

True Courage.

Onward! throw all terrors off!
Slight the scorner—scorn the scoff.
In the race, and not the prize,
Glory's true distinction lies.
Common robbers, vilest kings,
'Mid the reckless multitude!
But the generous, but the good,
Stand in modesty alone,
Still serenely struggling on,
Planting peacefully the seeds
Of bright hopes and better deeds.
Sir John Bowring.

THE JOY OF FAITH.

There are many shades of Christian life. Faith is sometimes sombre, and then, again, it is the most hopeful and cheerful thing within the horizon of human experience. It takes its hue, largely, from the temperament, and one can frequently discover the average emotional nature of the individual from the way. Sometimes its exterior is determined by the state of the body. The dyspeptic is very apt to tone down his belief in the future triumph of the Church according to the pangs of his bodily ailment. Poor Melanchthon, thin and cadaverous as always pictured in the portraits of Lucas Cranach, was timid, and always terrified by some new enemy to the good cause of the Wittenberg reformation. But the stalwart Luther, who was seldom troubled by physical pain, looked hopefully on all things, and we verily believe rather enjoyed the meeting of a foe. Carlyle always thought the world was going deeper into the mud, or Teufelsdröckh, as he was wont to call it, and took a pessimistic view of his fellow-mortals. We could hardly expect it to be otherwise. What with his malodorous clay-pipe and his digestive tribulation, the wonder is that he did not fret and pine even worse than he did in that upper room of his little house in the dull Cheyne Row.

But another determining character of faith is to be found in the times in which its lines have fallen. There are few periods which are themselves so terribly dark that the heart finds it exceedingly difficult to take in any brightness of color. When the ten persecutions were fulminated by the Roman emperors against the new Christianity, it could hardly be supposed that the average Christian should arise to that cheerfulness of religion which one meets in abundance in the calmer periods. Faith was intense, but it was of the more daring and defiant type. In the times of the Crusades, on the other hand, when Christianity was not on the defensive, the typical Christian was as bland and cheerful as a summer morning. The crusader marched forth on a campaign of a thousand or fifteen hundred miles as though on a holiday excursion. If he fell by the way, and the ripple of the Danube was his requiem, it mattered little; for he had conquered death, and that was even a greater victory than triumph over the odious Saracen.

The Puritan times furnished a dark or picture. The disciple of Thomas Browne, whether in Lincolnshire or Holland, or landing in mid-winter at Plymouth Rock, was always heroic. But he was never the bright and cheery character. He had suffered too much to smile. He was a fugitive, and the exile can believe and hope, but his scourgings give a certain stiffness to his features. His children lose it, but he keeps it. He believes in discipline, and not in play. The harsh New England treatment of the Baptists was only a reflection of what New England had received while yet in Old England. The amiable temperament never came until after the Revolution, when every descendant of the Pilgrims knew, for the first time, that all the bonds with England had been broken. In safety at last, and forever free from the lashings of Mary and her successors, he could look with complacency on his environment and out upon the future.

Judging from the point of view of a Christian experience, we must infer that a certain religious composure betokens an advance which is not made by a merely servile feeling. Religion is either a slavery or a broad and generous freedom. If we note the higher types of piety in an age free from political pressure and danger, it is clear that the best characters are the joyous ones. They have escaped, and are now on the throne. They are not disturbed by evil tidings. The presence of enemies does not frighten. They make sacrifices, meet new emergencies, and do it gladly. John Wesley advanced on his beautiful road with every added year. We find no trace of his early austerity in his last days, as he said himself, "I move quietly on my way." The sunlight of the Epworth rectory reappeared with greatest brilliancy when he was moving toward the eighties, and toward his crown. Physical disabilities

in the later years, do not disturb the equanimity. The mind has the start of the body, and has been getting ready for completer mastery. Look at the late Mrs. Prentiss, authoress of *Stepping Heavenward*, and other books of like originality and freshness. Whether ill, or barely able to move about and order the little humbler home in the Berkshire Hills, it was always the same—the happy girl outshone the coming on of years and feebleness. Her pen fairly danced for the joy which drove it hastily over the paper. She never knew what it was to be getting old. Life, when once over, had been but a beautiful carnival.

Now, we need to serve God with more of this joy. The scolding, complaining, doubting Christian, if there can be such a contradictory character, is a burden to himself and anything but attractive to others. He is a standing declaration of a falsehood—that religion is a dark possession. He should strive, whatever his temperament, to get beyond the grove of dark pines, and out into the dark and sunny plain of a happy sense of adoption into the King's family. There is no memory which a boy carries with him with more certainty than that of a cheerful Christian mother. A father who never darkens his home with the dark clouds of his secular disappointments and failures leaves a richer legacy to his children than railroads and gold-mines. The home, least of all, should be overshadowed. The joy of the heart, transfiguring the whole exterior, is the Christian's privilege beneath our sky. The sinning world is to be won by gentle methods. The believer's life is an epistle; and to win, the epistle must be attractive reading. *Christian Advocate.*

What Will Your Child Be To You?—A Question For Parents.

BY THE REV. JOHN HALL, D. D. LL. D.

A young man in the uniform of the county militia was creating a drunken brawl about the door of his parents' home in St. lately, when his mother came to the door and said—

"Ah! John! I wish you'd have some good in you, instead of getting on that way."

"Good!" replied he, with little of filial love in his looks or tones, "Good! mother, I never saw any good!"

It was the history of his own worthlessness in a single word. It was the deserved rebuke to parents who had sown the wind and were reaping the whirlwind. It was the evidence that the poor boy had discernment enough to discover at least one cause of his ruin. That son had constituted himself so far an avenging angel to his parents. Parents who read this article, what will your child be to you?

"Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil; The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come. Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil."

Parents I invite you to take a thoughtful look around your own hearth. I invite you to consider the little ones about you, how they grow. You will not surely refuse to reflect a moment upon objects so dear to you? They are to you now sources of pleasure and enjoyment. Their childish joys are a delight to you. Your brow relaxes as you look at their freaks. Their peculiarities are an interesting study to you. Oh! if they would always continue happy babes! But they will not. They are growing under your very eye, and as you see this and that little trait of character, you are thoughtful and concerned. You have already an earnest of the graven cares these little ones will yet be to you. To toil for them, provide for their comfort, is to you a labor of love. What a thing to weep over, if, after all this, they should be thorns in your eyes—your weakness and not your strength! What a thing to weep over, if these little ones that now bring joy into your dwelling, should yet be your avenging angels! Love your children!

"Yes," says some one, "I do not need to be told this. I do already love my children—so much so that I am often afraid of making them my idols." We shall tell you what is to be the character of this love.

1. *It must be intelligent.* Your children are not toys, nor playthings. They are not ornaments to be set off to the best advantage. They are not mere creatures of sense, to be indulged, pampered and gratified in all coveted ways. They are immortal beings linked to you by the tenderest and closest ties. The prompting of your nature and the voice of God bid you love them for what they really are—not idols to usurp the throne of your affections, but good gifts for which God the Giver is to be loved all the more. You are to love them as beings whom God has linked with you, who have affections to meet your

affections, who have hopes to find proper objects, desires to be properly gratified, capacities to be properly occupied, souls to be eternally saved.

2. *Let your love be constant.* There are parents who have fits of love, and also fits of indifference. This day their parental fondness knows no bounds. The next they are peevish, irritable, and ready to provoke their children to wrath. A parent may be generally kind, indulgent and considerate, and may make efforts and sacrifices for his children, but if he be of variable affection, alternating between fondness and bad temper, there is an element of power over children that such a parent can never hope to possess. Let your love be constant—like that charity which "never faileth."

3. *Let yours be like the divine love.* God is long-suffering and gracious. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." He giveth liberally and unbraideth not. He pours out his blessings bountifully, and over the wide-spread happiness they diffuse, He rejoices. But does he refuse to chasten? Does He allow the child of His love to do as seemeth him good? Does he not use the rod? Parents let your love be like His. His wisdom sees the need of chastisement. Be you wise to discover the like necessity. Let not affection blind you. Edgar Allan Poe had splendid talents. At six years of age he was left an orphan. A gentleman, took him, educated him, provided for him, did everything for him, but restrain him. He was intemperate, dissolute, and when a gambler at the university, and when his benefactor refused to honor the drafts with which he paid his gaming losses, he received from his ungrateful ward an abusive letter. With talents of a high order, he passed through a short life, an unprincipled, dissipated and wretched being—madman and drunkard, whose life and writings breathe only tones of despair, like the cry of the raven he describes—

"Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore, Till the dirges of his hope, that melancholy burden bore,

Of 'Never—never more.'"
And oh! how many a Hopkin and Phineas have fallen down slain among the Philistines, the history of whose is, "They made themselves vile and parents restrained them not."

If your love be like God's you will not only restrain—you will train also. "Oh! yes, so I do," says a parent. "I am giving my children a first-rate education, capital school, tutor, governess," and so forth. But to educate is one thing, to train is another. Lord Byron was educated—but was he trained? Education has to do with the head, training with head and heart. Education makes us know—training teaches us to feel. Education supplies us with power, but on our training will depend the use we make of the power acquired.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

If your love be like God's, you will be anxious above all about the souls of your children. I visited a dying man lately, who knew that his four little ones would soon have a widowed mother to look to for everything. It was no ordinary triumph of grace that led him to say, "I can give up all freely wife, children, since it is Jesus's will that I should." But how like it was to a Christian parent to say, "My most earnest wish for my children is that, young as they are, they may profit by the training I have tried to give them." Perhaps if parents generally thought in the first place of the souls of their children, there would be fewer cases of "wild" and reckless destroyers of parent's hopes and peace. Seek for your children the society, the books, the ministrations, and the position in life most favorable to godliness. Make the salvation of the soul the chief object in view. Seek for your children first the kingdom of God. Alas! many seek the society, and habits and pursuits of this world as of paramount importance. Their one grand thought, "that makes all other thoughts its slave," is that their children may "get on in the world." Sometimes they succeed. Sometimes however the means of expected advancements are means of ruin even in this life—and in the world to come—one shudders to think of it. It is hard to say whether it be more awful to contemplate parents and children involved in a common destruction, or parents and children separated at the judgment seat—"for ever and ever."

And now parents what are your children to you? Have you in good earnest dedicated them to the Lord? If you have given them to Him while they live, you will train them for him. And should he take this or that from you, you will be found saying like James Melville—in the olden time—

"My blessed Master saved me from repining.
So tenderly he sealed me for his own—
So beautifully he made my babes' declining
Its dying blessed me,—as its birth had done."

What are your children to you? The possessors of immortal souls to be saved or lost. Do you thus regard them? Are you training them for both worlds or only for this? or are you leaving them wholly to themselves?

What will your children be to you? Blessings or curses? Are they to gladden your hearts when other springs of joy are dried up, or to make you wish that God had written you childless? Will they embalm your memory in recollections of holy lessons taught them and holy examples set them, or will they think of you as beings to whom they only owe their names and their misery? Will they hail you at the judgment-seat with gladness or shrink from your presence? Be it yours to begin early, lest you lose the fear of your children; and to go on wisely, lest you lose their love. Be it yours to train them for God, so that they may be friends and companions and delights to you, not in this short life merely, but in our Father's house in heaven.—*Christian Home.*

Christ in the Revival.

It is universally conceded that there can be no genuine revival without the Holy Ghost is present and reaches the hearts of the people. It is equally as true that there can be no revival without Christ.

The Holy Ghost is not an end in the revival-work of the Church, but he is an agent and means and co-worker with the Church in accomplishing the desired end. Jesus Christ is the first and the last. He is the end of the revival, and he is the pattern of the work.

It is one of the offices of the Holy Ghost to reveal Christ to the people. He takes the things of God and reveals them. He brings to remembrance that which Christ has spoken to the world. The Holy Ghost recognizes Christ as the chief end of a revival.

If we would have a revival, we must preach Christ faithfully to the people. If he is lifted up, he will draw all people to him. His purity and love, his hatred to sin, his atonement by the shedding of his blood, his yearning for the salvation of the lost, his seeking to save, his search for the lost sheep, his joy over the returning prodigal—all this and more of Christ must be faithfully preached. He must be presented as the sinner's friend—his only friend that can help him in the awful dilemma of sin and sorrow and death. Man's utter ruin without Christ and his salvation, and man's complete blessedness with Christ—these great themes must come home to the hearts of the people.

Christ must be so presented that men will see and feel their need of him. The real character of Christ makes an appeal to men; but when they look at his relation to them, they break down and cry, "Master."

Jesus must be presented as a living, present Christ. Before the Father he now has the same burning interest in the salvation of the world he possessed when he died on Calvary. He is a priest forever. In the church his one manifestation is a seeker for the lost. We shall soon be in his presence unclothed of mortality. He is now unclothed in our presence. O wonderful presence!

Many of us ought to be ashamed at the poor way and the cold-heartedness in which we have preached Jesus to our fellow-men. Can we go up complacently and unashamed to his unclothed presence, after having so poorly represented him before the world? Shall we not fall at his feet and ask a new view of Christ and a new touch of his hand and a new impulse of love from his great loving heart? May Christ fill all our pulpits and all our churches during this revival-season.—*Telescope.*

"But God Can Bless Tears."

In a meeting which was pervaded by the Holy Spirit, and while testimony to his work in personal experience was given, a man afflicted with stammering arose, with eyes suffused and hesitating speech tremulous with emotion, and said, "You know that I cannot talk, but God can bless tears," and sat down. It is doubtful whether any utterance of the hour made a deeper impression than those few words from an overflowing heart.

Yes, "God can bless tears." We recollect a bright and skeptical young man who had defended his unbelief in argument with his mother, as he thought, successfully; but when she ceased, and with a flood of tears, exclaimed, "Oh, my son, you are an infidel!" he turned away to weep also,

and soon after was rejoicing in her Saviour.

In the house of God, where his power was felt, a gay and thoughtless youth, who, according to his purpose, had diverted his attention with worldly scenes and plans during the service, looked up to the choir, when singing the last hymn, and saw the tears flowing from the uplifted eyes of a devoted young lady who was a member of it. He was smitten with deep conviction, which only left him with his consecration to Christ. "God can bless tears." The Spirit declared it in the assurance, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bring his sheaves with him."—*Congregationalist.*

"Work To-day in My Vineyard."

Mrs. Fletcher of Madely, who was a very devoted handmaid of the Lord, said, to encourage others in the same blessed service—"Do each hour just the good that opens before you. Doing so, you will prove the Lord's faithfulness to that saying, 'He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.'" Another has said, "Do the duty that is just at hand to be done, even if it be with self-denial; and you will find the Lord will open your path to further usefulness. To him that hath shall more be given." "Let us bring ourselves into warm contact with those we wish to bless. Paul said he became all things to all men, that he might save some."

Heaven does not give up reprobates as easily as we do. God is "long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish;" and his long-suffering often proves salvation. This is a pattern for us to be prayerful and patient in "well-doing." Let us "show the kindness of God to them that know Him not;" thus "through our mercy they may obtain mercy."

Oh, how important it is that we should be prompt in what we do for the good of souls also, steadfast and persevering while life is ours; for, when we come to the close of life, we shall feel overpowered with a sense of our shortcomings in the Lord's service, and we shall mourn to think that we have done so little for Him, and that little so imperfectly. This has been painfully felt by many Christians on the bed of death. What others have lamented when it was too late to make further efforts, should serve as a solemn caution to make us more diligent in improvement for the good of souls. The greatness of the object—to try "to save a soul from death"—calls for much prayer for the Holy Spirit to make our efforts useful; and if we are truly united to Christ as a branch is to the vine, our faithfulness will bring glory to the Lord.—*Anon.*

FAULTLESS THEN.

Here in this world none of us are "blameless;" but when the pierced hand has brought us into the presence of his glory, he will "present us faultless." The cleansing blood will then leave us without blemish. Acquitted for the past through Jesus, and perfected for the future! With united breath we shall ascribe all our conquests to the Lamb; and one of the joyful surprises of heaven will be to look back and see how close we often came to dizzy dangers and disgraceful discomfitures, and were only held back by the unseen hand! We shall then adore the grace that kept us from falling ten thousand times over. Paul will wonder at the grace that made such a saint out of such a sinner. John Calvin and John Wesley will join in singing "None but Christ." There will be no discords in that grateful hallelujah-burst of praise, "Now unto him who kept us from falling, and has presented us without blemish before the presence of his glory, to the only wise God our Saviour be the majesty, the glory, dominion and power, both now and forever!"—*New York Evangelist.*

A WASTE OF TIME.

No amount of church control or church creed alone is capable of keeping men near the truth. Men must themselves be living and laboring in the truth. The best guarantee for purity of doctrine in the long run is purity and simplicity in living the simple essential doctrine. Some men in their pulpits and some in the pews, waste a good deal of time in studying how metaphysics, aesthetics, philosophy, etc., point to God, when they might be looking to God directly. These things are sign-posts, and have their place. But a guide who takes a party to Mont Blanc does not spend his time on the sign-boards. He points to the path and Mont Blanc. It is the want of the soul for God that needs to be satisfied, and it can only be fully and safely satisfied by God in Christ Jesus.

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