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Poetry.

"LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD!"

"Lost for want of a word!"
Fallen among thieves and dying,
Priests and Levites passing
The place where he is lying.
He is too faint to call,
Too far off to be heard!—
There are those beside life's highway
Lost for want of a word!

"Lost for want of a word!"
All in the black night straying
Among the mazes of thought,
False lights ever betraying!
Oh! that a human voice
The murky darkness had stirred!
Lost and benighted forever!
Lost for want of a word!

"Lost for want of a word!"
Too high it may be and noble,
To be ever checked in his sin,
Or led to Christ in his trouble.
No one boldly and truly
To show him where he has erred,—
Poor handful of dust and ashes!
"Lost for want of a word!"

"Lost for want of a word!"
A word that you might have spoken,—
Who knows what eyes may be dim,
Or what hearts may be aching and broken?
Go, scatter beside all waters,
Nor sicken at hope deferred;
Let never a soul by thy dumbness
Be lost for want of a word!

Religious.

For the Christian Messenger.

THE LIFE OF TRUST.

It is strange how repugnant to the minds of some true and earnest Christians, is the phrase, "The Higher Christian Life." If you press them for reasons for their manifest dislike the answer is generally an evasive one,—"O, they do not know, it seems like exalting one-self above others." Another says, "Of course we are all striving to reach higher."

The words are interpreted as meaning a higher life than that of other Christians, whose lives as far as outward appearances go, are quite as holy and pure as those who profess to have attained to this higher Christian life. But here is their mistake. Not one of those whom God has so blessed, could harbor for a moment the thought that they had attained to any higher grace or superior holiness beyond their brother-Christians.

Fellowship with Jesus removes all thoughts of self-exaltation, all self-esteem. We are "in Christ" and He is our righteousness, and in Him we glory and are ready to exclaim with Madame Guyon,—

"I am as nothing, and rejoice to be emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee."

When we use the term "The Higher Christian Life,"—that is, a higher, more consecrated life than we formerly experienced—we simply mean this, rendering up of ourselves soul and body to our Lord Jesus; not merely for salvation, that was settled long ago, but for justification and sanctification; then trust Him entirely for temporal, as well as spiritual mercies and privileges.

Life in Christ, enjoying nothing apart from Him, making Him the nearest and dearest friend on earth as well as in Heaven, delighting in His presence at all times, and confiding in Him with a childlike, simple, unwavering faith, this is the Higher Christian Life, this the life of full trust, as Luther knew it, as Melancthon knew it, as D'Aubigné knew it, as Dr. Malan and Madame Guyon knew it, and hosts of others who long ago put off their robes of mortality, and passed into Christ's "Hope is changed to glad fruition, Faith to sight and prayer to praise."

Every true believer in Jesus at some period of his life attains to this higher life.

With some it is simultaneous with conversion, and these happy ones go on through their lives with a simple unchangeable faith in God that carries them through trials and difficulties

triumphantly and their sunshiny experience is envied by those whose view of the Son of Righteousness is sometimes sadly obscured of clouds by doubt, distrust and self-will.

There are others whose conversion was marked and undeniable, and perhaps years after, the perusal of a book, a sermon, an earnest word or two from a friend, or better still, a text in God's Book would suddenly reveal to their eyes the blessedness of wholly trusting to Jesus to be made holy as well as to be cleansed from sin, and they would see the utter futility of struggling with their sinful propensities, and in leaving these as they left their sins long ago, at the feet of Jesus, they would find the perfect rest and peace that was never so fully realized before.

And then their lives would be beautified and purified. Love for Christ's people is inseparable from love to Him, and a broad and ever increasing charity would glory, and elevate their daily walk. Self and all self-interests would be lost in the desire to glorify Jesus only, and a deep and abiding humility would supplant self-righteousness and any wish for earthly distinction.

Then again there are some and I think the majority of Christians are included in this class, who progress gradually towards a deeper truer faith in Christ whose longings strengthen daily for a closer walk with God.

Jesus Christ's deep love for them draws them imperceptibly nearer to Himself, and worldly and selfish interests grow more and more distasteful.

Others again need the painful discipline of suffering and illness before they understand that Christ must be their all-in-all, and all earthliness and impurity must be rooted out of our hearts at the cost, if need be, of health, strength and sometimes life itself.

God's ways are not our ways, and to Him who sees the end from the beginning, may be safely left our whole future.

If sickness, pain, or bereavement is needed to draw us nearer to our Lord, and wean us from the world, then welcome all, if only Christ be ours; "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction which is but a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

A minister was speaking on the subject of "The Higher Christian Life" and remarked that the Bible described it as "growing in grace." But he should have finished the quotation and added, "and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." For it is what the Lord reveals of Himself to us that elevates and spiritualises our nature. St. Paul says, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord," "that I may know Him and the power of His resurrection and the fellowship of His sufferings."

May we all be led to long for, and pray more earnestly that this blessed "knowledge of Christ" may be ours by personal experience, and then shall we go on from grace to grace and Christ will be glorified in us through all time and eternity.

M.

SPURGEON AT HOME.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

At ten o'clock I drove out with a friend to spend an hour with Mr. Spurgeon. He resides several miles from his church, on the beautiful Nightingale Road—Clapham. The Road is lined with shade-embowered villas, like Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn. "Helensburgh House," the residence of the great preacher, is a very attractive mansion, surrounded by the most exquisite bit of garden and velvet lawn that I have yet seen in London. The grounds cover two or three acres, and were purchased by Mr. Spurgeon when this

quarter of London was new and unoccupied, and the land was comparatively cheap. In time this place will be a fortune to its owner. Mr. Spurgeon's income from his Tabernacle and from his works is large, but nobly has he earned it, and generously does he use it. One of the most laborious of Christ's workers, he has a right to a beautiful home.

He greeted us in his free, cordial style, which is like my neighbor Beecher's genial manner. There are many points of resemblance between these two foremost preachers of the day; their stout, broad physique, their exuberant spirits, ready wit, marvellous fluency and superabounding juices of a manhood that seems utterly inexhaustible. Spurgeon's hair is just slightly tinged with its first grey; he is as stout as ever. "In this flesh dwelleth no good thing," he said playfully.

We spent a pleasant hour in his library, which overlooks the charming grounds. He showed us twelve or fifteen stately volumes of his printed sermons, besides several of his works translated into Dutch, Norwegian and German. He is now at work on a Bible interspersed with notes and helps of a peculiar kind. But the most interesting object was a small pile of his sermon preparations,—each one on a half sheet of note-paper, or on the back of an envelope. Only the heads of the sermon are committed to paper, and not one syllable more. His usual method is to choose his text, and devote a half hour to preparing the plan and putting it on a bit of paper. All the rest is left to the pulpit. "If I had a month given me to prepare a sermon," said he, "I would spend thirty days and twenty-three hours in something else, and in the last hour I would make the sermon. If I could not do it in an hour, I could not do it in a month." This is an extraordinary mental habit. But let it be observed, that if Spurgeon spends but a few minutes in arranging a sermon, he spends many days in careful study of God's word and of the richest Puritan writers on theology and experimental religion. He is all the time filling up the case, so that whenever he turns the spigot, a sermon flows out in a few moments.

His fluency in language has also become about perfect from long and constant practice. But never does he go to the pulpit without a mental agitation, amounting often to physical distress. "For years," said he, "I suffered so much before entering the pulpit, that it often brought on violent attacks of vomiting and profuse outbreaks of perspiration. Only lately have I outgrown these fits of physical suffering."

Mr. Spurgeon took us through his beautiful grounds. In the rear of his garden he has perched up his old "Park Street" pulpit into a tree! The pulpit-stairs wind down around the trunk; and up in this eyrie he sits in a hot summer day. Like our neighbor Beecher, he has a keen appetite for flowers. His family is small. Two twin boys, of the age of sixteen, are at school. His invalid wife waded her hand to us as we walked through the grounds before her window. The painful illness of this devoted wife is the shadow that falls over his beautiful home. This "crock in the lot" has been a chastening, mellowing sorrow to him.

The delightful hour which I passed with brother Spurgeon only increased my estimate of him as a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. His marvellous voice, which sweeps over five thousand auditors in the "Tabernacle," is exceedingly pleasing in conversation. As I parted from him, I felt anew that there is but one Spurgeon in the world. As he stands in the loftiest pulpit in Europe, long may he continue to have all Christendom for his congregation!

On Sabbath morning last I heard Mr. Spurgeon, in his colossal Tabernacle. So did about four thousand five hundred people. It seats that number and nearly six thousand can be wedged into it when the aisles are filled with

"stand-ups." As I had heard from Spurgeon on the previous day his own methods of preparing his sermons (in a half hour of jotting down heads on a bit of paper), I listened to him with all the more of "professional" interest. His theme was the Glory of the Grace of God. It was rich, old fashioned doctrinal preaching, freshened by lively illustration. If Robertson was perfect in the style to read, Spurgeon is almost perfect in the style to hear. After listening to Brother Spurgeon several times, and conversing with him freely, I am persuaded that the secret of his marvellous success lies in these three things: a magnificent voice, his strong, racy Saxon English, and a prodigious earnestness in preaching Jesus Christ right home to sinners, hearts. He believes, with all his soul, that men are sinners; and that unless they repent they will be lost. Doubts never trouble Spurgeon. He never stops to defend the outworks of Revelation; he plants his guns on these redoubts, and fires red hot truth with unerring accuracy of aim. As a preacher of the living Gospel, he is the nearest to John Bunyan of any Englishman since Bunyan's day.

THE SIN OF JUDAS.

Let us consider again what was the particular passion that wrought the downfall of Judas. It was covetousness. Or perhaps we should come nearer and more precisely to the point if we should say, it was the want of money. There is no point of temptation, perhaps, to which men are so distinctly and so often brought as that. My observation of life has taught me that there is nothing to which so many wiles of policy, so many schemings of ambition, so many pressing emergencies, tie themselves as that. That was the hard strain upon the conscience of Judas. He objected to Mary's offering because he wanted the money it would have brought. He sold his Master for money. Is there any such danger, one may still ask, in this passion, that it should so often be singled out in Holy Scripture for warning? that the love of money should be declared to be "the root of all evil"? Is there not something of hyperbole in this representation? Property, that marks the rise of the civilized from the savage condition; property, that arouses human activity and industry; property, that can be employed in so many beneficent uses, motive for thoughtful care and minister of merciful charity—can the love of it be so perilous? But consider, also, that it is the most tangible and universal form in which human selfishness can embody itself; that property is the representative of almost all other worldly interests, the instrument of all other worldly gratifications, the garner of ease and luxury and ambition and power,—and it may be seen that there is deeper reason for caution than we had at first thought. Yes, a man may stake all upon that possession, and risk his very soul upon the cast,—aye, and lose his soul in the game of acquisition. His heart may be so bound up in this interest that all other ties—ties of kindred, friendship, love, honor and integrity—shall hang loosely about him. His very heart may be coined into gold; as, in the process of petrification, particle by particle of flesh departs to give place to stone, so, without any alarming dereliction, part of the human heart may become a monstrous petrification of avarice,—cold, hard and dead to every generous claim. For nothing else may be known but that he is rich. His name is an abstraction; it stands for barren millions. And in this process of accumulation, without its attaining to any success, religion may die out of the heart; the nobler sentiments may die out of it,—from simple disuse,—and the man may deny the very spirit of Christianity, while he holds to its forms and institutions. Yes, I say a man, even now, even to-day, may betray his Lord for gold.—*Religious Magazine.*

PUTTING A COOPER'S PIPE OUT.

The late Rev. Thomas Collins was a model tract distributor, being instant in season and out of season. He often travelled in smoking cars, in order to have a wider field for doing good. In his memoir, recently published, we find that he describes some incidents of one of his journeys:

"In the train I presented a New Testament to a soldier: he received it gladly, and I was pleased to see that he caught my meaning at once when I called it 'a sword.'"

"A cooper got in at an early station and—without an apology—lighted his pipe. After a little introductory talk, I submitted for his consideration whether the cost of that cloudy gratification would not send a child to school; and whether that would not be a better outlay, as it would confer a benefit that would last forever."

"He said: 'I never thought of that, but it is true. So out goes the pipe, and here's for the child.'"

"Do you mean that? Will you give up the practice?"

"To be sure I will, and send the young un to school."

"I'm so glad to have put your pipe out. Will you oblige me by the gift of the cast-off thing?"

"Certainly, sir; here it is." So with joy I brought the trophy home."

Reader, would not the money you spend on cigars and tobacco go a great way toward increasing the comfort of your family? Will you not "put your pipe out" for their sakes?—*Good News.*

SPEAKING FOR JESUS.

One rainy afternoon a young lad was driving his cows home from pasture. A gentleman seeing the boy crossed the street, not fearing the mud which soiled his nice boots, and with a bright smile said: "A hard rain, my boy; won't you share my umbrella?" The boy pleased with this unexpected attention, became very communicative, told him of the fine cows, etc. The stranger asked his name, and if his parents were living; and listened with interest as the young boy told of his loneliness, of the death of his widowed mother a few months previous, leaving him alone in the world. The stranger told him of the love of Jesus, of the tenderness of his heavenly Parent, ready to own and bless him, if he would wholly trust him. As they reached the street corner where they must part, the stranger said: "We may never meet again in this world; promise me you will meet me in heaven." The promise was given. Drawing the umbrella closely down that they might not be seen by the passers-by, this earnest, faithful friend, prayed for God's blessing upon that young heart, and for needed strength to keep that promise. Tears fell from the eyes of the gentleman, many more from the eyes of the boy, whose sensitive heart had been deeply stirred by this event. Years have passed! This young boy has become an active, faithful preacher of the blessed gospel. Many are being led to Jesus by his efforts and example, and Christians are led to a more hearty consecration of themselves to the work of winning souls to their Divine Master, as they listen to the story of this faithful man of God, who was the means of bringing him to Jesus.

Oh why are we so slow to speak for Jesus? Why are we so reticent upon the most important of all subjects? If we seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and with his presence go forth to work, we shall never lack for opportunities nor for a willing heart, for He will lead and strengthen us, giving the power and blessing the labor.

Rev. Dr. Withington, of Newbury once gave a charge to a church in about the following words: "I charge you to treat your minister as he deserves; and if you treat him as he deserves, he will deserve to be treated as you treat him."