

Getting On And Getting Up.

"How to get on" is the supreme question of the world. "How to get up" is the supreme question of religion. A young men's Bible class has arranged for a course of lectures on practical business subjects. Some of the ablest business men of the country have signified their willingness to make addresses dealing with the matters with which they are familiar. "Banking," "The Dry Goods Business," "The Packing House Industry," "The Operation of Railroads," are among the subjects advertised in the attractive syllabus. It is believed by the promoters that this innovation will be a great success. We have no doubt of it. Lectures on business are certainly to be preferred to many of the frivolous and inane church entertainments that are in vogue. But at the same time, young men of today need to be told how to get up, even more than they need to be told how to get on. They need to be taught to seek goodness, not that they may get paying jobs, but that they may get goodness.

The model held up before the youth of the present day is too often the man who from boyhood saved his cents, changed them into dollars, and by exploiting social and legal conditions before legislation had made his methods illegal, became a multi-millionaire. Such a man is said to have got on. There is another question to be answered before we urge our children to copy his life, and that is, "has he got up? If the man sink while the monopolist rose, if character deteriorated while capital accumulated, the loss has been greater than the gain. For our part, if we cannot be both, we prefer to see a boy become an honest man than a rich man.

There are those who get up but do not get on. The world says of them that they have failed. But have they? It depends on one's definition of failure. Misfortunes have befallen them, but they have not grown bitter; temptations to abandon principles and get rich dishonorably have come to them but they have chosen poverty to a tarnished name. Is that failure? It is success! They may have lost the whole world, but they have gained their souls.

Young men need to be reminded that there are worse things than a small income. Those who are poor in purse may be rich in faith, rich in character, rich in hope. A clerk need not be less than a man. He has but to choose. The man who has no money is poor, but the man who has nothing but money is a pauper.

We must place the highest standards of life before the young men of today. If they must be taught not to despise wealth, much more must they be taught not to despise honesty and honor. The highest ends of life are often served by those who the world regards as failures; and on the other hand, those are spoken of as successful men are those over whose fate heaven sheds tears of pity. When Lot "pitched towards Sodom" he was looked upon as a successful man. He had selected the most fertile plain in all that region. Subsequent events showed that Abraham made the wisest choice when he turned toward the hilly country.

With regard to him whose life formed the perfect model for our imitation we see how one can be rich without money. Born in a stable living a life of marked privation, buried in a borrowed grave, he made the world richer by being in it. In him was exemplified the meaning of Paul's words, "Poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing and yet possessing all things." It was not the ambition of Jesus to wring success from God's hand. He ascended by descending. It was by his cross that he was lifted up.—Christendom.

How to Deal With Doubts.

A barrier to the constant service of Christ is, with many souls, the fear that a desired and necessary change in their inner being has not taken place. This fear is commonly caused by a sad error on their part resulting from the wrong preaching and teaching to which they have listened or from their misreading of the Bible as improperly translated, or as incorrectly understood. But whatever has caused it, the barrier, real or supposed, often exists, and it must be met and wisely dealt with.

As illustrative of a multitude of similar cases, a single instance may be cited out of the writer's sphere of observation. A prominent man in a New England community had been brought up under the best religious influences then prevalent in that region. He had from a boy been accustomed to read the Bible and pray day by day. He was regular in church attendance. He was careful and strict in his morals. But all this was as he had been taught, of the outer man. It did not touch or indicate the inner life or spiritual being. He had been taught from the pulpit and by the religious literature of the day, that until he had been converted or regenerated, he would have no right to count himself an accepted child of God. And for this change which he had no power to compass, he waited and hoped and prayed.

When he grew up and married he was ready to do anything and everything in his own power to show his readiness and desire to be Christ's, but for the essential change of spiritual nature he felt he must wait God's time

and act. He was faithful in personal and household worship. He conducted family prayers regularly. He asked a blessing at his table. He taught a class of young men in Sunday school. But he felt he had no right to count himself a converted, regenerated, new born, soul. All he could do in God's service he was ready to do, but conversion, or regeneration, was God's work. For that he must wait God's time and method. More than half a century passed away, leaving him as it found him as far as this was concerned.

His children, brought up under these influences, were led by their Sunday school teachers and companions to confess Christ as their Saviour, and they became active as teachers and as church workers. But the good and sad hearted man remained outside the recognized fold of Christ. This was so to the last of his earthly life. It was doubtless a blessed surprise to him when he was welcomed by his Saviour as one of his loved ones, when his spirit eyes were opened beyond the veil of flesh. Yet that good man was only one in multitudes who have lived and died in Christ's service thinking that they had no right to trust Christ as their Saviour because some mysterious change which they could neither understand nor secure, had not been wrought in them. What a realm of doubt and of doubters is opened before us by such an illustration.—Sunday School Times.

Lasting Things.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three."—1 Cor. 13:13.

When Paul takes three nouns and couples them with a verb in the singular, he is not making a slip of the pen, or committing a grammatical blunder which a child could correct. But there is a great truth in that piece of apparent grammatical irregularity; for the faith, the hope and the love for which he can only afford a singular verb, are thereby declared to be in their depth and essence one thing, and it, the triple star, abides, and continues to shine; the three primitive colors are unified in the white beam of light. Do not correct the grammar, and spoil the sense, but discern what he means when he says, "Now abideth faith, hope, love." For this is what he means, that the two latter come out of the former, and that without it they are nought, and that without them it is dead. "Faith abides," says Paul, yonder, as here. Now, there is a common saying, which I suppose ninety out of a hundred people think comes out of the Bible, about faith being lost in sight. There is no such teaching in Scripture. True, in one aspect, faith is the antithesis of sight. True, Paul does say "we walk by faith, not by sight." But that antithesis refers only to part of faith's significance. In so far as it is the opposite of sight, of course it will cease to be in operation when "we shall know even as we are known," and "see him as he is." But the essence of faith is not the absence of the person trusted, but the emotion of trust which goes out to the person, present or absent. And in its deepest meaning of absolute dependence and happy confidence, faith abides through all the glories and the lustres of the heavens, as it burns amidst the dimness and the darkness of earth. For ever and ever, on through the irrevocable ages of eternity, dependence on God in Christ will be glorified, as it was the life of the militant church. No millenniums of possession and no imaginable increase in beauty and perfectness and enrichment with the wealth of God, will bring us one inch nearer casting off the state of filial dependence which is, and ever will be, the condition of our receiving them all. Faith "abides."

Hope "abides." For it is no more a Scriptural idea that hope is lost in fruition, than it is that faith is lost in sight. Rather that future presents itself to us as the continual communication of an inexhaustible God to our progressively capacious and capable spirits. In that continual communication there is continual progress. Wherever there is progress there must be hope. And thus the fair form, which has so often danced before us elusive, and has led us into bogs and miry places and then faded away, will move before us through all the long avenues of an endless progress, and will ever and anon come back to tell us of the unseen glories that lie beyond the next turn, and to woo us further into the depths of heaven and the fullness of God. Hope "abides."

Love "abides." I need not, I suppose, enlarge upon that thought which nobody denies, that love is the eternal form of the human relation to God. It, too, like the mercy which it clasps, "endureth forever."

But I may remind you of what the apostle does not explain in our text, that it is greater than its linked sisters, because whilst faith and hope belong only to a creature, and are dependent and expectant of some good to come to themselves and correspond to something which is in God in Christ, the love which springs from faith and hope not only corresponds to, but resembles that from which it comes and by which it lives. The fire kindled is cognate with the fire that kindles; and the love that is in man is like the love that is in God. It is the climax of his nature; it is the fulfilling of all duty; it is the crown and jewelled clasp of all perfection. And so "these three abideth, faith, hope, love, and the greatest of these is love."—Examiner.

The Charm of Tranquillity.

BY DR. GEORGE MATHESON.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet."—Psalm cvii. 29, 30.

I take the idea to be that the gladness of quiet is only felt after the storm. "Then are they glad." Men become glad of the quiet hour after they have heard the roaring of the tempest. The stillness before the storm does not make us glad. There is a stillness before the storm. There is a state called innocence. It is Adam in the rustic village—Adam amid the trees of the garden. I was quiet there; but I had no sense of quietude, no gladness in being quiet. How could I, when I knew not the meaning of noise? I heard not the moaning of the great sea. I heard not the lashing of the waves upon the world's shore. I had no trembling; but I had a little transport. The stillness of the night can bring no joy to the deaf-born. Why can it bring them no joy? Because it has never been broken. They have nothing to contrast it with. They have never heard the storm; therefore they cannot know the stillness. So was it with me in the Garden. But one day I strayed out beyond the gate and lost my way. And, as I wandered, I became weary and hungry and cold. Then, for the first time, the Garden was revealed. I said, "The Lord was in that place and I knew it not; how glad I should be to get back there! I learned the stillness by the storm; I saw the glory by the gloom; I beheld the flowers of Paradise by the experience of Paradise lost.

My soul, hast thou considered the secret of thy rest! Hast thou considered why the Prince of Peace began by walking on the sea? It is because thy peace needs the sea. An unbroken calm could never have been a conscious calm—a calm to make thee glad. Thy bow demands the memory of a cloud. Only when Christ opened thine ear to the storm did he open thine ear to the stillness. It is not enough that quietness should reign; if thou art to be at rest, thou must have that quietness. It must come to thee as a hiding-place from the wind, as a covert from the tempest. The charm of thy quiet hours is the remembrance of thy restless moments. Wouldst thou eliminate the cloud, then dost thou destroy the bow. Bless thy father for the storm of yesterday; it has revealed to thee the calmness of to-day. It has made the silence of a joy to thee. The peace of a still night is to thine opened ear no longer what it was to the deaf mute. To him it was a negation, a blank, a nothingness. To thee it is a possession, a power, a vocal presence—something to hear, to feel, to commune with. What has made the difference? It is the wings of the wind; it is the voice of the storm. It is through the swelling sea the Father has led thee to the haven; bless the swelling sea, O my soul!—Christian World.

Where Reason Was Inadequate.

In the struggle between rationalism and faith in revelation which disturbed the second half of the eighteenth century and has been many times renewed in our time. Hume was the recognized leader of the rationalistic philosophy. One of his essays on natural religion called forth a reply from Robertson the historian, who maintained that man's reason as applied to nature is inadequate, and cannot arrive at the highest religious ideas without direct revelation.

Hume and Robertson were antagonists in their philosophy, and also in some of their ideas of history, but they were warm friends. One evening, during a gathering of literary people at Robertson's house, the conversation turned to the controversy between natural and revealed religion. Hume urged his views with his fine intellectual subtlety, and Robertson rejoined with an equally adroit defense of revelation.

When Hume rose to depart, somewhat early, his host started to follow him to the door with a candle.

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said Hume, with humorous significance. "I find the light of nature always sufficient."

Unfortunately for the aptness his remark, he stumbled in the dark, and pitched through the open front door down the steps. Doctor Robertson ran after him with the candle, and holding it over him, helped him to rise. The chance was too good to miss, and when he saw that Hume was not seriously hurt, he said, quietly:

"Mr. Hume, you had better have a light from above."—Sé.

Blessed is the man who in the midst of trials is contented not to know. Not least among the heroes of the war were the men who were in the ships, listening for and obeying the commands of the officers, hearing the voice of battle and having more than a full share of its risks, but for whom, because they were deep down in the engine room, there was none of the excitement of vision. Such must often be our Christian obedience, knowing but in part and yet obeying cheerfully in faith and patience and good assurance that the end is victory through Christ.

The world is a kindergarten of little children, very little children, and the great God is trying to give them his great love and his great life.—Lyman Abbott.