

We Shall Know Each Other There.

MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

When we stand among the angels,
Gathered round our Saviour's throne,
Can we doubt that, in its sunshine,
We shall know as we are known?
Every eye will beam with love's light,
Every tone with joy accord,
For we all must know each other,
If we know and love our Lord.

We shall know each other's sorrows
When the latest tears are shed;
We shall speak with holy reverence
Of each other's loved and dead;
And no word of cold unkindness
From each other's lips shall flow;
Like our Lord we'll love each other
When we each the other know.

Not a shadow shall divide us
In that land of perfect light;
We shall know each other's language,
We shall see each other's right.
We'll allow for every error,
We shall pardon every wrong,
We shall draw each note of discord
With our thrilling, welcome song.

We shall know each other's mourning
Neath the weary load of sin;
We shall know each other's struggles
A bright crown of life to win;
We shall find every barrier,
Which has kept us here apart,
Vanish quickly in the warm glow
Of our blessed Saviour's heart.

Yes, we all shall know each other,
Though every age and land
Has sent its quota to the host
Within whose ranks we stand.
Though we're tossed on every ocean,
Though we're fanned by every air,
Pilgrims upon earth and strangers,
We shall know each other there.

Fellow Christian! if in heaven
We shall know as we are known,
If each dark misapprehension
Shall roll off before the throne,
Let us strive by deeds of kindness,
Tender words and loving prayer,
Here to bind those hearts together
Which shall know each other there.

Hunting A Child's Heart.

"I don't expect anything of my children!" The tone was fearful, with a quality of accusation. The face of the speaker wore an injured look.

A boy, between fourteen and fifteen years of age, sat reading. He moved uneasily, as if pain had disturbed him, but he did not lift his eyes from the page on which they were resting.

"The harder a mother slaves for children, the less they care for her." The boy moved again—almost with a start—as though the pain felt an instant before suddenly increased.

"All children are thankless!" So the speaker kept on, talking to a friend, yet really thrusting at the boy.

"Not all," answered the friend. "I have a mother; and I know my heart in regard to her. It is full of love and gratitude, and I cannot remember the time when it was not so."

"There are exceptions to all rules. And, besides, there are few women like your mother. That would be a cold heart indeed, in which she did not inspire love."

"Love begets love. That is the old, tried story, and as true to-day as it was a thousand years ago. If children grow up cold and thankless towards their parents,—if they early separate from them, going off into the world, and trusting them with neglect,—the fault in most cases rests with the parents. They did not make themselves lovely in their children's eyes."

There followed this deep silence for some minutes. The boy had let his book fall from before his eyes, and was listening intently. His mother saw this, and had a quick perception of what was passing in his mind.

"Edward," said she, "I don't like boys in my bedroom. Go down stairs."

This was not spoken harshly. The mother's tone of voice had changed considerably.

The boy arose without hesitation, and left the room.

"I don't think it's always good to talk before children," remarked the lad's mother, as soon as he had retired.

"A proper regard for our language and conduct before our children," was answered, "is a theory of the gravest consideration. They have keen instincts,—their eyes are sharp,—they read us, and know us sometimes better than we do ourselves."

"They are sharp enough, I suppose, but not quite so sharp as all that," was answered. "I'm not one of those that make children of much importance."

"Our estimation in the case will not alter the result, my friend. Of that we may be certain. As we are to our children, so will they be to us. Love begets love, and kindness good-will. If we do not hurt them wantonly, they certainly will not, in turn, wound us by neglect."

"Hurt them wantonly! I'm not sure I get your meaning."

"Are you much surprised that Tom Baldwin made his escape from

home at the first good opportunity?" "Well, I looked for it, I must confess, but that don't excuse him; he's proved himself an ungrateful boy, after all his mother has done for him. But as I said a little while ago, all children are thankless. I don't calculate on anything from mine. They'll grow up, and scatter themselves east and west, getting off as far from home as possible; and I'll probably be left to an asylum in the poor-house when I get old and helpless."

"Do you talk so before your children?" said her friend.

"They know my sentiments."

"So I inferred. In that way you hurt them. You put their future on trial, and write out a verdict of condemnation when it is impossible for them to defend themselves against cruel charges. I saw your boy stand and writhe a little while ago under your sharp thrusts at him. He was no party to Tom Baldwin's unfilial act, and it was a hard thing in you, my friend, to make Tom's delinquency the occasion for smiting your own son, whom you may bind to you, if you will, by triple cords of love, not to be broken,—or push away to a distance, where he can feel no warmth and no attraction. Take care! You are on dangerous ground!"

"Oh, you make too much of children," was answered, but with a little constraint in manner.

"They are simply human beings. They have sensitive souls, quick to receive impressions. Tender to love, but hard or resentful to all unkindness. They are creatures of feeling rather than thought, not generally holding malice, but rarely losing the memory of unjust infliction. In after years this memory is often revived. It is my opinion that in a large number of cases where children neglect their parents in old age, the cause lies just here."

"All of which is simply vindictive," said the lad's mother, "and a poor compliment to human nature."

"Human nature does not often suffer unjustly through hard judgment," was answered. "But I am not offering an apology for her shortcomings,—only look after the cause. To prevent is better than to cure. Forewarned, forearmed. Is it not much the wiser course for us to make sure of our children's love in future, by offering them love in the present?"

"You speak to me as if I did not love my children."

A crimson stain marked the woman's cheeks; there were sudden flashes in her eyes. She was a woman of quick, passionate temper. "Every feeling has its sign," was calmly replied. "Love, anger, dislike—each expresses itself in a different way. And these signs every one knows. Even the babe of one brief summer may read them. Why is it that Edward feels that you do not love him?"

"Who says that he feels so?"

The mother started. There was a mingling of anger with surprise in her face.

"Must it not be that you withhold to of the expression of your love? On one occasion when Edward was at our house, I heard a crash from the parlor, where John had taken aim to show him some engravings. I found that John had dropped an elegant and costly vase, which the children had been forbidden to touch. A stinging rebuke rose to my lips, but I restrained myself with an effort and left the room for dust-pan and brush. It is my experience that scolding almost always does harm; and even where it works correction of bad habits, I am certain that a different way would have been better. I was quite self-possessed when I returned. As I stooped to gather up the broken fragments of glass John came up close to me. I did not speak to nor look at him. Edward had drawn back to a distant part of the room. Silently the work of collecting the pieces of glass went on, John standing near me all the time. It was done, and I was about rising, when I felt his arm across my shoulder."

"I'm so sorry," he said, in a penitent voice, laying his face down against mine, which I had turned toward him; "It was wrong to touch it, I know, but I thought I would be so careful. I can't tell what made it slip out of my hand."

"Accidents are almost sure to happen with us son," I answered, gently, but seriously, "when we are not doing what is just right. Let this disaster stand as a lesson for the future."

"You shall take my money and buy a new vase, dear mother," he answered, in a spirit of manly justice that was very grateful to my ears.

"If this little experience will make you more careful of doing right," I returned, "none of us will very deeply regret the accident."

"He put his arm around my neck, and kissed me. I kissed him in return, and then went out thanking God in my heart that he had helped me to self-control in a moment of trial, when passion would have hurt my boy."

"Not long afterward, I heard the boys talking together. Edward said: 'If it had been my mother, she would have scolded me till I was mad enough to break everything in the house. Why don't your mother scold you?'"

"Because she loves me, and knows that scolding wouldn't make me half so sorry as I am."

"I wish mother loved me," said Edward, in a tone of voice so sad and longing that it brought tears to my eyes.

The mother of Edward bowed her head into her hands. For a little while her body shook with half-choked sobs. Then she looked up at her friend. Her eyes were wet, her face pale, her lips curved with pain and grief.

"You are not hurt with me?"

"No, no," she answered, "not with you, but with myself. What have I been doing? What madness has possessed me? I know that love begets love,—that, in Mrs. Howitt's beautiful words, it has reader will than fear. I know also that hardness begets hardness,—that driving is more difficult, and far less certain, than leading. And yet, knowing this, I have sought to rule my children with passion and force,—to drive instead of leading them into the right ways! No, no, I am not hurt with you. For all this plain speaking, which I so much needed. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. If it is not better with both me and my children in the future it will not be your fault. But it shall be better!"

And it was better. How quickly all was changed under the new home government! Love and kindness found swift obedience where anger and harshness had met obstruction. Sunshine dropped in through a hundred places which had been closely barred against its sweet influences; and Edward, wondering at the pleasant change, and felt that she loved him.

O, love! sweet to all hearts! Ye who should give of its treasures, see to it that your hands fail not in its dispensation. It has signs peculiarly its own, which are never mistaken. If you would win love, look at the sign.—T. S. Arthur.

Young People the Hope of the Church.

There is in the city of Boston a firm doing business which was established one hundred years ago, the same being handed down from partner to clerk unto the present time. This will illustrate the church of to-day, established centuries ago upon a solid foundation, and continued through its only hope, the young people, who fill the places of departed saints.

But there come to us from all over our country instances of church decay, and the constant struggle to sustain Christian work and worship, because of the loss of the elders, and the inability of the church to secure young people to make good the loss. Why is this? Because of the neglect of the church to encourage, strengthen and help the young people who enter its folds. There is an earnest and sincere desire to bring them into church-membership, after which they are left to grow as best they can. The world stands ready to attract and encourage the young people when the church neglects them, and thus the hope of the church is lost. I have seen the time in my early Christian experience when a word of praise for some act performed, or a warm, hearty shake of the hand, accompanied with a pleasant smile, which meant words of confidence and encouragement, would have lifted me from the valley to the mountain top. But they were not forthcoming, and I was forced to climb the heights alone.

While yet a young man, I feel the church loses its hope or young people by this neglect, while the words of the poet are proved too true: "That a kind word goes a good way after all." A young man told me recently that if he did or said anything at home worthy of praise, his father never gave it, but if anything said or done unworthy of praise, he always received his rebuke. Thus many of the young people who have not entirely "put off childish things" are ignored, and too often censured by the elders who would have them old people before they have been fairly young.

Paul says: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." This is the work of the elders towards the "hope of the church."

It was Jacob, a young man, who wrestled successfully and prevailed in prayer; it was Caleb and Joshua, comparatively young men, who brought back a good report from the land of Canaan; it was Joseph, a young man, who ruled with wisdom in Egypt; it was David the young musician, who soothed the savage breast of Saul. So the young people of to-day are the hope of the church, and although devoid of experience, the young man should be made to feel that the prudential committee is incomplete without

his presence. Let the young musician know the success of the music depends upon his being chairman of the music committee; also the young mechanic should be consulted and made to feel that his judgment is necessary in matters of church repairs. Let the young lady know that the sewing circle must have a new president, and she is just fitted for the place. Then place them on the various committees, and let them work into harmony with elders, and thus by their experience, counsel, help and encouragement, enable them to secure the necessary experience to become their successors.

It was Judah who said: "How can I go up to my father and the lad be not with me?" So the deacons and elders of the church should say, "How can I go up to my father and my reward, and the young people be not with me? Where are my successors the hope of the church? Alas they are in the world.—The Standard.

Religious Experience And Bodily Health.

On the whole, we may safely lay down the following: that naturally as Christians our spiritual state is, like our mental state, largely dependent on our bodily condition, so that when the body suffers, our religious sensibilities are affected, while, on the contrary, good health should be an aid to the spiritual life, always supposing the soul itself to be in health; but that in addition we may by the power of God so overcome our bodily weakness that instead of piety decreasing, it may absolutely grow and increase in the very face of infirmity and disease. It should, however, be remembered, that there are many conditions of body, beside those of perfect health, which do not materially affect the action of the mind. While we plead for the due recognition of the influence of the body over even spiritual life, we wish distinctly to affirm that to those who look to and trust God for it, a power is given that enables them positively to glory in their infirmities. Paul's bodily infirmity, his "thorn in the flesh," is a case in point; and further confirmations are known to all our readers in the bright sick beds of rejoicing Christians. As far as we can judge, the evil influence of the bodily condition in the spiritual life is strongest where it is neither recognized nor suspected; when discovered its power goes. The despondency, the loss of half joy, the lack of faith, and even at times the loss of peace; the shortness and sharpness of temper and speech arising from overwrought pains, from overworked and underfed bodies, from prolonged physical pain, from serious illness, from nervous disease, whether in the form of depression or excitement, from severe indigestion, from inactive liver, from irregular heart, or from any other physical causes, are too often taken as evidences of spiritual decline and falsely judged accordingly. We do not say for one moment that in a Christian bodily weakness must cause a decline in piety, but we do say it has an influence which should be recognized by the child of God. The cause of the change recognized, help can be sought and found in that grace of God which can and will overcome all our infirmities.—A Schofield, M. D.

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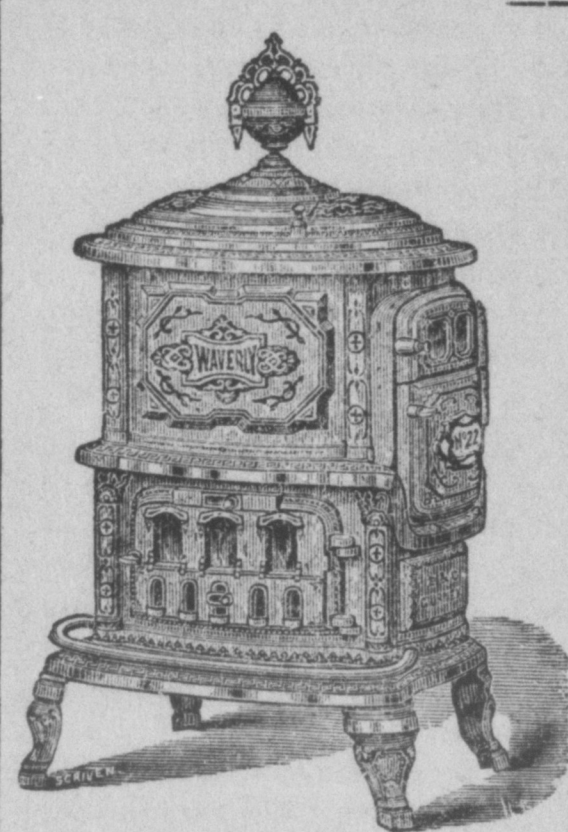
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