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WHOLE SERIES.
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POETRY.

What are you going to do?

SUNG BY MR. SANKER.

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?
You have thought of some useful labor,
But what is the end in view?
You are fresh from the home of your boy-
hood.

And just in the bloom of youth;
Have you tasted the sparkling waters
That flow from the fount of truth?
Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping?

Remember He died for you;
Oh! then what are you going to do?
Say, what are you going to do?
Say, what are you going to do?

Will you honor His cause and His kingdom?
Whatever your faith may be,
And stand as a bright example
That others your Lord may see?

Are you willing to live for Jesus,
And ready the cross to bear?
Are you willing to meet reproaches,
The friends of the world to spare?

Your lot may perhaps be humbled,
But God has a work for you;
Then what are you going to do,
Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The morning of youth is past,
And vigor and strength and manhood
My brother, are yours at last;
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospering in worldly things.

Your path of duty He's favored,
And smiles of happiness brings;
Oh, prove that your heart is grateful,
The Lord has a work for you.

Then what are you going to do,
Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high,
It shines in meridian splendor,
And rises through a cloudless sky.

Your are holding high position,
Of honor, of trust and of fame;
Are you willing to give the glory,
And praise to your Saviour's name?

The regions that sit in darkness
Are stretching their hands to you;
Then what are you going to do,
Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The twilight approaches now;
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow;
Your talents, your time and your riches
To Jesus, the Master, give.

Then ask if the world about you
Is better because you lived,
You are hearing the brink of Jordan,
But yet there is work to do.

Then what are you going to do,
Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
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Already your locks are silvered,
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RELIGIOUS.

Our Work.

Dr. Culross in the Scottish Baptist Magazine gives an excellent article on the "Work of the Baptists in Scotland." Some parts of it may apply well to Baptists in other places. Baptists in Nova Scotia may read them and be benefited as well as those of Auld Scotia.

In the work of building up of true fellowship based on New Testament principles and answering to what we find in New Testament times he says:

"The pursuit of this end requires that our churches be composed of the right stuff. If we build in wood, hay stubble, we may fancy that we are doing a great work, and there may be loud blowing of trumpets over it; but in reality we are working against God. Unspiritual men cannot work spiritual principles. Hence the importance of fidelity and discernment in the receiving of members. But, the right persons being received, much else is necessary for securing the end in view. We must learn, for example, to deny ourselves; to deny touchiness, petty jealousies, ambition, self-importance, the love of getting our own way, and every form of selfishness. In particular, we must learn the self-denial of holding our tongues; aye, and of stopping our ears. Incalculable mischief has been wrought in Christian churches by such things as gossip, tale-bearing, clever retorts, and the ripping up of other people's characters; all which things

imply an ear as well as a tongue. Self-denial, however, is merely the negative; for the positive there must be forbearance, long-suffering, tenderness of conscience, generosity, brotherly love; an eye for goodness wherever it exists, and (supremely) a life that is inspired, controlled, and filled with gladness by the Holy Spirit.

We have our Tea Meetings now and again, where we expect to see the pleasant side of each other—and they have a use and value of their own. But my strong conviction is, that the best place for showing our pleasant side, is at our Church Meetings, for transacting the business of the Lord's house. Reports go forth to the world—I believe they are usually very exaggerated, but they go forth, and our children hear them—thus at times there are "scents" at these meetings—that unholiness, wranglings, aspring up—that brethren sometimes show their teeth, if they do not bite—and devour one another. Oh the shame and humiliation of such things! Oh the grieving of the Holy Spirit! Of all meetings that can be held, these ought to be the most hallowed—to which, above all, we should delight to introduce young disciples in the ardours of their first love, that they may learn how the mind that was in Christ Jesus dwelt in His people, and makes them one. It is to a Church Meeting even more than to a Prayer Meeting that the words apply—Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them. This blessed Presence realized as in our midst, will do more for moulding us into a holy brotherhood, than anything else that can be named.

Only one thing more I would say: the question of saving souls is a central and vital question for Christian churches, unsurpassed in interest by any other. The continued existence of our churches depends on the continued process of conversion to God. Whenever conversion becomes "a tradition" in a church, farewell to every other form of good. There may be wealth, growing numbers, name and repute in the world, influence at the general election, and a thousand other things that men esteem; and that Jesus Christ cares very little about; but—Ichabod—the glory is departed. Now, every one of our churches is by its very constitution a ready-made evangelistic association, not requiring additional equipment or machinery for entering upon its work. Every one of our members is presumed to know the Lord: then he can tell about Him; every one is presumed to have some sense of personal responsibility as regards the Lord's work; then he cannot be idle; every one is presumed to have some measure of compassion for the perishing; let the compassion have practical outcome: every one has a gift of his own from the Lord, fitting him for special service; as he has received, so let him minister the gift, whatever it be: every one has some to whom he stands in special relationship, and with whom he has influence, such as nobody else has in the whole world; let him take them aside and plead with them as the Spirit gives him utterance: every one has access and welcome, where nobody else has; let him put on his hat and go, where the Lord has opened the way for him. Preaching is not a craft confined to certain professional persons licensed by bishop or presbytery; but all who know the gospel may tell it to their fellow-men, at the time and in the manner providentially assigned. If a man can preach, and if his character backs his word, let him speak out.

I am not forgetting the unconscious influence which comes of saintly living when we are not thinking about others, and which is often of more blessed avail than all direct efforts put together. The Lord makes a use of the candles He has lighted, which they know nothing about. But considerations based on this fact will strengthen, rather than weaken the evangelistic spirit among us. A church that is not evangelistic has forgotten its calling, and lost its chief right to exist; cer-

tainly it is missing the chief joy a church can have,—joy akin to that of heaven, where there is joy over one sinner that repenteth. This I would note in closing: there are hundreds upon hundreds round about us who are just waiting to be approached by Christian people in the name of Jesus, and who are wondering what seals our lips.

Baptism an aid to Faith.

A member of my church was dying of consumption. I one day asked her if she had no fear of death and the grave. I knew her faith in Christ as her Saviour was strong and immovable, but I thought that, possibly, she might have a natural dread of the article of death, and a shrinking in view of the burial in the earth.

To my question she replied, her face radiant with hope, "O, no; I am not afraid! It will be with me as it was when I was baptized. I remember it was one bright Sabbath day in June. I was baptized in the Hudson river. The hillside was covered with people, and the church stood down on the shore, and they were singing a sweet hymn. Rev. Charles Van Loon baptized me. As he led me out in the river, I felt the water was a little cold, but I didn't mind it—I was thinking of Jesus! When we reached the right depth, the pastor took my hands in one of his, and put his other hand at my back—you know he was a strong man, and I knew he would not lose me—and so he laid me in the water. For a moment I didn't see the sun, nor hear the singing, but as he raised me out of the river, I saw again the sun shining bright on the water, and heard the church singing on the shore.

So will it be when I come to die. Jesus is now leading me into the river of death. The water is a little cold, but I can bear it, for I am thinking of His love. He will take my hand in one of His Almighty hands, and with the other He will hold me. I know He won't lose me! For a moment I shall not see the sun, nor hear the voices of those I love, but when He raises me up I shall hear the church triumphant singing on the hills of heaven. O, no; I am not afraid! Why should I be afraid?"

How beautifully the dying woman foretold her burial and resurrection by the sublime teaching of her baptism. "And I will raise them up at the last day!"—J. H. Smith.

A Precious Hymn and Its Author.

As the closing hour of the great meetings of the American Board in Hartford lately arrived, the President, Dr. Hopkins, said, "Let us, as is our custom, sing the hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like that above."

The immense assembly sang it with a profound, tearful, joyous interest. How wonderfully appropriate to the occasion, and to hundreds of other occasions, is this precious hymn! What increasing numbers of God's people are singing it every day of the year, and will to the end of time. Its concluding strains may well be succeeded by the New Song.

The author of this hymn—John Fawcett, of England—was converted at the age of sixteen, under Whitefield's preaching. Three years later, in 1758, he united with the Baptist church in Bradford. In 1765 he was ordained pastor of the Baptist church at Wainsgate. In a few years he published one or two small volumes of Poetic Essays and Hymns. He wrote a volume on Anger, that King George III. was so greatly pleased with, that he offered to confer any favor upon the author he might desire. Fawcett modestly declined the royal proposal. Afterward, however, when the son of a friend was sentenced to death for forgery, he interceded for him, and the king granted a pardon. The young man subsequently became a devoted Christian.

True hymns are born of some peculiar experience or inspiration. So was it with the ode referred to above. Dr. Fawcett was pastor of a small church; his family increased more than his income, and he felt it his duty to accept the urgent call to London he had received as the successor of Dr. Gill, the famous commentator. His farewell sermon to his church in Yorkshire was preached, and several wagons were loaded with his furniture and library, for departure. But the members of his little flock, men, women and children, gathered around him and his family, in tears and almost broken-hearted agony, praying him not to leave them. The last load was being packed, when Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the boxes and wept. The devoted wife, amidst streaming tears, looked up into his face and said, "Oh, John, John, I cannot bear this!" "Nor I, either," said the good man, weeping. "Nor will we go. Unload the wagons and put everything in the place where it was before." The people cried with joy. The church in London were notified that he could not come, and the beloved pastor resumed his labors on a salary of about \$250 a year.

Then it was he wrote the hymn that has become immortal:

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

He labored faithfully with this people till his death, in 1817, in his seventy-seventh year. Does he know in heaven how many are singing his glorious hymn on earth?—Christian Secretary.

"The Blind Shall See."

One evening about sundown, says the Rev. E. Kimball, the missionary to India, "I stopped at a city on the Irrawaddy. I sat on the boat, a short distance from the bank, and began to read from my tracts. The people sat on the shore, some, however, went to the town to say that a foreign teacher had come. The crowd increased, and I read on till sundown. At length a tall young man came wading to the boat and said, 'Teacher, have you the Acts of the Apostles?' Imagine my surprise at hearing such a question in that place. I replied, 'Yes.' He said again, 'Teacher, have you the Gospel of John?' He was evidently well educated; I asked, therefore, 'How did you learn about these books?' He told me that long ago his grandfather had obtained them from Mr. Judson, but had lost them in a great fire; and now, hearing of the foreign teacher, the old man had sent him in the hope of getting them again. I complied with his request, and he hastened away. A storm soon came upon us, and I removed my boat to another part of the city, two miles distant.

About eight o'clock in the evening the young man came again; he had been searching all along the shore for me. On his return to his grandfather, the latter inquired if he had asked the teacher to stay with him; and he had now come to invite me to his house. I went, and found the old man seated in the midst of his family. He put out his hand to feel for me, and I perceived that he was blind. His family had read to him, and he spoke of the comfort he had derived from John and the Acts of the eyes of my body, he said, 'are dark; but the eyes of my mind are opened.'

The Sexton.

Next to a good minister, every church needs a good sexton. He ought to love the house of God, and to feel that it is an honor to be a door-keeper in it. He ought to rejoice when strangers come to hear the gospel, and receive and seat them cordially. He ought to realize that a minister can preach better when the house is well-ventilated and lighted; when there are no creaking doors or rattling windows; that by close attention to his

duties he can add greatly to the power of the pulpit. He ought to realize that hearers who are physically uncomfortable are not likely to be benefited spiritually. He ought to feel that his work has a direct bearing upon the upbuilding of the kingdom of Christ. That it is not so much dusting, and sweeping, and attendance for so much pay, but that it is his opportunity for doing good.

If all sextons were zealous co-workers with pastors, if they tried to honor God in keeping his house as ministers are expected to honor him in preaching the gospel, we should have a great improvement in many of our sanctuaries.

I knew a sexton once who always wore squeaky boots. I knew another who would be sure to make a rattling about the furnace, just as the minister was giving out his text. I have known sextons who treated strangers applying for seats as if they thought that they were pickpockets. I have known sextons who were cross whenever extra meetings were held, no matter what the object or how great the interest, because it increased their care and labor. I have known sextons who were always grumbling about the Sabbath school, who seemed to look upon this children as nuisances, who had no sympathy with their teachers in their self-denying work for Christ. I knew a sexton who indignantly refused to light the lecture-room of the church for a Chinese Sabbath school, though the pastor, the elders, the trustees, and their families were teachers in it. He wasn't going to be a waiter for the Confucius! A man with such a spirit, and such ideas of Christian work, has no business to be a sexton.

Let trustees try to get sextons who are prompt, patient, thoughtful, courteous, and they will do much to promote the comfort of ministers and hearers, and the attendance of outsiders upon the services of the sanctuary.

Home and Happiness.

The truest happiness is ever to be found at home. No man without a home can be long happy; at least, truly so. But the domestic group can only be productive of happiness when stimulated by affection and prudent friendship. What can be compared in the intercourse of life with the attentions, the little acts of kindness and loving smiles in the family? These all raise the most pleasant emotions, and call forth the liveliest sentiments of our natures. What are the honors of ambition, the pleasures of fame and name, in comparison with home and happiness? We often see distinguished men shutting out the praises of the world, and seeking the pleasures of home around their own quiet firesides, with their prattling little ones, and enjoying their innocent pleasures. This to a fond parent is one of the purest sources of mirth.

Even Cicero, with all his hardness of heart and illiberality of mind, felt the tenderness of home attachments. At one time he acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in any company but that of his little daughter and wife. Sir Thomas Moore devoted much of his time and life to his family, from a sense of duty, also delighting to amuse his children. Let us, then, renew our efforts to increase the happiness of the children with whom we are thrown. Children would progress more rapidly in their studies were their teachers less austere, and would win first the affections of the little ones. After several years' experience in this matter, I have found this to be true. Let the children see that you love them and feel an interest in them, and I will insure success as teacher.—Christian Neighbor.

Remedy for Trouble.

Work is your true remedy. If misfortune hits you hard, you hit something else hard; pitch into something with a will. There's nothing like good, solid, absorbing, exhausting work