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The Christian Guardian

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REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Book-Steward.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and darkness-streets?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of my wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay His head!

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shores of the "Golden Land"?

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And dithed across the shadows,
That I had been there before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear me whispering beside you:
"This pathway I often go!
My disciples, my brethren, my friends,
Can ye dare to follow me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be!"

—New York Observer.

MR. COOK'S FAREWELL LECTURE IN ENGLAND.

On Tuesday evening, 31st ult., the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, brought his campaign against unbelief, heresy, and other evils in this country to a close. The concluding lecture was delivered in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which was about half full. The Rev. Dr. Allen, who presided, stated that Mr. Cook had delivered 135 lectures and addresses since his arrival on our shores, and had not failed to justify his vocation. Mr. Cook had been specially gifted to do a particular work, and he had stirred up the gift in him by assiduous cultivation. It had been said that it was hardly likely one man could have so mastered all the arguments of metaphysical and materialistic skeptics as to be able to confute them; but it did not require a poet to tell a good poem, or a painter tell a good picture. And without being a profound metaphysician or a scientist, a man might pronounce upon the incredibility or insufficiency of an argument. He honored Mr. Cook above all for his fidelity to the old truths. Whatever difficulties might be in Christianity, it came home to the need and conscience of man. Mr. Cook, added Dr. Allen, was about to proceed to Germany, and thence on his way round the world, to India and Australia. He would be followed by their prayers, and would, it was to be hoped, lead many who were wavering back to the faith of their fathers. Mr. Cook then came forward to deliver his lecture, which was on "Religious Certainties." They had been, he said, a little while in this world, and a little while hence they would be here no longer. That was a certainty, and Demosthenes said every discussion should begin with an incontrovertible proposition. Massillon once thrilled his hearers by saying that he should imagine the roof of the church to be opened for the thunderbolts of heaven to descend, and every door to be shut. But he would imagine that on one side sat the prophets and apostles and saints, of all ages; and on the other the representatives of religious unrest and agnosticism. Assuming that death did not end all, he could not go hence in peace, unless harmonised with himself, his God, and his record. He could not escape from his environment. In the American war the Cumberland was sent to the bottom by the *Mermaid*. The Cumberland could not rise again. It could not swim out of itself. Even hear-eyed skepticism knew that man must be in harmony with the plan of his nature. Natural law was the fixed method of God's will. The flower touched the sun, the opening buds touched the rain; and so the soul in the movements of conscience, touched God. The soul was made under law, and the plan of the soul must be found out. There was a best way to live, and it was best to live that way. The natural action of a machine is not such as to involve its own destruction. It could not be as Daniel Webster said, constitutional to destroy the constitution. In the republic of the soul vice was unconstitutional. The Christian on his knees saw further than the philosopher on his tiptoe. In the great men of all ages, Plato, Newton, Shakespeare, Goethe, they saw the faculties of man's intellect at their best; but conscience had appeared at its best only in Jesus Christ. Cul-

ture was arrogant, but if it could be made to follow the little light it had, it would worship Christ. Another part of man's environment was Almighty God. The Cumberland could not swim out of the ocean. Man must learn to love what God loves, and hate what God hates. We must acquaint ourselves with God, and be at peace. Matthew Arnold was a sweet singer, but when he saw him entering the field of theology, he longed for another hour of Matthew Arnold's father. But even Matthew Arnold's father, he feared, judging from the teaching of Dean Stanley, was not very sound in the faith. There was a combination of causes in the production of an eye or a hand, and even Mill would admit that those causes came together in order to form an eye or a hand. If so, there was an intender, a thinker, an eternal Some one who made for righteousness. Personality in God did not, indeed mean all that it meant in man; but God was a thinker, a Father. The doctrine of the new birth was taught in the need for man's being harmonised with his environment, and Emerson had declared that doctrine to be a scientific one. After referring to some incidents in the life of Burns, the lecturer remarked that whilst he would not say where Burns was now, he at least knew that he was with his conscience, his God, and his record. "They could not repeal God. The moral man was like Ulysses, anxious to join the sirens, and only prevented by being lashed to the mast, and having a crew whose ears are closed with wax. The religious man was like Orpheus, overcoming the singing of the sirens by sweeter music. The necessity of an atonement was dwelt upon in the last place. Man must be harmonised with his past. Skepticism could not wash off the blood spots on the hands of Lady Macbeth. A Unitarian might, by the grace of God, and as a great exception, be a Christian, but Unitarianism was not Christianity. They wanted the unadulterated doctrine of the Atonement, as preached by Mr. Spurgeon. He was not afraid of free thought, provided it was that of a devout mind. In conclusion Mr. Cook assured his hearers that the books of Canning, Martineau, Voltaire, and Strauss could not save them from the descending thunderbolt of God, but that the Bible could. Mr. Cook was frequently applauded during the delivery of his lecture, which was, perhaps, the most successful rhetorical effort he had made in this country, whatever may be thought of the arguments. A vote of thanks to the lecturer having been passed, the proceedings were brought to a close with the benediction. The usual vote of thanks to the chairman was singularly omitted. Mr. Cook, indeed, proposed one, but no one seemed to think it his duty to second it, and it was not put to the meeting. The manners of the good people of the Tabernacle are clearly capable of being mended.—*Christian World*.

THE ALL-FATHER.

The word father has been transformed by Christianity. Before, it did not mean affectionate paternity. Here is an idea only to be appreciated through experience. No poet or philosopher could transmit that which made him great to any of his followers. His genius he could not impart. But Christianity promises that its God shall give to man of his own nature and Spirit—shall impart his own life to his followers. But here is met a unique idea—God restoring to himself the vicious and depraved. Sovereignty gives a pre-eminent place to sympathy. Whether we regard Jesus as divine or merely human, this idea is supreme. Christ's self-surrender is the father's declaration of himself by the Son. He who stood nearest to the Divine heart has given us the key to the majestic and wonderful secrets of that heart. The Southern Cross cannot reveal the glories of the sky as did that darkened cross, outside the gates of the city, reveal the glories of the Divine heart. I match against every other conception ever held in the world, this New Testament exposition of God as seen in the sacrifice of Christ. That this conception has not universally pervaded the world shows how hard it is to hold the world up to this high idea. But it cannot be denied that a change, prodigious and inspiring, has occurred in the world because of this conception. History ceases to be an enigma. There is now a majestic rhythm in progress. There is a general courage and hopefulness which were not before. There are songs which were not before. The grandest, tenderest, most inspiring thought that has ever come to men is this idea of God as revealed in Jesus Christ. It does not now seem strange that the Hand which holds creation should wipe the tears from weeping eyes. The once rare experience of the few has become the common enthusiasm of the many. The God of the universe is the God of the New Testament. No one can compute the beneficent effects of this connection. If nothing else had been accomplished, it would take its place as the grandest system ever received in the world. This teaching might have come from God, whether it did or not. And all this, with the inestimable results, was shown to the world in the mission, the words, and the face of Jesus.—*Dr. R. S. Storrs*.

TIEN HOU MU.

THE TEMPLE OF THE HEAVENLY QUEEN IN FESTIVAL—DESCRIPTION OF THE RITES—INTERIOR OF A JOSS HOUSE.

A joss house in the Chinese quarters was recently visited, in company with a Chinese interpreter. For four nights and three days previous a festival had been in progress, in honor of Tien Hou (Heavenly Queen), the goddess of the moon or temple, and it had only ended an hour or two before the visit was made. The temple is a two-story brick with a balcony in front, was formerly a residence, and has been in use as a place of worship for about four years. Its front was bedecked with Chinese inscriptions and lanterns, and from a protruding pole was suspended a large flag of dingy white, bordered with dull brown, on which was inscribed in Chinese letters: "Protect the nation and assist the people." Two long streamers of red flannel depended from the end of the pole.

Entering the vestibule and ascending the stairs at the left, the ante-room was reached. Directly opposite the doorway was a counter behind which were seated or standing several Chinamen, some smoking, one counting money, one writing, and all directing questioning glances towards the new comers. An explanation ensued, and the information was gained that three of the Chinamen, Yip Woo, Lee Kee, and Wong Tuck Ping, were priests, the first-named being the head priest. They were all dressed in ordinary Chinese costume. This ante-room was curiously furnished. Between the two doors that led into the temple was an altar, on which were miniature junks, other curiosities, and a number of offerings, including what was unmistakably a bottle of whisky!

"At these festivals," said the interpreter, "offerings are made of fruit, roast pork, boiled chicken, rice, tea, whisky, and other things. There will not be another festival in this temple until next August; the priests, meantime, will officiate elsewhere." On the wall of the doorway there were pasted rows of narrow slips of pink paper, over which was a row of orange paper, five broader slips being at one end of the orange row, and every slip in these rows had characters on it. "Each of these slips," said the interpreter, "represents a contribution, the broad slips from \$20 to \$10, and the others from \$10 to four bits, the name of the donor being also given." Back of the counter there were hung bunches of marked red and yellow slips, which the interpreter said were sold as oracles. "And this," he said, taking a little package from among other little packages in a case behind the counter, and unrolling it on the counter, the priests meanwhile looking on interestedly and amiably, "contains punk, candles, and mock-money, all of which is used by worshippers, who pay for it from two bits up, according to their means and disposition. The mock-money is made out of cheap brown paper, and to resemble old-fashioned Chinese money. But come into the temple part."

Passing the offertory altar the "temple" was entered. What contents and what smells! Punk, incense from small candles and large ornate candles, smoke from burning papers and a variety of other odors. And the equipment! Great fantastic lanterns, unframed mottoes, and gaudy balloons hanging down from the ceiling. Three sides of the room bordered by Chinese insignia to carry in processions, such as umbrellas (huge and of silk), fans of the shape and size of brooms (of silk, ornamented with gold leaf and edged with leather), and devices of wire resembling dragons—all on sticks stuck in racks. Scattered along the sides were also either figures of gods and goddesses—some standing erect and looking very fierce—or else cases containing various deities, some smaller and some larger, and all gods and goddesses being of wood or clay and uniquely garbed. The interior of the cases and the bodies of the deities were noticeable for their profuse display of decorations of peacock feathers, gold leaf and red cambric. In a large and fantastically embellished case in the lower end of the room sat "the heavenly queen," a deity (sex unknown) sitting on each hand. The queen was not very imposing in her appearance. She was small in body (clay), black, about 18 inches tall, and her head was covered to the eyes by a lead bonnet, conical and devoid of trimmings. Her popularity was attested, however, by the number of candles and pieces of punk that were burning in a semi-circle at her feet. Between her highness and the entrances opposite there were a number of altars of pine and redwood which had been elaborately painted and embellished by Chinese artisans. On these altars there were deities, huge vases of sand containing bouquets of artificial flowers; lanterns of brass, in shape resembling monstrous spittoons, in which punk was consuming itself, and rectangular redwood candle-stands, in each of which numbers of candles were burning away. A little girl had just entered with a handful of candles and punk, which she was affixing some on the altars and some in the cases, muttering prayers or invocations meanwhile. Surely, the Chinese don't lack for gods, for in the temple there were gods and goddesses for nigh every profession and pursuit.

Just then a gong beat and a bell rang, and the interpreter said: "Let's go over to the furnace in the corner; a man has just put some mock money in the fire, and he has made that noise to let his god know it." The furnace was of brick, square, about four feet high, painted and lettered, and had two openings near its top, in which was to be placed mock-money, and from which smoke came drifting into the room. In the corner by the furnace, on a rack, was an old brandy cask with a cowskin head, the gong, and under it was a large bell suspended and ringable by a short rope. "The priests during festival," said the interpreter, "officiate four or five times a day. They wear a long red gown—the favourite colour of the Chinese, because it is bright, cheerful, and gorgeous—and a black hat the shape of a square collar box. The services or rites are gone through with by first reading aloud the names and donations of the contributors on those slips by the stairway; then they march around the temple and ask the gods and goddesses to bless the contributors, to give them children, money and happiness. That is about the whole ceremony. No, they don't invoke blessings only on those who contribute to the temple. They don't own the temple. It is owned by a corporation which hires them. All Chinese people are free to attend and worship; but it costs them to do so, as I have shown you. Well, it is a money-making affair, but your churches are no different."

After looking at a case in the temple, imported from China, which contained behind glass and a wire screen figures of wood, gilded, representing hunting scenes, battles, religious rites, birds, etc., a walk was taken to the balcony, whereon, in one corner, stood a "petty god," almost surrounded by burning punk and candles. The little fellow was of clay, and named Tai Wong, or doorkeeper, and his mission was to prevent evil spirits from entering the temple.

"There are 200 dialects used in China," said the interpreter in parting, "and the Canton one is what is spoken by most of the Chinese in this city. There are but very, very few here who speak the Peking dialect, and the other dialects spoken here are the See-Yup, the Sam-Yup, and the Hoob-Kar."—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

THE PERIODICAL PRESS AN APPROPRIATE EVANGELICAL AGENCY.

Religious discussion includes all that is of greatest interest to the race. Especially impossible is it to fence it away from every-day thought, for an every-day religion is just what the world needs. Even the most spiritual part of religion, experimental piety, can have its place. Living near to God, one best lives with men. This is clear enough in revival times. Then the secular press teems with experiences of the loftiest yet most practical character. Why may not Baxter and Bunyan teach it in the daily press, as well as Shakespeare or Carlyle? The tract on the way to be holy may appear side by side with one on cleanliness and political honesty. *Life is one, and all its needs are imperative.* Why not harness the lightning that draws the car of progress to religion, which alone can make progress worth having? This would be answering that Western plea to the colporteur, to bring "spectacles" with his books, by bringing religious literature emphatically under the eyes of the short-sighted and forgetful world.

Moreover, the press is the historian of the world's life, and what does it live for if not to realize the aims and objects, social and individual which are set forth in religion? To tell the story of evangelization is to evangelize. Think of the number and scope of those questions: Sabbath, or none? Pure morals, or governmental facilities for wholesale ruining of our youth? Monogamy, or polygamy? Marriage for life or for convenience? Prevention of crime, or contention with its fearful multiplication table? True personal liberty, or destructive traffic in intoxicants? Reform of prisoners by Christianity, or failures by inefficient and impotent humanitarianism? Capital punishment, or increasing murders? God's word in education and God's law in legislation, or sapped bases of morality and the wild frenzies of men for law, such as prevailed in the atheistic phase of the French Revolution? These are "burning questions," and they are being rapidly settled, and not always rightly.

[But, if possible, yet more appropriate is it for the whole domain of ethical teaching. Here it becomes the greater pulpit. What magnificent scope for teaching the things which Christ has commanded respecting life and conduct! The millions are to be educated in correct moral principles, and the principles are ever to be applied in fresh relations and sometimes in difficult circumstances. What instrument like the press, either to commend a good deed or punish a bad one? Its reflecting surfaces for the good are millionfold, and for exposure of wrong what is there like the pillory of the public press? The words to encourage the worthy, and the whip with which to lash the rascal through the land, are both given to the press. They can use them just as the demand and

opportunity arise. In this court of public opinion how important that the standard of judgment should be Christian. What a power against evil the periodical press may be if it can be made the whip-hand of him who cleansed the temple. The interests that hang upon the moral education of the people are simply incalculable. The great social and civil questions are moral questions at bottom, and must be added to the problems of individual morality. Christian sociology is to become a science if the world is to live right, and a popularized science besides. That is the next great step in the way of evangelization. The Word of God is practically settled, so is the way of salvation, so is the question about God's works; but how men shall live in society is the question that agitates.

Thought is seething about them and settling into the hard forms of opinion and legislation, as plaster of Paris sets in its mould. How imperative, then, the necessity for making incessant applications of the higher principles to the masses of minds engaged in these decisions and charged with the duties and responsibilities involved in them. Remember, I say, and answer how we are to reach that great jury, the people, and appeal to its common sense, its material interests, its higher instincts, and its religious feelings, except through the periodical press? It is impossible otherwise. Too great surfaces are to be reached, and the time is too short. Yet the right principles must prevail concerning the things mentioned, or we may witness social convulsions as much greater than any the world has ever seen, as we are a larger body and possess more explosive material, and will be more helpless when completely disorganized by lack of moral unity.

Yes, the press is the means, and the time is now; and the Church of Christ is no way so near to the centres of power as she ought to be.—*From an address by Rev. S. F. Sewell, D.D., at the Anniversary of the American Tract Society.*

THE LATE REV. W. O. SIMPSON.

We have already apprised our readers of the lamented death of the distinguished Wesleyan minister whose name stands at the head of this article, in which the Wesleyan Church in England has sustained an irreparable loss. Next to Dr. Punshon, there does not appear to have been one of her ministers which she could have worse afforded to lose. The fact that several years of the earlier part of his ministry had been spent in the high places of the Missionary Field, where he had, by personal experience, become acquainted with everything connected with this important department of Christian work, and the further fact that he was one of the most effective platform speakers of his time, made him especially valuable to a Church carrying on such extensive evangelizing operations throughout the world. The *Methodist Recorder* says of him:

William O. Simpson was no common man, and had no common gifts and powers. The massiveness and robustness of his physical presence was indicative of the strength and nobility of his mind. His intellectual endowments were of a high order; he had a quick and rapid discernment, a vivid yet chastened imagination, a power of connected and incisive reasoning, and in a remarkable degree a faculty of glowing, and radiant, and eloquent speech—a rich natural gift which had been improved and cultivated by constant use and practice, until he became one of the most popular preachers and one of the most powerful and effective public speakers of his day. He had a voice of marvellous compass and flexibility, which he had learnt to use with consummate ease and mastery; its ringing tones would fill, without effort, a building of the largest capacity, while its softer, gentler cadences and intonations were insinuatingly touching and pathetic, full of sweetness and tenderness. He was, indeed, as one that had a pleasant voice and could play well on an instrument. He had a copious vocabulary, a great command of forceful and nervous diction; and, while his voice was clear, and shrill, and strong as a trumpet, he could at will baptize the commonest word with an influence tender as the breeze that kisses the cheek from the south. He had an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, a natural cheerfulness and vivacity which no fatigue could depress and no sorrow could darken, which made him perennially bright and lively and interesting, and which enabled him stoutly and manfully to hold up his head under a burden of domestic anxiety, which would have crippled or crushed a feeble man. He was never tame, or languid, or prosy, or gloomy in the pulpit or the platform. Dullness was an abhorrence to his sunny, genial nature; there was glow, and brightness, and sparkle always on his countenance and in his speech. He was beyond most men a thoroughly lovable man; his acquaintances all liked him; his friends all loved him; there was something in the frank and manly expression of his face that Englishmen love to look upon; but those who were privileged with the inner circle of his friendship know how much he had to attach and retain the affection of his brethren. He had a lofty scorn of daintiness, and pedantry, and affectation, and effeminacy, and especi-

ally of educated feebleness and respectable but powerless mediocrity, which made him sometimes careless of the niceties of personal appearance and somewhat rugged and ungainly in manner. With an instinct to perceive the comical side of a subject, and revelling in an exuberance of wit and humor and pleasantry, it cannot be wondered that he was not only jocund and jocular, but that he occasionally exceeded the limits of dignified propriety and refined good taste. Who that knew him could forget the frankness of his open brow, the glare of his piercing eye, the lines of his massive countenance, the tones of his commanding and persuasive voice, and the force and determination which were apparent in every movement of his well-knit frame? And then, above all and beyond all, there was a calm experience, a blessed, constant trust in God, a blameless life, an all-persuasive godliness underlying all, overshadowing all, which assured of the supreme reality he attached to eternal things, and of their habitual, abiding influence and impression on his heart and life.

We have not space now to linger further on the characteristics of his ministry, or on the features of his distinguished missionary career. Systems are greater than even the mightiest men, and it can be said of no one individual that he is necessary to a peculiar Church, but we may lawfully mourn over the silencing of tongues that were eloquent, and the ceasing of a ministry which was to many a word of power. In view of the openings for promising service in the future which need strong men, we can ill afford to bear such losses as those which in rapid succession have fallen upon us. But it is the Lord's hand, beneath which we bow; we hear the rod and who hath appointed it. He knows when it is best to send his servants out to war; he knows when it is best to send his servants in to weep; he knows when it is best to usher them to fiercer conflict; he knows when it is best to beckon them upward to be crowned.

ROBERT HALL AS A PREACHER.

The Rev. Paxton Hood gives this graphic account of one of Robert Hall's sermons in a village chapel: "We remember to have heard a dear departed friend tell how, when a boy, he was taken by his father, one still summer evening, across the Northamptonshire fields—I believe it was to the little town of Thrapstone—to hear Robert Hall. It was one of those old village chapels with the square galleries. As in the instance of Chalmers, the place was crowded with plain farmer folk and a sprinkling of intelligent ministers and gentry from the neighborhood. The minister came in, a simple, heavy, but still impressive looking man, one whose presence compelled you to look at him. In due course he announced his text, 'The end of all things is a hand; be sober and watch,' etc. Quite unlike Chalmers, his voice was not shattering, but thin and weak. There was no action at all, or only a nervous twitching of the fingers, more especially as the hand moved and rested upon the lower part of the back, where the speaker was suffering almost incessant pain. As he went on beneath the deepening evening shades falling through the windows of the old chapel, his voice first chained, then charmed and fascinated his hearers one after another. The whole place seemed as if beneath a great spell. As he talked about the 'end,' the spell upon the people seemed to begin to work itself out into an awful, fearful restlessness. First one, and then another, rose from his seat, and stood stretching forward in a kind of fright and wonder. Still there was no action; only the following on of that thin voice with a marvellous witchery of apt and melodious words; but through them the end of all things sounded like some warning bell. More people rose, stretching forward. Many of those who rose first, as if they felt some strange power upon them—they knew not what—got up and stood upon their seats, until, when the great master ceased, closing his pathetic accents, the whole audience was upon its feet, intensely alive with interest, as if each one had heard, in the distance, the passages and preludes of the coming end, and felt that it was time to prepare. My friend used to speak of that never-forgotten moment, that summer evening in the old chapel, as one of the most memorable in his life."

No matter where the skeptical thought originates, or how it get access to our minds, we see at once that it flattens the level of life and every aspiration. It narrows the horizon of our outlook, and makes our character less vigorous. The Gospel is not simply a philosophy of religion or law of life, but it is an apocalypse, showing the heavens to our thought, and so bringing its spiritual benedictions to every heart and life.—*Dr. R. S. Storrs*.

We live in the midst of revelations. We are continually receiving what we ordinarily call inspirations. There is hardly ever a complete silence in our souls. God is whispering to us well-nigh incessantly. Whenever the sounds of the world die out in the soul or sink low, then we hear the whisperings of God. He is always whispering to us, on y we do not always hear because of the noise, hurry, and distraction which life causes as its lips by.—*F. W. Faber*.

The Family Treasury.

WAITING FOR MOTHER.

The old man sat in his easy chair, Slumbering the moments away, Dreaming a dream that was all his own, On this gloomy, peaceful day.

His children had gathered from far and near, His children's children beside— And merry voices are echoing through The "Homestead's" hall so wide.

But far away in the years long flown Grandfather lives again; And his heart forgets that tetter new A shadow of grief and pain.

For he sees his wife as he saw her then— A matron lovely and fair, With his children gathered around his board, And never a vacant chair.

Oh happy this dream of the Auld Lang Syne, Of the years long slipped away! And his heart grows young and gay, And his face glows with a smile.

But the old man wakes at his daughter's call, And he looks at the table near— "There's one of us missing, my child," he says, "We will wait till mother is here."

There are tears in the eyes of his children, then, As they gaze on an empty chair; For many a lonely year had passed Since "Mother" sat with them there.

But the old man pleads still faithfully: "We must wait for mother, you know!" And they let him rest in his old arm chair Till the sun at last sinks low.

Then, leaving a smile for the children here, He turns from the earth away, And has gone to "Mother," beyond the skies, With the close of the quiet day.

"I PRESS ON."

When I read about the martyrs, I feel ashamed. How very few men and women are in dead earnest like Paul! I love to look at Paul, and never do it without thinking that, perhaps, it would take about a thousand Christians nowadays to make one like Paul.

Satan got his match when he got Paul. In Philippi he and Silas were cast into prison. He thought he had a call to go down there; in a strange land and in a prison they sung praises, and the prison doors flew open.

There was no despondency, no gloom. He takes his pen and writes, "Light affliction—it is but for a moment." He takes his pen again and writes that last epistle. I love to read it: "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

LOOK AT YOUR THUMBS. If anybody will look carefully at the end of his thumb he will find that the surface is ridged with little thread-like ranges of hills, wound round and round in tiny spirals.

It serves just the same purpose which is served by our photographing our burglars and pick-pockets. The accused can be identified with great certainty. Nothing short of mutilating or burning the thumb can obliterate its features.

But this individuality in the skin of the tip of the thumb, strongly marked as it is, yet admits of strong family likeness. Brothers and sisters who will take impressions of their thumbs will find resemblances among each other that they will not find when comparing them with the thumbs of strangers.

hereditary diseases, when such minor peculiarities as the texture at the end of the thumb, and its ranges of hills, should also have family resemblances in the midst of their indefinite diversities?—Anon.

REALITIES OF WAR.

A popular writer thus describes a battle:—"We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests, open, and along our line runs the command, 'Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns.' We have scarcely obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and struggled.

THE CHARACTER OF HANNIBAL. Almost as wonderful as Hannibal's victories over Nature or his enemies, were his victories over his own followers. Under the spell of his genius, the discordant members of a motley Carthaginian army—disaffected Libyans and Numidians, barbarous and lethargic Spaniards, fierce and fickle Gauls—were welded into a homogeneous whole, which combined the utmost play of individual prowess with all the precision of a machine.

THE MIDNIGHT HYMN.

In the mid silence of the voiceless night, When chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee, Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek, O God! but Thee?

And if there be a weight upon my breast— Some vague impression of the day foregone— Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to Thee— And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes In token of anticipated ill, My bosom throbs no heed of what it is, Since 'tis Thy will.

For O! in spite of past and present care, Or any thing besides, how joyfully Passes that almost solitary hour, My God, with Thee.

For what is there on earth that I desire, Of all that can give or take from me? Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek, O God! but Thee?

A SHORT HISTORY OF WHEAT.

The varieties of wheat are almost numberless, and their characters vary widely under the influence of cultivation and climate. There are said to be 180 distinct varieties in the museum of Cornell University. On the slopes of the mountains of Mexico and Xalpa, the luxuriance of vegetation is such, that wheat does not form ears. In Japan, it is said, the wheat has been so developed by the Japanese farmers, that no matter how much manure is used, the straw will not grow larger, though the length of the ear increases.

mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman over-worked during the day, that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come, and even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself the curse of overwork.—Sanitary Magazine.

ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

A correspondent of the Northern Christian Advocate, referring to the recent total eclipse of the moon asks, how it is that the shadow of the earth instead of passing off from the moon's disk on the side opposite from that which it entered upon, seems to pass off nearer to the side on which it entered than upon the opposite side? The explanation will doubtless be of interest to our readers.

WEARY WOMEN.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfil her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife and mother—a woman that is tired all her life through.

THE RAIN-WAGGON. The air was hushed and breathless, The day had been very warm, And a heavy black cloud in the west Threatened a thunder-storm.

WHO IS DRIVING?

We often think we are succeeding by our own foresight or skill. Hence we are keeping a keen look out, and employing all our wisdom; but sometime the control of a mightier hand and a wiser intelligence is so manifest that we cannot fail to see and to acknowledge it.

THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE REGIMENT. "So you want me to tell you a story about a brave man, little people?" said Colonel Graylock, as his half-dozen nephews and nieces, tired with their afternoon's play, gathered around his arm-chair by the fire.

Good Words for the Young. Perhaps some of my little readers have felt an electric shock. At any rate you have noticed the telegraph poles and wires, and know that the message is sent along the wires by a force called electricity, and you know, too, that it is produced by a machine in the office from which the message is sent.

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and shielding him with his own body, brought him back into our lines; and such a cheer as went up then, I never heard before or since." "And did that horrid lieutenant die, uncle?" "Luckily not," answered the colonel, laughing, "for I'm sorry to say the horrid lieutenant was no other than myself." "Oh, uncle! were you ever as naughty as that?" lisped a tiny voice, in tones of amazement.

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