

The Nameless Saints.

What was his name? I do not know his name.

I only know he heard God's voice and came. Brought all he loved across the sea, To live and work for God a dime; Felled the ungracious oak; Dragged from the soil With horrid toil

The thrice-garled roots and stubborn rock; With plenty piled the haggard mountain side.

And at the end without memorial died. No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame. He lived, he died—I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones Show me the place where lie his molding bones.

Only a cheerful city stands, Built by his hardened hands; Only ten thousand homes, Where, every day,

The cheerful play Of love and hope and courage comes. These are his monument, and these alone: There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

And I?

Is there some desert or some pathless sea Where Thou, good God of angels, wilt send me?

Some oak for me to rend; some sod, Some rock for me to break; Some handful of thy corn to take Some scythe far afield, Till it in turn shall yield Its hundredfold

Of grains of gold, To feed the waiting children of my God? Show me the desert, Father or the sea. Is it thine enterprise? Great God, send me!

And though this body lie where ocean rolls, Father, count me among all faithful souls.—The Christian Register.

A Man Who Has Not Had Justice.

Many large volumes might be written on the subject of men to whom neither their contemporaries nor their successors (to say nothing of their ancestors) have done justice. One of these is the elder brother in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Of course, the thrifty, hard-working son, who comes in from his labor, worn and dusty, does not appeal to sentiment nor romance. The popular ideal is the lavish soul whose hand is ever open. People say (especially one of the sexes, which I will not more particularly specify), "Oh, I do love the prodigal. He was so generous." Yes, generous with money he had never earned. Yes, generous to a fault—to his own, especially. But to the eye of reason the younger son was worthless, as unattractive morally as he was physically after his association with the bristly and grunting herd. No credit to the father to welcome him if he had not been repulsive—if he had been attractive, nicely dressed, a son to do credit to a parent. But if I wanted a son-in-law (not however, that I do), give me the elder brother, who was clean, respectable, who had kept things together and had borne the burdens in his father's old age, who had made a home for his family, and was bringing up his children reputably.

The popular adoration of the open hand was recognized by a keen-eyed observer of human nature (perhaps wiser in his words than in his acts), who might well have appended at the close of his volume of sage precepts the words with which Burns ended his "Epistle to a Young Friend":

"And may you better reckon the rede, Than ever did th' adviser!"

"Every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts." The open hand is popular and has many friends until it is empty. Then men say, "Poor fool! He was nobody's enemy but his own."

The thrift which distinguished the elder son is the characteristic by which men are separated from brutes, the civilized man distinguished from the savage. The brutes get, but for the most part they do not keep, and they do not know how to use wisely. The squirrel does not plant acorns, nor the bee clover. The savage lives for the hour, oscillating between feasting and famine. If we should make the younger son our exemplar and hero, we should presently gravitate toward the brutes.

It is the elder brother who knows the happiness and dignity of being independent. The parent of dependence is lavishness; the parent of independence is thrift. He who has saved nothing is at the mercy of circumstances. He has no resources; when reverses come, he first exhausts his little margin of credit by buying what he can never hope to pay for, and then he is an object of benevolence; and, after all his fair weather friends have failed him, he falls back on charity, on the charity of the elder brother, who is able to give him a home because he, the elder brother, has cultivated the humble virtues which the younger brother, in the time of his prosperity, despised. How often, amid his riotous companions, he, half drunk, with the glass at his lips had made a ribald jest of the industrious, frugal brother,

who went peacefully to bed at a seasonable hour, after a hard day's work, and rose again to his toil about the time when the younger brother was staggering to bed.

When there is any charitable project on foot, men always go to the elder brother, never to the younger. The great gifts of modern times have not come from the lavish, open-handed prodigals, who refuse themselves nothing, but rather from the descendants of the elder brother, from the frugal New Englanders and Scotch and Hebrews, from Peabody and Slater and Morgan and Montefiore and Hirsch.

I will warrant that the elder brother did not despise small savings. He put by his farthings and then his denarii, and then he put them out at interest, or bought land or stock. Then he began to look around, and went to singing school and to quilting parties, and to corn huskings, and presently he found there was something brighter than a silver denarius, something more musical than the jingle of two coins shaken against each other; and then he set about making a home, stored with comfort for her. He looked forward, and did not intend that she should be homeless even if he should be taken away. He meant that the roof over her head, beneath which her children should be born, should be her own; that the rent collector should never be heard at the door, and that the visit of the tax-gatherer should be welcome as being an attestation of her having something to be taxed on. Dr. Ebrinton, the other day, in one of his admirable lectures on "The religions of primitive peoples," spoke of a tribe, very humble in their attainments, whose prayer is, "Bless our getting and our keeping." But I suspect that the elder brother's prayer went beyond this, and that he asked, "Bless our getting and our keeping, our using and our giving."—Rambler, in Examiner.

The Permanency of Christianity.

Christianity is founded upon Christ. Christian character rests upon faith in Christ as the world's Redeemer. Creeds are only worthy efforts of fallible men to systematize the great principles of revealed religion. They lay no claim to inspiration, and are subject to revision and improvement as additional light is received and as intelligence advances.

But fundamental truth never changes and can never be improved; and Christianity being founded upon Christ, the fundamental Truth of truths it is permanent and abiding.

Creeds are helpful to Christian culture and Christian usefulness, but the Christ-truth is absolutely essential to individual salvation. The former quicken the intellect, but the latter saves the soul. The former is subject to modification as times and people change and improve, but the latter is as firm as the everlasting hills.

There is a human and a divine side to Christianity, just as there is a human and a divine side to truth. The human side is that phase of the truth which represents Christianity as man has in part apprehended it in different times and under varying circumstances. The divine side represents it as it is, as it was, and as it is to be. From its human side, Christianity varies as creeds and human opinions vary; but from its divine side, Christianity is as permanent as is the great vaulted sky above us—the heavens, bright, deep, and unfathomable, but whose lofty permanence shuts out human view, yet invites one to know it more and more.

Hence, just as humanity ripens in wisdom, and draws nearer to the center or presence of the inexpressible truth, in the same proportion will the human side of Christianity change from age to age, and for the better—change from glory to glory, as the apostle has declared.

On the other hand, Christianity in its divine aspect is permanent. It is the foundation of God, which standeth sure. It is that revelation of the divine plan and purpose revealed in Christ for the salvation of the world, and which, being perfect, must forever stand. It is the divine word which reveals the God-purpose, and that word will remain unchanged, though heaven and earth pass away.

The correctness of this declaration is demonstrated in past history. To see this we have but to go back to the beginning of human thought and action, and look into those guilty faces hiding away from God and hear the promise made of a Redeemer. How that promise endures, and how He who is the fulfillment of that promise triumphs over the wrecks of time! The world for nearly nineteen hundred years has been in arms to kill him and destroy Christianity; but he lives, and his devoted followers are filling the world with his praise.

Not less permanent are the principles

of the divine law thundered from Sinai. They have not deteriorated an iota in their long testing. On the other hand, they are gradually yet surely becoming the governing principles in the laws of all nations. The stones upon which the Ten Commandments were first written have crumbled to dust, Sinai is gradually leveling down, and Horeb will eventually pass away; but the Decalogue remains unchanged by man and undimmed by age.

But Christianity is permanent, also, because it affords poor humanity a sure foundation for hope and trust. They who embrace it truly and surely find it sweeter than life and stronger than death. In this particular it answers the highest demand of the soul. It "hath brought life and immortality to light." It robs death of its sting, and despoils the grave of its victory.—Rel. Telescope.

Perfect In One.

In securing the unity of believers, Christianity performs one of the noblest miracles of the ages. It reverses the laws of natural society. In all the natural history of mankind the centrifugal force has overpowered the centripetal. Christianity undertakes the great task of reversing this order. The church, like the American commonwealth, may be described as "e pluribus unum," one from many. It is taken from every nation, kindred, tribe and class; the heterogeneity is most amazing; the Christian homogeneity, secured by divine influence, is marvelous. You can get men to do almost anything else but unite. The units of society are like drops of oil and water; the attempt to unite them only shows how distinctly they are apart. Love is the only solvent which will transform the diverse elements into a higher unity. This the Gospel accomplishes, but the point of hardest strain is in bringing men into this higher fellowship. Natural men will deceive, cheat, fight and kill each other; but God only can make them love each other. The law of the fiend rules until the Lord Jesus comes in to take possession, and He finds this practical brotherly unity the last point surrendered.

In entering on a new religious life, the convert finds this practical unity the difficult part of his experience. He can repent, submit to God in his heart and believe in his chamber, but how can he get on with the diverse kinds of people about him! There are antagonisms, incompatibilities, dislikes, in the family, the neighborhood, the church. Here is where most good people who fail to run well begin to backslide. They could get on well enough alone; they could be pillar saints or chamber saints; but every-day-life saints they know not how to be. And yet, the grand test of your Christianity is coalescence with the faithful, the union with the body of believers. To be of any value in this world, your Christianity must be exposed to the air, must move abroad, must come into the great fellowship and prove a unifying rather than a divisive force in the earth. Early men marveled at the love of the saints. Men in all ages have believed when they have seen practical exhibitions of Christian love. They know it is something above nature. Such a Christianity is certainly divine, a kind of perfection man will accept as genuine and reliable.—Zion's Herald.

Unsuccessful People.

When I see, as I sometimes do see, those whom the world calls unsuccessful furnished with every virtue and adorned with every grace, made considerate through suffering, sympathetic by isolation, spiritedly patient, meek yet defiant, calm and contemptuous, tender even of the sorrows and tolerant of the joys which they despise, enduring the sympathy and accepting the companionship of weakness because it is kindly offered, though it be a burden to be dropped just inside the door, and not a treasure to be taken into the heart's chamber, I am ready to say: Blessed are the unsuccessful.

Blessed are the unsuccessful, the men who have nobly striven and nobly failed. He alone is in an evil case who has set his heart on false or selfish or trivial ends. Whether he secure them or not, he is alike unsuccessful. But he who "loves high" is king in his own right, though he "live low." His plans may be abortive, but himself is sure. God may overrule his desires and thwart his hopes and baffle his purposes, but all things shall work together for his good. Though he fall he shall rise again. Every defeat shall be a victory. Every calamity shall drop down blessing. Inward disappointment shall minister to enduring joy. From the grapes of sorrow he shall press the wine of life.

O, men and women everywhere who are following on to know the Lord

faint yet pursuing; men and women who are troubled, toiling, doubting, hoping, watching, struggling; whose attainments "through the long green days, worn bare of grass and sunshine," lay hopelessly behind your aspirations; who are haunted evermore by the ghosts of your possibilities; who see far off the shining hills your feet are fain to tread; who work your work with dumb, assiduous energy, but with perpetual protest, I bid you good luck in the name of the Lord.—Gail Hamilton.

The Rich and the Poor.

In view of the woes and adversities of the poor, no condemnation can be too severe for those rich men who make needless ostentation of their wealth, no matter how honestly gained. Talent is a trust, and all wealth is held in the interests of earth's needy ones. The officer in the Southern hospital who loaded his wagon with jellies and food sent for sick and dying soldiers, and drove off, leaving the suffering to their fate, was less culpable than the children of wealth who waste God's gifts upon themselves and despise their opportunity. Thrice in England that rich merchant, John Bright, was a connecting link between the rich and the poor. Again and again Lord Shaftesbury, founding his ragged Sunday school for London's poor, loaning money to working men and women for self-support, cleaning tenement houses, held the working people of London back from industrial war. Beyond all measure is the value to a city of one rich man like Mr. Gladstone, the friend of the poor, the opponent of every form of injustice and oppression, never out of his pew in church, throwing all his influence in favor of the example and teachings of Jesus Christ. In time one such Christ-controlled citizen can civilize an entire community.—Dr. N. D. Hillis.

Three Kinds—A Modern Parable.

Rather an ingenious classification of hearers is that which divides them into the sponge, the sand-glass, the strainer and the sieve varieties. The allusions will be readily understood, however slow the individuals aimed at may be in making personal application. The sponge, of course, sucks up good and bad together, and lets both run out immediately. The sand-glass is not very dissimilar, for it evidently points to those who let what enters in at one ear pass out at the other. In neither case is there any effect, any real hearing, as with the wayside scattered seed in the Saviour's parable. The strainer and the sieve denote diametrically opposite classes, for while the former lets go the good and retains the bad, the latter lets go the bad and retains the good. Probably every congregation has a few who do each of these things; the one is the preacher's despair, the other his delight. "Take heed how ye hear." Opportunities are obligations, privileges are duties.

Obligation to Receive.

It is not so hard to receive as it is to have to receive. To be obliged to take a gift makes us agree swiftly with the words of the Lord Jesus when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Then we see that it is harder to take gracefully the kindnesses of our friends than even their buffetings for our faults. But when we must receive, then that is the will of God for us, and just then more beneficial to us than giving. Some one must receive if another is to give. We must be willing, not only to serve, but to be served; not only to bear others' burdens, but let others help bear ours; not only minister to the sick, but be simply and thankfully ministered unto; not only give, but receive. It is sometimes the will of God that we should let others do the will of God, and ourselves be the occasions instead of the authors of kindness.—S. S. Times.

Mr. Spurgeon says that he saw, while on a visit to the gardens of Hampton Court, many trees almost entirely covered and well-nigh strangled by the huge coils of ivy which were wound about them like the snakes about the unhappy Laocoon. There is no untwisting the folds; they in their giant grip are fast fixed, and the rootlets of the climbers are constantly sucking the life of the trees. There was a day when the ivy was a tiny aspirant, only asking a little aid in climbing; had it been denied, then the tree need not have become its victim, but by degrees the humble weakling grew in strength and arrogance, and at last it assumed the mastery and became the destroyer. Just the same with the beginning of sin; the least little act of disobedience, it may be a lie, then another, then something else, and they become

alarmingly frequent, and each time a little more wicked until they gain the mastery over us, and overwhelm us, and at last drag our souls down to hell. "Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lusts, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."—C. W. Bibb.

When you laid the white flowers upon the coffin, and listened to the dull thud of earth to earth ashes to ashes, dust to dust, and bent eagerly forward to catch a last glimpse of that which enshrined the loved one, hidden from sight, with pale lips and breaking heart you asked once more, "If a man die, shall he live again?" What proof have we, what evidences "the dead are not dead, but alive?" May not immortality be, after all, only a beautiful dream, "only a lofty aspiration of the human heart," doomed to disappointment? Generation after generation has come and gone, but not one of the myriads who have passed into the silent land has ever been permitted to return and tell us the great secret that lies beyond the grave. But through all that deep, unbroken silence of ages, men and women have never lost their faith in a future life. In every age, in every country, men and women have had some belief in a life beyond the grave.—Rev. S. G. Fielding.

WINNING OR DESERVING. — What we are thought of by others is of less importance than what we are. We are not responsible for the one, but we are responsible for the other. Persons who see us, or who know of our words and our work, may overestimate us or underestimate us; but we are what we are, and there is no mistake as to that. Our desire and our struggle should be to be worthy of confidence, whether others see that we are, or do not see it. The motto of an old English family is: "It is enough to have deserved." It might be said, "It is better to have deserved, and not won, than to have won, and not deserved." Yet many care more for success than for the being worthy of success.—S. S. Times.

From generation to generation, the spiritual church is rising upward toward its perfection; and though, one after another, the workmen pass away, the fabric remains, and the great Master-builder carries on the undertaking. Be it ours to build in our portion in a solid and substantial manner, so that they who come after us may be at once thankful for our thoroughness and inspired by our example.—Rev. William M. Taylor.

Popular Hotel Man.

"I was troubled with pimples on my face and head which caused me much annoyance. After trying many remedies without benefit I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle helped me and I took four bottles. I am now completely cured." JAMES REILLEY, Proprietor Chapman House, Sarnia, Ont.

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Still Another Triumph.—Mr. Thos. S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

They are Good.

Mr. Jas. Hagan, the well-known ex-alderman of Kempville, Ont., says:—"For some years I have been greatly troubled with pain across my back. Urinary troubles caused me much loss of sleep, and I suffered from a tired worn out feeling. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief in a short time. The pain in my back has disappeared, and I feel that I would be doing wrong not to recommend them to others suffering as I did. They are the best medicine I ever used."

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