

The Christian Life.

GOD KNOWS IN ALL.

In the dim recesses of thy spirit's chamber,
Is there some hidden grief thou mayst not tell?
Let not thine heart forsake thee, but remember,
His pitying eye who sees and knows it well:—
God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation,
And wouldst do good, but evil oft prevails?
Oh, think, amid the waves of tribulation,
When earthly hopes, when earthly refuge fails,
He knows it all!

Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed;
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted,
No friendly voice to say, "Be not afraid!"
He knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?
Forward, and tremble for thy future life?
By Him who sees the end from the beginning,
Of penitence is not forgot,—
He knows it all!
Then go to God; pour out your heart before Him;
There is no grief your Father cannot feel:
And let your grateful song of praise adore Him,—
God knows it all!

THE SPIRIT OF CASTE.

We are apt in a sweeping way to condemn the Hindus for their iron-clad caste lines, lines which through the centuries have defied the social status of families and individuals from the Brahmin to the pariah. For the reason that men and women of one caste will not hold any relationship that can be avoided with the men and women of another, the civilization of the great Indian empire has practically been at a standstill, and Christianity has met its fiercest hostility at this very point.

We condemn the Hindu caste, as foolish and oppressive. The question is pertinent, have we ourselves anything that in spirit, if not in letter, in fact, if not in theory, responds to the age-long tyranny of caste in India?

Are there divisions in our American society that correspond to the caste divisions of the East?

Suppose we face this question fairly. Our boast is that we are purely a democracy, that "all men are born free and equal," and that one man, if honest and worthy, is as good as another, yet this is true only in a very partial sense.

In our daily commerce with the people we know, there is an unconscious showing of the caste spirit that is far from consistent with our loudly proclaimed views about equality. It is displayed in small ways and with little thought on the part of those who are influenced by it, that they are manifesting pride or haughty self-esteem.

For instance, Mrs. —, whose husband is a professional man, speaks

slightly of her neighbor in the next pew, whose husband keeps a meat-shop. The one woman is as well educated, as well-behaved, and as truly refined as the other, but when she was proposed for membership in a little village club, hitherto somewhat exclusive, the first lady seriously objected. "We cannot vulgarize our club by admitting tradespeople," she said. This is a true incident and an amusing commentary on American aristocracy, since the grandfather of Mrs. Judge happened to have been a day-laborer, and the grandfather of Mrs. Meat-Merchant had been a judge. Nor had the last in any way come down in the world, for her husband was an intelligent and thoroughly estimable citizen, while the first showed a trace of commonness in her vehement recoil from its fancied contact.

In church life there is continual necessity to fight the caste spirit, which, singularly enough, dominates women more frequently than men. The latter rub together in business, meet in politics, and carry on the world's work, without needless friction, although some have gone to college, and others are graduates of the factory and the workshop. Women patronize and condescend and stand aloof and guard their dignity as men seldom do. The exceptions to this feminine attitude are discoverable where women are most gracious and most sensible. These are not the ones who care especially for fashion and position, nor are they those whose position have ever been insecure. A queen would not tremble lest she should lower herself by chatting with the humblest of her friends.

When caste-spirit creeps into a church it brings with it a blight, like a killing frost it destroys vital spirituality. Our Saviour said, "Ye are all brethren." Whoever forgets the brotherhood and the sisterhood of the family in Christ's church throws a look of contempt and disdain on Christ himself.—*Chris. Intelligencer.*

"OF GOOD REPORT OF THEM THAT ARE WITHOUT."

All members of the church ought to be exemplary in life. But it is especially important that one holding office should be above suspicion, for the eyes of many will be upon him as an officer that would not as a private member. Officers occupy positions of great responsibility.

Too often a man is elected to the office of elder without any regard to the apostle's injunction that he must be "of good report of them that are without." That there may be more care in the selection of officers, the writer purposes giving a few instances that have come under his observation where great damage to the church resulted from non-compliance with the apostolic injunction. (1) A certain man pushed himself forward in the church—speaking whenever he had the opportunity, especially in the Sunday-school. He was a gifted man, and his gifts for a time obscured his faults. He was elected elder. It was not a great while before a true bill was found against him by the grand jury for stealing from his employer, and he became a fugitive from justice.

(2) In another congregation a certain man was elected elder because he had money. Before long he engaged in the livery stable business, and his place be-

came the lounging quarters of the town loafers on Sunday afternoons. He was always in the midst of this gang, whose obscenity, scurrility and lewd jesting he did not have the courage or the desire to rebuke. To forbid filthy language might hurt business; but he gave no thought to the hurt to the church of Christ caused by his conduct.

(3) In another congregation one was elected elder out of compliment to his family. He was a man of ungovernable temper, vindictive, spiteful, of the kind that rules or ruins. On more than one occasion he rent the church into violent factions by his course. He was never of good report of them without, but good enough, forsooth, to be an elder because his family connections were numerous.

(4) A fourth was made an elder because his father had been in the ministry. He was known to be careless and dilatory about everything he did. When in office he was unwilling to allow the election of other officers. There being no one in the congregation to attend to the finances, he undertook the work and kept the salary paid up until he took up a grudge against the pastor. Then he would not attend to the collections or permit anyone else to do so. He was a very pious man in his own eyes—but of doubtful piety in the eyes of those without. The people thought and commonly said that his anxiety to hold on to a small civil office operated with great power in his decisions.

(5) A worse case than all was that of a man whose conduct with women was the theme of common conversation on the street. He occupied a prominent position in his community by reason of his talents, but his influence was adverse to morality even, not to speak of the church. He was commonly regarded to be a bad man, yet he held on to his eldership with tenacity.

Other cases might be mentioned. The question is, what is to be done? Discipline will not always answer, for you cannot always secure the evidence to prove what is morally certain; and discipline oftentimes results disastrously. Possibly the best solution of the matter is to limit the office of elders to a given time. In this way undesirable men could be gotten rid of without friction.—*Chris. Observer.*

THE SUFFERING OF CHRIST.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

The suffering of Christ was threefold: the suffering of flesh and blood—the suffering of the body, every nerve of which became the avenue of pain; the suffering of the mind, in view of great problems; the suffering of the heart, pouring out love not responded to and left solitary and alone—the suffering which a man bears as part of the human family, which made the Master often sigh, and exhorted tears at the grave of Lazarus.

Our Master had flesh and blood. He knows what flesh suffers when it is lacerated and torn; he knows what blood suffers when it runs hot or cold. He knows all the exigencies and conditions, and sorrows and pangs, of our human heart. All this is known to him, and he was perfected in knowing it, that he might be a perfect Priest and Saviour and Friend and Sympathizer.

There was suffering that came to him from temptation. He did not know what it is to fail. We have known temptation by failure; he knew what it was by bearing and vanquishing it—as in the forty days of temptation in the garden of Gethsemane.

There were also his sufferings as the Meditator, when upon his heart he took the guilt of the world. We know something of that. We know how we feel when we are in contact with those tens of thousands who are pent up in miserable hovels, where prayer and decency are alike impossible; when we pass down the hospital ward; when our daughter or our son brings disgrace to our name. We know something of what it is to bear the injustice and pain and wrong of the world, but not as he did, for he bore it as the Meditator, and by bearing it put it away, both the penalty and the blame.

And so to-day we hold him perfected through suffering; through suffering making his way into the glory and standing there perfected, to become Priest and Saviour for us. We must not look at the cross alone, but at the throne to which it led. Angels are beneath his feet, and devils; all creation does him homage; all the world waits upon his will, but we are his brothers. He is the Son and we are sons. Our brother is on the throne, and we are being brought to stand by his side.

We, also, must be perfected—by the suffering of flesh and blood, by wrestling with temptation, by bearing in our measure the sorrows and sins of men, and filling up what is behind of the sufferings of Christ.

Do not tell us to evade suffering; do not hold us back with pity; do not spend tears upon us; do not tell us that we must stand aside and be darlings of fortune, only caressed by the soft air and kissed by sunbeams. Let us go the way our Captain went before. There is no way to his crown but by the cross; no way of being perfected by suffering.

Let us bear it as he bore it—willingly, with the sweat upon our brow, but with loyalty to the will of God in our heart. Let us suffer so. Then the darkness will vanish and the light come; then the cross will be behind us forever, and the crown beckoning us before, and, like our Lord, we shall be perfected through suffering.

Mark this distinction: A purely local disease of the skin, like barber's itch, is cured by Weaver's Cerate alone. But where the blood is loaded with impurity, as in Salt Rheum, Weaver's Syrup also should be used.

Jesus himself could not keep the divine life in him up to its healthy tone save by getting out of the whirl in which daily life held him, and getting by himself, finding, making quiet—quiet that had not merely rest in it, but God. And if such as he needed such reasons, how much more we? How much we miss, or how much we fail, through want of them!—*J. F. W. Ware.*

A Medicine for the Miner's Pack.—Prospectors and others going into the mining regions where doctors are few and drug stores not at all, should provide themselves with a supply of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It will relieve the effects of exposure, reduce sprains, and when taken internally will prevent and cure colds and sore throat, and as a lubricant will keep the muscles in good condition.

Men may misjudge thy aim,
Think they have cause for blame,
Say thou art wrong.
Hold on thy quiet way;
Christ is the Judge—not they!
Fear not! Be strong!