

Immortality.

BY PHEBE A. HOLDER.

"It is better further on."
Phillips Brooks.

As years go by and words seem less,
Faith, hope and love are more to me;
Sweet hope that, through the mystic veil,
With clearer vision God can see.
All earthly things more shadowy grow,
Still passing with the years away;
The eternal and invisible,
Brighten as nears the heavenly day.
"It is better further on."

Hope, 'mid the wreckage sad of life,
Hears like a song-lark 'mid the gloom,
"All things shall work for good to those,
Who to the Lord in love have come."
The love that counts all human life
In one great brotherhood the same,
The heavenly Father's children all
Bearing the signet of his name.
"It is better further on."

I'm rising still, I feel I know,
To nobler life beyond the sky;
Earth's sunrise gold is on my head,
But heaven's pure light is by and by.
The nearer I approach the end,
Immortal symphonies I hear.
From worlds unseen with notes of joy,
Onward and upward calling clear;
"It is better further on."

I stand upon the opening way,
Unknown, that stretches on before,
Praying that still each onward step,
Fast held shall take on shining shore.
The earthly life is dear and sweet.
With all its precious blessings given.
By hand of love that still has kept,
The best for his redeemed in heaven.
"It is better further on."
United Presbyterian.

Quit You Like Men.

It is a question worth asking, whether an exaggerated importance is not given to society—to the progress of that almost indefinable thing called society. In the pagan system of India, or the republican system of Plato, the individual was but an atom who was to find his place in the dust, and consequently men, women, and children were crushed beneath the wheels of the car, or flung under the wheels of the State. It is worthy of consideration whether the modern exaltation of the public is not detracting from that attention which each mind should bestow upon itself. We have created a new potentate, called "the people," and it may happen that vague thoughts about the public are making the individual neglectful of himself. The minds of young persons are filled with the idea that they live in an age of advancement, amidst social progress, and too frequently it is to be feared they are trusting this stream of public and social progress to bear them along to praiseworthy attainments and honorable positions. We should never forget that society is nothing but the aggregation of individuals, and social advancement is a reality only as these individuals advance on the ground of their own determined and continued efforts. Instead of being the cause of individual growth, public progress is but the result of the same, and, therefore, it is disastrous for any individual to think that the tendency of the times will make a man of him. We want to turn the attention of our readers away from the tendency of the times and the spirit of the age—away from the people and society, and look for awhile at a man as a simple unit—as an individual—as a person. Society is heroic only as the individuals in it are heroic, and the public is educated, wise, morally pure and spiritually powerful only as the persons who make the public are educated, wise, and religious. Surely, then, the individual the person—is worthy of some study and attention? The first point to which we direct attention is that the past history of the races show that the one great thing of earth is the living mind, which learns and works and grows. The society of the past rises before us as something so vast and strange as to defy analysis. No pencil can portray it—no words can describe it—yet, in the process of its development it seems to be made largely by great, isolated individual minds. We see the personality of Cain become the father of an ungodly, worldly civilization, and the personality of Seth the source of a God-fearing and God-communing—a pious race. We see Abraham becoming the father of a people with marked peculiarities, and Moses creating the Hebrew fabric out of chaos. We hear Homer and Socrates called the fathers of Greek literature and learning. We notice certain strong individuals building up the Empire and Republic of Rome. The Alexandrian fathers of the Christian church searched into the truth, and displayed in their writings a breadth and profundity unequalled in contemporaneous pagan thought, and this left the impress of their personalities on the page of Christian thought. Luther smote the rock, and a new stream of religion flowed through a thirsty land. Descartes and Bacon, in their respective ages, shook all the foundations of thought by kind of earthquakes in philosophy. Wilber-

force, by a life struggle, snapped the cutting cords of slavery. As we think of the printing-press, the electric telegraph, or the steam engine, we revert at once to the genius of gifted individuals.

Not only do we find that great individuals explain the marked progress of social reform and development, but we find that social arrangements and institutions may pass into oblivion, and yet those persons still live and be sweetly remembered. Languages and the literatures in them have become dead or almost lost, and cities, with the works of architecture and art which adorned them, have crumbled, so that they lie in ruins, or are entirely buried. The Greek and Latin and Hebrew are dead tongues, and the Sanscrit language, one of the most perfect of tongues, said to be as methodical as the Greek and as musical as the Italian, is kept from oblivion only by a few wise men in the different ages. Though the paradisaical cradle, or extraparadisaical home of the human race, with its natural environments, may be hopelessly undiscoverable, yet the Abel who there lived, being dead, yet speaketh. Though Israelitish bondage and Egyptian greatness, grandeur, and affluence, have both passed away, yet the Moses cherished in the midst of such appeared living and active and resplendently glorious only nineteen centuries ago on the Mount of Transfiguration. Though Jerusalem be in ruins, it is not so with David and Isaiah which it produced. Though the pageant of the centuries, from Paul and Peter, to Knox and Wesley, has passed away, it is not so with the minds stirred by their truth and love. In the midst of this theory of human life lies the tremendous doctrine of individual immortality—making society but the handmaid of the person. The past age is of no value to the present, except when its riches are appropriated by living individuals. Society is long-lived, and all its contents are long-lived—its arts, fine and common, are thousands of years of age—its religions are as old as the race—some of its truths, natural and moral, are as ancient as history—but all these are only the school-house, and not the individual man. All this inexpressible grandeur of learning, and art, and language, is nothing except so far as the individual of our century steps up to the record and learns the outspread page. All the greatness of the past is a school-house, whose doors stand open for our age. The course of study expands with each century, but college and curriculum are vain unless the new person of the new age enters reverently and faithfully the sacred doors, and studies carefully and assiduously the thoughts and results of yesterday. The society of the past is but a dead record, not a living soul. The one great thing of earth is the living mind, which learns and works and grows. Earth seems to have been formed by the Creator for the rearing and development of great persons. It is explained by individualism. Quit you like men.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudently guards.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry, to and fro,
Down lowliest ways if God wills so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless,
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal with race well run,
Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful grave where grasses creep,
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep,
Over worn-out hands—O beautiful sleep!

Chris. Guardian.

Speak Not Evil.

BY ANNAD. WALKER.

How often when we have been tempted to speak disparagingly of the absent has the word from St. James come to our mind. Yes, come as a check, a "hold back." It seems to be tenderly, persuasively spoken.

Oh, how much harm we do by speaking against the absent.

A friend, or rather an acquaintance of our own became, through another's slanderous words, prejudiced against a current writer whom she had never

seen. This acquaintance was a professed Christian, but to us she made her boast that she had used an influence with an Editor friend against this writer, that had stopped the acceptance of her articles in a prominent periodical. She had taken the grave responsibility of hurting another in the line of business, and our revered oracle says it is a great sin to intentionally hurt another where it concerns the getting of the daily bread. Another, a friend, and an excellent Christian, was greatly interested in a young man and his welfare. She was an elderly lady, also married; therefore, felt that she had the right to freedom of speech, and when one said, "I wonder if Mr. B., the above young man, will pay his addresses to Miss L.," she cried out, "No, I will not let him have her!"

We failed to find that she had any reasonable objection to Miss L., and yet we knew her well enough to believe that she would prejudice her young man friend against this young lady because she would prefer that he should marry one of her close friends.

Again we say, "Oh, what a taking of great responsibility, what a trying to order events by evil speaking."

How often is the word from the sacred desk destroyed in effect because of prejudicial remarks against the speaker or his sermon. Parents destroy the good of the sermon for their children, friends for one another, the elder for the younger, so that the evil is often widespread. "Oh, to remember that we have the treasure of preaching in earthen vessels. And, oh, to remember that speaking evil of the minister or the sermon is destroying the precious seed that might otherwise bear fruit unto eternal life."

Friendships are destroyed by evil speaking even when they have no such intention. A little disparaging word spoken, it may be, only from thoughtlessness may separate friends.

To speak evil of those we are bound by the laws of the Lord and man to honor, is a strange, an unnatural thing. And it is not a frequent offence among well meaning people. We met once or twice a lady who at once informed us that her mother made her home with her, and that no one knew how trying she was in disposition. We were surprised at the confidence in us, almost a stranger; but we had reason afterward to think that this lady, a professing Christian, was in the habit of speaking evil of her mother to almost any one she met. Another, also a Christian, we believe, informed us that her mother, who lived with her, was very trying, in that she constantly interfered with her in her management of her only child. In regard to one's parents we believe we should do as did Shem and Japheth, cover all their faults from our eyes and especially from the eyes of others. When the wife spreads abroad her husband's faults by slander or the husband the wife's they have done that which is likely to increase those faults, or at least that which is calculated to make them more glaring to themselves; and they have deeply injured themselves, for when they have hurt their companion's reputation they have hurt their own, and consequently damaged their own temporal affairs. A dear little wife who tries to do her duty to her husband, said to us in regard to the above fault, "I would at least make it appear to others that we lived in peace and love!"

This fault so common is not duly considered. Oh, for that word to ring in our ears in our time of temptation. "Speak not evil one of another, brethren!"—Chris. Intelligencer.

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Where Lies The Impotency of The Church.

The foundation of the Christian Church is Christ. Her commission is by the authority of Christ. Her power is the immanency of Christ. Her battle sword is the Word of God. Her energy is the Holy Ghost. Her endurance is from on high. Christ is God. The Holy Ghost is God. God is almighty. The promise of the Father to the Son is, "I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." The assurance of Christ to the Church is, "Lo, I am with thee always." The faith of Paul was, "Your labor shall not be vain in the Lord."

Why are not the promises of God fulfilled? Is it not because

1. We lack a working faith in God. Are our ministers ready to sacrifice some of the comforts of life and preach whether their assured salary is small or great? Many of our interests are perishing for want of the bread of life, because they cannot offer inviting salaries to begin with. This, too, in fields of promise. Why not venture

a little and trust to God for "what is right?"

2. The churches are unwilling to venture and stand on the promises of God. I fear lest the high pressure placed by the ministry on the churches has been yielded to by the churches until they have lost their faith in God to provide. Can a church resort to worldly and sense-gratifying measures for doing church work, for raising its funds, and then reasonably expect God to give the harvest of souls? When a church, in order to raise funds, resorts to fun-producing and sense-gratifying measures and means, does it not, in the minds of the world, bring the church down to the world instead of drawing the world toward God? I do not believe in a stilted church, but I do believe the church, possessing the spirit of the Master, is in the world but not of the world, for the purpose of exalting her head and lifting him up that she may draw all men unto himself. There should be a quiet, unconscious dignity about the Church while she glories in Christ, forful of self.

If a man of the world pays his money for something self-gratifying, caring nothing whether it be used for Christ or the devil, so he gets his money's worth of enjoyment, what good will come to him that he has attended an entertainment under the auspices of the church? The church is less to him a means of grace afterward than before. The church should be in the world the agent of God to give character to the world, and not the world in the church to give character to the church.

3. The pride of life. I have been afraid that pride which glories in a beautiful church edifice, a brilliant preacher, and paying a larger salary than anyone else, has been too highly considered, while that piety which does all things to the glory of God and the edifying of the church and the saving of souls has been overlooked as the thing which God can and will bless to the bringing forth of much fruit.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." When we lay go of God and take hold of the world, do we not lose power with God to prevail with men? "Take hold on my strength." Would not Christ need to cleanse the temple and drive many things hence if he should come to set up his kingdom in many places?—John in Morning Star.

A Contrast.

Two papers lie upon our table and that which attracts attention in them is the account given of the deaths of two young men. They were apparently about the same age. The one died in a cheap rooming house in this city, in a chamber to which he had stumbled after a week's debauch. He was highly connected and well educated, and in a position to have been happy and useful. But he died as the fool dies. Yet upon the table beside the couch where he had ended his life by his own act, lay the printed form of a prayer which he had evidently composed in his confused way before writing his farewell messages to his family. But the other paper gives the account of the death of Sergeant McDonald of the Black Watch in the battle of Modder's River in South Africa. The stalwart form of the sergeant had been long a familiar figure in the religious meetings of London. He was a regular attendant at Exeter Hall where so many evangelistic services are held for the benefit of the floating population of the great city; and, as has many a time been witnessed before, he showed that the best man makes the best soldier. His regiment had crossed the river under cover of the darkness and lay waiting the break of day. It broke all too soon. The enemy soon found their position and got the range. One after another of the leaders fell. Every commanding officer above the rank of sergeant was already down when the order came to charge. Without a moment's hesitation McDonald leaped to his feet and crying out—"Men of Company A. prepare to meet your God; forward, charge!" Before he had led his followers a hundred yards he was bleeding in the grass. But when the bearers came to hunt for the wounded, after the rush was past they found him sitting with his back against a boulder singing his triumphant death song. He had always said he wanted to die singing, and singing he died. A young man may be plied with many an argument in favor of a free and fast life but "the end thereof is the way of death" to the soul. The other path, though it promise crosses and self-denials, leads to honor and immortality. Few young men could read as we have done these two incidents narrated in the daily press at the same hour and not feel that a tree is known by its fruits. One does not need to understand all mysteries or to

peak all ancient tongues to know that the life which leads to a noble close is a life of God. Nothing can really obscure a lesson so written and illustrated thus.—The Interior.

People We Sometimes Meet.

If you have ever solicited subscriptions for some worthy work or charity, you will surely recognize in the following picture some man or woman whom you have yourself met: "A woman at the head of a family, in comfortable circumstances, her husband doing well in business, and all of them attending an evangelical ministry, was waited upon for a subscription for a missionary association. Before the subject of the call was named, she occupied the friend with telling how good God had been to them in giving them health, prosperity, and other mercies. After some time spent in conversation in this strain, the friend named her errand, suggesting that as so much kindness had been experienced, a trifle might be devoted as an acknowledgment to Him from whom all came. At once the countenance fell and the tone changed. She began an enumeration of the calls made upon them; she dwelt upon the number and the wants of their family; she could spare nothing for such a purpose." Whether their circumstances are prosperous or the reverse, with many people, depends upon the point of view—whether viewed from the standpoint of getting or that of giving.—Lutheran Observer.

Christ was a missionary to the rich, when he opened the spiritual eyes of Zaccheus.

Even on the cross, Christ was a missionary to the robber, and his last command was the missionary commission.—Amos R. Wells.

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