this earth and save sinners. The youngest crept up into her father's lap, looked into his face, and said, "If the dear Saviour loved us so much, then we must love him in return. Is it not so, dear father? Don't you love him?" And then this little girl told what she had heard in the Sabbath School, how Judas had betrayed the Lord, how they had led him to Pilate, how the Jews had cried out, "Crucify, crucify him!" how the soldiers had put a crown of thorns upon him, mocked him, and scourged him. At that his eyes filled with tears, and she looked at her father.

"Do you not love him, dear father, since he has done all this for you?"

The father could hardly control his emotion. He put down his little girl and went out, in order to hide his tears. The words of his child had gone to his heart. Although his wife always sent the children to the Sabbath School, and regularly went to church herself, yet until then he had strayed quite far away from the influence of the word of God. These questions of his youngest child, however, were the beginning of a thorough conversion.

Children, let *your* light "so shine" that the world may know that you have been with Jesus,—that He is yours and that you are His.

*THE DYING CHILD.*

Beside the death-bed of her child,  
 A mother sat in grief;  
 But to her pain and anguish wild  
 There came a sweet relief.

The dying child, in accents mild  
 And full of holy love,  
 The silence broke while thus she spoke  
 Of brighter scenes above:

"Oh, mother dear, you need not fear  
 Nor fret yourself for me;  
 Dry from your cheek the falling tear,  
 I soon shall happy be.

"I soon shall reach that blissful land,  
 And join that happy throng,  
 Who ever stand at God's right hand  
 Singing their joyous song.

"I'll wait for you and father dear  
 On that bright happy shore,  
 Where death nor sorrow cometh near  
 And friends depart no more.

"Then let me go—I must not stay;  
 I hear my Saviour's voice;  
 The angels beckon me away,  
 And bid my soul rejoice."

The angels fair have come and gone,  
 They bore that child away;  
 Another soul is at the throne,  
 Here but the lifeless clay.

Oh, friends bereaved, weep not for those  
 Whom Jesus died to save,  
 Through Him they conquer'd all their foes.  
 And triumphed o'er the grave.

*Toronto.*

—*J. Imrie.*