

Sunday Reading.

Matthew the Apostle.

There are in this loud stunning tide Of human care and crime, With whom the melodies abide Of the everlasting chime; Who carry music in their heart Through dusky lane and wrangling mart, Plying their daily task with busier feet, Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

How sweet to them, in such brief rest As throughing cares afford, In thought to wander, fancy-blest, To where their gracious Lord, In vain to win proud Pharisees, Spake, and was heard by fell disease, But not in vain, beside yon breezy lake, Bade the meek publican his gaintful seat forsake.

At once he rose and left his gold; His treasure and his heart Transferred, where he shall safe behold Earth and her idols part; While he beside his endless store Shall sit, and floods unceasing pour Of Christ's true riches o'er all time and space, First angel of his church, first steward of his grace.

Nor can ye not delight to think Where he vouchsafed to eat, How the Most Holy did not shrink From touch of sinners' meat; What worldly hearts and hearts impure Went with him through the rich man's door, That he might learn of him lost souls to love, And view his least and worst with hope to meet above.

These gracious lines shed gospel light On Mammon's gloomiest cells, As on some city's cheerless night The tide of sunrise swells, Till tower and dome and bridge-way proud Are mantled with a golden cloud, And to wise hearts this certain hope is given; "No mist that man may raise shall hide the eye of heaven."

And oh! if even on Babel shine Such gleams of paradise, Should not their peace be peace divine Who day by day arise To look on clearer heavens, and scan The work of God untouched by man! Shame on us, who about us Babel bear, And live in Paradise, as if God was not there.

JOHN KEELER.

Thoughts for silent hours at Jesus' Feet.

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR., D. D.

Believers greatly need to be recalled from Martha-like bustling about to the Mary-portion of submission and rest. These two sisters stand in the record of the gospels as illustrations of contrasted phases of character and motive. It needs them both to make a complete experience and to qualify for extended usefulness. But in every individual and in each period one or the other of these two tendencies predominates. The mysticism of the Middle Ages has yielded in the progress of the church to that zealous activity of which the evidences are all about us. The Marthas are multiplied by every exhortation and the Marys are diminished in the same proportion. The dread of convent and cowl has almost driven contemplative piety from the church. The world is running to work, and the church is striving to keep pace with it. Societies are organized, committees are appointed, agencies are adopted with a generosity that has never been equalled. Every want, real or imaginary, is addressed by some special institution. Martha is "careful about many things." This was never by our Lord rebuked. It has its place, and that a most important but not an exclusive one. St. Augustine gives the best paraphrase of the Saviour's words: "Not thee had, but Mary better." The moral of the contrast is that the Lord values attention more than attendance. "To obey is better than sacrifice." Let there be not one stroke the less, let not effort be relaxed, let not toil be restrained, but remember, in and through all, that the source of power is at Jesus' feet. To this posture the voice of the Spirit is calling back some of us.

Spiritually to sit at Jesus' feet is a confession of surrender of mind to His teaching as our Prophet, of affections to His cleansing as our Priest, and of life to His direction as our King. Every rebellious, distrustful, complaining, murmuring thought or disposition is excluded from such a session. The ear is open to receive, the will is quick to

obey, the hands are nervous for service, and the feet restless for mission while the Christian is in this lowly attitude of love. And all the while we are thus placed, our faces are turned towards His matchless countenance, and our eyes are brightening with delight while we "see the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." Such a contemplative life is ready at the first consciousness of loving constraint to do His bidding. And, inspired by His nearness, it knows neither indolence nor weariness. Moreover, it is a part of an eternal and infinite whole. The income of enthusiasm does not diminish the fullness of the investment. As the days go on, there comes to the devout soul a development of enjoyment until heaven becomes a logical necessity. We enter into the joy of the Lord, for it is too great a joy to enter into us. Mary's good part "shall never be taken away from her."

Change is written on every other life-plan. Even the best forms of active consecration have wide fluctuations. Like the delicate mercury, we are exalted and depressed in turn by even atmospheric conditions. Or like the pendulum, we swing our arc of duty and desire, returning to the place whence we came. There is a monotony in even our oscillations. We weary in all service that is sundered from the power of His presence and personality.

But the security not less than the stability of such a habit is its commendation. Its amulet of trust protects the life which it shapes from every possible evil. The providences of life which darken home, destroy rest, dissipate fortune, are, to the owner of this charm, only the crossing of the Great Father's hands when, like Jacob, He blesses His children. Trust reads the hieroglyphics of pain and sorrow which which record so much of life's history. "None of these things move" him who rests at Jesus' feet. Even the the power of evil which is ever assailing such a soul is impotent to take away his part. In his highest experience, such as that of Paul, the believer is confident that "neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." There is no force in God's natural universe, nor law in His moral government, which is not friendly to him who, having submitted himself to God's dear Son, has made Mary's choice his own. And new views of God, new consciousness of submission to His control, new realizations of the nearness of the Master and Friend, will come with every day to inspire and encourage the trusting spirit. New motives to submission, endurance, toil: new compensations for losses, new consolations for trial, new ways of escape from temptation, new delight in the present life, as well as new hope in that which is to come.

But all heaven is yet to be revealed. These are but the gray before the dawn, stray gleams from the gloryland, first ripples of the incoming fulness of Love's ocean. Here we only know a part of the gifts received at Jesus' feet. Oh, lowly posture, but one so full of dignity! Oh, humble place, but one above all human exaltation and preferment! Oh, hopeful rest, the picture and prophecy of that which eternally shall be! May God keep us there!—Christian Union.

How many Loaves have Ye?

When our Lord asked of the disciples: "How many loaves have ye?" it was not because he needed the knowledge. Nor would it have made any difference how many loaves there were. When a miracle is to be performed, a little more or little less makes no odds. If there had been but one loaf, or if there had been no loaf, it would have been the same.

Our Lord asked the question, no doubt, in order that the apostles might have fixed in their minds the amount of food which was at hand; then the Lord took this scanty provision (which some one had brought, perhaps, for his own lunch); and he asked upon it the blessing of God. The blessing which he had craved descended upon the loaves and the fishes; as he broke them into pieces, the supply became inexhaustible; the entire multitude were satisfied; and when all was over, there

was gathered up a hundred, perhaps many hundred times as much as the entire supply with which the distribution began. We can imagine the wondering disciples recalling the enumeration of the loaves; then, looking at the heaping baskets, then remembering the ample satisfaction of the hungering multitude, they would be compelled to learn from all the great lesson: *The smallest means, in the hands of God, are equal to the mightiest results.*

This lesson has been confirmed many times in the experience of the Lord's people. William Carey, the Christian cobbler, proposed to his brethren, who were as poor as himself, that they should undertake the conversion of the heathen in India. "The workings of Bro. Carey's mind (said Sydney Smith with all the scorn of which he was master) produced a sermon at Northampton, and the sermon a subscription to convert 420,000,000 of Pagans." The collection was £13 2s. 6d, a vast sum when compared with the poverty of the givers, some of whom, like Carey, knew what it was to live and support a family on £15 (\$75) a year; but, when compared with the work to be done, hardly as considerable as were the loaves and the fishes. But the world knows the result.

When Robert Raikes came to count his loaves, as he began the work of Sunday-school instruction, it was but a scanty array; but now with each Sunday, the world sees 14,000,000 children fed with the Word of God, and much yet remaining for as many more. The few tracts in the hat of Father Cornelius were but as the small barley leaves and the two fishes. But they have grown into 6,410,820,000 pages of religious reading, into the founding of 4,698 Sunday-schools, into the labors of 1,775 missionaries and colporteurs.

There is a world of encouragement here for Christian laborers. A Christian finds himself surrounded by want, bodily and spiritual. The Sunday is neglected and profaned; the children are growing up in ignorance and wickedness. He counts his loaves; inadequate to the work that is to be done, He is disposed to despair. But, courage, brother! Consecrate to God your hands, your brains, all your resources, and use them to the utmost in faith and love. God will multiply them. Helpers will be raised up; enemies will be converted into friends: in God's own time you will see results such as you have not dreamed of. So of every effort for the promotion of temperance, morality, humanity. Small means become great when God blesses them.—National Baptist.

Medical Missionaries.

A lady practitioner—an American—has given an outline of her experience in India, which is worth quoting with reference to the foregoing. Mrs. Mansell was called, only as a last resource, by a beautiful Mohammedan woman, who had been almost bled to death by the Hakims. Sometimes the lady was cheated. She was called in on one occasion when a woman was suffering from cancer. She told her her ailment, and prescribed. A native doctor had concealed himself with a view to ascertain the illness, and when the lady doctor had departed he was enabled to tell the native woman her malady, and prescribe for her. He made a great deal of money before she died. The inhabitants of the Himalayas say there are only four diseases, namely, fevers, cholera, small-pox, and "the will of God." All who have the last-named die. Those who survive must have fever, cholera, or small-pox. And small-pox is so common that if a native woman be asked whether her child has had the disease, she will almost invariably reply in the affirmative; or, if not, she will say "Not yet, with a pleasant smile, as if the malady were a blessing. One Hindoo gentleman said, "I have been especially honoured since last meeting you. Sitta-debi has taken away my two boys." He meant that the small-pox had carried off his sons. These few notes may be interesting to those who contemplate proceeding to India as Zenana or other medical missionaries.—Quiver.

After crosses and losses men grow humbler and wiser.

Essay.

The following Essay was read before the large audience in Assembly Hall, at Wolfville, at the recent Anniversary of the Acadia Seminary:—

Woman and Royalty.

BY CASSIE L. MASTERS.

Much has been said in the past of the position women are destined to fill. From the earliest ages of time down to the present, this has given rise to much discussion, and to-day it is still a disputed question.

It is universally acknowledged that woman in her course of action describes a smaller circle than man, but the world is fast endorsing the sentiment of an ancient poet who states that the perfection of a circle consists not so much in its dimensions as in its correctness.

As man endowed with higher intellectual strength rises, she too ascends to bless, dignify and adorn the most honorable positions that her country affords. And if she is forced to move in a narrow sphere, it can readily be traced to her education, and its surrounding influences.

In barbarous nations where she is little more than a slave, she is treated with contempt; as civilization advances she rises in the social scale and receives proportional respect. Why then should giving her those inalienable rights, which we claim to belong to every human being, and which are the result of an increased intellectual development cause her to forfeit the respect due to the progress she has naturally made as the years have advanced.

The question arises to-day, What is woman's mission? Is it to stand at the bar pleading for justice, or to occupy the position of physician, administering to suffering humanity? Is it to stand on the platform advocating the cause of temperance, or some other worthy object, or to labour zealously in the humble recesses of home?

That she is qualified for those broad fields of action, we will not for a moment doubt, for glancing over the past the earliest times woman has held exalted positions, thus giving proof of her talents and capabilities.

Woman has had comparatively few opportunities of wearing the royal crown, but when the sceptre has been swayed by her, she has shown herself to be an efficient and competent ruler.

In the earliest annals of Bible history, mention is made of Queen Esther. That name alone is enough to form a moving picture before one's eyes. We see her a poor Jewish captive, raised to the rank of Queen. We see the beautiful heroic girl, calm and self-possessed, enter the presence of the king to plead for her people for whom she is even willing to lay down her own life.

Again we find her a majestic and thoughtful woman of deep piety, anxious to share the king's favour for the good of her people whose sufferings press upon her sensitive heart.

In all that is noblest in character, this woman stands pre-eminent among those of her time. "At the close of a long career filled with usefulness and blessing, she vanishes from sight, like the moon, when she leaves behind her departing chariot a long train of silver clouds and goes, in her serene loveliness to give light and beauty to other lands."

All that is known of Assyrian history bears evidence that the land owes the immortality of its grandeur to woman's power and influence. We refer to Semeramis whose name recalls those vast stores of art, wealth and science which were greater than the world had then ever seen; and which Sardanapalus could not destroy, nor Cyrus bury beneath the ruins of Babylon. Although the history of this Queen is shrouded in much obscurity, it is generally admitted that she lived and reigned in Assyria, about twelve hundred years before Christ. Babylon with its stupendous walls and overhanging towers was only one of the several cities founded by her. That she influenced her age both by her talents and her arduous enterprise, that she erected numerous structures of magnificent design, that she commanded great armies in person, and invaded

Persia and Ethiopia, history leaves no room for doubt.

It is uncertain whether she fell by the murderous hand of her own son, or was killed upon the battle field. Although her tragic end is enveloped in mystery, yet enough of her remarkable career is known to give her a prominent place in history. Another sceptre bearer among women is Zenobia, styled Queen of the East. She was a woman of whom any country might be proud, being renowned for her beauty, her bearing, her martial and political abilities.

Her success as a ruler and general are graphically set forth in her powers to weld those rude barbarian tribes into one nation, whose dominion extended from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean. Her magnificent prowess has not been surpassed by any Queen of later days. When the victorious eagles of Rome invaded her domain, and Palmyra which she defended with such heroism, fell into the power of Aurelian, her noble pride dignified her no less a Queen, although she graced a Roman triumph as a captive in golden chains.

The old Salic law prohibits the crown from being worn by woman in most European countries, but in 1492, one to whom the world owes much, ruled over a part of Spain.

Had such not been the case, perhaps this fair province of ours, as well as the continent of which it forms a part, would still be a howling wilderness, the home of wild beasts and Indians with their bones and arrows and painted plumes. It was Isabella who was the first to furnish Columbus with the means of opening up this new world.

In glancing over British history we find that several Queens have occupied the throne of England at different times, of these let it suffice to mention the two most noted. Elizabeth and our own beloved Victoria, are examples of almost model sovereigns. They compare favourably with the best of England's kings, and among the Kings of England are found those second to none in the world.

When Elizabeth ascended the throne and the Protestants fled to the continent to escape from the persecutions which were rendering life and property alike insecure. But under the wise administration of this illustrious woman the papal power was completely overthrown.

As a ruler of remarkable ability skilled in the art of governing a mighty empire, firm and resolute, Elizabeth has few equals among the sovereigns of England. During her long reign of forty-five years, although called upon, frequently, to mingle in the stormy scenes of public life, she seems never to have lost those characteristics which should always distinguish her sex. Some of the critics of Elizabeth question the motives which were the main springs of her acts, and contend that her virtues were not the natural product of her soul, but being taught by adversity they were put on as armour. Be this as it may she acted the wise sovereign actuated often, doubtless, by a noble pride. One of England's great poets sings of "woman nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command," and the influence of such a character wielding sovereign power upon the throne, so affected the literature of her time, that the Elizabethan age stands pre-eminent for its bright galaxy of honoured names.

In this sense the presence of woman on the throne always makes its mark, her life being so lived before the eyes of men, that their imaginations are stimulated to perceive the possibilities of woman's nature. The lofty height which England attained and held before all Europe while Elizabeth swayed the sceptre is unquestionably her noblest epitaph.

Perhaps it would not be too much to place our own good Queen as the first among those of present and past ages. The wisdom she has displayed in choosing her counsellors, her personal qualities, her moral influence, her virtues and queenly dignity, certainly give her every claim to such a position.

"The sovereign lady of dominions grand, Child of a chivalrous and noble age, Hers is to-day a matchless heritage, The sceptre held within her gentle hand, Shines with unsullied beam, a starry band,

Of bards and sages write her history's page, While boundless love and royalty permeate, Joy to her banners upon sea and land,

But we in this free realm across the sea, Find in her fair and gracious womanhood, A higher royalty. No more alone, Can England claim her, she has risen to be, Queen among women, simply great and good, In the world's heart Victoria has her throne.

When mother Eve listened to the serpent, and ate of the forbidden fruit, woman lost a position of equality which she has never recovered. Being physically weaker than the self-styled nobler sex, man has not been slow to take advantage of this, and has ever acted as though he believed that might is right, and woman has been kept in the background.

Until a recent date comparatively, colleges and universities were closed against her and the majority still bar the door when she seeks admittance. But as the world increases in culture and as Christianity spreads, greater advantages are being allowed her, and man is beginning to realize that what are his rights and privileges should be hers also. Mentally she has shown herself not inferior to man. And if he does not wish to be outdone in those things which depend upon mental powers and capabilities, perhaps, it is well he is unwilling to give up any advantages he may now possess.

Examples of women in Royalty are not wanting, for we find that every page of the world's history gleams with the names of those who have reigned not as rulers of rich dominions only, but as Queens in society and in the hearts of the people.

Like stars they glow upon the dark background of the ages tingling all with their benign light and influence.

Often ministering by the bedside of the dying, woman has found her loftiest sphere. The Crimean war furnishes us with a striking example of woman characterized by Christian piety and love, ministering to the suffering, consoling the dying, and uttering words pointing them to the home, "whose gates even then stood ajar." Could we imagine a higher position than hers, that of following the Master's steps?

Woman as a monarch over passions, vices and all evil that convulse society presents a field for thought, but we must content ourselves with saying all cannot be famous, but all may be good and great.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood." The royalty and supremacy of woman is prominently brought out in her home. Here where aëside virtues are developed, her throne stands highest.

There are few eminently great and good men who have not been indebted for what they are to the example and counsels of a good mother. And while we admire such characters our heart pays an involuntary tribute to that influence. There are those who tell us that the majority of women at the present day are distinguished by a morbid listlessness of mind; that, instead of preparing themselves to play a grand and noble part, many are drifting aimlessly through life.

Possibly more energy is spent in wishing and repining than in endeavouring to grasp life's opportunities for action. Upon those who have the greater advantage devolve the greater responsibilities. But rare mental requirements—the storing of the mind with facts—do not constitute true womanhood. We need women who shall be co-operators in the world's renovation. We need women in whom the stern patriotism of the mother of the Gracchi shall be united with the nobler attributes of the Christian matron.

Sceptres and thrones dwindle into insignificance when we comprehend the fact that it is woman's highest prerogative to excel in those things which tend to elevate all classes of society, to make better and wiser the world in which so many battles for the right have yet to be fought.

Rise, woman, rise, To the peculiar and best altitudes, Of doing good and enduring ill, Of comforting for ill and teaching good, And reconciling all that ill and good, To the patience of a constant hope. Henceforward, rise, aspire, To all the claims and noble ends, The lofty rises and noble ends, The sanctified devotion and full work, To which thou art elect forever more: