The

in per the

or s

tha

eve

tion

unt

usu I

pho one dis

one

## Sunday Reading.

rust.

Ir by some doctor of the land I were told that I must die, I think I'd say, 'Dear sir, My Saviour reigns on high, He keeps me in this earthly state, In him I trust, on Him I wait."

And if they tell me in my flesh. Incurable, a tumor lies, I'd meekly say, "Dear sir, God all the source of life supplies, Nothing is past His power to heal. I trust in woe, I trust in weal."

If I were placed within a land Where ne'er a doctor came to dwell,-I'd say, " My great Physician's power Can keep me happy, sound, and well, And not a doubt, and not a care, Since God has numbered every hair."

Ah! not a sinew or a bone, Muscle, or tissue of my skin, But He who made them all must know Just where to bring the healing in, And if a God will bless me so, Why to poor mortals need I go?

As well to pass a fountain by, And fill my cup along the street; Or pass a garden full of flowers, And press a weed for odor sweet. O Great Physician! haste the day When every heart shall yield Thee sway S. S. B.

-Times of Regreshing.

How to Please God. BY REV. J. B. FIGGIS.

Futhermore, than, we beseach you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have received of us how ye ought to walk and to please God, so ye would abound more and more.—1 THESS. iv: 1.

'How ye ought . . . to please God is the word I want to touch on, by God's help, this morning.

TO PLEASE GOD IS TO GIVE GOD PLEASURE. This seems self-evident. and yet how seldom we make the attempt. We are guilty, and want God to forgive us; lost, and we want God to save us; sinful, and we want God to make us holy; wretched, and we want God to make us happy.

We are always wanting God to do richest flower of the conservatory. something for us. We want Him to minister to our griefs, our sins, our cares, our needs, in a thousand ways. And what is more, He does it. God is so boundlessly good that He is always giving and always forgiving, always bearing and always forbearing. He gave us His Son out of His own bosom, about time, then, that we should come to an end of this, that we should conplease God ? But can we do it? Can man please God? The answer is very short and very clear. It needs no metaphysics to prove it, for the thing has been done.

into the churchyard, and seeing an inscription in letters of gold, marking the grave of a friend and fellow-townsman, Julius Marshall Elliott. I spelled out the tale of sad sorrow, of his fall from the Schreckhorn, and the words below "He was not, for God took him." But seeking to give God pleasure; se to live before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God.' Ages and ages ago God Himself wrote these words on the life-crowned life of Enoch and they have been shining before the world ever since. 'He pleased God.' Oh! brief and blessed biography, sweetest epitaph ever written! But if Enoch, the seventh from Adam, without a Bible, without a church, living in those dark ages, pleased Him, may not we, with Christ and the Comforter, 'learn how to please God' too?

Surely we have learned it; but then may!-Life of Faith. we must set about doing it, also, and doing it in God's way, not our own; and that is one reason why it is said, 'Without FAITH it is impossible to please Him.' Mark the word. It does not say, God will not be pleased: He cannot. Can you? Your child comes to you, and says, 'I will give you my work, I will' give you my wages, but I can't trust you.' You would answer, 'Take your work, take your wages; none of them will satisfy me. I want your confi-

But there are some of us who have settled this question of trust long ago, so that justification by faith, and faith Spurgeon.

only, is almost a shibboleth with us. Do not let us imagine, however, that we have yet exhausted the meaning of that word faith. There is a great deal of believing to be done after we have believed to the saving of our souls. Is not Christ of God made unto us sanctification'? Dowe believe it? Surely we could give joy to Jesus this morning; could make it a glad morning in heaven by echoing back these words, and saying, 'Yes, Lord Jesus, I believe it. Thou art made unto me sanctification. I believe it, and I trust Thee to accomplish Thy work, to fulfil Thy promise, and to sanctify my heart and life.'

And even this is not the end of the matter. There is more believing to be done yet : believing as to our worldly cares, or sicknesses, our sorrows,-the whole providence of daily life.

Do we trust Him about the next loaf. the needed dress, the sermons, we have to make, the districts we have to visit, the class we have to prepare for? It would be just a joy to Jesus to know that He was so trusted,—that we had taken Him as our staff on every road and through every river.

But if God can be pleased by our trusting Him, surely He can be pleased by our LOVING Him, too. How very little we do love God! And yet how God craves for love Even man does. Much more must God, who is love.

Why, love is love's necessity. Love is love's meat and drink, and God can no more do without love, than the sun without light.

He asks us for it, and all through the Prophets there comes up a lamentation after His people's love.

'It is not worth having, Lord.'

'Nay, give it me,' He says. How we take care of some withered flower! And God wants His child's withered flower of love.

'But it is the flower of a weed, Lord He can be pleased even with that, as sometimes we would rather have some withered weed of the wilds than the

But there is something more. Pleasing is connected with walking - How ye ought to walk and to please. God can only be pleased when we are walking worthily. It was the man who walked with God' that had the testimony that 'he pleased' Him. The two things invariably go hand in hand, and that Son gave us His life and sent | 'what God has joined together let no His Spirit. Yes, God is always serving man put asunder.' Let it never be us, and does it not seem to be the basest | imagined that by any ecstacy or affecingratitude that one should take salva- | tion you can make up for an inconsistent tion, and take sanctification, and take | walk. 'As ye have received of us how joy, and should never give God any- ye ought to walk, . . . abound more thing-not even pleasure? Is it not and more.' Nay, I trust you have received of HIM. He says, 'I taught Ephriam to go' (Have you ever taught sider "how we ought to walk, and to or seen a little child taught, to walk?) 'taking them by their arms.' He has been taking us by the hands each day, here, and teaching us to walk.

As we have heard that we are to walk by faith, that we are to walk by 'I remember, at Grindelwald, coming love, so let us abound more and more in a holy walk, in a loving walk,walking closely with our God. So that we may do what we can never do of ourselves, 'keep step with Jesus.'

We ought not to receive this grace of God in vain. Let one difference be this of that, from every harvest field, fragrance may go up to heaven; that from every sacrifice we make, the Lord shall smell a sweet savor; that of every flower we plant, let it be ever so lowly, 'embowered in green leaves,' still the scent may tell God it is there; and He will rejoice over it. Oh! that we may so walk as to please God!

I spoke to you about delighting in God; but more precious still than that is it to have God delighting in us. God grant us so to live that He

A good brother, of course in the United States, who thought prayer ought to be by fine words, on a Sunday evening at the prayer-meeting, after the pastor's work was over, used to pray with great fervour that the Lord would " bless the Gospel that had been dispensed with that day !" Still, we think we know some places where this prayer might be literally offered.

Perhaps your Master knows what a capital pleughman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper, because you do the plowing so well .- The Way of God.

There was once an angel who went about the world with a man. They went into a house whose owner received them with extraordinary hospitality. He told them joyfully that his worst euemy had just become reconciled to him, and had given him a golden cup.

When they went away, the angel took their friendly host's golden cup away with him. His companion said: What are you doing? Is this your thanks for hospitality?'

The angel answered: 'Be silent, and honor the way of God.'

They went on and came to a second house. The owner of it was a rude churlish man. When the two strangers entered his door he drove them out. The angel quickly gave him the golden cup.

'What!' cried his companion, 'you rob a good man of his treasure to give to this wretch! What sort of gratitude

' Be silent,' repeated the angel, 'and honor the way of God.'

They came into a third house. A poor man was sitting in a corner on the floor, weeping bitterly.

'Why are you weeping?' asked the

'Ah!' said he, 'I am a very poor man, and through sickness have fallen in debt. My house is to be sold tomorrow to pay what I owe.'

The angel did not answer a word, but went out and set the house on fire, so that it was all in flames.

' Have you lost your senses?' cried his companion. 'What is the meaning of this? Have you not heard how unfortunate the man is, and now you are going to ruin him?'

'Be silent,' replied the angel, peacefully, 'and honor the way of God.'

At last they reached a fourth house. A married couple lived there with their

'We have great comfort in this child,' said the father; ' he is diligent, obedient, attentive, and gratifies our every wish; in short he is our greatest earthly treasure.'

'Indeed !' said the angel"; 'will you allow your little son to go a little way with us?'

Come here, George, and go a little inquiry is at once instituted in the mind every life there is a conflict between way with these men.'

them with a merry heart. They came of colors in the painting, not the fine dark spectrum with not even a faint line to a narrow bridge. The raging flood and delicate chiselling on the marble of light, sometimes is gilded with Divine rushed under it. The angel let the statue, not the harmonious concord of child go first, and when they were in the middle of the bridge, he gave him of the poet, that holds us in admiration, a push that sent him down into the it is the painter speaking behind the waters to be drowned.

The companion could no longer re-

'What!' cried he in rage; 'you are not an angel; you are an evil spirit in an angel's form. God will punish you for these crimes. To kill an only, promising child! It is deadful!'

But the splendor that encircled the angel became more glorious; his features became transfigured and he said, a solemn voice:

Foolish man, know thou why I have so done and honor the way of God. The enemy of the first man whom we visited was by no means reconciled with him, but pretended to be so, and in order to kill him secretly, gave him a golden cup. Because the man received us in a friendly manner I took away the poisoned cup, by God's command, so that he might live; but the unfriendly host received it from me in order that he might be punished by death. I set the poor man's house on fire in order to help him out of his troubles. For when it is burned down and the man moves away the ruins he will find a treasure with which he may not only pay off all his debts, but build himself a new and better house. Finally, that child whom God has thrown in the water by me would have become a godless man, and killed his own father-God knew this and took him betimes to heaven, where his parents will find him again.'

Then his companion was ashamed of his hasty judgements, and with the an gel honored the way ot God .- Intelligencer.

Within the last nine years nearly 800 churches have been burned in America mostly through defective heating apparatus. The same cause has also proved very destructive in other places.

## Graduating Essays.

he Harmony between the Artist and his Work.

> BY MISS CLARA B. MARSHALL, ACADIA COLLEGE, 1884.

The artistic element in man is universal and permanent. It shows itself | and feelings which struggle for expresin various forms. There is a natural craving for a concrete expression remain merely passive, viewing the beauties of creation, without trying his skill at imitation. Receptive for a time, by doing for him what he is not able to watching the play of the sunshine on

and, in order that it may be universally most ennobling and the most degrading admired, and regarded as perfect, it works, as Leonard da Vinci of Italymust suggest far more than it ex- Wherein is the harmony between such presses. It must touch the senses just | men and their work? Certainly there enough, and in the right way, to stimu- can be no harmony between good and 'Oh! certainly,' said the father. late and engage our attention. An evil, purity and impurity. But in as to the cause of our pleasure. We the flesh and the spirit, and that George jumped up and went with find that it is not simply the blending character which seems to be only sounds, not the beautifully penned line canvas, the sculptor whispering through the lips of his Madonna, the musician expressing his deepest feelings and emotions, the poet opening to us the inmost shrine of his heart, that gives to art its intrinsic charm.

If the work is so grand what must be the soul of the artist? The man is always greater than his work. His production is but the index of that wonderful book of individual life, which remains closed and unknown to us, except the few hints or glances which we

occasionally get. material in which the poet's thoughts are embodied; the harmonious blending of colors expresses the conceptions in the painter's mind; the statue is the outward realization of the sculptor's ideal. In every art there is harmony between the man and his work. By saying harmony, we do not intimate that the artist's work is a complete and perfect realization of his ideal; it is only an approach to his concentrated thoughts and feelings, not an absolute reproduction of the inner man. But in so far as he is wholly possessed by a thought and expresses this in such a form as to awaken the same thought in us, we can say there must be harmony between the workman and his work.

The production of the artist pleases only when the natural laws are obeyed, and the picture, statue, or representation of the drama, is true to nature, Thus the mind of the artist must work in harmony with the Divine mind. All he can do is to catch up the lingering accents of God's voice, (" and O how rare it is to find one still enough to hear God speak,") and sing them, paint ble, or continue the strain in poetry.

If it is true that the artist is born and not made, it is equally true that he cannot be unmade. Genius will shine sooner or later, whether it wears the garb of the peasant or the nobleman-Not even poverty, unfortunate circumstances and environments can smother the flame. The true artist has a work to do. He is the possessor of thoughts sion, and he has no rest until, in some material form, they are embodied and his thoughts and feelings. He cannot the whole world becomes acquainted, in plex flower. part, with his mind life.

He becomes the benefactor of man

do himself. His feelings are deeper, he waving fields or through netted branches; sees more, hears more, thinks more the glorious pageantry of the sunset; than other men, and thus is far in adthe sea of liquid gold into which the vance of the common crowd. The poet sun is ready to sink; or the glories of expresses common-place things in such the firmament when the curtains of a way as to interest and please. He night are pinned back with stars, before | discourses to us the beauties that strew his eyes, in the dreams of the night our pathway, and picks up the flowers there arise a new earth, ocean and sky at our feet, ever holding them up to even more beautiful than that upon our gaze in all their freshness and which he gazed in silent admiration and | beauty; he comes to the weary one with a hymn or song that lifts him All outward realizations of thought | above his cares; the musician touches and feeling may be regarded as our feelings by the reproduction of art. Expression seems to be its heavenly strain, and "half beguiles us supreme law. Thoughts arise in the of our cares." We can know the inner mind, and these demand a concrete life of the artist only as he is willing to existence in some material form. In- disclose it in his work. If he paints deed, this fact is so universal that it anything, he paints himself. How can world but thought and expression." not by his stature and physical perfec-Nature and thought are a vast symbol- tions, but by the mind he possesses, for ism, and have meaning to those only | "mind makes the man." The deeper who can interpret the symbols, and his feelings and the higher the heights grasp the thought which lies behind to which his thoughts soar, the nearer it has been associated with worship. he approaches perfection. "You can All the boasted discoveries of science | have noble art," says Ruskin, "only are but the "recovery of thoughts from noble persons associated under which exist in the Creator's mind." In laws fitted to their times and circuma general way we may regard the stances." But to this some might obvarious kinds of art as the expression | ject, saying that a person often "builded in material form, of the Divine-the better than he knew." We do not ex-Universal Mind. They are rays of pect an impure fountain to send forth light from the same sun, collected and pure water, neither do we expect the brought to a focus in the mind of a impure from the pure, but often we are startled by this contradiction. From A work of art is always suggestive; the same artist sometimes come the radiance. In these moments when he rises above his own vile nature, his work bears "the impress of a God." Such strange contradictions in human lives show "how the Divine may be touched on one side, the earthly on the other, and what infinite possibilities remain even in the most degraded." The artist's work is a failure unless

it brings us nearer to God and to humanity. Not only is the artist the exegete of his own life, but he is the exponent of national thought and feeling. Art can express the whole of humanity, but she speaks "a dead language to the The minds of others are known only ever ready to be "immortalized and little flower speaks in various tones, through expression. Language is the enshrined in artistic creations," and rejoicing "when the morning steals embodies them in one whole in which can be read the history, character and religion of the nation. By thus speaking and doing for others, the artist becomes the index of national life. He is a man of his time and people; he depicts what he sees and feels, and thus unconsciously presents, from age to age, a nation's history of life. Art depends on the physical, social, intellectual and moral condition of a people. The race writes its own biography on wood, stone, marble, canvas, or parchment When the voice of history is silent, the chiselled marble, the frescoed ceiling, the temple, the ornamented sepulchre, rude snatches of songs, and fragments of poems tell us the life and character of the people. There can be no true art without the vivifying influence of religion; and, indeed, so much depends on this element, that we can safely say "a nation with no moral culture at all can produce no true art." Thus we may regard it as the exponent of a nation's ethical life.

The exegesis of the artist is seen in sculpture, architecture, music, painting them, build them, chisel them in mar- and poetry. All material forms are

when we are able to draw aside the vail and view the workman, or become inspired with the thought that actuated him. Every work is valuable, not only for its intrinsic worth, but for the revelation of the character of the creative impulse behind it.

Sculpture may be regarded as the least complex of the arts; but this does not imply that it in any way is inferior. The buttercup, or daisy, is as perfect of its kind as the most delicate and com-

There is something about the endurance of sculpture that renders this art impressive. Bronze and marble remain long after the master-pieces of pictorial art have faded and perished and become like a mere tradition.

The sculptor shows us the perfect body motionless and emotionless; but in this body we feel the presence of the perfect mind, capable of the noblest feeling and action, and grander in well-balanced repose than in any partial employment of its force."

Architecture has been called associative sculpture. It is calculated to touch human sensibility and inspire deep thought and admiration. A magnificent temple that resounds with heavenly anthems, whose walls display pictorial art, and in the niches of which stand the statues of the saints, speaks the combined voice of art. All these has been said "there is nothing in the he do otherwise? Man is measured things which delight the beholder were once only thoughts existing in the architect's mind.

Music is regarded as the language of the emotions. From the earliest time The heart full of love and joy breaks forth in songs of praise to the Creator. We cannot look upon Nature as dull and void of life. The wind playing on the Æolian harp, or sighing through the trees, tells of something more than mere material existence. When everything seems still, and we are bending under the heavy burden of cares and sorrows, even then, "the very air around us may be resounding with the hallelujahs of the heavenly host, while our dull ears hear nothing but the feeble accents of our broken prayers." No one can be a true musician who has por a musical soul. Whatever the work may be, it is meaningless, unless in it can be read the thoughts and feelings of

The picture we gaze upon with intense admiration displays new beauties at every glance, and we feel that every newly-discovered flower, and object in the distance is a window through which the soul of the painter looks out. His biography may not be written, but his inner life may be read in the dim and sombre hue, or the bright and lively glow of the blended colors on the canvas.

The poet is not different from other men, not an eccentric person, keeping aloof from others. He is the friend of man, his heart beats in sympathy with those around him. He is alive to every sensation; he has keen perception, delicate and refined taste; his vision extends beyond the horizon that bounds common minds. Nature is a vast picsoul not fitted to receive it." The ture-book to him, in which he sees all artist stands in the present, scans the the passages of our lives portrayed. past, picks up the thoughts which are Nothing escapes his notice. Even the upon the night melting the darkness." and sadly drooping its head " when the silent hours steal on and flaky darkness breaks within the east." As the poet expresses his thoughts and feelings, and enters with his whole soul into the work, we can know his inner life by studying his poetry.

There is harmony between the artist and his work, for "none any work can frame, unless himself become the same."

The true artist never works in vain. He may not be a genius, and thus able to make his work universally known, but he can speak to some with more power than a genius. It is not eloquence that always touches the heart, but the word spoken in fear and trembling. The still small voice bears a message that could not be heard in the thunder or the storm. As in drawing we must carefully observe the straight lines, that our work may be exact, at the same time giving attention to the curves which add grace and beauty, so in life we must strictly adhere to the straight line of duty, that our character may be strong and stable, and at the same time bend in kindness and charity symbolistic, and have meaning only to those about us. In a general way