

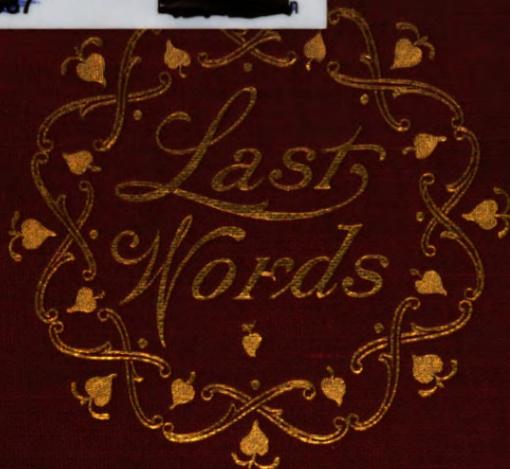
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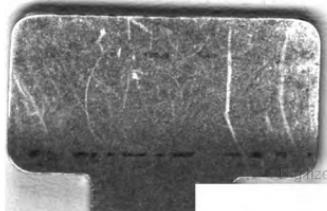


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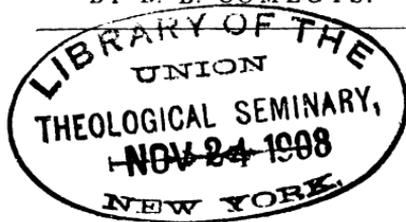
LAST WORDS FOR
MY YOUNG HEARERS AND READERS

BY

Wm. A. T. S.
B. B. COMEGYS, LL.D.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Publishers of Evangelical Literature
1895

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TO

THE MEMORY

OF

JACOB ABBOTT

AND

JOHN TODD,

WHO, IN THEIR DAY, WERE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
OF ALL WRITERS FOR, AND PREACHERS TO, THE
YOUNG, THIS VOLUME, COMPOSED CHIEFLY OF AD-
DRESSES TO BOYS AND GIRLS AT SCHOOL, IS, WITH
PROFOUND RESPECT AND AFFECTION,

Dedicated

BY

THE AUTHOR

P R E F A C E

It has been my very great privilege, for many years, to speak, by monthly appointment, to large congregations of boys in the Chapel of the Girard College, and to boys and girls in the Chapels of the House of Refuge. Many of these Addresses have been published, and have been so well received, and have helped so many young people, as I have learned in various ways, that I am encouraged to make one more volume.

It will be seen that there are repetitions of thought in some of these papers: accounted for by the fact that the Addresses were delivered at different times and places. It will be seen also, that I have borrowed some of my best illustrative incidents from the distinguished writers to whom I owe so much, and to whose memory I dedicate the book.

I am indebted to other writers also, especially in the papers indicated as Bible Class Studies.

These papers were all written in the evening, and after the labors of the day.

No. 4205 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA.
November, 1895.

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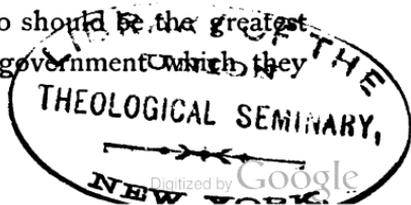
LAST WORDS

FOR MY YOUNG HEARERS AND READERS

I

BE GOOD—DO GOOD—GET GOOD

LET me ask you to look in at a plain dwelling in the old City of Capernaum. There is a group of a dozen or so men, who have just returned from a journey, probably up near the sources of the River Jordan. Gathered around, within and outside the door, is a crowd of just such people as may be seen any day now, in an Eastern city; women with children in their arms, and other children holding on to the mother's dress; beggars, and people with things to sell. The men in the central group had traveled on foot, singly or in pairs, along the narrow paths; they had talked sometimes with one another, sometimes with the Master; and sometimes they did not want Him to hear all the things they said. It had been so now. They had been talking foolishly, about who should be the greatest in the kingdom, the new government which they



thought was about to be set up. They were talking politics. So He waited until they were in the house, and then He sat down and asked them what they had been disputing about, what they had been discussing. He did not ask for information, for He knew already; but He was about to rebuke them. He often had to do so—I don't think they had time to answer—I am sure they were not in a hurry to reply; so calling the twelve to come close to Him, He gave them the rebuke they deserved: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all." That was the text of His sermon—and it did not seem to need much explanation. They all understood it. But the sermon came next. And it was an "object lesson." Much use is made of the blackboard and chalk nowadays, and good use too. No teaching is so good as teaching by illustration, pictures and maps, or by description in words, stories and parables, and by questions and answers. Our Lord had no blackboard—no pictures; but He often gave parables; and now He does something better than anything else. He takes a child, probably from the arms of its mother, standing near, and sets it in the midst of His twelve disciples. As if He had said, "See there—look at that child—see what a simple, helpless thing it is—dependent upon its mother's

care—not looking forward to the future at all—not careful for food and clothing; it does not need much of either—but there it is, calm and happy in its mother's love. There is a charming picture of an unambitious spirit. I wish you to be not childish but childlike, as far as ambition is concerned. Why should any of you seek to be uppermost, or to gain an advantage over all the rest? It is surely nobler to give than to get. This child is not thinking of using us for the sake of itself. Its whole soul is beaming forth with the fullness of unselfish love upon us all."

And then He took the little thing in His arms—He embraced it—He pressed it to His heart. He loved it. (How often we parents have done this very thing.) Our Lord did not stop to think whether it was a pretty child—whether it was a clean, well-dressed child—probably it was not either—only a child of some poor woman, the nearest one to Him; and He poured out His love upon it. Then came the application of the sermon—then came the words, oh, how grand and noble,—words which have been ringing through the world ever since—words which we should never forget when we are dealing with children, "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me—and whosoever shall receive me,

receiveth not me, but Him that sent me. Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Childhood is soon past. The child becomes a youth, a boy passing into a new and wider phase of life and experience, subject to a discipline which at an earlier period he could not comprehend.

A half century ago the boy was not considered so important a factor in the question of "life and how to live" as he is now; nor was he treated with so much consideration. When he was of well-to-do parents, he was sent to school, then to the academy, then to college and very often he was left to such moral influences and associations as happened to be around him. His intellect was carefully educated, but his moral training was left to Providence or chance. It may be that the temptations of boyhood were not so many nor so fierce as they are now, but this is not certain. Nowadays the boy is a very important factor indeed in life; but whether we have yet found the best methods of instruction or training, and what are the most important things for a boy to learn, I do not know; but I do know that more pains are now taken to educate boys, to train them and care for them, than ever before; and if we do not turn out from our schools of to-day boys who are better equipped

for the real duties of life than our predecessors have done, it seems to me that it is our fault.

But, however careful and skillful teachers and other instructors may be, the real work of preparing for life must be done by the young themselves. It is easy to give advice, but who will follow it? Nevertheless, it is well to tell you some things which you ought to do while at school, and after your school-days are over: and if I say things which you do not care to hear, or things which you have often heard before, you will understand that my desire is to show you what it is to be true and good. Your parents, teachers and other friends who are gathered about your boyhood are doing the same. They do not pretend to tell you all that you ought to know, but they are gladly willing to tell you what they know, if only you will listen with an inclination to accept good counsels, and give your confidence by asking questions.

There is no time to go into details of daily conduct, but I want to come a little closer to you. A boy reads a book which absorbs his attention, quickens his spiritual nature, and makes him feel that he is not living the life that he ought to lead. Or he reads, or hears read, a chapter of the Bible which, for some reason that he cannot understand, seems to have a new meaning to him. He cannot

easily shake off the impression that chapter has made upon him. Or he hears an address which takes hold of him in a most extraordinary way. He is told in language which he cannot mistake that his life in the sight of God is not what it ought to be; that he ought to be a Christian, and he knows he is not a Christian; that he ought to be an example to others, and he knows he is not. If he were alone, with no companion near, he would listen to the voice. It may be that the Spirit of God is moving upon his heart; but at his side sits a boy who has no serious concern whatever, so far as the thoughtful boy knows, and he believes that boy would laugh at him, should he give any signs of thoughtfulness or seriousness, or should he let it be known that he is considering the question whether he shall lead a new life. Is it not the fear of ridicule that keeps the thoughtful boy from indulging his feelings or speaking of them? He must know that there are persons within his reach that would rejoice over such a confession. I cannot conceive of anything which would so gladden the heart of any good man or woman as to receive a visit from a boy, saying that he wanted to lead a new life, and asking to be shown how to begin.

Do any of you boys feel that this is the right

thing to do? Then why not do it? Ah—somebody will know it; you have not the courage to do it. I wish very much you would overcome this want of courage, for it is one of the most serious hindrances to the cultivation of true manliness. There can be no character of much value without manliness. And this does not come of itself. Very few, if any, are born with natural tendencies to what is noble and elevating. A character that is worth much is the growth of years not only, but it is the result of habitual resistance to temptation in the many forms in which it assails us. The history of any life among those of you who are old enough to be thoughtful, is a history of temptations yielded to, or resisted. Every change you make from the time you rise in the morning—your coming to the breakfast-table or to the school, the passage from one class-room to another, the life in the play-ground—yes, from the time you leave your bed-room in the morning until you return to it at night, you are in the way of temptation to think evil thoughts, or to say foolish, bitter, and wicked words, or to do wrong things, and you are either yielding to these temptations or you are fighting them. You may be surprised by an unexpected temptation and say an insulting thing to your teacher or some other person. You know it

is wrong, but the wrong is done, and you are liable to punishment. True manliness, not fear of consequences, would lead you to go at once and offer a full apology. Now will you do it, or will you be hindered by the fear that your fellows will know it and ridicule you?

You ought to spend your lives so well, that you will have few or no regrets over the past. And this is the reason why I speak to you so plainly. Some of you will soon be in college or among new associates, and have new occupations and relations in life. No boy is safe anywhere, especially in the streets of a great city, if his life is not controlled by Christian principles. I know, as you do not, the dangers which lie in the path of the young. I know that good resolutions and promises to friends to turn away from temptations are not sufficient to keep you harmless. No watchful care of friends, no restraints of society are sufficient to protect you from the evil which you meet at almost every step. There is one thing, and one only, which can keep you innocent and pure; and that is the *sense of the presence of God*. And this is not likely to come to you at the time of peril, if you have not cared for it before. Therefore I say to you now, let no fear of your companions hinder you from cultivating a sense of the presence of God in your daily

life. I do not mean by the "presence of God," a slavish fear of Him, but a sense of His presence guiding you, helping you to do right.

I know that a boy can be religious in the true sense and not be unhappy. By religion I do not mean cant, hypocrisy and much talk about one's religion; but I mean this, that a boy can look another boy squarely in the face and say, "I won't lie, I won't swear, I won't say filthy words, I won't cheat or sneak, because I have made up my mind to be a Christian, to love and serve Christ." This is true courage.

Self-indulgence—self-denial are the two forces that guide and control all human action. They meet you at the very threshold of life; they confront you at every step of the journey. They are as unlike each other as day and night, as good and evil. One or the other of these will be the master of every one who hears me. And after all has been said that can be said, the choice as to which one of these two shall be the master must be made by you.

A boy is sent by his parents to a school like this. He is examined as to his knowledge of certain subjects or text books, and if successful, he is entered on the roll, and his place assigned him. He has not been a diligent school-boy. He has

not worked hard for his examination—he has good natural qualities—he has been surrounded by the best influences—he has drifted into moderate success. Now that he is at school he comes under a more rigid discipline. The hours for study, for recitation, for sleep, for awakening, for meals, for recreation, are fixed. He becomes subject to all this new and firm discipline.

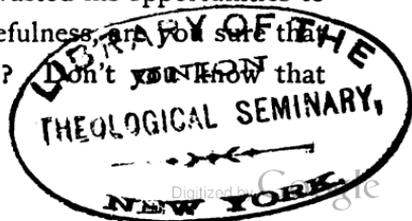
If he has a true ambition, he will now take counsel with himself, he will determine that the days of ease and self-indulgence are past, and that if ever he is to be a man in a true sense, he must work hard and reach high. It is no light matter to compete with such lads as are gathered here—there are no seven-league boots to run these races. There is no royal road, nor easy way of reaching distinction—it is hard work—step by step—day by day—no “let up”—no lagging behind with the thought of making up after a while for lost time, or “catching up” when far behind.

It will not do to say or think—“Oh, I need not overwork myself at school, I shall probably get through college as well as the average, and even if I don't graduate well, or at all, what's the odds? It is not the best-educated men who are the most successful. Look at the great merchants, the rich manufacturers, the railroad men, the bankers, the

insurance men—few of them are college graduates; they did not work hard at school, why should I? And after all, if I don't reach a high scholarship, if I don't graduate with high honor, I am already provided for—my father must be rich—he lives like a rich man—he can provide for me."

Let me tell you that many of the men whom you mention as having reached a high position, did so in spite of their want of college education—by diligent and self-denying labor—all the more trying and difficult because they lacked the advantages of high education, and that their constant and unavailing regret is that they are not and never can be well educated. But they never had the opportunity—they have had to fight the battle without the best arms, the best ammunition. Their natural gifts, aided by such imperfect culture as they could secure, have enabled them to make money, but they have not learned, what high education could have taught them, how to conduct a correspondence, or write an agreement, or draw up a will without the aid of a lawyer, because they have not been educated.

And let me tell you that even if your parents are rich, and able and willing to support an idle, thoughtless son who has wasted his opportunities to fit himself for a life of usefulness, are you sure that they will always be rich?



sometimes riches take to themselves wings and fly away ?

The purpose of this address, I must not forget, is to show the boys of the Christian Association of Lawrenceville Academy how to fight the battle of life, how to live in their daily lives here, what they ought to *be* and to *do* for their schoolmates and associates and for themselves.

This subject may be fairly treated by the illustration of these words: Be, Do, Get; that is, Be good, do good, get good.

1. *Be good.*

I mean be good, not only in a religious sense, though of course this is the highest form of being good, but I mean be good in the sense of being just, upright, sincere, truthful; and this is the most difficult of all the virtues, for it is much easier to *do* good than to *be* good.

It is much easier to read a chapter in the Bible, or many chapters, than to take one verse or several verses and ponder the meaning of the passage to see whether it has any truth which the reader should apply to himself. It is much easier to go to church, even more than once a day, than to be alone and commune with God. It is much easier to apply the preacher's good advice to other persons than to one's self.

It is much easier to go to a prayer-meeting than to sit down and examine one's own heart. It is much easier to show other people what their duty is than to do one's own duty. It is much easier to commend a truthful character than it is to tell the truth. Indeed, it is one of the most difficult of all things to tell the truth always. Falsehood—lying, is one of the most common of all sins. If you watch yourselves closely, and examine yourselves carefully, you will be surprised to learn how often you are tempted to untruthfulness in some form, and how often, being off your guard, you have yielded without intending to do so. What witness who is sworn to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," ever *does* tell the whole truth if he can outwit the examiner in court? Before all things, TRUTH.

When in hot and fierce and angry talk, a word is said which stings and bruises, it is much easier to strike the passionate blow than to control your indignation and set yourself right afterwards.

It is easier to warn others against the danger of bad associates than to keep away from such ourselves. It is easier to guard others from the dreadful effects of bad reading in newspapers or in books than to avoid such reading ourselves, when it falls in our way.

Keep your conversation and your thoughts far away from all that is indelicate or impure. "There are persons of most winning manners and brilliant address whose lives are utterly and hopelessly corrupt, in whose hearts impurity has gathered other demons hateful as itself—selfishness, cruelty, deceit, meanness in all its forms, whose conduct has degraded and ruined many an individual soul, and by their ruin steeped whole households in misery." * It is easier to yield to the attraction of such characters than to refuse such companionship. It is easier to show others the dreadful evils of intoxicating drinks than it is to refuse them when offered to us.

It is easier to show others the great advantages of being industrious, and faithful, and obedient, where duty calls, than it is to be industrious and faithful and obedient ourselves in our own positions.

It is much easier to give money to one who asks for it than it is to investigate the case and see whether it is right to give money at all.

It is much easier to give money to a hospital, even to endow a bed, than it is to visit the sick and wounded there and cheer them with sympathy.

If you would *be* good, you must be unselfish. Naturally we are selfish—we love ourselves better

* Lightfoot.

than we love others. We prefer our own comfort or pleasure to other people's comfort or pleasure. We think too much of what we like and too little of what other people like. This does not make us happy or useful. We must get away from it. We must be better than this. We must *be* good.

It is a most serious thought that as we are responsible for the evil we do, or permit to be done, evil which we might have prevented; so are we responsible for not doing the good which we might have done, if we had lived as we ought to have lived.

· 2. *Do good.*

This I have said is much easier than the other. How can we do good, and to whom shall we do good?

We can do good to other people, to everybody, and always. They are about us all the time—we can help them by a kind word, a gentle spirit, a loving look, by encouragement when they need it, whether they expect it or not. There are very many ways by which we can help others better than by giving money, even if they need it and we have it to give. Every school-boy has many opportunities to help his schoolmates and his associates; not only those whom he likes most, but all

of them. Think what a school this would be, if every boy were eager to help the other boys. Think what society would be, what a world this would be, if we were all trying to help others.

“ If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him ; yes ; and let him know
That you love him, ere life’s evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne’er be said
Of a friend till he is dead ?

“ If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sung by any child of Song ;
Praise it ; do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart ?

“ If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone ;
Join it ; do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of ‘ two or three in prayer ? ’

“ If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother’s saddened eyes ;
Share them ; and you will, by sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother’s heart is sad ?

“ If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it ; ’tis the wise man’s saying—
‘ For both joy and grief a place ; ’
There’s health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

“If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so; speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Why should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

“Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as ye go;
Leave them; trust the harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.”

We can do good by trying to prevent cruelty to dumb creatures. There are so many ways in which this can be done that it is difficult to select instances. When you go a-fishing it should never be for sport merely, however pleasant and exciting it may be to hook a fish and “play” it on the line, until its life is exhausted and you bring it ashore or into your boat. You must not forget that the same God who created you made the fish also; for food if you please, but not to be put to death in sport. When you catch a fish, put it to death at once, and do not let it die a slow death by torture.

The atrocious sport of shooting pigeons, as a test of marksmanship, as they fly from cages where they have been kept for the purpose, is a striking illustration of the utter indifference or low degradation into which human beings can sink

who seek pleasure regardless of the infliction of pain. What a contrast to the tenderness of George MacDonald's lines in his "Consider the Ravens."

" Birds lie here, and birds lie there,
With little feathers all a-stare ;
And in Thy own sermon, Thou
That the sparrow falls, dost allow.

" It shall not cause me any alarm,
For neither so comes the bird to harm,
Seeing our Father, Thou hast said,
Is by the sparrow's dying bed ;
Therefore it is a blessed place,
And the sparrow in high grace."

So as to hunting game with dogs and gun—on horseback or on foot. Kill your game if you will for food, but not for sport.

You shudder with horror when reading the account of a Spanish bull-fight. How does it differ, except in the size of the creature, from hunting the fox?

So in the ill treatment of domestic animals, whether they are used for our convenience or kept as pets for our amusement. Many a thoughtless boy has ill treated a horse or an ox, a dog or a cat, without considering that God made the dumb creatures and that He made them for our service

and pleasure, and not to be the helpless victims of our passionate tempers.

There are few things that more deprave and harden the heart than the infliction of cruelty on dumb creatures, and hardly anything that so refines and cultivates the best feelings of our nature as kind and sympathetic concern for the lower animals. If they are so helpless that we can work our will on them, they are still God's creatures; besides (and this thought should appeal to a boy of high spirit), it is a *cowardly* act to impose on an inferior. You boys know how a big bully is regarded.

In these and in other ways innumerable you can *do* good.

Now I come to my third point.

3. *Get good.*

If you *be* good and *do* good, it will be comparatively easy to *get* good. It will almost come of itself. You will welcome it from any source. But the good, whatever it is, must be for *others* first, not for yourselves. The more good you get for others, the more, a hundred fold, will you receive for yourselves. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Seek good, then, everywhere. Get all the good you can from the education of this school, but it is for the good of others,

your parents, your families, your associates in life, your fellow-men everywhere, that you are acquiring education. It is not that true learning acquired here or in college will make you happier, but that it will make you more useful and better men, if rightly applied.

You get good now and further on in life from the conversations of others. There is a vast deal of idle, foolish talk even when not absolutely vicious, which we can well do without, but there is a world of knowledge not only, but of helpful thought, in the conversation of well-bred and cultivated people. Boys such as you will have abundant opportunities of acquiring the most useful knowledge and the finest cultivation from association with refined and educated women and men. Carry to others these good influences, and be not satisfied with the advantage they are to you.

More especially, however, is good reading a means of getting good. No people on the average read as much as we Americans. In the cities where so many ride to or from business or the daily toil, very many read as they go. The newspapers, made in the night, are ready for the earliest passenger whether on foot or in the cars. What an enormous amount of trash is written and

printed and read every day, and alas, especially read on Sunday.

In what minute and disgusting details are the particulars of every day's crimes spread out? How startling, yet how attractive are the staring capitals of the head lines. How eager is the reader to take in every horrid detail of a prize fight, that most hideous of all modern sports. How ghastly are the murders, the suicides, the outrages which every day's newspapers spread before us.

If Cowper, who wrote a hundred years ago,

“ My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled,”

were writing now, with the telegraphic reports of wrongdoing from all over the world, what would he say?

And there are books, too, of free circulation, which ought to be prohibited, which give in a more permanent, and if possible a more highly seasoned form, thoughts and words which should have burnt the fingers of the writer as they had already seared his conscience before they were written.

But, thank Heaven, there is good and the very highest and best good to be obtained from reading.

There are daily papers which are absolutely pure, though alas not many. And we need not read what is not pure and good, though the temptation is constantly before us to do so. We must read the news. Let us keep away from what is hurtful. Read for entertainment no book that you would not read aloud to your mother or sister.

There is reason to fear that the abundance and cheapness of daily papers and other periodicals will tend to lessen our love of books; for at present the best thoughts of the best writers often reach the public through the magazines. But let us remember that there are vast storehouses of knowledge in books which are published in volumes and not gathered from periodicals. It would be a serious misfortune if we should neglect books and depend for our culture entirely on periodicals. This is emphatically true of the Bible, which is in danger nowadays of being smothered in lesson leaflets.

In the charming book, the "Bonnie Brier Bush," you may read the story, so sad, so beautiful, of George Howe, the young scholar. His parents were very poor, but he went to the village school, where the old teacher taught him the classics and mathematics. He wanted to be a minister, but he could not go to college, so his teacher persuaded

the only man of means in the village to help the boy, so poor, yet so anxious to learn. He went to college; he was wonderfully successful in his studies; before the end of his course he got the "firsts" in the Humanities, in a class of 170 men. He worked for his Lord and Master all the time, for he was a Christian boy.

One night he exposed himself to stormy weather at the risk of his life—he was not strong—to rescue a young man from the gates of hell; he *did* save him; but his health failed, and when vacation came, he returned home, alas to die. His mother saw death in his face as he stepped down from the carriage which brought him from the station to his house. His old teacher came and was with him all the time he could spare from the school. The lad's simple faith and love for God touched the old man's heart, and he saw things as he had never seen them before.

The end came, the bright young life went out, the young scholar went up to the great Teacher. Two of his classmates came to the funeral at the house of the peasant parents. One was of an ancient Scottish house which had fought for Mary against the Lords of the congregation—followed Prince Charlie to Culloden, and were High Church and Tory to the last drop of their blood. He was

a Harrow boy and expected to be first in the classics at college. His name was Gordon. Another, Maclean, was a fisherman's son from the western coast of Scotland, who had expected to be "first" in Philosophy. A third was the wild and thoughtless man whom George had snatched as a brand from the burning.

They were all standing in George's room. It was a low-roofed room with the plainest, the simplest furniture, but the choicest treasures of Greece and Rome lay on the table, and on the shelf beside the bed, college prizes and medals, and everywhere, roses he so much loved.

"Master Gordon," said the mother (I give you the English of what she said—the Scotch I can't read as it ought to be read); "Master Gordon, this is George's Homer, and he bade me tell you that he counted your friendship one of the gifts of God."

Gordon was silent for a moment, and then said, "Your son was the finest scholar of my time, and a very perfect gentleman. He was also my true friend, and I pray God to console his mother." And Gordon bowed low over the mother's hand as if she had been a queen.

The mother lifted "Plato" and said, with the sweetest dignity and grace, "This is the book

George chose for you, Master Maclean, for he always said to me you had been as a prophet and shown him many deep things."

"It was like him to make all men better than himself," said Maclean, with tears, in his soft Highland accent, "and a proud woman you are to have been his mother." The third man waited at the window till the scholars left, he was none of that kind, but one who had been a slave of sin and was now free.

"Andrew Chalmers," said the mother, "George wished you to have his Bible and he expects you to 'keep the tryst.'"

"God helping me, I will," said Chalmers, hoarsely.

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The old teacher and Chalmers walked together to the grave. "Dominie," said Andrew, "he pulled *me* out of hell."

"Me too, Andrew, but not *your* hell. Ye mind the Roman triumphs when a general came home with his spoils. Laddie, *we* are the captives that go with his chariot up to the Capitol."

There was no self-indulgence in this life. This Scotch boy of such poor parentage was rich in faith. His father and mother denied themselves that he might be educated and he sought educa-

tion not to fit himself for one of the learned professions of medicine or law, that he might make money, but to prepare himself to preach *Christ*. For the highest expression of self-denial this world has ever seen was in the person of Jesus Christ; and George Howe, the Scotch lad, wanted to be like his Master.

II

THE LITTLE SHIPS

He spake to His disciples that a small ship should wait on Him.—*St. Mark 3 : 9.*

It was on the shore of the Sea of Galilee, that most sacred of all waters, that this incident occurred ; for on and about that sea so much of our Lord's time was spent, and so many of His wonderful works were done.

The multitude thronged about Him. It was a great crowd from various parts of the land. They came to Him ; they had heard what great things He did, they wanted to see Him, they wanted to touch Him. They pressed upon Him and, lest the great throng in their eagerness should overwhelm Him, He spake to His disciples that a small ship should wait on Him at the edge of the shore, and within reach, that, if necessary, He could escape from the crowd by going on the boat.

One morning I stood on the shore. The sea was very blue, and the sky was as blue as the sea, and miles away was the dim line which seemed to

separate the ocean from the sky. At my feet the curling waves broke in white crests of foam. There was nothing in sight but two or three vessels, like specks, dotted over it. Directly east, thousands of miles away, were the shores of Portugal and Spain, and the great rock of Gibraltar, which stands at that narrow passage which opens into the Mediterranean Sea, called by the ancients, the Pillars of Hercules. The view was impressive, as the ocean always is to me; rather, however, from what I did not see, than from what I saw. Far out, and beyond the reach of vision, was a vessel heading northeast, with two dear friends on board. The night before she sailed I had gone down to the wharf to bid them good-bye. Her cargo was all on board. She was to sail early the next morning, when the captain would come on board, when the crew would be assigned to their various duties, when the pilot would take command, and guide the vessel through the channel down to the great sea. The pilot had never seen the bottom of the river and the bay, but he had felt it by many soundings, and he knew it as you boys know the ways in and out of your school-rooms, and the paths through these grounds. The vessel was fully equipped; she had her compasses, her chronometers, her quadrants, her charts and her

books of navigation. The crew would be divided into watches; so many men to a watch, one watch, at least, always on deck; and one or two of the men always in the main-top, where with ceaseless vigilance they would sweep the face of the ocean with their glasses, on the lookout for vessels of any kind, or icebergs. For all ships are exposed to danger in fogs from collisions, either with other vessels, or with icebergs. A brave captain with a good ship will tell you that he is not afraid of storms merely. See how much care and expense are necessary to carry passengers and freight across the sea!

To-day I am looking out over another sea—not of rolling waves under a bright blue sky—but a sea of human faces, with the light of immortality brightening them. All young and happy, and somewhat like the ships. Some of you are very young, just starting out in life. It is, so to speak, your first venture into deep water. Héretofore you have paddled about in shallow streams where there is no danger. You little fellows have just cast off from the dock. How strange! You have left mother, sisters and brothers at home—and they are not forgotten. When you go to your bedrooms at night you think of them. You want to see them. You are homesick sometimes. Cour-

age, little fellows; be brave, be manly! Look at the big boys. Once they were as young and as small as you are now. Soon you will be as large and as old as they are. You are out at sea; all of you. In sea phrase, I ask you, especially the larger boys, Are you equipped for the voyage? Have you charts and chronometers and quadrants? Have you sailing orders? Have you a pilot to keep you off the shoals and away from the rocks? Do you understand navigation? Can you take your bearings, the latitude and longitude? Out at sea, they can determine by instruments and calculation exactly where the ship is, if the weather is clear enough to take their observations. There is also a code of signals—flags by day, colored lights by night. You don't understand them, but seamen do. How can you avoid collision? and Where are you going?

Sometimes ships belonging to the navy sail under sealed orders. They don't know where they are going when they leave their starting-place and push out from the docks, or raise their anchors; but after they are out a few hours, they break the seals of their sailing orders, and then they follow them carefully and obediently. The merchant ships—the ships of commerce—know before they start where they are going, for they carry passen-

gers from port to port. Do you know where you are going? Or, like the captain of the Government ship, are the seals of your instructions still unbroken?

The world is like the sea; very wide. You will be out of sight of land; storms will come. The sea is not often absolutely quiet; one of the old prophets said, "It cannot be quiet." It is not always blue; not always smooth. The sun does not always shine. The wind rises; the water becomes rough. The waves rise with the wind, and roll in great volume, making mountains and valleys in the great deep. The crests of the waves are broken into spray, which is driven by the furious wind so sharply into your face that you can hardly keep your eyes open. "Come up," said a captain to me one day. "Come up on the bridge and see this." Climbing up to the bridge it required all my strength to keep from being blown away, for the wind was blowing a gale, and our ship was driven in its very teeth. The waves were not at their highest. The wind was too strong for that, but the sea was lashed into fury. The water was not green, as it is so often, nor blue, as it is when there are no clouds, nor lead-colored, as it is when there is no sunshine, but it was white as snow. The wind blew off the crests of the waves in foam, and the

vessel was driven as if through a field of snow. It was indeed fearful, but magnificent. The rolling, plunging ship, the screaming winds, the seething, foaming waters, made a picture which I shall never forget.

“’Tis wonderful ! and yet, my boy, just such
Is life. Life is a sea as fathomless,
As wide, as terrible, and yet sometimes,
As calm and beautiful. The light of heaven -
Smiles on it, and ’tis decked with every hue
Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
Arise ; contending winds of fate go forth,
And Hope sits weeping o’er a general wreck.

“It may be thou shalt sail upon this sea, a long,
Eventful voyage. The wise may suffer wreck,
The foolish must. Oh, then be early wise.
Learn from the mariner his skillful art,
To ride upon the waves and catch the breeze,
And dare the threatening storm, and trace a path
’Mid countless dangers to the destined port,
Unerringly secure. Oh, learn from him,
To station quick-eyed Prudence at the helm ;
To guard thyself from Passion’s sudden blasts ;
And make religion thy magnetic guide ;
Which, though it trembles as it lowly lies,
Points to the light that changes not, in heaven.” *

What would you think of a merchant who would charter a ship and bring her to our wharves and

* Sailing ship the poet had in mind.

load her full of wheat and corn and flour and cheese and butter and potatoes and bacon and cotton and lumber and hemp and oil, and the many other things which we can so well spare, and which people in other parts of the world need so much ; who would engage a captain who had studied navigation only at school, but who had never been at sea ; and a crew of sailors who had never been on salt water, and who had never been aloft to set sail in fair weather, or take it in when the storm was rising ; and whose engineers were men who had been trained in the shops to make engines, but who had never " run " them, so to speak, and for stokers or firemen had men who had worked only on stationary engines, and for surgeons, men who had just graduated from a medical college, with little or no hospital or private practice ; what, I say, would you think of a merchant or a company who would have a vessel, equipped in this fashion, towed down our river past Gloucester, and the Navy Yard at League Island, and the Lazaretto, and Chester, and Wilmington, and New Castle, and Fort Delaware, and so on down the bay past the Breakwater and out to sea ?

Would you like to be the owner of that cargo, if you expected to sell it at a profit in some-foreign port ? Would you like to be a passenger on that

ship? Would you like to see one of your friends go off to sea in such a ship, with such a crew?

And yet, as I look on this sea of youthful faces, I fancy I see some ships, some little ships, that ought to be waiting on the Master, but which are really drifting idly on the sea of life, and doing little or no good. I seem to see some lives that have been lived in this school, that have had many privileges of training for the voyage of life, and who are just about to push off from the shore, soon to be graduated, so eager to get to sea, so eager to get beyond the restraints of school life and school discipline, that they cannot or will not make the best use of the opportunities of preparation and instruction that are necessary to a successful voyage. Such ships are without proper officers—without a trained crew of sailors or engineers—without compasses or quadrants or chronometers or charts or a knowledge of the laws of navigation, who do not know how to take observations, who can't calculate the latitude and longitude, who know nothing of the course of the currents at sea, who, the first day they are out of the sight of land, are not able to know where they are.

Now we who come to talk to you in this chapel claim to know something of the sea of life. We have been out on it for many years. We have seen

it in fair weather and in storms. We know some of the places where the water is not deep enough for navigation. We know where some of the rocks are. All rocks are not in sight; not above water. Some of the most dangerous are out of sight. When the weather is rough, the surf breaks over them in white foam, and shows where they are. But when the sea is smooth they are most dangerous, especially in a fog; to strike them is likely to be destruction to any vessel. We come then to offer our advice. We know more of life than you do. We have seen or known of ships loaded and sent off that were never heard of again. Whether they were destroyed by fire or by collision with icebergs, or overwhelmed by storms and foundered and sunk, we do not know. All that we know is that they are gone, and the passengers and crew perished.

We have seen or heard of many wrecks, vessels that seemed to be strong, well-equipped, well-manned, that have been run on the rocks by ignorant or drunken pilots, or in a fog, or driven by stress of weather on a lee shore, and have gone to pieces—broken up.

We have seen many lives that began very smoothly. There was a good home, and kind father and mother, and sisters and brothers. There

was a good school and a faithful teacher. There were good books to read and study, and the boys and girls were told over and over again that they were preparing for the voyage of life, and that unless they made good use of their time they would not be likely to succeed; they would not make good sailors. But they did not believe it. They thought they knew more than their parents or their teachers. They neglected their opportunities. They were determined to have their own way. What was the consequence? What became of those boys and girls? They stayed away from school whenever they could; and when they did go, they were lazy, idle and disobedient, and did not make good use of their time. As to the boys, they worked as little as possible when they got places, after their school life was over. They spent their evenings in the streets, at corners, lounging against tree-boxes and lamp-posts, smoking and chewing and swearing, and telling low, bad stories, insulting people who passed by, and dodging the police.

As to the girls; ah, what became of them? Ask that heart-broken mother, who wishes her child had never been born, or who wishes she had died when, a sweet, innocent little girl, she played around the room with her dolls, her little playthings, her picture books, pretending to "keep store," pretending

to "keep house;" and all the other little ways in which children can make home the brightest and happiest place in the world. These little ships were "waiting on the Master" then; and home was happy then, and the father and mother blessed God that they had such sweet little girls. Ah me! We turn away, shuddering and sick at heart, when we see how those girls have fallen. Innocence is gone from their hearts; the light is gone from their eyes; the bloom is gone from their cheeks; and but for kind friends who will never give them up, never turn their backs upon them, but for good men and women, such poor shattered ships, beaten by many storms, flooded by many waves, overwhelmed by the horrors of sin, these "little ships that once waited on the Master" would go down in despair to the depths of the sea.

But thank God, while there is life there is hope; the ship is not lost, it is still afloat, much battered and bruised, and sore broken. It is still afloat, and though far out at sea, there are other ships, larger and stronger, that are within sight, within reach, ready to come near if the storms arise, ready to do anything that may be needed to help those who are trying to keep on, trying to do right, trying to reach the land on the other side.

Boys, you are these little ships. Once, when you

were very young, when you knelt down every night at your mother's knee, and prayed, " Now I lay me down to sleep," or said the Lord's Prayer, " Our Father who art in Heaven "—once you " waited on the Master." Do you wait on Him now? Do you pray to Him in your bedroom every night, every morning? Do you try to do what you know will please Him? Do you try to make real men of yourselves? If you don't do it now, is it likely you ever will?

III

THE BEST THINGS

At the end of the Ten Commandments is that one which we stumble over so often, which stands in our way so much, that we almost wish it were not among them, "Thou shalt not covet." These commandments were read to many a Jewish congregation in the old times; they have been rehearsed in many a Christian congregation since the Jewish times; they are now read in many churches every Sunday, and the language is so familiar that the words have almost lost their meaning to us. The two tables of stone on which they were originally written were destroyed by Moses in his righteous indignation, when he saw the idolatry and corruption of the people, as he came down from the mount; the two tables on which they were rewritten, have long since disappeared; but the sacred words remain; they are fixed on the minds and hearts of the young, and are never entirely forgotten, though, alas, often allowed to fall into disuse.

One of the strangest and the saddest histories of the Old Testament times is that of Achan, who went

up with some three thousand Jewish troops to storm the city of Ai. They were not successful, however; but were defeated with great loss, to the intense surprise and mortification and disgust of Joshua, the general. He could not understand it. He threw himself on his face before the Lord and in a prayer which seems almost a remonstrance and complaint, he asks, "Why is it so?" He is told that the troops have been unfaithful, that they had transgressed the covenant which they had made with the Lord, that certain articles which were forbidden had been coveted and stolen; that their hands were not clean, and that they had hid the plunder among their own stuff. This breach of covenant provoked the anger of the Lord. He directed Joshua to search for the guilty one among the soldiers; for no success could attend their armies, nothing could turn away the displeasure of the Lord, until the punishment of the thief had been secured. After a thorough search among the men, Achan was found to be the guilty one. And when asked what he had done, he replied, "Indeed I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done. When I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and 200 shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels' weight, I coveted them and

took them, and behold they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent, and the silver under it.”

On his own confession, the stolen articles having been found as he said, the man was led out into a valley and, according to the bloody code of those days, he and his whole family were put to death by stoning.

The history of Balaam, the false Prophet, who was hired by Balak, the King of Moab, with gold to curse Israel, and who perished miserably; the history of Gehazi, Elisha's servant, who robbed Naaman, and who was punished with leprosy, are sad illustrations of the effect on the heart of covetousness, in the Old Testament times; and when we come down to the New Testament times, we are confronted with the awful history of Judas, who betrayed our Lord for thirty pieces of silver; and with the dreadful fate of Ananias and Sapphira, who, pretending to make common cause with the early disciples and have one purse, kept back part of the price of their land, and lied about it, thus adding falsehood to covetousness. Further on in the New Testament history we come to the Epistle of Paul to the Colossians, in which (ch. 3 : 5) the writer calls covetousness idolatry.

These are all instances of the use of the word

covet or covetousness in a bad sense, and in this sense it is classed among the deadly sins.

What is it to covet? What is covetousness? It is inordinate, excessive desire; a desire which, indulged without restraint, will leap beyond all bounds and stop at nothing to reach its purpose. When its object is money, for the sake of possession merely, it runs into avarice, which eats up the heart, and destroys the soul. There is nothing more deadly.

But there is another and better sense in which the word is used, such as when we are told to "covet earnestly the best gifts."

I speak to you now not so much of spiritual gifts, although they are undoubtedly the best, as of those things of a temporal nature which you ought to desire; although before I conclude these remarks, you will find that the others are not forgotten.

There are things of a practical, personal, and temporal nature which are well worth your while to think of. I mention them in the order in which they occur to me as I think of you boys at school.

The greatest of all earthly blessings is health. Without it life is a burden and often a waste. We never know the full value of health until we have lost it, when we are sick. We trifle with our

health, we expose ourselves unnecessarily, foolishly ; we think we are strong enough to defy exposure, we "catch cold," we don't know how, we neglect the cold, we think it will pass off in a day or two, but it remains, it deepens, it increases ; fever sets in, all remedies fail, the flesh wastes, the system is undermined, and sinks gradually or suddenly, and death ends the scene.

Now health is the gift of God and is one of His best gifts. If you have it (as most of you have), rejoice in it, bless God for it, take care of it, strive earnestly by exercise in the open air, by healthful play, by moderate eating and drinking, by regularity in everything, try to preserve it. Be excessive in nothing ; take care of your bodily health. If you are a feeble, sickly boy, you can hardly keep abreast of your classmates in school, and when you grow to be a man and find yourself with a frail, delicate constitution, you will see that your chances for success in the battle of life are slim indeed.

Next to health and vigor of body is a sound, strong, well-balanced mind. I know very well that all minds are not equally vigorous, just as all bodies are not equally robust. But as a naturally delicate constitution can be greatly strengthened by proper exercise, discipline and food, so may a mind not naturally strong be greatly strengthened by a

proper mental training. This I know is the work of the teacher, to put this class of minds under such influence and to such studies as are best adapted to strengthen what is weak. This mental growth is also a gift of God to be sought earnestly from Him.

Another thing to be desired and cultivated is a cheerful disposition. Nothing makes a character so attractive and lovable, as a cheerful, sunny disposition. If there is anything which makes one disagreeable and repulsive, it is a morose, sullen disposition. I speak of these as habitual dispositions. There are times when the brightest lives are clouded, but they soon emerge, the cloud passes. It is not the usual temperament. There are also times when the most sour and sullen temper is aroused to playfulness or gaiety, but the occasion passes and the subject sinks back again into sullenness. It is your duty to be cheerful. And everybody who is in good health can cultivate cheerfulness, can learn to be cheerful, and this means to be happy. And if any boy has been reading trashy stories or novels until the tone of his mind is weakened, if not spoiled, and who fancies that a proud, stern, haughty look, or a contemptuous frown, or a sneering lip, make him appear manly, let me assure such a boy that he is very silly. Laugh as much

as you please and as loud as you please in proper places, but do not become morose, sullen or gloomy. These tempers are unnatural to young people, and are unlovely in all. If you feel a tendency to solitude, a growing wish to be alone with your own gloomy thoughts, guard against it, resist it, seek the society of those of your own age, or older, and look up to God and seek from Him the gift of a cheerful heart.

Then will follow most naturally a determination to be successful. I mean by this, to be successful in everything that pertains not only to your temporal affairs, the matters of this life, all really good things, but also the life to come. It is not likely that a lazy, idle boy at school will be a successful man in any kind of business. You must learn to do everything well, whether it be the study of a lesson or the doing of any duty. If it is your duty to blacken your own shoes, or anybody's shoes, do it well. If it is your duty to clean the snow off the paths, do it so well that no one can find fault with you. In short, you must "Do everything that your hands find to do, with your might," and this means to do it successfully.

All this of course means industry, persevering, plodding industry. Idleness is vicious and dangerous. The constitution of society in America at

least is against it. An idle boy is of no account, he will almost inevitably become vicious ; an idle man with no profession, no business, no occupation, taking no interest in public affairs, having no sympathy with works of benevolence, is a very useless man, and will probably become a bad man. There is no place in our country for an idle man. God only can make any life successful. Look up to Him, desire earnestly His favor, ask Him to help you to be successful.

Prof. Thompson, of the University of Pennsylvania, said in a sermon to a graduating class, that the two things which young men probably dread most of all, are poverty and obscurity. I believe this is true. You can't bear to think that your life is to be one of poverty, living from day to day, and from hand to mouth, with little or no provision for that "rainy day" we speak of, with no future of retirement and rest which the diligent worker so much needs—you can't bear to think that the name you bear, the name of an honored father it may be, whom you lost so early in your young life—you can't bear to think that that name shall be unknown, that you will make no impression on society, that you will be a worker far down in the lower walks of life, and that when you die you will hardly be missed except in your own household.

But riches and high social position, gifts of God though they are, are not His "best gifts;" you are not to covet earnestly, to be zealous for, or to long after these. Such is not my exhortation. Poverty is not the worst thing that can befall you. Obscurity in life is not a calamity. If you will covet earnestly, desire most ardently, zealously, health of body, health of mind, a cheerful disposition, a determination to succeed by patient industry, and will look up to God, who alone can bestow these gifts upon you, you need not fear poverty nor obscurity; He will take better care of your interests than you possibly can.

There is a gift of God, better than any of these, better than all of these, which you ought to covet most earnestly, for since He sent His Son into the world to save sinners, no other gift is so great, so precious. It can be had for the asking; indeed we are assured that God is more willing to bestow this gift upon them who ask than parents are to give good gifts to their children.

It is the Holy Spirit of God, the Comforter, the Sanctifier of the heart. It is a wonderful, an overwhelming thought that the great God can come, will come, and does come and dwell in the heart of any one who earnestly desires Him to come. I do not know what you think upon this subject, you

older boys, you young men, to whom I am now especially speaking, but I know if you want to be sure of a blessed immortality, you ought at once to give yourselves up to the service of Christ, and then the Holy Spirit will come and dwell with you forever.

Ah! don't turn away from this; it is the best advice that can possibly be given you.

IV

DEBORAH—REBECCA'S NURSE

A LONG time ago, an emigrant in a strange land, where he had grown rich and great and powerful, desired to find a wife for his son. He was not willing that his son should marry a woman of the land where he had made his home, so he determined to send to his native land, and seek one among his own kindred.

This was long ago, and there was no way of communicating with that far-off land on important matters but by sending a special messenger, and the usual way for messengers to travel was to make up a caravan. There were no railroads, nor carriage roads; there were only the paths through the desert, and these paths were not always very distinctly marked. The usual custom was to travel on camels, which carried passengers and freight, as wagons do in some parts of our country now.

So the old chief of whom I have spoken made up a caravan of camels to carry his messenger, and the rich presents, which then, as now, had to be given by one chieftain to another, from whom he would

ask a favor, or to whom he would pay his respects. We do not know how rich and costly these presents were, only that they were of gold and silver.

It required ten camels to make up the caravan. Abraham had many camels. We do not know how many servants went with the caravan, besides Eliezer of Damascus, the steward of his house, though doubtless quite enough servants, armed, as the Bedouins of the desert are to-day, to protect the treasure and guard the messenger. Nor do we know how long was the journey, though it must have been of many days, and across rivers, and over the rolling desert.

The caravan passed safely over the long distance; and towards evening, one day, the last of their travel, they reached the wall of a city, just as the sun was going down, and there they rested their camels, making them kneel by a fountain to drink.

Then the servant, who seems at first to have had doubts whether the errand would be successful, asked God to give him good speed, and show him by a clear sign whether any one of the women who should come out of the city would be the damsel appointed for the wife of Isaac. And even while he was so praying, and before the prayer was finished, a young girl named Rebecca came out with her pitcher on her shoulder. How often may

this be seen in the East now! She was young and very pretty, and she went down a few steps to the fountain, filled her pitcher, raised it to her shoulder and came up.

Something must have said to Eliezer, "This is the damsel," for he ran to meet her and asked her for a little water from her pitcher. And she quickly took down her pitcher from her shoulder to her hand (you can almost see her do it), and he drank. And not only this, but she drew water and poured it in the troughs so that the camels, dry and thirsty from their long journey, had a good drink too.

Then the servant rewarded her for her kindness by giving her some gold ornaments, and asked her whose daughter she was, and whether there was room to lodge him in her father's house. Her answer assured the messenger that he had been rightly directed. He was received into the house of Rebecca's father, where he was entertained with true Eastern hospitality, and there he told his story, so simple and beautiful, and asked for the hand of Rebecca in marriage for his master's son.

There seems to have been no doubt in the mind of the father that the hand of the Lord was in all this, and he gave his consent.

Then the servant distributed his costly gifts, and then night came. The next morning, Eliezer, de-

lighted with his success, was eager to be gone with the young girl. The family, now that the time of trial came, begged for a few days' delay; but the servant said, "Don't hinder me; send me back to my master." Then it seemed proper to consult the young girl herself, though that was not always done in those days, nor is it always so done now in great families in Europe. The marriages of great people are not always "love marriages." So when Rebecca was asked whether she would go with this man, she said, "I will go."

The necessary preparations were soon made. The camels which had come for her, and which had been unloaded of their rich burdens, were reloaded with Rebecca's things and the damsels, the maid-servants who went with their young mistress to her new home; one of them being mentioned particularly, though not by name, "her nurse."

So they set out on their long journey; starting as the custom was then, and still is in that country, just before sunset, and spending their first night in tents not far from home. And day after day did they travel slowly, this young Assyrian girl and her attendants, resting at noon, while the heat was the greatest, and journeying in the late evening and the early morning, while it was cool, over the great desert and across the broad rivers; this young girl

going to marry a man whom she had never seen, but assured that she was led by the hand of God. Oh! that all young girls who are about to be married could have the same assurance that Rebecca had.

On the last day of their journey, just before sunset, the drivers of the caravan met a man walking. Rebecca asked who it was; the servant replied that it was his young master. Rebecca, who, among her servants, had been uncovered, at once alighted from her camel, covered herself with a veil, as was the custom with Eastern women, and presented herself to her future husband.

And so Isaac and Rebecca were married; a marriage which had the consent of the parents on both sides, as all marriages ought to have, and which was evidently under the guidance of God.

The young wife from a strange country soon adjusted herself to the new and strange conditions; comforted, no doubt, by the close companionship of her faithful nurse, who would naturally keep alive memories of her old home.

After the lapse of several years, two sons, twins, were born to Isaac and Rebecca; their names were Esau and Jacob. They must have been tended in their infancy by this kind and faithful nurse, and as they grew into boyhood and played about their father's tent, with the domestic animals—the young

kids and lambs and calves—they must have been under the charge of the nurse, "Rebecca's nurse." How much she must have told these boys of the far-off land from whence their mother had come, and the people who were their own kinsfolk.

These boys were very unlike in character. One was wild and headstrong and impulsive, though manly and brave; who loved to wander about, who felt the restraints of home life and home discipline, as many young people do now; the other was a very quiet boy, not fond of the ways of his brother; a home boy; and these boys did not always love each other as brothers should.

I wonder if the nurse had much to do in controlling the wayward boy, and in helping the other to be more manly. I think she must have had much to do in taking care of them, teaching them, directing them, during their boyhood days, for she had good opportunity, and the office of nurse was much honored, was high and influential.

When the two sons grew up, one of them, assisted by his mother, did a cruel wrong to the other, so that the wrongdoer, whom you know was Jacob, was obliged to flee from his home, and seek shelter in the land of his mother's family. Some time after this, and while Jacob was still absent, Rebecca, the mother died, and it is to be supposed

that the old nurse, now that the mistress was dead, and the boys grown to be men, found her way back to her native land; for when Jacob returned to his own land after his long absence, with his great family, his flocks and herds—a great man, and a rich man—the same old nurse was in their company. Perhaps she had been doing the same kind offices for Jacob's large family as she had done for Jacob's mother. On the way back to Canaan, on the slope of a hill near Bethel, under a great oak, the nurse Deborah—and now her name is mentioned for the first and only time—"Deborah, Rebecca's nurse, died;" dying in the same family in which all her long life had been spent.

They buried her under an oak tree. Their sorrow was great. She must have been looked up to almost as a mother by that large family, for she had been the nurse of the grandmother of all those many children of Jacob. Their grief was, according to the Eastern manner, excessive. They poured out their tears and lamentations so abundantly that the wide-spreading oak, under which the grave was dug, was called, as a memorial, the "oak of weeping."

But why such grief? If Rebeeca had been alive and present, we might understand it; for she would have remembered her own youth, and that when she

left her father's house, a young girl, to go to a far-off land to be married, Deborah had been her companion, her best and nearest friend. But Jacob was living, and he remembered Deborah as the nurse and caretaker of his childhood and early youth, and he knew how close the old nurse had been to his mother, and to the family, and how they had all loved her.

Deborah's life-work was that of a nurse, a child's nurse chiefly, and more than that, a companion of the mother. Her death, in old age, was mourned so profoundly that we know her life must have been worthy. Her burial was most solemn and impressive, as it ought to have been after such a life. Her memorial was the wide-spreading oak, which ever after was known as the "oak of weeping."

In the cemetery of a beautiful village—Stockbridge, Massachusetts—and surrounded by the graves and tombs of some of the most distinguished and illustrious people of our country, is a plain tombstone, over the grave of a nurse, and she was a colored nurse, and on the stone are cut these words:—

ELIZABETH I. FREEMAN,

Known by the name of Mumbet, died December 28, 1829. Her supposed age was eighty-five years. She was born a slave and remained a slave for

nearly thirty years. She could neither read nor write, yet in her own sphere she had no superior nor equal. She neither wasted time nor property. She never violated a trust, nor failed to perform a duty. In every situation of domestic trust, she was the most efficient helper and the tenderest friend.

Good Mother, Farewell.

Why have I told you girls the story of Deborah, Rebecca's nurse?

Many of you, when you leave this school, will find homes in families where there are young children. You will be expected to help the mothers in the care of their children. Some of you may have more to do in the care of the children than the mothers have. How will you treat these little ones? Be very patient with them. In their infancy they will be very much in your company, and under your control. You will push them about on the pavements in their little coaches, or amuse them in the house as best you can. As the little things grow older and understand your talk, they will listen to every word you say. How will you talk before them? Will you always be truthful in your speech? Will you threaten them with punishment that you do not mean to inflict? Will you make promises which you do not mean to keep? They

will often vex and try you almost beyond endurance; be patient with them. Will you talk to them, will you talk with them, when you are alone with them, as you would in the presence of their mother? And while they are in your care, and away from the house, will you linger with some acquaintance you meet, and let the little children see things and hear things which you know their mother will not approve? Will you allow them to contract habits of uncleanness or untidiness? Will you tell them stories or let them hear stories from other people that will scare them and make them afraid to be in a dark room alone—stories of ghosts and other horrible things?

In my early childhood there were those about me—my nurse and other servants, superstitious people—who filled my young mind with such dreadful stories that I was afraid to go to bed in the dark. And I have never been able entirely to shake off the recollection of those stories. I implore you young girls who are to have the care of young children hereafter, your own and other people's, I implore you not to scare them with unreal and horrible stories, nor to tell them lies, nor to permit them to tell lies.

Some years ago there was a young German girl

of good family, who came to join her friends in America. She was fairly well educated, and she found a place as child's nurse in a well-to-do family. She soon became the friend, not only of the children, but also of her mistress. She was gentle, truthful, and in every way trustworthy. As the children grew up, she was their constant companion, and their mother was never afraid to trust the children to her care. She was of a bright and happy disposition, and made friends with everybody who came about her. She had a boundless supply of stories to tell of her own land, and the children never tired of hearing them, and were never hurt by them.

After a time she left that family, bought a sewing-machine, and took in sewing; and after some years she had saved enough to give up work and live plainly on her own means. But she never forgot the family she served (the only place she ever had), nor did they ever forget her. To this day she is as welcome a visitor to that family as any of their relations, for is she not their "old nurse?" She never married: she has been content to lead the life of a single woman—a Christian woman—doing good as she finds opportunity, and living for her family and friends.

Why should not some—many—of the girls who

hear me now, do as well as this young German girl has done? For I hope and believe many of you will have like opportunity. You can give your hearts to Christ, as she did when she was young, and He has taken care of her, and blessed her all her life.

V

POOR, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me.—*Psalm*
40 : 17.

THIS was not a poor man as we speak of poor men. When we speak of a poor man, we mean a man of very small means, a man who works from day to day for his wages, who cannot, or will not, lay up any money; who spends all he earns, and who, in time of sickness or inability to work, is dependent on charity, or on his friends and relations for help. Something like this is what we mean by a poor man.

But the writer of these words was a king; a great ruler over a great people. He was writing of his spiritual condition. He was poor in spirit; he was in need of divine grace.

I emphasize the words—"The Lord thinketh upon me." It is good to feel that anybody is thinking of us, if it is a friendly thought. We don't like to feel that we are forgotten. It happens that all of us, at some time or other, must be away

from home, and be separated from our friends. I am sure you have all felt this; you know what it means. Now suppose no message comes from those we love, no mail brings us any letter, not even a newspaper with the handwriting of a friend on the address to remind us of those whom we have left behind us. How disappointed we feel, and all the more so if other persons are receiving letters and messages, and visits from their friends. If we have been staying in a country boarding-house, or in any place where other strangers are staying, we may remember when the mail comes in the evening, and the names are read out, and our name is not heard; how disappointed and sad we feel at the thought that our friends have forgotten or do not care for us.

It is especially good to know that those whom we love the most are thinking of us. Because, for one thing, we know they can't think evil of us; they are thinking good of us.

All of us have friends; there is nobody entirely friendless. While I am talking, your thoughts are wandering from here to some one, at least, whom you love more than anybody in the world. It is pleasant for you to think of that person; and how good it is for you to believe that at this very moment, perhaps, the same person is thinking of

you. You are too far away to speak to each other, but you are not too far away to think of each other. You know that he or she is thinking good thoughts of you; you are sure that the thoughts you have towards that person are good thoughts.

It is good to believe that those whom you love are thinking of you, even if they cannot help you. This we call sympathy, and this helps us to bear many a hardship, and endure much suffering without complaining. If we felt that nobody cared for us, whether we are doing well or doing ill, we could not bear, as well as we do now, the many cares and trials that sometimes fall to our lot. When our Saviour was suffering His great agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, He came out of the Garden to where His three chosen disciples were sleeping—He came three times—and found them sleeping! He knew He should find them sleeping; why then did He come again, and again, to them? I think it was because He longed for sympathy in His great suffering. And it was good for Him to be near them, to see them, even if they could not comfort Him. Oh, if He could have felt that they were thinking of Him, while He was withdrawn from them, how it would have comforted Him!

And how good it is for us to feel, when we are

suffering, that those whom we love are thinking of us and sympathizing with us, even if they are not able to lighten our sorrows, or help us in any way.

It is especially good, however, to know that good people, and people of influence are thinking of us, because they can help us if we are in need, and because they will help us if opportunity occurs. No one is so great or rich or powerful as not to need, at some time or other, the help of others. We may not be able to foresee that time of need, but it surely comes to all. If any of you boys should be able to feel in time of trouble that friends whom you have made since you have been here at school are ready to help you as far as is in their power, whenever you need it, what an encouragement it would be to you!

There is no passage in the Bible saying that God thinketh upon the rich. Most people who are rich think they can care for themselves, that they do not need help, and are not likely to need help. It is one effect of riches to lead persons to suppose that they are independent; but it is a great mistake; for there is no absolute independence anywhere.

All of us are poor in a sense that cannot be said, or can hardly be said, of any other congregation. We shall all be compelled to make our own way in

the world, we must all take care of ourselves, and some of us have those who are near and dear to us, whom we must help as we have been helped, or they will suffer. Do not look upon this as a hardship, this working for ourselves and others, for it is not. Some of the most successful men and women are those who, from a very early age have had to work for themselves and support their near relations. Indeed, it seems as if those who have to care for themselves and others are the most likely to succeed in life.

There are two things that young people dread more than almost anything else; they are poverty and obscurity. You don't like to be always poor, you don't like to be always a nobody. And it is well that you have these feelings; else you would not feel so much the necessity to exert yourselves, as you ought to feel it. But poverty and obscurity are not the things most to be dreaded. What you ought to dread most are bad habits, and vice, and crime.

There is the habit of speaking evil of others, which we call slander. It is a very common and a very bad habit. We are very apt to fall into it unless we are on our guard. Very much of the evil that is in the world comes from the practice, too common, of saying things about persons that we do

not dare to say to them. If we had that regard and respect for others that our Lord says we ought to have, and must have, there would be very little evil speaking. This is a very mean and contemptible vice, and cowardly also, because the person of whom we say these evil things has no opportunity to explain himself, or defend himself.

You ought to dread the vice of swearing. How common is this! We hear profane words from men and boys as we pass along the streets. I am glad to say that we do not often hear such words from girls or women, though we do sometimes—it is awful then! Boys swear because they hear men swear, and it seems to them manly to swear. On some men the habit is so firmly fixed that they swear constantly, and without thought, and then excuse themselves by saying that they do not mean anything by it—as if that made it less harmful, or as if God, who hears every word, would take that as an excuse. And what a terrible thought it is to know that no child would ever swear, if he did not hear other people swear. What an awful sin lies upon the conscience of those who swear in the presence of young children, knowing full well that those children will themselves swear, when they are not afraid of being punished; and how can a

father punish his boy for swearing when he knows that he is a profane swearer himself?

You ought to dread the vice of filthy talking. You all know what I mean by this, and I need not explain the words; indeed, I cannot explain them in such a company as this. But I can say to you, and I do say to you, that the impressions made upon your minds by the indelicate talk, of which you have heard much at one time or another, these impressions are not to be wiped out by resolving not to listen any more to such talk. The stains are there, and nothing but the grace of God can remove them.

There is the vice of drinking intoxicating liquors, which you ought especially to dread. You will be much exposed to this temptation. The drinking saloons are to be found in every street, in every city.

On a cold winter night, when you are in the street, and have no comfortable home, the doors of these places are open to you, and all looks bright and comfortable within. You are always welcome there. It is very easy to step in, it is very easy to stay awhile and get warmed in the cheerful light, and look at the pictures on the wall, not always good pictures, and the worse they are, the more attractive to certain coarse minds. There are plenty

of newspapers there, and sometimes music also, and the saloon-keeper thinks that a boy or man will hardly have the face to go into his house and enjoy its comforts, without taking a drink or two; and this is where he gets his profit, and the visitor acquires the habit of going there, and finally becomes a drunkard, who goes home and beats his wife and family, and then finds himself in jail. This is more to be dreaded than poverty and obscurity.

You ought to dread the crime of stealing! To steal is to take secretly something which belongs to another person. It is an awful crime, and must be punished, or the character is ruined and society depraved. Any person who takes from a thief that which he knows to have been stolen, is as guilty as he who stole it, and must be punished with the same severity. Children who steal or who take that which is stolen must be punished severely with the rod. Men and women who steal must be shut up in prison. They are common enemies of all that is good and true, and ought not to live among well-behaved people.

These are some of the things that are most to be dreaded by young people in their way through life. Temptations to evil speaking—to profane swearing—to filthy talking—to drinking—to stealing; these

are temptations to which you will often be exposed, and which are so much more to be dreaded than poverty and obscurity.

Who is the Lord that thinketh upon the poor and needy? Can He think? Can He speak? Does He take notice? Does He see all things? Can He do all things? Does He know me, and does He know you? Has He the power to help the weakest? Has He grace enough to help the most unworthy? Will He forget us, or forsake us if we are unworthy?

These are questions that will come up in your minds when you think of the words, "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." And these questions are easily answered.

God is the great Creator. He is everywhere present. He has all power—He can do all things—He is infinitely merciful. He is always doing good and kind things, He is not willing that any wrong should be done. He helps the helpless—He instructs the ignorant—He takes the part of the weak and oppressed—He is not far off, but very near. He hears every word we speak—He sees everything we do. He knows what is in our thoughts, the things that we intend to do if we can. He stands between us and evil, in many ways of which we do not think, or care to think. He holds us up by His power,

He raises us up when we are sick, and helps us in ten thousand ways that we never know.

God never forgets, and He never turns away from His children. The Foundling Hospital, in London, was built for such children as were forgotten or forsaken, and abandoned by their parents. Over one of the doors of that fine Institution I read in large characters these words from the Holy Scriptures, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," and hundreds and thousands of neglected, abandoned children have been taken up and cared for by that excellent Institution.

If the Lord does not think of His poor and needy children, it would not matter much who else should think of them; for it would do them little good.

You boys are here to be educated. You were very ignorant when you came, but you have learned something useful every day; and most of you are making pretty good use of the advantages you have. But do not forget that education by itself will not be enough. I mean the education of the books in the schools. Education will increase your power—your ability to do evil; but not necessarily your inclination to do good. A man who makes no better use of writing, which he learned at school, than to forge the name of another person,

would be better without the knowledge of how to write. If the education which you receive here or elsewhere does not lead your minds and hearts to God, it will not be likely to do you much good. But if you should learn nothing else here but this: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me," it will be better for you than all the learning of all the schools, without this.

There are many bad men and bad women in the world; you have seen them—you have known them. They were bad because they knew not God, or cared not for Him. You would not like to be shut up to the society of such people all your lives, or even for a month or a day, but if you live lives of ungodliness here, can you expect any better society in the next world—the endless life, to which you are going?

There are many good men and good women in the world; you have seen them and known them. You know some now; is it not better to be associated with such in this world, and in the world to come? You are not at all likely to be associated with such either here or hereafter, unless you believe in God and obey Him, and love what is good.

You can all be good men if you will; for I am not setting an impossible thing before you to do.

It is quite within your power to be good, God helping you, as He does help all who seek His help. If this were not so, you would not be blamed for being bad.

It depends upon yourselves whether you will be good or bad. Nobody can make you bad unless you are willing; nobody can make you good unless you are willing to turn your thoughts towards God. But if you would be good, if you would turn your lives away from the bad towards the good, if you desire to lead useful and happy lives, as most of you do, I am sure, you must strive for it, and strive for it every day. You must not be discouraged if you fail over and over again in your efforts to do right; you must keep on, striving all the more every time you fail; you must believe that help will come from above, for God has promised it, and He never forgets His promise, and His hand is always held out, if you will only see it, to help His feeble and struggling children; for though you are poor and needy, and because you are poor and needy, the Lord thinketh upon you and will save you.

If you ask me what are the thoughts that God is thinking of the poor and needy—of us who are poor and needy—I turn to the Prophet Jeremiah (29 : 11), who writes thus: "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord ;

thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you a future and a hope."

A future—what future can one who is bad look to? A hope—what hope can one have who is bad, and who has no desire to be better? Such a future, such a hope has no brightness; nothing but a continuance in evil doing, with the end not far off, an end of wretchedness and misery. But the future of one who wants to be better, is a future of hope, a future in which God dwells, and which will end in bliss at His right hand in Heaven.

VI

THE WICKED QUEEN

IN a far-off time and a far-away country, a king of Israel married a princess of another race and another religion. He knew it was against the law of God, but, like many people of our time, he cared more for himself than for God. His wife, a king's daughter, brought her own religion and her own priests with her to her new home. She not only corrupted her husband's religion by the worship of her hideous idols, but she put to death the prophets of the true God, by hundreds. She was a wicked woman. Not content with destroying the king's religion, she corrupted and destroyed his character. She stopped at nothing to accomplish her purposes.

There was a vineyard near the king's palace and grounds. The king wanted to have it. He offered to buy it of the owner for money, but the owner would not sell it—for it was his home—it had come down to him from his father. The king earnestly desired that land—he longed for it, he coveted it. He offered to give the owner other

and better land for it, but the owner would not part with it.

So foolish, so vexed was the king at this, that, like a petted and spoiled child, he pouted, he sulked; he even took to his bed and turned his face to the wall (unmanly creature that he was), and refused to eat. His wife came to see what was the matter, and she heard the story. Now was the time for the good wife, the true woman, to be faithful to her foolish husband. How easy to have soothed his vexation and stirred up his manhood and aroused him to the duty of stifling his unlawful desire for another man's property.

What did she do? She humored him, she encouraged him in his wicked desires, she fanned them into a flame of covetousness, which would not be satisfied without getting what he wanted. She ridiculed him, she stung him. She made him get up and eat and drink, possibly made him drunk, and then promised him that she would get the vineyard for him. And she did. How?

She wrote letters in the king's name and sealed them with his seal—and sent them over the city to the elders and principal men, saying, "Proclaim a fast," call the people to worship God (what a mockery! for she was an idolater); "give a high place, a prominent part to the owner of that

vineyard which the king wanted, and when the people are gathered around this man, let two false witnesses come forward, and swear that they heard this man, this owner of the vineyard, blaspheme God and the king." Oh! the dreadful, the abominable lie!—and sworn to by these two men, against an innocent man. After this, it was easy enough to set upon the owner of the vineyard, to cast him out, to stone him to death. Then the men who had done this bloody deed came and told the wicked woman that the man was dead. And she came and told the king that the man who had refused to give up his home, the home his father had left him, was dead; and that he might now go and seize the property. And the king immediately went down and took possession. The wicked queen kept her promise, and so by deceit, perjury, robbery and murder, the king got what he wanted. Was the vineyard worth such a price?

Is it not strange that the name Jezebel, so hideous in history, associated with all that is vile, should, with a very slight change of four letters, become what we now call a beautiful name, Isabel?

After this, there was no depth of sin into which this king did not fall; and the Scripture record is—"Ahab did sell himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord—whom Jezebel stirred up—

and did very abominably in following idols," etc. (1 Kings 21 : 25). You see his wife constantly tempted him to do wrong.

But this was not the end. Such a king would be likely to quarrel with the neighboring kings. Having thrown off his fear of God, it was easy to get into trouble with the nations near him.

The Prophet Elijah warned him of what was before him—that he would die a violent death ; and, in the very vineyard which he had stolen from Naboth, dogs should lick his blood. And so it came to pass.

But what of the wicked woman? She lived some years after her husband, whom she had ruined ; Joram, her son, was king ; wars followed, Elijah had been carried up into heaven, another prophet had succeeded him—Elisha. Joram had been killed by Jehu ; Jehu was king, and Jezebel was shut up in the city of Jezreel. Jehu entered the city. The queen in the upper story of her house, with painted face and darkened eyebrows, looked down through her lattice at Jehu, as he rode in his chariot at the head of his troops in triumph. As he passed her house, she looked down from her high window—the proud, wicked, cruel old queen ; and called out with insulting defiance, " Had Zimri peace, who slew his master ? Can you

expect any peace, you who have just slain your master?" Jehu looked up and said, "Who is on my side? who?" Just then two or three of her servants appeared, looking out of the windows or lattices. "Throw her down," said Jehu. And they threw her out of the window, and down on the pavement, and the horses trampled on her, and the chariot wheels crushed her, and her blood splashed on the horses and on the wall. The troops passed on, the dogs, which are the scavengers of the Eastern cities, came and licked her blood and devoured her, tearing the flesh from her bones. And when Jehu, afterwards, while eating and drinking, remembered the awful scene, he sent people to bury her, "for," as he said, "she was a king's daughter." But when they came, there was nothing left but her bones.

And that was the end of Jezebel—a bold, bad, wicked woman. But, oh, what evil she did!

* * * *

Not far from this time, a scouting party from the Syrian army, in one of their raids into the Jewish country, captured a little girl. How it happened, we do not know. Whether they surprised her one day when the family had left her alone in the house, or whether she had wandered from home gathering wild flowers, or tending her flock of

lambs or kids, or whether she had gone to the spring for water, we do not know; only she was taken prisoner, and carried off to a foreign country. The soldiers who caught her were strange men, talking a strange language. One of the officers probably took her up before him in the saddle or held her behind him on a cushion, so that she could not slip off and run away.

In some way, perhaps by drawing lots, or by sale, as any other plunder, she fell to the general's share. Very likely she was a pretty child—or of pleasing manners and behavior—or else the general would not have cared for her; but so it was, he took the little girl home and gave her to his wife for a maid to wait on her.

Now how did this little girl behave? Consider; she had been stolen from home, she had been torn away from her brothers and sisters (if she had them), she was forced into service, she was not a bound girl, not a hired girl—she was a slave; her master, her mistress, might have beaten her to death if they chose, for there was nobody to stand between her and any wrong that was put upon her and no law to punish those who should abuse her. If she had been sullen and stubborn, if she had refused to work, or if she had slighted her work and destroyed the property of the lady, or stolen some

of her fine things and hid them, or had been cruel to any little child she had the care of, or abused it because it was her mistress' child—if she had done any of these things, it is what some girls would have done; and some people would say it was right; but this little girl did not think so; she had better ideas of right and wrong, for she knew God and she loved Him, and she served Him even in her captivity.

So she went the round of her daily duty, waiting on the lady, faithful in little things as in great things. Do you suppose she was ever homesick? Had she forgotten her home in the land of Israel? High mountains and deep rivers or wide plains separated Syria from Samaria. She was a slave, she might have little hope that she would ever see her mother again, or play about the house or the spring, or lead the lambs and kids to the pasture. But she had not forgotten her old home; she never could forget it.

Her master was one of the greatest men in the kingdom; he was, indeed, in some respects, next to the king himself. Of course, he was rich and lived in great splendor, and his wife must have had everything she wanted, all fine dresses and rich jewels.

But was this a happy home? No. Why?

They were great and rich and powerful, and had good servants, men as well as women ; so much we know. Why, then, was it not a happy family ? Ah ! the master of the house was sick. He was afflicted with a loathsome, an incurable disease. It was the leprosy. All the skill of the best physicians had been of no avail ; there was no cure for it. After years, it may be, of pain and despair, he must die a wretched death. So, when he came home from the army or his public duties in waiting on the king, and took off his armor or his rich court dress, there were the filthy scales of the leper. What a distress this must have been to his wife. Sometimes, when the little girl was helping her to dress, she must have seen the tears in the lady's eyes when she thought of her husband's deplorable condition.

One day, perhaps in talking with the other servants, this little girl said, " Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in the land of Israel, for he would recover him of his leprosy." And some one went to the general, and said, " The little Jewish maid says there is a prophet in Israel that can cure you." Something about the words, it may be the manner in which they were spoken, or the good character for truthfulness of the young girl, interested the great man ; he listened, he asked

questions; the little girl must have been brought before him, she must have told him of the wonderful things the prophet had done; he became more and more interested—it might save his life; he believed the little maid, he determined to go to the prophet.

Now why should this young girl care at all for her master or her mistress? Why should she not let him die of the leprosy or any other disease—and his wife die with him? It was nothing to her, they kept her a prisoner, they would not let her go home; why should she care? Perhaps they were kind to her; indeed, I think they must have been kind to their servants, or they would not have had such good servants; but this we know, that this little girl loved and served God, and so she served faithfully her master and mistress.

I think you know the rest of this story:—how the great captain, Naaman, got his king's consent to make up a great caravan and go to the land of Israel, with letters and presents to the king, asking for the services of the prophet, the great healer. And you know how nearly he came to losing the great thing he wanted, by his pride, his unwillingness to do as he was told, and how he would have lost it, but for his faithful servants.

But what became of the little girl? Did the

great captain take her with him, back to her old home? We do not know, we fear not, this is all we know of her; she has no name recorded in Scripture, she had no title; we only know her as "the little maid that waited on Naaman's wife," who carried her religion with her into captivity. She was a faithful servant, for she did what she could. Could anything better be said than this?

Jezebel—or the little maid—which?

Two or three lessons we learn from the Scriptures read to-day. One is that the greatest evil that can befall a man is to have a bad wife. Ahab was a bad man; bad in every way that we can think of. He was probably one of the worst, if not the worst king, in all the Jewish history, for he had some knowledge of God, and might have served Him; but he despised Him, he "sold himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord."

It is not necessary to say how low he sunk in wickedness; nor how he turned his back on the prophets and would not hear or would not heed their earnest, faithful remonstrances.

But bad as he was, his wife was worse. The wickedness which even he was hardly willing to stoop to, his wife stirred him up to commit. He might have had some conscience left to remonstrate with him against further wrongdoing—she had

none. He had some fear of God—she had none. There was no depth of sin to which he might sink, which she would not make deeper still. If we may suppose that under the warning of God's prophets he might possibly have had some feeble desire to turn from his wickedness, she would not allow him to do so. She would have destroyed God Himself, if she could, as she did destroy His prophets.

I am thinking of a young girl who was once in this school. She had been brought up without much knowledge or fear of God. Her parents cared nothing for God or His people. At a very early age she went astray. She was brought to this school. Here she learned something of truth and duty. It seemed that the course of her life was changed. She made improvement in the schools. She acquired the confidence of the matron and the other officers.

Her history was somewhat widely known. There was much interest felt by the managers and others in this girl, and many prayers were offered for her. For quite a long time, things went very well. She remained here as a place of safety, for her friends thought she might not be able to resist the temptations of life out in the world. But after a while she became restless; the old life had its charms for her. She had not learned to love God

and give herself to Him. She might have done so, but she would not; so she could not be restrained, and she left. After a while tidings came from her, and they were not good. She had gone back to her old sinful ways. The matron sought and at last found her, and talked with her and prayed for her, and begged her to break off again from the old ways and come back to the school and begin again. But she would not. She was determined to have her own way.

After a while the matron saw by the newspapers that she had been arrested for the same crime that she had committed in her early youth. Before the trial the matron went to see her again. She tried once more to soften her hard heart and lead her to repentance, but the girl was unmoved. No tear came to her eye, no word of sorrow or shame came from her lips. Nothing could be done with her; nothing could be done for her.

The trial came on; there was no defence. She was convicted, sentenced and sent to prison.

Is it not enough to make one's heart ache, to think that that girl, still young, is now in prison and lost, unless the grace of God reach her heart?

Should such a girl ever marry, it must be a bad man that would take her; and how much worse he would be to have such a wife!

The other thought is : what a good thing it is to be a good girl !

I am thinking of the little girl that waited on Naaman's wife. Captured ; carried away from home and sold as a slave ; the wonder is that she did not sink down to the level of the people around her. She might have done so ; she might have stolen her mistress' things and hid them ; intending some time to run away and have her liberty, and enjoy her stolen property. But she had better purposes. So far as we know, she was honest, she was truthful, she was faithful, she was kind, she loved God.

Some of you girls will, when you leave school here, go into other families and find other homes.

If a lady should come here asking for a girl for her family, to be a care-taker and companion for her young children, to grow up in her house, to be one of her family, she would want to know first :— Is this girl to be depended on always ? Can I trust her with my little children ? Will she look after them as closely when I am away from home as when I am in her sight and hearing ? If anything goes wrong, will she tell me the truth about it, even if the truth makes her out to be the wrong-doer ? Will she teach my children to tell lies in

order to escape punishment? Or will she be like the little maid that waited on Naaman's wife?

Oh! if you will remember the good and kind things which are said to you here; if you will seek God in your early youth; if you will determine—His hand helping you—to walk in the right way; if you will be faithful wherever you go; if you will be kind to young children in your charge, and be truthful in your speech; if you will be good, and do good, then the blessing of the good God will be upon you by day and by night, and you will be cared for with infinite love and care, and be safe and happy forever.

VII

THE TWO SQUIRRELS

THERE are many things that we do not know, and even if we do know, we cannot understand. Some people seem to think they know everything, for they are ready to talk about every subject, as if they knew all about it. And there are some people that do know a great deal. They have read many books, they have studied diligently, they have talked with many people, they have traveled much, they have lived long. Now ask such a person what is the use of mosquitos, where they come from, how long they live, what they live on? Can your man who knows so much answer your questions? Think of the multitudes of the little creatures which we brush off and kill; and think how few of them ever taste blood.

You plant two little rose bushes in your garden. On the top of one grows a blood-red rose, on the other a snow-white rose. Do you know why one is red and the other white? The same soil nourishes both.

The sky is perfectly clear, not a cloud to be seen.

The wind rushes and tears along, beats down the trees, overthrows houses, drives the sea on the land, and kills and drowns many people. Where does the wind come from? Where does it go to? Who sees the wind? What makes the wind blow? Why don't it blow when there is a dead calm?

A young child, a little girl of six or seven years, is taken sick. She was a picture of health and full of life and strength. She grows worse, and for four months she lies in her little bed, hovering between life and death, blind, deaf, dumb, helpless, not knowing anything. Can anybody explain this? Can the best doctors and nurses?

A young woman, a teacher, of lovely character and excellent mind, becomes sick. Everything possible is done to give her health and strength: all in vain. For twenty years and more she has lain in her bed. When she was taken sick she was a brown-haired young woman. Now she is a thin, white-haired woman. Such patient suffering—such uncomplaining submission! Who can explain this? We know it, but we can't understand it.

We know that we are in the hands of God—our families, our health, our dumb beasts, that we sometimes treat so cruelly (I wonder, do they understand why we do so). Our business is all in the hands of God. We sometimes complain that we

have too much to do, or not enough to do; or it don't rain enough, or it rains too much; or it is too cold, or too hot; and sometimes we complain of God, not in words, but in our thoughts.

Let me tell you a story.*

One day in autumn near sunset, an old gray-headed squirrel climbed up a tree to find a night's lodging. He did not belong there, but lived a little farther off on the same farm. But he had been abroad and was too tired to travel farther. On getting up into the tree he was greatly surprised to see a young squirrel whom he well knew, perched upon a limb, looking hungry, cold and discontented.

"What's the matter, Tela?" said he. "You look as if you had a fit of sickness. What ails you?"

"Why, Pero," said Tela, "I am sick—of everything. Would you think it? Since our last dispute about Mr. Osbourne I have had a desire to know more about him. You said he was a wise and benevolent and good man. I thought he was neither, and I now know I was right and you were wrong. He kind! He wise! He benevolent! I know better."

"But Tela, whose corn have you got laid up this winter for your food, in this tree?" said Pero.

"No thanks to him," said Tela. "He did not

* Rev. Dr. Todd.

give it to me. I had to go to his corn-crib and tug it all the way home, up the hill too."

"Yes, and he saw you carry off an ear one day, and when the boys got the gun to shoot you, he told them not to do so, and called you a young rogue, and wondered how so small a fellow could carry so large an ear of corn; wasn't that kind and benevolent, when you were stealing the corn which he had raised and brought home?"

"He didn't raise it," muttered Tela.

"Who did?" asked Pero.

"It grew itself," muttered Tela with bitterness. "But I'll tell you just how it is: last night I determined to spend this day in watching Mr. Osbourne, to see what he was about for one day; and here I have been all day long without eating or drinking, perched up here in the cold, and I've seen enough, and I declare to you that he is neither wise, kind, nor benevolent."

"Well, what have you seen so dreadful?" asked Pero.

"I got up early and ate my breakfast hastily," said Tela, "and ran up here. But Mr. Osbourne was up and about and had done a great many things first. Then I was so far off that I could not see all that he did. But I've seen enough to make me shudder. There was an old sheep out in the woods

near by, and she had one little lamb; it was all her comfort, she was very fond of it. What should he do but go and take that little lamb from its poor mother and carry it home and shut it up out of her sight. The poor mother has been bleating and crying all day."

"Go on," said Pero.

"Then I saw him go to the dove-cote; there were two beautiful young doves, their necks were green and their eyes were bright and they were just ready to fly. The old doves doted upon them. What do you think? Mr. Osbourne took the beautiful things in his hand and in a moment wrung both their necks off. You call that kindness, do you?"

"I listen," said Pero.

"Then I saw him lead his old horse out of the barn and put a rope around his neck and twist it up with a stick till he was almost choked and then he drove a sharp iron in his neck and out spurted the blood near a pailful; that was his faithful old horse who had been his servant so long. Was this your goodness?"

"Go on," said Pero.

"Well, after dinner he came out of the house with a gun in his hand, which he loaded with a tremendous charge. I trembled lest he should point

it at me. Then he whistled for his dog Echo, the beautiful dog Echo—only I hate dogs, they are always chasing us squirrels—and when the dog came up with a confiding eye and a wag of the tail, as much as to say, ‘Well, Master,’ he raised the gun coolly and shot poor Echo dead. The boys have been crying ever since.”

“Anything more,” asked Pero.

“More—yes, I shudder to relate it. His little boy came running to him in the forenoon, crying. What do you think Mr. Osbourne did? He took off the little fellow’s coat and whipped out his knife and in a moment cut a piece of the little fellow’s arm; how it bled; how the poor child cried. And this was his father. And this is your kind Mr. Osbourne.”

“Have you done?” asked Pero.

“No, I have one thing more,” said Tela. “Doesn’t Mr. Osbourne eat rye?”

“Yes, he does,” said Pero, “rye bread.”

“Well, a man came ten miles to-day and asked Mr. Osbourne for some rye, said it was very scarce and he would pay any price for it. But no, your precious good man wouldn’t let him have as much as I could hold in my paw. But as soon as the man had gone, I saw him go out in the lot and throw away his rye by the bag-full.

"Are you through with your grievances?" said Pero.

"Yes, and I should think I had seen enough for one day," said Tela.

"Now then, hear me patiently. You are young, Tela—"

"Not so very young," said Tela. "I am almost five months old."

"Ay!" said Pero. "But I am old, I have seen sixty moons, and have seen a great deal, thought a great deal and learned a great deal. You are a poor little squirrel—"

"Not so very little," said Tela, cocking up his tail. "I'm almost as big as my grandmother."

"You are a poor little squirrel," said Pero, "and can see but indistinctly what Mr. Osbourne does; but all you have told me now only goes to confirm me that he is a wise, kind and benevolent man. Shall I explain myself, Tela?"

"Do so," said Tela, "for I wonder what you can say for him."

"Well, in regard to the lamb: that old sheep had got out of the fold and had wandered out into the woods with her lamb. She had no food and the nights are growing cold, the dogs are prowling round to devour them. Last night several sheep were devoured in the neighborhood by dogs. Mr.

Osbourne has been trying for a long time to get this sheep back to the fold with the rest of the flock, but she would not come. He has now taken the lamb and carried it home. The mother will bleat all day, perhaps, but by night she will find where it is, and will go into the fold and be housed and fed and protected. Was this act unkind ?”

“No,” said Tela. “But the killing of the doves, those young doves.”

“About two miles from here,” said Pero, “is a poor sick man ; he has been very sick, and the doctor said he must now have a little food. So Mr. Osbourne dressed the doves and carried them over to him, and the poor man is now tasting them, and in his heart blessing the kindness of Mr. Osbourne. Was this deed unkind ?”

“No,” said Tela. “But what do you say to his hurting his poor old horse so ? The faithful creature almost bled to death !”

“The old horse gnawed his halter last night and got out, opened the door to the corn-crib and ate till he nearly killed himself. This morning Mr. Osbourne found him nearly dead ; and he must either be bled freely or be a cripple for life. So he bled him at once, and the old fellow is already relieved and feels better and will probably not be a

cripple. So you see this also was wise, kind and benevolent."

"Yes, but shooting that dog; coolly shooting poor Echo. So affectionate and confiding," said Tela.

"True," said Pero, "and few masters ever loved a dog more. But some days ago Echo was bitten by a mad dog, and to-day he has shown symptoms of madness, and so, to prevent his cattle and family and neighbors being bitten, Mr. Osbourne shot his favorite. He loaded his gun heavily so as to put him out of pain in an instant; it did so. The dog never moved a limb after the flash of the gun. Here was wisdom and kindness and benevolence."

"Well, you have the strangest way of explaining things," said Tela. "I wonder what you will say about cutting his child's arm—it must be a difficult thing to explain that."

"Not at all," said Pero. "Mr. Osbourne noticed this morning that Echo acted strangely, wouldn't eat, and ran away from the pump. But he did not think much about it till the child came running to him saying Echo had snapped at him and bitten his arm. It then flashed upon him that Echo must be going mad, and that his child must die with that most horrible of all deaths, the hydrophobia. So he snatched his knife and cut out the place bitten,

and thus he has probably saved the life of his child. He then ran and shut up his dog till he could kill him, as you saw him do. Now was not this deed, which you thought so mysterious and cruel, wise and kind and benevolent?"

Tela nodded his head as much as to say, "Yes."

"Now, as to the rye," said Pero. "You said that Mr. Osbourne would not let the man have as much as you could hold in your paw. The man would not have thanked him for that much! He was a rich distiller who buys up all the rye in the region and thus raises the price for poor people by making it scarce. Then he makes it into whiskey, which he sells to poor drunkards (and moderate drinkers), and thus he spreads woe and ruin in all the region; and the more drunkards he can make and the more families he can ruin the better is his business. So Mr. Osbourne would not sell him his grain for such a purpose. But you forgot to mention that he gave away a bushel to a poor widow whose little boy I saw drawing it home on his little wagon. Then as to his throwing it away as you call it, he was sowing it in the field where it will grow and produce another crop next year. Do you see anything out of the way—anything in all this which is not kind, wise and benevolent?"

"No," said Tela, drawing down his tail very meekly.

"And you have been watching him all day and perverting his acts and calling him unkind and foolish and wicked, when it was all owing to your ignorance. Now let us go down into your hole and make a supper of Mr. Osbourne's corn which you have stolen, and grumbled about, because he did not raise it and bring it to your house."

Why do I tell you this story? Not merely to amuse or entertain you, though I don't object to this, even in a church, on Children's Day. But I have another reason, and a better one. From this little parable, if it may be called so, I want you to learn some lessons about God. I want you to believe that God knows everything, that He is wise, benevolent and good; that things which happen (as we say) do not happen by chance: that God has plans as to what He does and what He will do: that He carries out these plans, and brings to pass His purposes in His own way; and that if these ways sometimes seem dark and mysterious to us, it is because, like the squirrel Tela, we can't see all that God does or understand all His ways. But we may be sure they are all right.

VIII

PATRIOTISM

THE love of country, which leads one to obey its laws and to be willing at all times to serve its best interests, is Patriotism.

The love of country is universal. That is, all people love the land where they were born and reared. No matter how rough or wild or barren it may be, the native loves the land, its forests, its level plains, its mountains, its valleys, its rivers. He may go away while young and spend the most of his life elsewhere, but he never forgets the place where he was born, where his parents lived.

This love of country prevails even among people who are not satisfied with the government under which they live. Rulers and governments are overthrown, but the people, high or low, rich or poor, love their native land. All men respect that feeling in others.

The most unhappy of all men are those who, like Benedict Arnold, have deliberately betrayed their country. He proved false to Washington, his best friend, and traitorously endeavored to surrender

West Point, one of the most important of our forts, to the British. The very men who paid Arnold for his treachery despised him. England gave him a shelter, but not a home. It is said that when Talleyrand, the distinguished French statesman, met Arnold in London, he said to him after some conversation about the United States, "I am sure that you must be an American."

Arnold replied, "You are right; but I am probably the only American living who can say, 'I have not one friend in America! No, not one!'—I am Benedict Arnold!"

There are special and peculiar reasons why the people of the United States should love their country.

The government is Republican, under a written Constitution. The great principle of a republic is that people have a right to choose their own rulers, and ought to do it. Whether so much liberty is perfectly safe for all people is open to question; but it is a fact here, and if people would only behave themselves properly there would be no danger in it. There is no broader, fairer land than this; and under that divine Providence, without whose gracious aid we could not have created and cannot maintain our Constitution, if we do our duty we have nothing to fear for the present or to dread in

the future. It is true that there are evil men among us, Anarchists and Socialists, driven from Europe, with no fear of God before their eyes, who seek to undermine the foundations of all government; but if every American is true to his obligations, these evil men will have no power to do us a lasting injury. The country will be what we choose to make it; in other words, it will be a reflection of ourselves.

What is the difference between the Constitution and the laws? The Constitution is the great charter or supreme law of the land, under which and within which all other laws are made. No law that Congress may pass is of any force, if it be declared by the Supreme Court to be contrary to the Constitution.

If for any reason our Constitution does not meet the requirements of the present day, there is a way to amend it; although that way is so hedged round that it cannot be altered without careful consideration. As a matter of fact the Constitution has been altered or amended fifteen times since its adoption; and will be again, as often as the needs of the people require it.

Under the Constitution, the people choose their own law-makers. Congress is composed of two houses or chambers; the members of the Senate

serve for six years and are chosen by the legislatures of the States, two from each State; the members of the House of Representatives serve for two years and are elected by the people. The Senate is supposed to be the more conservative body, not so easily moved by popular clamor; while the Representatives, chosen directly and recently by the voters, are supposed to know the immediate wants of the people. The thought of two houses grew probably from the two houses of the British Parliament, the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

The Declaration of Independence says "that all men are created equal;" but we can see that they are not equal in all respects. Some are endowed with the highest mental and physical gifts and distinctions; some are strong and others weak. Some have inherited or acquired riches, while others have to labor diligently to make a bare living. Some have inherited superior intelligence, gentle manners and noble instincts, which, in a general sense, we sometimes call culture; and others have to acquire all these for themselves. So there is no such thing as absolute natural equality; but before the law, in the enjoyment of our rights, and in the undisturbed possession of what we have, we are all equal. This is what the Declaration of Independ-

ence means by equality. All places are open to all. All may take part in governing the country or in choosing those who govern it; all have the same power to demand justice under the country's laws.

Now what is the effect on the people of all this freedom of thought and action? It is not to be denied that there are some disadvantages. There is danger that we may overestimate the individual in his personal rights, and not give due weight to the people as a community. There is danger of selfishness, especially among young people. There is not as much respect and reverence for age, and for those above us, and for women, as there ought to be. Young people are very rude at times, when they should always be polite to their superiors in age or position.

But in spite of these defects, the result of our training under our republican institutions is to make men. There is a wider, freer, fuller development of what is in man. Man is more likely to become self-reliant, self-dependent, vigorous, skillful, here; and consciously or unconsciously he is preparing himself for anything to which he may be called.

But let it always be remembered that patriotism does not consist in mere idle boasting of the

superior advantages and resources of one's country. We must remember that bigness is not necessarily greatness. Greatness depends not on what we have, but on what we are. A true patriot will prove to the world, by obedience to law, by the purity of his character and conduct, and by the loftiness of his motives, that he has the true glory of his country at heart. He will keep the honor of his country, like the honor of his family, above reproach ; and, if necessary, he will defend it with his life.

IX

THE DANCING GIRL

MANY hundreds of years ago, in a great banqueting hall, a king is keeping his birthday feast. He has gathered his great men—the leaders of his army, his most distinguished princes. Only men are present. All the luxuries that money could procure, in a most luxurious age, were provided in abundance. Wine was more abundant and more freely used than water. The character of the king was abominable. He had enticed his brother's wife from her husband, and married her—his own niece; and his true wife had fled from his house because he was about to bring another woman there. He did bring this woman, whom he called his wife, who had a daughter. The mother, Herodias, had a grudge against John the Baptist—for he had denounced her husband, Herod—saying it was not lawful for him to have her, his brother Philip's wife. She hated John—Herod feared him, for he had good reason to believe John to be a man of God. The wicked mother waited for her opportunity of revenge. It came on the

king's birthday, while he was at the feast. The guests were full of the good things of the table—they were drinking heavily, they were excited, their evil passions were inflamed: and just at the moment that the queen thought was the right time, she sent her own daughter, not a professional dancer, but her own daughter, the king's step-daughter; she sent this girl in to dance before these half-drunken men.

Of the character of that dance, I will only say that it was shameless beyond description—that under the influence of the dance music, the figure of the dancer was writhed and twisted until every limb and muscle of the body was in active motion. This still further loosens the dress, never in the East worn close to the person as with us, until at length it becomes detached from the body and falls to the ground; and the dancer stands as no woman should ever stand in the presence of others.

The object was accomplished; the dance was successful. The half-drunken king, inflamed to frenzy by the dancing, asked her what she would have as a reward. For a moment it would seem that, with some remnant of modesty, she may have hung her head in doubt or shame; but when the king repeated his offer, "even to the half of his kingdom," and swore a great oath to do it, she

ran out to her mother, told her what had happened, and asked her what she should demand; and she told her to ask for the head of John the Baptist. Returning immediately and hastily to the king, lest he should repent his foolish pledge, she boldly made her demand. The king had already regretted his wicked promise to the dancing girl; he was exceedingly sorry, and perhaps, if he had had the least encouragement from his vile company, he would have recalled the words; but it was an oath, and because of the oath and because of the witnesses, and afraid of their ridicule, he kept his word. He sent to the prison where John was confined, he beheaded him—and the head was brought to the damsel on a large dish, and she gave it to her mother.

The name of this shameless young girl is not given in the Scriptures, but history tells us it was Salome; the name of another and oh, how different a woman, who brought sweet spices to anoint the body of her Lord.

See what evil this bold, bad girl did.

I turn to another and far more pleasant story. It is also that of a young girl, living about the same time. She was a servant girl in a Christian family, in the city of Jerusalem.

One night, in the early spring, the family were

sitting up unusually late. It is something very trying to servants who have to rise early in the morning, when the family keep late hours. Much grumbling and ill temper follow. I don't think this girl grumbled. But there was company in the house on that night, a large company, and they stayed very late, indeed until after midnight. It was not a gay company, with music and dancing, eating and drinking; it was a prayer meeting, and it held very late. The company seemed unwilling to break up. They had come together to offer special prayers in behalf of one of their dear friends, who was lying in prison expecting to be put to death the next day. It was then past midnight, a Sunday night, and Easter Sunday. This little girl's duty was to tend the door. You know her name now? What does the name mean? Rosebud.

The meeting was going on; some one may have been praying, or they may all have been singing, or one of the company may have been recalling the words of our Lord, when suddenly a knock is heard at the door! Strange! at this time of night—who can it be, who is abroad so late? The little maid goes to the door, not to see, but to listen. Not to see, for it was dark night. Still it was moonlight; we know this, unless it was cloudy; but there were no lamps in the streets, and the moonlight

makes deep, dark shadows. She went to the door to hearken, to listen, because she dare not open the door until she knew who was there. How could she know unless she could see? He who stood outside and knocked, spoke when she called, "Who's there?" She knew the voice. The words he spoke were probably very few—"Please to let me in," or something like that. Did she let him in? No—Why? She was too much startled—too much excited to do that; she ran back and told the company that it was Peter. It was very natural for her to do this—she was only a child, a young girl; and she may have been a little frightened.

But these good people who had been praying for Peter's life—for his escape or deliverance from prison—had not faith to believe that their prayers would be answered. While they were praying, the angel of God had gone to the prison—had smote Peter on his side, for he was asleep—had raised him up—had struck off the chains that bound him to the hands of the two soldiers—had told him to put on his coat and his shoes, and had then led him out of the prison—the doors opening of their own accord—and, after walking with him through one or two streets, had left him. All this was going on; so God answered the prayers of His people, but they did not know it.

They did not believe the little girl; they said she was mad, beside herself, even when she said, over and over again, "It is Peter—I know his voice." "No!" they said, "it can't be Peter—how could he escape from the prison—it must be his angel." For it was a common belief in those days that every man, woman and child had a guardian angel, and they probably thought that Peter was already put to death, and that his angel had come to let them know of it.

But Peter kept on knocking—and at last they opened the door, and took him in. They were indeed astonished—they must have crowded round him, asking him questions, wondering and perhaps reproaching themselves for their want of faith; when he, making a sign to them to be still, to be silent, told them the whole story.

But what about the little girl, Rhoda? Nothing more—she was only a little servant girl—and the thing she did seems now a very little thing, but her name was put in the Bible for this one act.

Look on these walls. Do you see these pictures? They are the portraits of good men—dead and living—who have served the Lord in this house by helping the children who have come to school here—making their young lives brighter and better and happier;—but these pictures will fade and decay—

these walls will be torn down or crumble to dust, and all these names will be forgotten! But the name of little Rhoda, who knew Peter's voice, and let him in, will endure forever; and you will see her in heaven, if you get there.

Salome, or Rhoda—which?

I come down to the history of late times, and tell you of a woman, one hundred and fifty years ago the wife of an emperor whose dominions were wider than those of any sovereign in the world. She was Catherine, Empress of Russia. She was a German woman, of strong character and great accomplishments, who allowed nothing to come between her and her ambition. She had her husband thrown into prison and strangled there—(and he was no better than herself)—she did all she could to enlarge the boundaries and increase the power of Russia. She formed alliances with other nations, and broke them at her pleasure—she had no hesitation in putting to death any of her subjects, of whatever rank, if they interfered with her purpose or stood in her way. She was the principal agent in destroying the government of Poland, and blotting that kingdom from the map of Europe; and in addition to all this, she was a slave of sensuality and vanity, and cruel. It is hardly too much to say that she was a



monster of iniquity, personal, and official as a sovereign ; and she finally died in great agony.

This, however, is too painful. So I turn away for a moment, in closing, to tell you of a girl who worked in a cotton mill, whose companions sometimes called her "the gentle Mary." She was a Roman Catholic girl. She was very tender about sick people, and spent what she could spare of her evenings, after mill hours, in visiting them. She had a way of speaking to the sick that did them good. Not that she was a great speaker. Often she would only say to them, "Jesus loves you." Sometimes she just pressed their hands. Sometimes she bent over them and kissed them. She never went on these visits of kindness without taking something she thought the sick people would like. It would be a little jelly one time, and a little scent-bottle next time, and now and then it would be a flower or a little wine. The door was open for Mary into many a home, where these things were to be had for the asking. And it is true also that Mary was as gentle and loving in her home as in the homes of the sick. What a contrast !

The Empress of Russia—Mary, the mill girl—
which ?

X

SUNDAY EVENING AT ST. MARGARET'S

ONE Sunday evening in summer, I found myself at St. Margaret's, Westminster, London. The hour for the evening services was seven o'clock, while still broad daylight, but long before the hour the church was filled with eager listeners and worshippers. Happily a seat was given me quite near the pulpit. When the hour arrived, the great procession of choristers and clergymen swept into the aisle and up to the choir, followed by the rector, who took his seat also in a choir stall. Then the service began, so largely choral, the fine voices of the boys filling the great church with their sweet music.

When the time came for the sermon, the rector left his seat in the choir and threaded his way through the crowd which filled even the unseated places, ascended the pulpit and announced his text:

“I will arise and go to my father.”

It was a sermon to the young, and the preacher was, of all men of our time, the most successful

preacher to boys. So I counted myself happy—I, who have so often spoken in this place to boys—I counted myself happy in the privilege of hearing so distinguished a preacher on such a subject.

I wish I could reproduce that sermon; I wish I could give it to you word for word as he gave it to his great audience; for it was so plain, so appropriate, so simple in its language, and so direct and personal in its application, that every word of it might have been appropriately spoken to you Girard College boys.

I am not able, however, to do this; I do not now remember how he treated his text; only it was not an exposition of the parable of the prodigal son from which the text is taken.

If I shall fail to interest you in what I say this morning, you may be sure that I am not repeating the sermon I heard: while if you are interested in what I say, you are quite at liberty if you choose to suppose that I am unconsciously repeating Dr. Farrar's sermon.

The picture is not an uncommon one. It is that of a boy, or young man, who has strayed away from his father's house. He may have left home with his parent's consent, or he may have taken this step without their knowledge. A wilful boy sometimes finds the restraints of a good home so

intolerable that in an evil hour he breaks through these restraints; he turns his back on his good home and on his best friends, stifles his conscience and rushes out into the world, so ignorant of what is before him, and so ill prepared for it, that he is an easy prey to the many temptations that at once assail him, whether from the evil-disposed and wicked companions that surround him, or the determined wickedness of his own heart that is bent on self-indulgence.

Then begins a course of open, unrestrained, undisguised sin. The barriers are all broken down, the home voices are unheard, conscience has ceased to warn against the approach of sin or remonstrate against the continuance in it, and the helpless boy or young man is at sea alone in a boat which he is entirely unable to manage.

At length, when almost perished, he is seen and picked up and set ashore—far from home—broken in spirit, ruined in fortune, ashamed of himself, among strangers and utterly helpless.

Now at last he begins to think, and the more he thinks the more unhappy he becomes. He has lost all, his good home, his kind friends, the associates of his better days; he turned his back on them all, he did not care for them, how can he hope they will care for him: that they will even want to

see him again. His heart-broken parents, his pure sisters; can he hope they have remembered him except to despise him? For they have heard of his bad ways, his evil companions; his very presence will be a pollution to his home. No, he is too far gone for recovery, his regrets for his past life are not yet repentance, they are only remorse and shame that he has sunk so low, that he is such a degraded creature. So in utter despair he looks about to see what he can do. He is treated with the scorn and contempt so richly deserved—no one cares for him—he is such a loathsome creature. He finds employment of the meanest, lowest kind; it is better than nothing and only better than nothing; but he soon sickens of that, and in his utter despair and with some revival of conscience he breaks out in that cry, the only good words that have escaped his lips for many a day:

“I will arise and go to my father.”

Now, if this means sincere repentance, not like that of Saul, the king, nor Achan, the thief, nor Judas, the traitor, but like that of Job and David, and the woman who washed the feet of our Lord, it means that the Father will meet the returning penitent with the fullest and freest forgiveness.

Do you not sometimes miss one and another of the older boys from your section or from some

other section near or next to yours? Naturally, you suppose that, good places having been procured for them, they have gone to find occupation and a living elsewhere. But you see them again Sunday after Sunday at chapel, where they come to report until their connection with the College ceases, when they receive their outfit and have their indentures cancelled, and come to the college again only rarely, on Founder's Day and occasionally at other times to see friends. This is going on all the time; and I am, doubtless, speaking to some boys to-day, who, before I come again, will have gone from the College to find their places and their work in life.

But at other times boys disappear whom you never see again. A little while ago three left us who will never come back. They will never again pass through the lodge, they will never enter these grounds again. No Founder's Day or any other day will ever bring them back. I do not give their names, though they are all recorded. Where are they? They are gone—without cancellation of indentures, with no outfit; they were sent out never to return. Why? The offense is so gross that I cannot even name it. But in the judgment of the officers, these boys were no longer fit companions for the rest. And this judgment having been re-

ported to the Directors, these unhappy boys were sent away.

For Mr. Girard in his Will most distinctly directs that "should it unfortunately happen that any of the orphans admitted into the college shall from malconduct have become unfit companions for the rest, and mild means of reformation prove abortive, they shall no longer remain therein."

The Directors having carried out these provisions of the Will and sent these boys away, have not thought it well to publish their names even to you; but I feel it my duty to state the fact to you, so that you all may know the consequences of such misconduct. These misdeeds proceed from corrupt thoughts. The thoughts we cannot deal with. God and your own conscience only know your thoughts. But when these thoughts lead to acts and deeds, and one boy inflicts grievous and dreadful wrong upon another boy, there is but one thing to do; he must go; he is not fit to live with you.

If you choose to blacken and defile your own imagination and indulge depraved thoughts and so ruin your own soul, God help you, for man cannot; and if in defiance of these warnings and many others you have received, you lead others astray and wrong them also, you must bear the conse-

quences—separation from this school. Then what!

Take one such boy; see what he has lost. He is disgraced, his friends are plunged into the deepest sorrow. These College gates close upon him, never to be entered again. He is only half educated, but this is the end of his school life. He might have had the full benefit of this College course and been graduated with honor, fairly well equipped for the struggle of life. But the opportunity is gone. If well-educated boys find it so hard to make their way in life, what chance has a half-educated boy?

He cannot refer to his College, it is no Alma Mater to him, glad to shield and comfort him; he cannot refer to his teacher or his prefect, he cannot refer to the President or to any Director, for the truth must be told, "the boy made himself an unfit companion for the rest" and could not remain among them; he cannot conceal the fact that he is a Girard boy, this is sure to be known.

Who will take such a boy into his employment, who will give him work? If he has no mother or other relatives, what respectable family will take him as a boarder?

Who will trust such a boy? For if he has so conducted himself here as to be an unfit associate for the other boys, who will trust him when he

leaves here? If his moral character is so bad, who will knowingly place him among other boys at work in shops, stores or offices?

Who will be his friends? Boys of the same character. Then the end is not far off, and you know what the end will be! Boys of his own age whom he knew in College, who left honorably and who are doing well in the city (there are hundreds of such), will they befriend him? If they know his history they will be afraid or ashamed to acknowledge him; they may think it their duty to give him the cold shoulder! You know what that means.

We shudder to think of the possibilities of such a case. It is so easy to go down an evil way. Such ways are always down grade. What will become of such a boy? Will any hand ever be stretched out to save him? Who can be expected to follow him and remonstrate with him?

Will he ever come to reflection? Will he ever "come to himself?" When, after giving himself up to every wicked thought and act, when he has reached the lowest depths of degradation and sin, will he ever turn and say, "I will arise and go to my father?" Ah! who can answer such a question?

Why do I say such earnest words to you? Because I think it possible that there are boys here now who may be on the verge of just such a course

of conduct as has led to the separation from the school of the three boys I have referred to. And I wish to warn you most earnestly, most solemnly, to stop, to turn away from hearing or saying such improper words, from reading such improper words in books and papers, from indulging such improper thoughts. You cannot do such things and be innocent.

If unhappily you are already tainted; if you have already done wrong, don't talk with others about it, don't think about it, don't despair of the recovery of your lost purity; but say to yourself from the deepest convictions of your mind and heart, "I will arise and go to my father," for He and He only can save you.

I know that many a manly and innocent and high-minded boy is listening to me now; many a boy who is determined to lead a true life, and I thank God for it: for I know many who have been graduated here, some of whom are about me in my daily work—honorable, Christian boys and young men, who would honor any position. And you who hear me now in these closing words, you may so live, while in the College and after you leave it, that your lives shall be a blessing to all with whom your lot may be cast.

XI

SELFISHNESS VERSUS UNSELFISHNESS.

A TRAVELER on foot, between two cities, was waylaid, robbed of his clothing, beaten almost to death, and then left to perish by the roadside. Presently a man, an ecclesiastic, a churchman, passed along, and saw him, and with the most perfect indifference crossed over to the other side of the rough mountain path, and went on his journey as if he had seen nothing of it, as if nothing had happened. Then another, a lay brother, not a clergyman, but one having much to do with the church, came by, looked at the sufferer, probably heard his groans, possibly considered whether he should do anything to help him, whether he could spare the time and the means, whether he could interrupt his journey; then he too, with utter and supreme selfishness, crossed over to the other side of the road, and went his way. Then came a foreigner riding in the saddle; he saw the wretched sufferer, he stopped, he dismounted, he examined the case, he covered the naked and bruised and bleeding form, he applied such remedies as he had

with him, oil and wine, then he lifted him on his own beast, and so carried him to the nearest public house, walking by his side. Then he helped him down, carried him in, spent the night with him, told the inn-keeper to take all proper care of him, paying the charges in advance, and saying that, if that was not enough, he would pay the balance the next time he came that way. The bruised and bleeding sufferer was a perfect stranger to his helper, but he belonged to the brotherhood of man. No question was asked as to his business, his nationality, his religion, or even as to his name. It was enough to know that he was in sore need and could not help himself.

I have told you this story in other language than that of the Scriptures, not because mine is better, but because it is more in detail; and I tell it because I think it furnishes a good example of the lesson I wish to teach, which is this—that all human conduct between man and man may be considered under one of three heads: indifference, selfishness, benevolence.

In other words, I wish to give a lesson on selfishness and unselfishness. Few, if any, subjects are more important. It has to do with every person and every-day life; for we are all in contact with other people every day—now and always. The

Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you," is the best of all rules.

The Pagan teaching was, "Don't do to thy neighbor what is hateful to thyself:" that is, it taught what one should not do, not what one should do. "That," said the Pagan, "was the whole law;" but it was really only one-half.

In the story I have given, there was a man in a dying condition lying by the roadside. The first passer-by, a so-called religious man, hardly paused as he came up to him in the narrow road, but treated him with the utmost unconcern. To this traveler it mattered not whether the man lived or died; he was no friend or acquaintance of his; he had never seen him before, he did not care whether he would ever see him again. So far as we know, he did not care whether he was yet alive, or whether he was already dead. This, I take it, is an instance of absolute indifference. All the impulses of a common humanity would have led him to stop and inquire whether he could help the victim; but he thought nothing, he said nothing, he did nothing.

Indifference means, "I don't care. I have no sympathy with others. I am not interested in other people's feelings. I am trying to get all the pleasure I can out of everything, without caring

whether other people are put to discomfort or not. I will smoke if it pleases me, in places where other people are, without asking or caring whether they are annoyed by it. I will talk as loudly as I please, without considering whether other people are disturbed by it. If I dress like a gentleman, and look like a gentleman, why should I think about the comfort of other people with whom I am thrown in contact?"

So in these, and in many other ways, which I do not care to speak of in detail, indifference to the comfort or feelings of other people is a very common fault. The line between indifference and selfishness is sometimes so fine that it is difficult to define it.

Selfishness is exclusive attention to one's interest, even when such conduct is known to be disagreeable or unjust to other people; and it finds expression in such words as—"Every one for himself. Take care of number one." Or in acts such as hurrying for the best seats in public conveyances.

Once, at a railroad station, I saw a group of men and women who had just alighted from a train, the men in the regalia of their order. They stopped a street car, the men stepped in and secured seats for themselves, leaving their female companions to

get in and get seated as best they could. And these men were called Knights Templar.

This feeling, selfishness, finds expression also in getting the place nearest the light in the evening, or nearest the stove in a room at night in winter, or the most comfortable chair; or grabbing the biggest apple or the best piece of cake offered; or in any statement made, taking credit to one's self for other people's thoughts; being jealous of praise given to other people; or in saying bitter and cutting things, or in not caring for the sick, the poor, the lame, the blind, or in being envious of other people's success, and in not caring how much other people suffer if only we escape; not caring who is disturbed or made uncomfortable, if only we are not.

It is easy to give definitions of these words—indifference—selfishness; benevolence or unselfishness: but these, clear and distinct as they may be, are soon forgotten.

Let me, instead, give some illustrations of everyday life and experience.

Indifference sees two children fighting in the street, and passes on without a thought that it is wrong, and caring nothing about the result, whether one or the other, or both, get seriously hurt, or what the wrongdoing was that led to the

trouble. Indifference passes on and forgets the scene in a moment.

Selfishness stops, looks on, has pleasure in the sight, gives words of encouragement to one side or other, perhaps is ready to make or take a bet on the result, and does not care how much either child is hurt and bruised, if his champion is victorious, or if he wins his bet.

Benevolence, or unselfishness, comes up, is shocked at the brutality of two young children fighting; is grieved at the anger, hatred and violence which have led to the strife; is distressed at the sight of two bruised and bleeding young faces, and at once interferes to put an end to the quarrel.

Indifference reads an account of a prize fight at a distance with all its horrid details as given in most newspapers, and is almost sorry he was not there to see it.

Selfishness subscribes to a fund to bring the prize-fighters to his neighborhood, buys tickets at a large price for good seats on a stand where he can get the best view, bets on the result, and enjoys the dreadful sight of two men beating each other to death for money.

Benevolence, or unselfishness, for the sake of our common humanity, does what he can to keep away the wretches; and failing in this, demands the in-

terference of the law to prevent the fight, and deplores the effect of this wickedness on the public morals.

Indifference is hired to drive a cart, carrying dirt from a cellar which men are digging for a new house. The horse or mule is no longer young, is not over-fed, is over-worked in dragging a heavy load up a steep incline. The driver urges him unmercifully until the task is done—without a thought that the poor creature has any feelings at all.

Selfishness beats the horse or mule with a heavy stick—on the body or over the head, choosing the tenderest places—often kicking him under the belly—going past water-troughs without giving the beast a chance to drink; never patting him; never covering him in cold weather, while waiting for his load; never giving him a kind word or a bit of grass or even a specked apple.

Benevolence, or unselfishness, treats his beast kindly, does not over-load him; when the way is steep, encourages him with some stirring words; covers him when he is standing still; pats him on the head, smooths his hair, gives him drink when needed, talks much to him, never strikes him when he can help it, and gives him good food and a good bed and good rubbing at night.

Selfishness, to be "in the fashion," a fashion which is too absurd to continue long, cuts the tail of a horse within a very few inches of the body, thus depriving the noble animal of the means of protection which his Maker has given him against flies and other insects, and dooms him to torture for life.

Unselfishness, or benevolence, shrinks from this barbarity, gives the horse the kindest, most considerate treatment; and when it is too old for service, provides good pasture for him in summer—a dry stable, with abundant and wholesome food, in winter; and when the animal can no longer enjoy life, puts him to death in the least painful manner.

Selfishness catches a fly, pins it to the desk, and watches with pleasure its writhings in pain and its vain struggles for life and liberty. Unselfishness rebukes this cruelty and pleads for mercy.

Selfishness sits for hours in a boat, or on the shore, fishing, not for food, but for sport only, to see how many fish can be caught in a given time. Many of the fish caught are thrown in the bottom of the boat or on the ground, to writhe and gasp and die in untold agony.

Unselfishness fishes for food only. What are caught are either instantly killed or dropped back again into the water.

Selfishness shoots at pigeons as they are let loose from the cage, not for food, but to see how many birds can be brought down in a given number of shots.

Indifference sees a poor half-starved dog or cat crouching for shelter in some retired place and passes on without a thought of helping the poor creature, and never thinks of it again.

Selfishness sees the poor thing trying to hide from observation, begins at once to pick up stones to kill or wound it, and keeps on his evil work until he has killed the poor creature or driven it to flight.

Benevolence, or unselfishness, sees the frightened animal in its wretchedness and misery, goes to it at once, helps it out of its hiding-place, tries in some way to relieve its suffering, and, if nothing else can be done for it, endeavors to secure for it at least a painless death.

Selfishness hunts the deer and the buffalo, not merely or chiefly for food or for the skin, but for the pleasure of killing the huge animal and bragging over the exploit.

Selfishness, unchecked, results in cruelty of the basest, the most dastardly character. It leads a man, for the mere pleasure of drink and the excitement that follows, to drink to excess, to become

drunk ; and then, while beside himself, to go home and beat his wife and children to death, or at least make their lives miserable beyond description.

Selfishness sits at his desk in school idly, listlessly, not studying the lesson, not doing the example, nor watching the blackboard as the chalk brings out the words or the figures, the thoughts wandering to the ends of the earth, caring nothing for the opportunity of learning, not thinking of the passing hours and days which can never come back, the loss of which cannot be repaired. Self-denial, application and industry—now is the time to exert these and make the best use of the time ; but love of ease, love of pleasure prevail, and the opportunity is gone.

Selfishness is a young man, with a fine open countenance, lounging about, intent on pleasure, caring little or nothing for the future, satisfied with the present if he is not annoyed in any way, not thinking or caring for what is called success if only he can have plenty of fun ; an amiable, thoughtless rollicking young fellow, caring only for himself in whatever aims or purposes he may have, if indeed he has any.

Self-denial is a young fellow who is already convinced that he has his own way to make in the world ; no matter how he has learned the fact. He

stands erect and looks ahead. He has a clear eye, a strong face, full of determination; but also bright, hopeful, cheerful. He knows that the struggle will be hard and long, and that everything will depend on courage, steadfastness and perseverance. If, with all these, he does not win the prize he seeks, he will at least have the consciousness that he has done his best, and is not therefore to be blamed if he does not get what he wants. He will comfort himself with the thought that there are other fields for the prosecution of vigorous business, and that he may do better in another trial.

Selfishness, whose mother is a widow with other children, and with very moderate means, is educated as carefully and thoroughly as these means will allow, and when old enough to marry, forgets or is indifferent to his obligations to aid the other members of the family; is attracted by a pretty face, and not much behind it, marries, and ever after contributes nothing whatever to the support of his mother, who is still struggling laboriously to take care of the other children.

Self-denial, in another family, whose mother also is a widow with many children, he being the eldest, determines that he will at least not be a charge upon the family; goes to sea, endures all the hardships of a seaman in a sailing vessel; tries to make up

for the want of an education of the schools by self-education; saves his wages until his return, gives them all to his mother, goes off again, makes voyage after voyage, goes around the world, rises from the place of common sailor to second mate, to first mate, then to be captain, many years passing while this is going on; always returning and giving his money to his mother—denying himself what most sailors desire—a snug harbor at last, with wife and children, and all for the sake of his mother and sisters and brothers, whom he tenderly loved.

*Unselfishness, or benevolence, on some cold winter evening, returns from the business of the day to his home, where the comforts of life are all around him. He draws up his stuffed arm-chair by the side of the glowing fire which beams and brightens upon the scene in his parlor. A new and entertaining book is in his hand, and refreshments are by his side upon the table. Here he may sit hour after hour, enjoying these means of comfort and happiness, carried away by the book to distant and different scenes, from which he returns now and then to listen a moment to the roaring of the wintry wind, or the beating of the snow upon his windows. If he has a quiet conscience, he may find much happiness in this, especially if gratitude to God, as the

* Jacob Abbott.

Giver of such comforts, and as his kind Protector and Friend, warms his heart and quickens his sensibilities. Here he may sit hour after hour, until the moon has made her steady way through the clouds and storms of the sky, high into the heavens.

But still, though this is enjoyment, there is another way of spending an hour of the evening which would also afford enjoyment, though of a different kind. The book is laid aside, the arm-chair is pushed back, he packs his fruit and refreshments in a little basket, muffles himself as warmly as possible in cap and coat, and goes out into the storm.

The brick sidewalk is half concealed by the drifts of the snow, among which he makes his slippery way until he turns down into a narrow court, and stops at one of its humble houses. It is not, however, the home of poverty. There is comfort and plenty under this roof, on a different scale entirely from that which he has left at home, though perhaps not at all inferior in respect to the actual enjoyment they afford.

The mother who welcomes him is a widow, and the daily labor of her hands procures for her all that is necessary for her wants, and much besides, which she enjoys highly as luxuries. She enjoys them more highly, perhaps, than he does the costly splendors he has left.

Her bright brass lamps, which she toiled several days to earn, and the plain rocking-chair in the corner, are, to her, as much, and perhaps far more, than his beautiful chandelier, crowned with its cut-glass shade.

In a word, all the wants of this family are well supplied, so that this is not a scene of pecuniary charity, as may perhaps have been supposed. You must bring something more valuable than money here, if you wish to do good. There is something more valuable than money—Christian sympathy.

On one side of the fire is a cradle which the mother has been rocking. The visitor takes his seat in a low chair by the side of it, and, leaning over it, looks upon the pale face of a little sufferer who has been for many months languishing there. His disease has curved his back, and brought his head over towards his breast, and contracted his lungs, and he lies there in bonds which death only can sunder. Something like a smile lights up his features to see that his friend has come again to see him even through the storm. That smile and its meaning will repay the visitor for all the cold blasts which he encountered on his way to the sick-room. After a few minutes' conversation with the boy, the visitor asks if he would like to have him walk with him a little. The child reaches up his arms, evi-

dently pleased with the proposal; and the visitor lifts him from his pillow, and enjoys the relief the boy experiences in extending his limbs, cramped by the little cradle.

The visitor raises him in his arms. He is not heavy. Disease has diminished his weight, and the visitor walks up and down the room with a gentle step, the child's head resting upon his shoulder. The uneasy, restless expression which was upon his countenance is gradually changed for one of peaceful repose; until, at length, lulled by the gentle sound of his friend's voice, the child drops asleep. The visitor walks with him many, many times across the floor, before fatigue will overcome the pleasure he receives in watching the child's placid and happy look reflected in the glass behind.

At last the child wakes, and is gently put down into his cradle again. Kneeling down by his side and holding his hands in his, his friend offers a simple prayer, and when at length he rises to go away, he sees in the countenance and feels in the spontaneous pressure of his little hand that, though he says nothing, for he has not yet learned the cold forms of civility, the child's heart is full of happiness and gratitude. And in recalling the scene to his mind in his cold and stormy walk home, he will experience an enjoyment which cannot be described,

but which all who have experienced it will understand. This enjoyment is, however, very different in its nature from the solitary happiness felt at his own fireside.

Selfishness, then, is the Great Sin; it is at the foundation of all sins. It is the opposite of all good. It makes us prefer ourselves, our own interests, our own pleasures, to everything else.

Self-indulgence, self-denial, these are the principles which control the life of all men, women and children, and we are good or bad, as we submit to self-denial or cultivate self-indulgence.

The highest, the grandest form that self-denial, or benevolence, has ever assumed, was in the person of Jesus Christ, who came down from heaven, took upon Him our nature, lived a life of poverty and suffering, and finally died a cruel and lingering death on the cross "for us men and for our salvation."

The most deplorable, the most defiant form that selfishness has ever assumed is to stand in the presence of God our Father, and with the light and knowledge of His truth and of His Son, deliberately and persistently refuse to accept His grace and His salvation.

XII

CHRISTMAS

JUST now the thoughts of more people are turned towards Bethlehem than towards any other spot in the world. Where is it? What is it? Why should this be so?

The little country, not so large as the State of New Jersey, lying between the River Jordan and the Dead Sea on the east, and the Mediterranean on the west, between the Mountains of Lebanon on the north and the Great Desert on the south, is the most interesting country in all the Christian world. It is likened by Rev. Dr. March, from whom I have received many of the thoughts in this address, to a huge centipede lying spread out over the whole country. Its back represents the mountain range that runs from north to south the whole length of the land, while its hundred arms running out on each side form the spurs of bald, limestone rock, from which the forests and foliage disappeared long ago, and between which are the rich valleys that once made that country so famous for pasturage.

On one of these bald spurs of rock, stretching off to the south or southeast of Jerusalem, is the little city of Bethlehem. With valleys on three sides, it was easily defended in the old days of the wars. From its highest buildings can be seen certain points of Jerusalem, five or six miles to the north; and to the east, over the Jordan Valley or the Dead Sea, the high wall of the mountains of Moab shuts off the view. It is one of the oldest cities in Palestine and one of the most conspicuous in her history.

Thirty-six hundred years ago, when the Patriarch Jacob was returning from his long exile in Padan-aram, he journeyed southward towards Hebron. It was a very large caravan, with flocks and herds and men-servants, a great company, so great as to fill with terror and alarm the country through which they passed. As they came within a mile of Bethlehem, Rachel, Jacob's wife, was taken sick on the journey. A child, a boy, was born by the roadside, but, alas, the mother died; and, in dying, called her boy Benoni, *i. e.*, "the son of my sorrow." But Jacob, the father, called him Benjamin, *i. e.*, "the son of my right hand." And this boy, born so near the city of Bethlehem, was the father of that left-handed tribe so famous in the wars of the Jewish history.

Forty years after this, Jacob, the old father, lay dying in Egypt, where his son Joseph (Rachel's son) was the chief ruler next to the throne. He was old and feeble and blind. Joseph was told of it, and he took his two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, perhaps not much more than boys, to visit the aged patriarch. When Jacob knew Joseph was coming, he straightened himself, and sat up in bed, and blessed Joseph. Then his mind traveled to the far-away past and the far-away land; and he said, "As for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan by the way, when there was yet but a little way to come unto Ephrath; and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem. But who are these?" said he, referring to the two boys. "These are my sons," said Joseph, and the old man blessed them. So do the scenes of the past come up in the memory of those who are drawing near to death.

Four hundred years after this, two lone women, weary, footsore and disheartened, drew near to the same city of Bethlehem; one, the elder, was returning from a foreign land; the younger had left her own country to share the fortunes of the elder, her mother-in-law. They were both homeless, friendless and poor. As they toiled up the long, rocky road they knew not whether any hand in the city

would be stretched out to give them welcome. They were Naomi and Ruth; they were going to Bethlehem.

Two hundred and fifty years after this an old man in a prophet's robes toiled up this same steep and rocky road. He, too, was going to Bethlehem. He came seeking the house of Jesse, for he had an errand, and a most important errand, to that house. His coming to Bethlehem made a great stir among the people; the elders were much alarmed and wished to know if he came on a peaceful errand? He calmed their fears by saying that he had come to offer sacrifice, and invited them to join in the service. And Jesse and his seven sons joined in the sacrifice, not knowing what was to follow. As the sons of Jesse passed before Samuel, he wondered which of these young men was the one he was in search of. One tall, fine-looking fellow Samuel thought surely was the chosen one, but no, he was mistaken; he was not among them. Turning to the father, Samuel asked him if these were all his sons. "No," said Jesse, "the youngest is not here, he is away with the sheep." "Send and fetch him," said the prophet. When the youngest came, a young man ruddy and healthful, as his outdoor life among the sheep would make him, Samuel knew at once, for the Lord told him, that this was

he who was to be the future king. So he anointed him in the midst of his brethren and in the name of the Lord. All this was in Bethlehem.

Years pass—the young David is no longer a shepherd—he has succeeded to the throne on the death of Saul, has built up the nation, has a large family about him, has not always been the wise and good king that his early days gave promise of; is, in his old age, overwhelmed by the wicked conduct of his son Absalom, who leads a rebellion, in consequence of which the old king flees from Jerusalem. He crosses the brook Kedron and up the slope of Mt. Olivet, bare-headed, bare-footed and weeping as he goes. He crossed the Jordan and found refuge in one of the cities there, Mahanaim. Here he awaited the approach of Absalom, and the result of the battle between the royal forces and the rebels. While here, he was greatly befriended and sustained by an old man named Barzillai, the Gileadite. After the overthrow and death of Absalom, David returned to his own country, the old man going with him until he was safely over the Jordan. Not being able to persuade Barzillai to accompany him to Jerusalem, David took Chimham, his son or servant, to show his gratitude for all the kindness the old man had shown him. One means by which David did this was to

give Chimham a certain house in Bethlehem. And years after this, when David was dying, he charged Solomon, his son to be kind to the son of Barzillai and to ensure him the possession of the house in Bethlehem.

Four hundred and thirty years after the death of David, in the days of Jeremiah, the house of Chimham was still standing in Bethlehem, and used as an inn or public house or caravansérai, or place where caravans could find shelter and food for man and beast for the night.

Five hundred and eighty years after this, and nearly 1900 years ago, the house was still standing, where Ruth lived, and where David was born, and where Jeremiah received the word of the Lord. It was toward the end of the short December day, when two weary, belated travelers from a far-off part of the land began the ascent of the hill toward the western gate of Bethlehem. One, a woman, was probably riding on an ass; the other, a man, walking behind. It was the usual mode of travel for plain people then—it is the usual custom for such now. It must have been dark, or nearly so when they reached the eastern end of the long straggling street, and appeared before the gate of the house of Chimham. It was already crowded with pilgrims brought to the old city for a common purpose,

and with their many beasts of burden. There was no room for this belated couple, no welcome hand was stretched out to greet them—"no room for them in the Inn." And there was probably no other inn in the place, so they cast about to see where, and how, they should spend the night. They found at last a place outside of the house, perhaps in a cave near at hand, where cattle were kept from the chill of the night air. And in this cold, cheerless, exposed place, and amid such surroundings, the child Jesus was born in Bethlehem. And for a cradle, he was laid in a manger.

You know the story of the shepherds—how, while watching their flocks that night on the grassy slopes to the east of Bethlehem, they saw the heavens filled with glorious light, and saw the descending angels and heard such music as was never heard before, and has never been heard since:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

This is the story of Bethlehem—I have told it to you not because there is anything new in it; I have led you to the old city that you may look at it on that wonderful night when the Son of God was born into the world. For Wednesday next will be Christmas Day, the most thought of, the most popular, the most joyous day in all the year. It

has been so for centuries, it will be so more and more as the years come and go, until all mankind shall know and love Jesus Christ, the Son of Mary, who was born in Bethlehem.

What good will Christmas do us? Every boy who hears me to-day is interested in this question. Every boy here will receive some gift, large or small. If it is not given you here, you will get it when you go out to visit your friends. It is the season of gifts—many a gift will pass from hand to hand, and many a thought of love will pass from heart to heart.

The value of a gift does not depend upon what it costs in money, but what it means in love. The country boy who hangs up his stocking by the fireplace and wakes up in the morning before day-break, to find it full of good things and sweet things, is just as happy as the city boy, who on Christmas morning receives a watch as his Christmas gift. The boy who receives a pair of mittens which his mother or sister had spent many an hour knitting for him after he had gone to bed, is just as happy as another boy who receives a pair of kid gloves which his father buys for him, and does not miss the money out of his purse.

The mother who receives from her rich son a brilliant diamond cross for a Christmas gift is not more

happy than that mother who has no pleasant home, who works for her living, but who receives a letter from her boy, away at school, saying he is doing his best to make a man of himself, so that when he gets older and stronger he may provide a good home for her.

So the value of a Christmas gift does not depend on what it costs in money.

While we are having a happy Christmas, we must not forget the many homes over which there are dark shadows. In some cases Christmas gifts have been prepared for those who have been torn away from happy homes and loving hearts, and are not here to receive them. And in others the household is gathered around a bed where a meek and patient sufferer waits, with unquestioning trust, for the messenger who comes from another world. And in other homes also, dark shadows hang over hearts crushed and broken by the misdeeds of those who, a little while ago, were innocent, happy children, full of the joys of Christmas. God help all such.

But he who receives Christmas gifts, however welcome the gifts, and however full of love the giver's heart may be, he who receives the gifts is not so happy as the giver, for He who knows

everything better than we do has said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

But you may say, "This does not interest me, this is a happiness beyond my reach, I have nothing to give to anybody." Yes, you have something to give, every one of you.

1. You can give to every one you meet on Christmas morning, a hearty Christmas greeting.

2. You can give to all your companions the assurance that you will be more kindly disposed in the time to come than you have been.

3. You can give the assurance to your teachers and other instructors that from this Christmas you are resolved to be more respectful, more attentive, more studious, better behaved than you have been heretofore.

4. You can give joy to the hearts of your mothers and near friends, by assuring them that you intend to make better use of your opportunities while here, so that when you are graduated and grow to be workers, you will help to take care of them, and make the burdens of life easier for them.

All this you can do, and you will, in so doing, realize the fact that it is more blessed to do this, than to receive Christmas gifts yourselves.

5. You can think of Jesus, your Saviour, who was born in Bethlehem, who became a little

child as you were, as you are, who grew to be a man, and died on the cross for your salvation—you can remember He gave His life for you, and all He asks in return is, that you will give your love to Him. If you will, the coming Christmas Day will be the happiest you have ever seen.

XIII

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL

THERE are several things that make it very interesting for me to come to this house one Sunday afternoon every month, to conduct this service and speak to you girls.

One is, that I have been coming here so long ; for it is nearly or quite twenty-one years since I began to come here as a Manager, and as a regular speaker in this chapel. In all that time I have talked about a great many things, things in the Bible, and things about our daily life, and not from Bible texts. And I have said almost everything that I could say to help boys and girls to be better and happier. Almost always I have been listened to with earnest attention, and the behavior of the girls and boys has always been good, better than in any Sunday school or church that I ever have known.

How many girls have come and gone in all these years ! And how many who have come here, sad and unhappy from ill treatment before they came, have gone away, bright, happy, and fairly well edu-

cated, and many of them Christians, prepared to live useful, prosperous lives. Many a young girl has come here, ignorant of the Bible, and has gone away with much better knowledge of the Bible and religious truth and duty than others who have lived at home all the time.

Another reason why it is so interesting for me to come here is, that there are always some girls here that I have not seen before ; who have come since I was here last, girls who never saw me before. No doubt it is so to-day. Some of you are listening to me for the first time, and perhaps wondering what I will say, whether I can say anything which will interest a strange, new girl. And I wonder also whether I can. The other girls know me, and know how I talk, and know what to expect, but the new girls don't know what to look for.

I want to speak so plainly that every girl in the room can understand me. And I always want to talk about things which concern you all, every one. Whatever you may have heard in church or from teachers before you came here, I want to tell you things which will do you good, if you will listen, and try to get good from it. I shall never, if I know it, say anything which will hurt your feelings about your own church or your friends. My only thought is to say things which will help you to

know how to live useful, happy lives, while you live in the world, and how to get to heaven when you die.

Another thing which makes it interesting for me to come here on my appointed day is, that some one or more who saw me and heard me the last time I was here, will never hear me again. They are gone back to their own homes, or to new homes, and they will never listen to me again. I hope they will hear better teachers, and be glad to listen to them, and get more good from them than they have from me : but if I failed in my duty while they came here ; if I did not say the best things and say them in the best way, it is too late for me to correct it, for I shall never see them again ; never speak to them again.

Another thing that makes my coming interesting to me is, that very probably I am speaking to some girl for the last time. Before my time comes again, she will have left the house and gone to her own home, or to a new home. However it may be, I pray God it may be a happy home, better than any you have ever had before. But it may not be so ; it may be that your greatest trials are yet before you. And it may be that sometimes, when tired and discouraged, hard-worked and ill-treated—it may be some Sunday afternoon, when you are sitting alone

and thinking, your thoughts will come back to this room, and your schoolmates, and the friends you made while you were here, among these officers; and you will think of the pleasant services here, and the good words spoken here, to persuade the girls to love the Saviour and serve Him. And it may be that you will wish you had then made up your mind to believe in the Lord Jesus, and had become His disciple; for then you would have been sure He would be your friend, and stand by you, and help you over all the hard places, holding your hand in His.

So, having gone through these reasons why I love to come here, I ask you if there are any things which ought to make you glad to come here.

It is pleasant for you to take part in these services. You sing well; you read the Psalms well; you hear the Scripture lesson read with interest; you bow your heads reverently in the prayers; you listen with fixed attention to the speaker; and while you do all this so well, some of you may think this is all the service is meant for.

But it means more than that. It means that here is another opportunity to become a Christian. For we tell you of the great and good God, your Heavenly Father; whom you have not loved as you ought to have loved; whom you have not served.

as you ought to have served; whom you have sinned against over and over again, ten thousand times. We tell you of Jesus Christ, His son, our Lord, who came into the world to save sinners; who lived a life of poverty; who had no home; who was ill-treated and persecuted; who went about doing good; healing the sick, raising the dead; who was betrayed into the hands of Roman soldiers; who was put to death on the cross, and all for us sinners. And we tell you of the Holy Spirit, who comes to your heart and mine and touches and softens them; and yet, in spite of all this, you turn away; you shut your eyes; you close your ears; you harden your hearts; you will not give up all for Him.

There was once a Girls' school, a large school at which were gathered young girls from all over the land. With tears and misgivings and fears, fathers and mothers hesitated long before they decided to send their daughters away from home. Many warnings were given, and much good advice offered, as the girls left their homes. Not a day passed but the names of these daughters were mentioned and talked about at home, and their good desired. Not a mother but watched every mail and opened every letter with a throbbing heart; not one but thought of her child the last thing at night,

the first thing in the morning. In the midst of the summer session, when the mountains around were rejoicing in their strength, and the valleys sent up a thousand murmurs of gladness, God came near to bring eternal things to these young hearts. Almost without warning the angel of death came and looked in at the windows, and then he entered one of the rooms, and one young girl, the hope and joy of her friends, was smitten down with sickness. She had but a few hours in which to cry for mercy ere her voice was silent forever. She did cry for God's mercy, and the breath of many prayers went up with her cries. But the scene closed, and the young girl was among the dead. Solemn was the funeral. Among sobs and tears her coffin was brought out and her companions followed their friend to the railroad station, where her remains were delivered to her sorrowing father. Those who witnessed the scene will never forget it. But the dead passed away, and the angel of mercy found no hearts opened by these sorrows. Eternal things seemed awful, but no impression that was abiding seemed to be made by the sad event.

Some months after this, there was an unseen one visiting the school. The young girls felt his presence in their morning and evening devotions; they felt his presence in their class-rooms; they met him

even in their walks, though they could not see him. The halls, the rooms, the very grounds were hallowed by that presence. The object of the visitor seemed to be to go from heart to heart, weaving small silken cords to each, by which the heart might be gently drawn to heaven. These cords were so delicate and small that the least jar or effort could break them. Not all these young hearts felt that they were moving towards heaven. But they all said that they ought to, and wished to; but the moment the angel of mercy attempted to fasten these cords to them, they would rudely snap them. There was not one to whom he did not try to fasten them, and not one that did not resist; some of them violently, some secretly. Some few packed their trunks and went home, for fear they might be persuaded to go towards heaven. The angel of mercy went back and told his King that not one was willing to be led to everlasting life. "Go back, and try them again. Some of them will be willing in the day of my power." Again on swift wing flew the messenger of mercy. It was now found that though he went to all hearts they did not treat him alike. Some of them welcomed him and said, "Bind my heart as firmly to the throne of God as you can." Some rejoiced with much trembling. Some were anxious lest the cords were not actually

fastened to their hearts. And now the song of peace burst out and the face kindled with a soul quickened, and Peace shook from her wings the odors of the skies, and Hope came and sealed them on the forehead as her own. Now it was found that the silken cords which at first seemed so small as to be like a spider's web, grew stronger and firmer if not resisted and broken.

It was now seen that all were alike unwilling at first, but no songs were louder than those which celebrated the love that overcame their unwillingness.

But there was one young girl who had very powerful emotions and convictions of sin. She was the child of many prayers. Her mother never went to rest at night without praying for her child. No pains or expense had been spared upon her. She made vows and resolutions and broke them. She was at times tender and then hard. She wept but little, and then less and less. She heard the heavenly messenger knock at the door of her heart, and felt the soft hand on that heart, but she struck off that hand, she broke off the silken ties as fast as she felt them.

She grew less troubled—then indifferent, till at last the angel left her and went back to the heavens. She had no more fears or tears after this. She

wondered how she could ever have been so distressed about her soul. She secretly laughed at her former fears; and she was left to herself.*

It may be that this very afternoon brings the opportunity for some girl in this house to seek and find the Saviour. Often have you come here and listened to words of good counsel—which, if you had given heed to them, might have shown you the way of eternal life. But you did not heed them, you put away the thoughts, you shut your ears, you did not listen, you did not want to do what you knew to be right.

Now the opportunity has come again. Once more you are urged to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved. You are not so busy that you cannot attend. You cannot give the poor excuse that while you were engaged with this thing and that thing the opportunity was gone. For the time is now. The opportunity is now; here in this room, here on these seats, while you listen to these words, you can give yourself to Christ. You need not wait any longer, you must not wait until you leave this school and go to your own homes or to new homes; you must not wait until you can go to church somewhere, but to-day, now, as the opportunity has come once more, accept it and give

*Dr. Todd.

your hearts to the Saviour and determine to lead a new life.

Oh! girls, if you want to be true women, don't put this off. The voices which you hear in this room every Sunday you will not always hear. The speakers will pass away, and you will pass away, but you must not leave this room this afternoon without feeling that, once more, the voice of conscience, and the voice of God, through His Word and by His Spirit, once more the divine call is made to you to repent ; believe and be saved.

Will you hear that voice ?

Will you believe what it says ?

Will you obey it ?

XIV

CONSCIENCE

That inward feeling which makes us peaceful and happy when we do right, and which condemns us when we do wrong, we call Conscience.

CONSCIENCE is very faithful ; it tells us what we ought to do, and what we ought not to do. There are several ways in which Conscience is faithful to us.

I. Conscience warns us before we begin to do wrong. If a man were to see a little girl going towards a deep well, with nothing around it to keep her from falling in, and should tell her to take care and not go there, that would be warning her. So Conscience warns us. When we are about to do anything wrong, yes, when we are just beginning to think of doing wrong, Conscience warns us not to do it.

A boy was playing in the yard, and he found by the side of the fence a large red apple. He put it in his pocket. He knew that it belonged to another boy ; but he thought he would carry it away alone, and eat it after school. Just then the bell rang.

He went in and took his seat, with the apple in his pocket.

All that afternoon he was restless and uneasy. There was something in his heart which seemed to say, "That apple is not yours; you must not keep it. You must not eat it after school." This was Conscience, warning him not to do wrong; for he had not yet actually done anything outwardly wrong. The apple was safe in his pocket. He had not yet had an opportunity to give it to the boy to whom it belonged. He had not yet begun to carry it away to a secret place to eat it. But Conscience looked forward to, and warned him against the dishonest act which he was going to do. He tried to amuse himself by thinking of something else; but Conscience would not let him rest; until, just before school was over, he resolved that he would give the apple to the boy who owned it. Then his mind was relieved, and he became quiet in spirit and happy again.

2. Conscience remonstrates while we are doing wrong. Some children, walking in a garden, go to a tree and get some apples which are not ripe, and which their father has forbidden them to take. One of the children, more obedient than the rest, says, "You must not take those apples, it is wrong; you ought not to disobey father." This is remonstrat-

ing. So Conscience remonstrates when we are doing anything wrong. We feel uneasy and unhappy while we are doing it; and we cannot help thinking that it is wrong, and that we ought not to do it.

3. Conscience reproaches us after we have done wrong, and makes us anxious, unhappy and afraid. We are afraid that somebody saw us, or will find out the wrong we have done. We are unhappy. We cannot help thinking of the sin, though we try to forget it. When we are alone, Conscience reproaches us; it reminds us of our guilt, and we feel ashamed and wretched. We are afraid. We dare not be alone. We know that we have done wrong, and our hearts sink with fear. How much better it would be for us always to do right, than thus to wound the Conscience, and load our hearts with anxiety and suffering.

4. Conscience becomes quiet again when we confess the wrong that we have done, and resolve to do so no more. Probably the principal reason why Conscience is given us is to prevent our doing wrong; and so, when we cease to do wrong, it ceases to give us pain.

When a boy is only intending to do something wrong, but has not yet begun to do it, and his Conscience is warning him, and making him feel rest-

less and uneasy, he can very easily quiet its warnings, and obtain peace of mind again, by giving up his thought of doing wrong, and determining to do right. When he has already done wrong, and injured any one by it, if he will determine to do so no more, and confess his fault, and make reparation for the injury, he will be happy again.

A boy found a piece of money in his mother's bureau drawer. He took it and determined to keep it himself. He thought if his father should ask him where he got it, he could tell him that he found it. "For," he said to himself, "I did find it in the drawer." His father did ask him, when he saw him playing with the money; and he told him that he had found it. He felt guilty when he took the money. He felt still more guilty when he told his father that he had found it. Then his father asked him where he had found it. He had not expected this question. He was confounded. He answered suddenly, "In the street." His father wondered who could have lost it, but said no more, and so the boy escaped detection.

But though he was pleased that he was not detected, his sense of guilt made him miserable. Every time he felt the money in his pocket, the touch seemed to arouse his Conscience to reproach him.

If he had gone at once and returned the money

to his father, and confessed that he did not find it in the street, but that he took it from his mother's drawer, he might have been happy again. Instead of this he went and bought nuts with it. Some of the nuts he ate, and the rest he gave to other boys.

Thus he fixed the feelings of guilt and wretchedness in his mind; he made Conscience his enemy, and prepared himself to commit greater sins.

A boy once suffered for many months from the reproaches of Conscience; and he at last quieted her voice and regained his peace of mind by confessing his sin and making reparation. The case was this: One night he climbed over into a gentleman's garden, not far from the village where he lived, to get some plums. He got his cap full of sweet plums, and came back safely. Conscience warned him not to go; Conscience remonstrated with him while he was going, and while he was upon the tree; and Conscience bitterly reproached him after the deed was done. The poor boy found that for the sake of a few plums he had almost entirely destroyed his peace of mind. He often thought of his sin at night and when he was alone. He was always afraid when he met the gentleman to whom the garden belonged; and the lane, where before he always liked to walk and play, now made him feel so wretched, that he kept away from it entirely.

At last, one day, he went to the gentleman and told him what he had done. He said he had no money to pay for the plums, but if the gentleman would let him work for him or do errands to make reparation, he would be glad to do it.

The gentleman said he was very glad that the boy had come and confessed his fault; that he would willingly forgive him; and that he need not come and work for him, for he did not wish him to make any reparation. But the boy replied that he wanted very much to pay him for the plums, and that if the gentleman had any work for him to do, he wished he would let him do it. So the gentleman let him work for him two hours one afternoon. By this means the boy's peace of mind was restored: and he loved to play in the green lane as well as ever.

Thus Conscience utters warnings and remonstrances, to prevent us from doing wrong. And if we cease to do wrong and are faithful in doing our duty, she will restore our peace of mind, and cheer and encourage us by her approval. Peace of mind and a quiet Conscience are of inestimable value. Without these, all other means of enjoyment will fail of making us happy; and with them, whatever other privation we may suffer, life will pass pleasantly.

This subject can be still further illustrated by the following story.*

Once there was a boy named Alonzo. He lived in the country on a farm with his father and mother. When he was very young he played about the door, as all children do now either in the city or country. When he grew older he had a little garden where he set out some plants and flowers and surrounded them with little stakes for a fence. Often he went with his mother down to the spring at the back of the house. It was a beautiful spring, constantly bubbling over with clear, cold water. The spring was walled in with moss-covered stones and was quite deep. When his mother dipped the bright tin pail into the water the effect was very strange, for the stony wall seemed to be broken in pieces, and its fragments floated about in confusion, until gradually they returned to their places and to rest, and looked exactly as before.

One day the boy's mother saw him going alone down towards the spring. He had got the tin pail and was going to try the wonderful experiment himself. His mother called him back and told him he must not go there alone. "If you go alone," said she, "you may fall in and be drowned." The boy was not convinced by the reason, but he was awed by

* Jacob Abbott.

the command, and for many days he obeyed. One day, however, when his mother was busy and did not see him, he stole away softly down the path a little way. There was a sort of a struggle going on within him while he was doing this. "Alonzo," said Conscience, for, even while he was so young, Conscience had begun to be developed, "Alonzo, this is very wrong."

"I am not going down to the spring," said he; "I am only going down a little way."

"Alonzo," said Conscience again, "this is wrong."

"But mother will not see me, and I shall not go down quite to the spring, so that no harm will be done," he said to himself, and he went hesitatingly on.

"Alonzo," said Conscience a third time, but this time with a feebler voice, "you ought not to go any farther."

"My mother is too strict with me; there can be no harm in walking so far as this."

He lingered a little while about half-way down the path and then slowly returned, the dialogue between Conscience and his heart going on all the while. When he got back he hardly knew whether he had done wrong or not. It did not seem quite right, but he had succeeded so well in deceiving

himself that he could not really say that it was quite wrong.

Some days after this his mother had gone away for some hours and left the boy with his sister, who had the care of him. So he said, "Now is the time for me," and he took up the pail and began to walk slowly down towards the spring. Conscience, defeated before, and familiarized to a certain degree with wrong, allowed him to go without opposition a part of the way, but when she saw that he was really going to the spring, she shook her head and renewed her low, solemn murmuring, "Alonzo, you must not go there."

"I shall not fall in, I know," said he to himself.

"Alonzo—Alonzo," said Conscience again, "you must not disobey." Alonzo tried not to hear her, and instead of answering he said to himself:

"It was many days ago that she told me not to go, she did not mean never." This was true literally; but how could he deceive himself with such an argument? But anything will do to deceive ourselves with. When we are committing sin we love to be deceived about it.

While saying that his mother could not have meant that he must never go, he leaned over the spring and tremblingly plunged in his pail. The magic effect was produced. The stones and

moss waved and quivered to his great delight. His mind was in a state of feverish excitement, Conscience calling upon him and in vain trying to make him hear; fear whispering eagerly that he might be seen; and curiosity urging him again and again to repeat his wonderful experiment. At length he drew out his pail and went back to the house.

Now Conscience endeavored again, when the excitement was over, to gain his attention. "My mother said I might fall in and be drowned if I went there, and I did not fall in; I knew I should not fall in." So, instead of being sorry for his sin, he was thinking of the advantage he had gained over his mother.

And so this boy grew up fighting with his Conscience every day, and resisting her counsels; and having his own way until he grew to be a man. Then one night he attended a religious meeting where the gospel was faithfully preached and where he was earnestly pressed to give up his struggles against Conscience and against the Holy Spirit and accept the Saviour. He went home very unhappy with many distressed and anxious thoughts; and fearing he might not find the way of life if left to himself, he went to see and talk with one who was able to show him the way; and after long waiting

and uncertainty he finally determined to give up the contest and believe in the Lord. He did so and at once found relief and peace.

I give you this lesson, because I think it very likely many of you have had much the experience this boy had. Your trials and temptations have probably been very unlike those which have been referred to, but you have had, and you will continue to have, trials and temptations all along the way of your life ; you will often yield to temptations ; you will stifle your Conscience ; you will go on doing things that you ought not to do, you will bring unhappiness upon yourselves, and upon those who are most interested in you, and you will never have real peace and happiness until you find it in believing in Jesus Christ. You need have no further controversy with Conscience if you will do this ; and if you will believe in Him, and follow His gracious teachings, you will find that Conscience will have no power to distress you, and you need not be afraid of anything.

Why not do this now ?

XV

THE TENDERNESS OF CHRIST

It is a morning in the early spring. Along a narrow rocky road on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives a procession is passing towards the top of the mountain. In the midst of the company, and riding on a young colt, that had never before borne a rider on its back, was seated one who, so far as we know, was now riding for the first time. He had traveled much, up and down the land, over the hills and across the valleys, but He traveled on foot. He had no other means of travel, He had no home to rest in or stay in, when He was weary. He had spent the last night at Bethany, where Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus, whom He had raised from the dead, had given Him a temporary home, and this morning He was on His way to Jerusalem. At every step of the way, the crowd grew larger, for the hillsides were covered with booths and tents filled with families that had come up to Jerusalem to attend the feast of the Passover. The little city that sat upon her hills could not contain within her walls the multitudes

that came to the feast, and the neighboring country was white with the tents of the strangers. As the great procession swept up the hill, the crowd grew larger and became more and more excited, until it was almost ready to break out, in shouts of triumph. But when they crossed the crest of the mount, and came within sight of the city, He who sat on the colt paused, and the great multitude stood still. "And—He beheld the city and wept over it." What should make Him pause? What was there in the city to make Him weep? It was a beautiful city—the joy of the whole earth was Mount Zion. Across the deep valley, deeper in the rich green of the olive orchards, were the gray walls of the old city. Within those walls and on the hills stood the great buildings which wealth had built for the Capital City. On the Mount Moriah, in full view of the Saviour, was the temple which was built to replace that which was destroyed when the Jews went into captivity. The morning sun was reflected in glittering brightness from its gilded roof and marble walls. The smoke of the morning sacrifice had hardly passed away, the crowds still lingered about the temple courts, the city was gay in her festive attire, for it was the greatest of all the feasts.

Why, then, should our Lord weep over the city? Ah, it was not for what Jerusalem was then, but for

what she was to become. It was not for the beautiful city as she lay under the bright sun that morning in April, that he wept. It was for the city of a few years later, that was to be compassed about with Roman armies and, after a long and bloody siege, starved into submission, that the compassionate Saviour wept. The walls were to be thrown down, the buildings were to be destroyed, the glorious temple was to be overthrown, not one stone was to be left upon another, the people who survived the horrors of the siege were to be put to death, the brook Kedron, now murmuring over its pebbly bottom, was to be red with blood.

All this He saw, and much more, and do you wonder that His heart was touched? For He was a Jew, and in His human nature proud of His country and of His people. When only twelve years old, He had been taken to that city from His home in Nazareth, He had walked up and down those streets, He had gone into the Temple, His "Father's house," as He called it. He had seen the daily sacrifice, He had seen the formal services, He had mourned over the coldness, the formality of the people—still it was Jerusalem, the city of the great King, and He knew it was doomed to destruction because the people would not know, would not believe, would not receive her true and rightful King.

Although our Lord was called by the old prophet, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," there is but one other occasion, before this, where it is said that He shed tears. That was at the grave of Lazarus. It was at his house that He made His home when at Bethany. Lazarus was His friend—He loved that family with a peculiar love. And as He stood with the sorrowing sisters at the side of the grave, although He knew that Lazarus would be restored to life again, He was so affected with sorrow and with sympathy for them in their grief, that the tears rolled down His cheeks, as many of us have wept at the grave in sympathy with others. The people who stood by did not understand it, they thought He was only grieving over the death of His friend, and they said, "Behold how He loved him."

But it was not silent tears that He wept now as He beheld the city. It was an outbreak of passionate grief. He seemed not to be able to control His feelings. He gave way to them, He broke out in those exquisitely plaintive and tender words, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now are they hid from thine eyes." As if He had said, "O Jerusalem, thou city of the most high God, thou most favored of all

cities, where the prophets preached, and labored, and died, where the Messiah Himself came and was rejected, if thou hadst been willing to be taught, if thou hadst been willing to listen to the words of them who went to thee in the name of the Lord, if thou hadst been obedient, it would have been well with thee, thou mightst have been saved, but—alas—it is too late now. Your day of grace is past, your eyes are closed, your probation is ended.”

Is there a lesson for us in this picture of our Saviour's compassion ?

Jerusalem was insensible to her condition, she would not listen to the teachers that were sent to her, she closed her eyes to the truth that was spread out before her, or if she listened, she did not heed ; if she saw, she cared not ; she rejected the good and chose the bad. The daily service in the Temple had lost its meaning, it was observed as a mere form, it was a mockery before God. There were a few righteous, a Simeon and Anna here and there, but the mass of the people were totally indifferent to religion, although observing its outward forms.

But what is this to you now listening to me, especially to you older boys? Suppose the Saviour should come into this chapel this morning and stand in this desk, as I am standing now, and should look over this youthful congregation, what would

He see, what might He say? He would see some young boys who have not been here long, who are not yet weaned from their homes, who sometimes think of the dear ones they left there when they came here to school, and when they think of them, their eyes fill with tears. Are any of you beginning to forget that your mothers taught you to kneel down every night and every morning, and pray to God to make you good boys and keep you in the right way?

The Saviour would see many boys who have been at school here several years, who have learned many things from books and from faithful teachers and officers, and have made good progress in useful studies; but who have learned also some things here which they should not have learned, who have received impressions of evil here, which will cling to them all through life.

But the Saviour would look with deep interest upon another class of boys—the large boys on these front benches, the young men, who have been here six or eight or more years, some of whom will soon be graduated, and leave the College, and go out into the world to make their own way in life. He would know, as some of you know, that there have been times when you have been thoughtful, when the question was before you, whether you

would "turn over a new leaf" and begin a new life, when the Holy Spirit moved your hearts, and when you were almost persuaded to be Christians. Then you turned away and stifled such thoughts, and said to yourselves, "There is time enough for me to think of such things when I leave the College and go out to work for myself." And He knows, as some of you know, that you have done this over and over again, and that even now you do not wish to think of these things at all.

There have been many earnest appeals made to you in this chapel. Men have come here with no other object than to help you to form plans of life, such as, if followed, will, other things being equal, almost certainly lead you to success. These men come to you in the name of the Lord. They are His messengers to you, they speak the words which they believe He would have them speak. You know better than I do how you receive these messages. Many of you, I greatly fear, listen very unwillingly to these kind words, you do not want to be pressed so closely; you are glad when the service is over, and you can get away and forget it all. And yet there must be some who believe what the speaker says, who know that he wants to do them good, and who listen with interest and with something like gratitude. But you, too, go away

from the chapel, you are not willing to let anybody know that you are at all interested, you stifle your convictions, you turn away from the Saviour, you quench the Spirit, and you are left to yourselves.

Now He who beheld the city and wept over it sees and knows all this. And He sees and knows every boy here. Suppose, as I said, He should come to this desk now, while I am speaking to you, suppose He should look over this large company, suppose He should see this boy, and that, who are persistently turning away from Him, who are determined to live without Him, whose lives in this world are to be utter failures, and all because they will not listen, will not obey, will not do what they ought to do; don't you think that the Redeemer might weep over such boys?

I believe He would. I believe, if He looked upon you, knowing your natural inclination to evil, knowing the evil that some of you have already committed, knowing the evil you will yet fall into, knowing your unwillingness to listen to earnest appeals to turn toward Him, knowing that some of you, when partly moved to set out anew, are afraid of being laughed at for being or trying to be religious, who are afraid of the sneers, the ridicule of others, and who are content to

allow these golden moments to pass without taking advantage of them ; who are trifling with the most serious things, who are even now saying in your hearts, " We will not have this man to reign over us," I believe He would weep over you.

But although He is here by His Holy Spirit, He is not here so that you can see Him, and I can only, in this poor way, try to get you to believe that He is full of compassion for you all, that He loves you with an infinite love, that He came into the world and suffered and died for you and for me, that He is not willing that we should perish, but rather that we should turn unto Him and find life. And you can do it. Will you? And is not this Palm Sunday a good time to begin?

XVI

A FUNERAL DISCOURSE

WE are met to-day in the presence of a great sorrow. One of our companions is gone—gone from the College—gone from the world.

Only a little while ago, he moved about among us with no thought of approaching death. We saw him in the school-room, in the dining-room, in the play-ground, in the chapel—who thought he was so near the end of his earthly life? There was nothing about him that we could see that would have led any one to suppose that his life was to be so short, so soon to end. His health was good, he moved about among you as the others did, was regular in the school life, the family life here; he had his own thoughts of the present, his thoughts of the future, and he looked forward, as you do, to the time when his school-days should be ended, and when he would go out of the College gates into the world, to seek his fortune.

But this was not to be. The places which have known him will know him no more. His place in the school-room, in the dormitory, in the dining-

room, in the chapel, will be filled by others. His school-books will not again be opened by his hands. No word of encouragement or reproof will ever again fall on his ear. His school-days, his holidays are over, his plans of life, if he had any, are all put aside—he is gone.

I did not know him well enough to speak particularly of his character. Nor is it necessary so to speak. Those of you who are of his age and in his class, knew him well, his mental and moral qualities, his good traits and his failings. We are not all alike in our thoughts and ways. Some boys are sorely tempted in certain directions, where others are not tempted at all. There are some whose lives are even and smooth, who seem to have little or no trouble with ugly natural dispositions, while there are others who are continually struggling and battling with temptations to evil in a hundred forms. A boy who has succeeded in controlling a naturally quick and violent temper deserves much more credit than one who is naturally amiable and not easily provoked. But he who yields to his quick temper and lets it control his will, is dangerous to himself and to others. No good is likely to come of one who lets his evil inclinations get control of him.

The death which we deplore to-day was unex-

pected. The lad was not long sick. He was in the chapel last Sunday.

Death is always solemn. When old people die, it creates no surprise, for it is in the order of nature. They have lived through long years, they have worked out their day and their strength; their bowed forms and halting steps seem to be seeking for rest, that rest which can only be found in the grave. But when the young die, it seems as if the order of nature is reversed, and we are surprised. It seems such a pity that a life so young as that of the lad whose death we mourn to-day, should have been put out so suddenly.

The messenger that came to call him away was a messenger that we never want to see—whom we never can see. He does not need to ring a bell or knock at a door. No door, however strong, can keep him out. He came with noiseless steps and with no fluttering wings, and went to the infirmary where the boy lay dying, and laid his cold hand on the boy's heart and it stopped beating; he touched the hot, flushed face and it became cold; he breathed on the excited brain and it was calm; he closed the dim eyes and the boy was dead.

Everything possible was done by the physicians and the nurses to save his life. It was of no avail. The messenger had called and he must go. You

will never see him again. You who belonged to his class, who saw him every day, who come to the chapel, will see him no more.

Now, if any of you can remember that you ever, whether in the school or in the play-ground, or elsewhere, said an unkind word, or did an unkind act to that boy, I am sure you are sorry for it; and if you could, you would like to say so to him. But you cannot, for he is beyond your reach. The opportunity is gone. If there was ever a time when you could have made him happier by helping him in some little way or other, and did not, you must now be sorry for it. See that you treat your other companions as you ought to, as you will wish you had done when death comes again.

And you, officers and teachers and other instructors, who had charge of this boy, do you recall any instances of neglect? Are you quite sure you did all you could to make his young life happier and better? When he has tried you by his waywardness and folly, have you borne long and patiently with him, remembering how long your Master has borne with you? And have there been times when you had the opportunity to lay your hand upon his shoulder and take him aside and talk kindly with him and show him how to be a better boy? Did you ever do it? Do you not know that this may

be one reason why the boy was brought here, and one reason also why you are here? Oh—if we had known that this poor fatherless boy was so soon to die, if we had known that the young life, two years of which had been spent in this College, was soon to pass away, should we not, with a deeper earnestness, have striven to do our very best to make him (as far as human ministrations could make him) a better and a happier boy?

And you young boys, and all you boys, let me urge you to be kind to each other. In your plays, exciting as they are, and sometimes irritating and provoking to passion, remember that while you are striving each for himself, and very properly, to excel all the others, you will get the most pleasure from those games which leave the happiest memories after them. An angry, bitter word leaves a sting behind it, that sometimes inflames the feelings almost to exasperation.

If any of you had known that this lad was to die so soon, I am sure you would have been inclined to bear with him, and even to put up with things which might not have been lovely in his life.

Let me persuade all of you to think of this. I would not darken your young lives, but a shadow is upon you now, a cloud is over this school and

you should pause a moment and think that possibly there may soon be another call.

In so large a community as this, it must needs be that death will come frequently. We cannot hope to escape these bereavements. Let us then see that we be prepared for the summons. And the best way to prepare for death is to live a good life.

I do not believe that you should go in fear and trembling all the day, lest you should die. This would be quite unnatural and foolish. Our duty is to live and to take all proper measures to make ourselves strong and robust. Let us give ourselves more earnestly to our work in the schools, allowing nothing to interfere with our success in study, for to some of us the time is growing short, and we shall soon leave the College; but let us also give ourselves heartily and cheerfully to our plays, for they are just as necessary to the healthy development of young life as study is in the school. But be most careful of your hearts, for out of them are the real issues of life.

“Be kindly affectioned one to another;” so wrote an apostle. Remember you are all boys, with many circumstances in common. Most of you, perhaps, will make your homes in the city after graduation, many of the friendships formed here will continue through life; oh, see to it that the closest, the most

intimate friendships are formed with boys of the best character, boys whom you would not be afraid to take to your mother's house and introduce to your sisters.

Do not forget that if you would be successful now, you must be manly boys. I do not mean mannish, pert and conceited, but I mean that you must conduct yourselves in your outward life and in your thoughts so that you will not be afraid or ashamed to look any pure woman or man in the face.

You cannot do all this without the help of God. Many have tried to do so by the force of their own will, and by the influence of illustrious examples in others; but you can attain high moral excellence, and preparation for manly life and for death, only by the help of God.

Do not, I beg you, be afraid or ashamed to have your companions know that you feel your need of God's help. Do not be hindered by any fear of ridicule from putting yourself under the advice and counsel of those who would lead you to Christ. Oh, if you would only believe in Him, and trust in Him, and ask help from Him, you would be happy in this world and safe forever.

XVII

THE PRESENT—THE FUTURE

I WELL remember the day when I spoke first to the Girard College boys. More than twenty years have passed since. I remember the curious interest with which the five hundred and fifty boys of that time looked up to the strange chapel speaker with wonder in their faces as to what he would say and whether they would like him.

I remember also, the deep impression made on myself. So many boys, so quiet, so attentive. How important that they should be told something worth hearing and worth remembering. And I remember that I thought what an awful thing it would be to talk nonsense to such a congregation. Many years have passed since then, but the impressions of that Sunday in February, 1873, have been repeated over and over again. More than two thousand boys have come and gone : yet I am here still, looking now in the faces of more than fifteen hundred boys. If it was a serious thing to make an address in the chapel then, how much more serious now.

I come to you to-day with two questions. They are these :

1. What good has been accomplished by my coming here? 2. Who is the happier, who is the better, for anything that I have ever said?

I cannot answer these questions, nor do I expect you to answer them aloud, if at all. I hope that I have been made a better man myself by coming here; I am sure I have a deeper sympathy with boys and girls, and a stronger desire to help them. But the important question is, Have I done you or others any good by coming?

What is the object of this chapel service? It is for moral and religious instruction, it is to worship God, to read together the Scriptures, to sing songs of praise together, to thank God for His mercies, to pray for a continuance of them, to confess our sins, to seek for pardon, so that we may be on the Lord's side in the great conflict between good and evil; in short, that we may be happier and better.

And we meet here on Sundays to hear words of good counsel from those who come to speak to us. (You know that, unlike all other places of worship, in this chapel, no "ecclesiastic, missionary or minister" can ever come to perform a religious service.) We who speak to you here are all laymen, men of business, who come to teach you the

purest principles of morality, as well as to instruct you in religious truth.

So, like many others who come here, I have a definite purpose in all that I say. I do not come to you without careful preparation. I am afraid to do so, lest I should seem to you to be making light of a most serious thing.

To-day, I come to say some things which it seems to me ought to be said, and which it may be hoped will do you good, if you will listen and consider.

I want you to think about the future, so uncertain and yet so sure; of the probability, nay, almost the certainty, that if you will make a wise use of the present, you may hereafter get places of trust and responsibility, and be useful and happy.

But you must beware of the danger of evil companions, for even here you may be seriously injured by associating intimately with boys who are vicious and corrupt; and when you go out into the world you will be thrown among those who will be too ready to lead your feet into ways that go down to hell. Such associations are sometimes very attractive, and many a boy not guarded by sound principles and not asking the guidance and protection of Almighty God, has made shipwreck of character even in the morning of life. I warn you

also against bad books and their dreadful effects. This is most important. I have suffered from bad books, and I am anxious to protect you against them. I wish I could impress you deeply with the importance of this warning. I fear that bad books have found their way into this College, and the seed thus sown has borne its natural fruit, corrupting the heart and mind; and this is one of the dreadful evils to which you will be exposed when you go out into the world.

I speak also of the Master's call, coming to you in the morning of life with the sweet and gentle tones of infinite love. You may hear, in your school-rooms, in your dormitories, in your playgrounds, in this chapel, the gracious words, "Come unto me;" "Follow me;" "Take my yoke upon you;" and when you give excuses instead of obedience, I tell you how vain and foolish the excuses are, and how unsatisfactory even to yourselves.

I would like to show you who the Lord Jesus Christ is, that He was born a helpless infant and grew up through the years of boyhood just as you are doing, and was obedient to His mother, as some of you were not, when you lived at home; how He became a man, and lived a life of self-denial and suffering, trying to make people wiser and better,

finally dying in early manhood, put to death by wicked men.

And I urge you to believe in Him, and love Him, and give your hearts to Him, and become His young disciples.

I speak also of courage, true courage ; not that spurious imitation which leads two men to go out secretly, slinking away from authority, to fight a duel, hiding from the officers of the law, and firing pistols at each other to avenge some wrong word or act. And I would show you that a suicide is a coward. The man who in consequence of some misfortune in business, or some domestic trouble, or some wrongdoing, deserts his family, because, as he says, " he cannot see them suffer," (but he lets other people see it), and goes away to another country and does not let them know where he is; you justly call that man a coward ; but what do you say of the man, who, tired of life, or on the point of being discovered in some dishonesty, puts a pistol to his head and kills himself? He deserts his wife and children ; he leaves those who are dear to him, or who ought to be dear to him, to the cold charities of the world ; and you justly call him a poor, weak fool. Suicide is more common now in this country than it has ever been ; we have borrowed it with other vices from Europe, and, with a benev-

olent desire to shield our fellow-men from censure, we say, "The man must have been insane," and in many cases this may be true, but in many cases it would be better to call things by their right names, and say he was a coward and a fool.

True courage is a very different thing. It is to bear trials and sorrows, and disclosure when one has done wrong, with fortitude and patience; to defend the true, the right, the good, at whatever cost; it is to be manly and brave; as quick to confess a fault and apologize for it, as the fact is made plain that one has committed a fault.

I commend also truthfulness, for without this, no character can be of any value whatever. A liar is one of the most contemptible of all creatures. - When listening to liars, you never know what to believe, you cannot depend upon any statements they make. All business would be suspended, the wheels of commerce would stand still, if men could not believe each other's statements. So despicable is the character of the liar, that in that fearful catalogue of those who shall be shut out of the kingdom of heaven, (which the Book of Revelation gives us)—after the dogs, the sorcerers, the murderers, the idolaters, and other gross sinners, comes "whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."

I speak to you also about work—what it is. And

I remind you that the Lord Jesus in all probability worked in a carpenter's shop until He was nearly thirty years of age; and that once in the city of Corinth, where Aquila the Jew and his wife Priscilla lived, making tents (for that was their trade), the Apostle Paul, it is not unlikely, appeared before their door one evening, saying that he, too, was a Jew, and wanted work, for he did live with them for a time, and worked at his trade.

It is said that among the hundreds of wretched convicts now in the penitentiary, very few are mechanics. There are lawyers and doctors, clerks and bank officers, gamblers and burglars and forgers and murderers and many others, but very few mechanics. Do not then be ashamed of work, and if some of you, who are looking to what are called higher callings or professions, should be disappointed, do not be afraid, do not be unwilling, to learn some manual employment and be a mechanic.

One of the wisest and best things that the Directors of this College have yet done is the introduction of "mechanical instruction," and already there go out from us, young men well equipped by the instruction of the schools and shops, who will reach high places in this city and the land, and will become master mechanics, who will illustrate the advantages of true education in daily labor, and who

will be able and willing to help many others to lead useful, honorable and happy lives.

I want to show you also what is acceptable worship ; that it is a matter of the heart and not of mere form, that God is often mocked when we do not think of it, that He requires the affections of His creatures, and that no outward show of worship will make up for want of heart. Public worship is the offering up of prayers, the singing of hymns, the reading of the Scriptures seriously and devoutly, and listening to sermons and addresses. True worship can be offered anywhere, in the grandest church or in the plainest and poorest hut, out in the open air, or on the deck of the ship at sea, in the family, or in one's own bed-room, or in this chapel.

And I would show you the nature of true religion. So much intolerance and bigotry and foolishness are called religion, that one needs to know what true religion is. It is not poverty, nor riches, nor health, nor sickness, nor education, nor culture, nor plain dress and plain language, nor good talk, nor reading the Bible, nor going to church, nor saying prayers, nor giving money in charity, nor doing good things, unless the grace of God is in the heart. It is the love of God and the service of God.

In some such ways as these and in many others, I have been trying to instruct and impress the boys

who come here on Sundays. I have not aimed at great things. Knowing well the difficulty of speaking so as to interest boys of such difference in age, I have tried to reach the average age. Sometimes the large boys may have thought me below their grade in my addresses, and often, I fear, the little fellows have found me too high for them.

I could tell you stories and anecdotes cut from newspapers and books, that would amuse and interest you, and that would be easy to collect and easy to listen to, but these you will find and read for yourselves. I have preferred sometimes to give you incidents of life and experience that I have personally known.

I come now to the questions which I asked early in this address: What good has all this done? Who is any wiser or better for anything that I have ever said here?

And the answer I make to myself is, "I do not know." And yet I do hope that some boys have been led to entertain higher views of life and duty because of some things which I have said.

And I have thought that there may be boys here this morning who may be inclined to consider seriously the subjects I have spoken of. They may feel that it is time for them to turn over a new leaf in life's history, to set out in a new path. When I

was young, if some one had come to me, as I now come to you, and said these things, I would have welcomed him as my best friend. I want you boys so to consider me, and so I say these earnest words to you.

I believe in religion, its reality, its power over the soul. I believe that no boy is safe without it. I believe no man can be a true man in the highest and best sense unless he is a religious man; and what I mean by a religious man is one who loves God and worships Him, not in outward acts of devotion merely, but in his daily walk and conversation, in uprightness, in fair dealing, in unselfishness, in good works to his fellow-men.

Let me now, as I am about to close, say one thing which I consider of great importance to you.

It is this. Let us make this chapel service what it ought to be. This is a place of worship. True worship is of the heart, not a matter of mere form. God requires our affections, and no outward show of worship can make up for want of heart. Let us do what we can to make this chapel service effective. You can do much by your orderly conduct, by your prompt responsive reading of Scripture, by your hearty singing, by your close attention to the address, by uniting fervently in the prayers; you can do much, you can do all that is needed to make the

services bright and attractive. You can make the singing what it ought to be; you have already done much toward it. Then I hope and believe that this chapel service will be so pleasant to all, that you will be glad to come here, and that you will here learn, if you fail to learn elsewhere, that the real object of life is, in the highest and best sense, the service of God.

XVIII

TOM GILBOY

ONE day a long time ago, the Lord Jesus, with a large company, climbed up the steep and narrow road that leads to the little city of Nain. It was a bright, hot day in the summer time. Just as they came near the city, they met a funeral. It was the saddest of all funerals. There was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. It was a sight to touch the heart of the most unfeeling one. In that country more than in this, the condition of a widow was especially deplorable. In our day there are many institutions and asylums for the aid and comfort of widows that were quite unknown then. Under the old law of Moses, a widow was dependent entirely upon the affection of relations, and mainly upon the oldest son, if she had a son. This widow, therefore, was especially an object of compassion, because she had lost her sole support. The funeral procession was coming out of the gate to the open country, to the burial-ground. It was a large funeral. The family was one of distinction, or else the hearts of the peo-

ple were greatly moved by the sad affliction, for much people of the city was with her. There was no coffin, for it was not the custom at that time to bury the dead in coffins, but the body was carried on a bier on men's shoulders, much as we do now. The chief mourner was the poor mother, walking close to the bearers, and followed by weeping friends. She, too, was weeping, for her mother's heart was broken. Our Saviour saw this, He knew her great sorrow, He knew that no merely human sympathy could relieve that suffering; and He came up to her and said those words which we, in our poor way, so often say to broken-hearted mourners, and which, from our lips, have so little force, "Weep not." She must have looked up startled, for no word ever fell from those sacred lips without meaning; then He stepped up and touched the bier, and His simple touch stopped the bearers. They, too, must have been startled, for who would dare to stop a funeral? He had spoken two words to the weeping mother; He speaks one to the dead son, "Kum," although our translators have expressed that word in the phrase, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise."

No power in this world nor in any world can resist the word of Christ. He that was dead sat up and began to speak, and He delivered him to his mother.

Lord Lytton, in one of his stories, the scene of which is laid in the first century, introduces this young man, who was raised from the dead, as a Christian missionary traveling from place to place, comforting those whom God had gathered together in His name, and proclaiming His glory.

“I am he,” he said, “of whom the Evangelist wrote. In the far Judea and in the city of Nain, there dwelt a widow, humble of spirit and sad of heart; for of all the ties of life, one son alone was spared to her. And she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost. And the son died. The reed on which she leaned was broken. The oil was dried up in the widow’s cruse. They bore the dead upon his bier; and near the gate of the city, where the crowd was gathered, there came a silence over the sounds of woe, for the Son of God was passing by. The mother, who followed the bier, wept, not noisily, but all who looked upon her saw that her heart was crushed. And the Lord pitied her, and He touched the bier and said, “I say unto thee, arise.” And the dead man woke and looked upon the face of the Lord. Oh, that calm and solemn brow, that unutterable smile, that careworn and sorrowful face, lighted up with a God’s benignity, chased away the shadows of the grave. I rose, I spoke, I was liv-

ing, and in my mother's arms; yes, I am the dead revived. The people shouted, the funeral horns rang forth merrily, there was a cry, 'God has visited His people.' I heard them not; I felt, I saw nothing but the face of the Redeemer."

Several years ago, a young boy, homeless and friendless, came to this House. He came of his own accord, because he had no other home, and because he had no friends. By his good conduct he attracted the attention of those about him in school and in the shops, and he was sent to a place. After a while he became sick, seriously sick, and was obliged to come back and go to the infirmary, where he was when I saw him last. I was about to take my summer vacation, and I went to see the boy, to say "good-bye" to him, and to take him some fruits and flowers from the ladies in my family.

When I went up to his bedside and asked him how he was, he answered, as he always did, "First rate, sir." And this, while his poor body was wasting with disease; so brave was he! And when the letter came to us in the mountains, hundreds of miles away, saying that Tom was dead, I thought of the words, "The only son of his mother, and she was a widow," for Tom's father was dead.

How strange it seems that this young boy should

have died. When he came here he seemed to be a strong and healthy lad. He was born in Ireland, in the city of Dublin, I believe. I am not quite sure that I know all the particulars of his earlier life; but I believe his father died some time before Tom left home, and his mother, not being able to take the best care of her son, sent him out to America, and to Philadelphia, where he had an uncle living, who had either promised to help him, or who, it might be supposed, would help him. For some reason, which is not quite clear to me he did not get along well with his uncle; and after some time, not being able to live with his uncle in peace, he determined to leave him, or was pushed out of doors to take care of himself. How could his uncle do this to a boy, and he a stranger in a strange land, and no one to hold out a helping hand? How long he wandered about I do not know; but after awhile he heard of this House, and he came here, asking to be committed for a home. He went into the first school at once, for he had been an industrious school-boy at home. Once or twice when my family needed help, the Superintendent let Tom go to our house, and he spent some days with us, doing such little things as he could do and helping us much, especially in dusting the books in the library and putting them

back on the shelves. He was as trustworthy as anybody could be. Once I thought I would like him to live with me permanently, but I hoped he might do better for himself if he learned a trade. After living in this House two years or more, and working in the tailor's shop, a place was found for him, but he had not served long before his health began to decline, and very soon he was not able longer to work at his trade. Then he came back here. It was his only home, and he found good and kind friends.

On that great highway that leads from Switzerland to Italy, built by the great Napoleon, the Simplon Pass, a road that climbs the mountains by easy grades to the regions where the snow lies almost all the year, and which is almost impassable in winter, there are little stone houses built by the side of the road, and under the overhanging rocks out of which the road is cut, each having one door and two windows. The door opens to the road, and the windows are one in each end, looking up and down the road. One man at least in the long winter is kept in each of these little houses. His duty every night is to light a lamp, and place it so that its light may shine out both windows and show the way over the dangerous pass to belated travelers, and to give them succor when they need it.

These houses are called Refuges, and many a poor traveler has found refuge from the night and the storm in these little houses.

And so poor Tom Gilboy found a refuge in this House, whose doors have opened to many a belated and lost traveler on the highway of life, when beset by storms and darkness. His decline in health was very rapid. When I saw him, as I said, he was in the infirmary, and after his return to the House, he was not able to go to the schools or the shops again. When he felt strong enough he walked down to the yard and about the House, but it soon became plain to all, except perhaps himself, that his life was nearly spent. When he became too weak to write to his mother, the Superintendent wrote to her frequently, telling her of her son's declining health. Many letters passed, and his mother began to dread that she would soon hear the worst. The priest came as often as he wished to talk with him and pray with him, and when he saw that the poor boy could not recover, he administered the last solemn and impressive rites of the Roman Catholic Church, for Tom lived and died a Catholic. No one here ever said one word against his religion.

He died on a Saturday in August, and was buried on the following Monday. The boys and girls

were all gathered in the chapel; a minister conducted the services, and gave some good words of counsel. The procession was formed, and one hundred of the boys, mostly of his own division, followed him to the grave, hardly a word being spoken, and gently laid his poor, emaciated body to rest.

The Superintendent wrote to his mother, telling her that all was over, and that loving hands had ministered to her son, as kindly as anybody but a mother could. How she must have felt when she heard that her boy was dead, and how grateful she must have been that everything was done for his comfort that could be done.

But what a disappointment for her! His plan was to make money enough to send for his mother to come over to America and live with him, for he knew that she would live happier and better here than in Ireland. He was to be her support and stay. She was to lean upon him as she had leaned upon his father. Now, alas, all this was over, and she would never see him again.

He has come to chapel many times and heard many chapters of the Bible read, and sung many sweet hymns, and heard many good words of advice. But the places which have known him here will know him no more forever. His name will stand

on the records of this school as of the past, and some will remember him as a friend for awhile; but the tide sweeps on, his place was soon filled by another, and this young life went out.

What is the lesson for you from such a story? Tom Gilboy was a quiet boy. He seemed to have not much of the jovial, rollicking ways that so many of his countrymen have. He had not much conversation. He was rather sad, thoughtful, more so than we generally find, more so, probably, than was good for him. It is not good for young people, either boys or girls, to be sad. They ought not to be, for either they are out of health or they are not well treated. It is probable that Tom was not a lively boy because he was not robust. I used to think he was not well when he seemed to be so in some respects, for he was almost pallid in color, and there was little or no bloom on his cheeks. He was faithful and industrious in all his tasks, and he might be depended upon to do everything as well as he could. There was no shirking of duty with him.

I am glad to say that he was never punished. I do not mean that he never did anything wrong, that he never made a mistake; but he did not do wrong wilfully, he did not persist in anything that was not right, and he was never engaged in any

wrongdoing that made it necessary to punish him. This is a record of which any one may well be proud. For any boy or girl, who passes through the discipline of this House without being punished, deserves very high credit.

Oh, if you would all determine that from this time you will so conduct yourselves as never to fall under the necessity of punishment, you would make a very happy household here.

One thing more. There will come a time to every one of you when no medical skill, nor tender and careful nursing, ah, when not even the prayers of the people of God, though offered in many places and from many hearts, can avail to save you from death. That time may be nearer to some one who hears me to-day than you suppose ; what ought you to do? Ought you to put off preparation for the eternal life until you, overtaken by sickness, and under the delirium of fever, are beyond the reach of human words? No, go to your Saviour now, before the sun sets this day, and give yourself to Him and ask Him to receive you, and make you His own, and if you do this with all your heart, which you can do, He will receive you and save you.

And you can do it before you leave your seats.

XIX

“ TALITHA CUMI ”

(*St. Mark 5 : 41*)

My text is in two words. Strange words they are, which you never saw or heard anywhere except in the New Testament. Further on I will tell you just what they mean.

Our Saviour had recently crossed the sea of Galilee, from the eastern to the western shore, and landed at His own city of Capernaum. As usual, a crowd met Him. In almost all towns on the sea-shore, lake-side, or river-shore, there will be found groups or crowds of people ; some fishermen, some sailors belonging to the vessels lying at the wharves, or in the docks, or seeking employment on the vessels ; and many idlers lounging about and waiting to see whatever may happen.

In some such crowd our Lord found Himself, as He stepped ashore from the boat which had brought Him across the lake. Hurrying, pushing, crowding his way through the throng of people came a man with great earnestness, insisting on speaking to Jesus. Very likely the crowd made way for him, because he was no ordinary man. He

was a Ruler of the Synagogue: that is, the chief man, or one of the principal men who had charge of the Synagogue—the Jewish place of worship. His name was Jairus, and he had hurried from his house to see Jesus and to speak to Him; for he had a daughter, an only child, and she was dying. Everything had been done for her recovery that could be done; but her father and mother and the others who helped to nurse her and care for her had, it seems, given her up, for she lay at the point of death. I say they had done everything they could do, but one thing. They had not asked Jesus to help them. For He was not there; He was miles away on the other side of the lake, and beyond their reach. They could not tell when He would come back again. But word came somehow that He was returning; that He was in one of the boats that could be seen making their way across the lake, under sail or driven by oars, towards Capernaum. Almost in utter despair, the father hurries out of his house, down the street towards the water's edge, and forces his way through the throng. He sees Jesus, and coming near, he drops on his knees, and bows his forehead to the earth, at the very feet of Christ. And then in the fulness of his heart, and in the earnestness of his passionate entreaty, he breaks out in the words, " My little

daughter lieth at the point of death: I pray Thee come and lay Thy hands upon her that she may be healed, and she shall live."

We learn from the other accounts that the girl was twelve years old, and that she was an only child. You can see how the father's heart was bound up in her, and how utterly desolate his home would be if she should die. What the illness was we do not know; probably it was one of the many forms of fever so common to that country; and, because of the few medical appliances, so apt to be fatal. How the father knew that Jesus was in the habit of "laying His hands on the sick" when He healed them, we do not know; but this was his request: "Come and lay Thy hands upon her." How did he come to have this faith? What had he heard; what had he seen of Jesus? Our Lord did not for a moment doubt the faith of the Ruler; nor did He doubt His own power, nor did He ask the natural questions, such as: "What is the nature of the disease? How long has she been sick? What have you done for her?" These would have been the questions of the ordinary physician, but He started at once to go back with the father to his house. The crowd which had opened a moment to allow the Ruler to come to Jesus, closed in upon the two again and hindered them and delayed them

in their passage along the street. Then occurred the incident of the sick woman, Veronica, as the early Church called her, who pressed so close to Him and touched His clothing and was miraculously healed. But we cannot dwell upon that now.

There must have been a longer delay here than the short account of this healing would lead us to suppose. For presently, while our Lord and the father were still in the way, messengers came from the Ruler's house and, pressing their way through the throng, said, in the saddest of all words: "Thy daughter is dead, why troublest thou the Master any further?" The words were not spoken to Jesus, but He heard them. He saw the effect of the dreadful words on the face of the distracted father. He knew how the news would crush him, and He immediately uttered those soothing and tender words, which have so often brought consolation to the stricken heart, "Be not afraid, only believe."

So they went on their way to the Ruler's house. No doubt the crowd tried to follow, idly or curiously, to see what might take place. None, however, were permitted to enter, but Peter and James and John. Others might have gone into the open courtyard, but only these three were allowed to

enter with Jesus into the house. Here, instead of the silence and solemnity which we would expect to meet in a house which death had just entered, our Lord and His three disciples found a noisy and disorderly scene. Although so short a time had elapsed, the hired mourners were already there, weeping and wailing as if their hearts were broken. Such mourners were always at hand. This was their occupation. They made their living as public mourners. "The mourners go about the streets" waiting to be hired. They were actors, as if they were performing in a theater.

Often musical instruments, so called, were used to increase the noise and din. As each group of sympathizing friends came to the house of mourning, these hirelings would lift up their voices anew; groaning and crying, shrieking and making a general uproar. Flute players were usually engaged to play their melancholy notes on the death of the young. Such was and is the custom in the East, and I have seen and heard, in an Arab cemetery, in Alexandria, over a newly made grave, a group of people, mourning and sobbing as if they were distracted. They were not the bereaved family of the dead, but professional mourners, hired by the day or hour to go and weep and wail at the grave. And I have seen in London, at the funeral

of a person of consequence, a train of black carriages and black horses, following the hearse, and a coachman and a footman to each, with black crape streaming from their hats, and the carriages entirely empty.

We can have little idea of what our Saviour heard and saw when He came to this house. It was not new to Him. It did not surprise Him, it was the custom of the country. But knowing what He knew, what utter mockery the whole thing was to Him! The first words He spoke were to the hired mourners: "Why make ye this ado? The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." Did He mean that the girl was not really dead, but was only in a swoon, or asleep? No, He had not yet seen her. The messenger sent by the mother said she was dead, and nobody doubted it. What did the Saviour mean? He meant that to Him she was not dead, for He intended that she should live again, that by His power she should be brought back from the dead; the spirit should return to the body again, and the child be saved. How did the hired mourners receive His words? "They laughed Him to scorn," knowing that she was dead.

I don't know whether they knew who Jesus was. They may not have met Him before. We can hardly suppose they knew Him, else how could

they have cast this insult upon Him? "Laughed Him to scorn" means that they derided Him, sneered at Him, ridiculed Him. What could He know about it?—this stranger just arrived. Besides, they did not want to believe what He said. If it was true, they might as well cease their tumult, their weeping and wailing, and go home. They had no further business there if the child was not dead. They had not much time to consider, however, for Jesus thrust them all out into the street, and closed the gate upon them. He who could drive out of the temple those who profaned it by selling sheep and oxen and doves, and the money-changers, knew how to thrust out these hired mourners from a house soon to be changed from a house of death into a house of rejoicing.

Then He and the father and the mother and the three disciples approached the chamber of death. Ah! what a sad thing it is to go into a room where there is a dead body, especially if it be one whom we tenderly love. They entered the room. He stepped softly up to the couch where, only a little while ago, the young girl was tossing with fever or struggling in the agony of death. The restlessness, the tossing, the moaning are all over now. She lies calm, composed, dead. The eyes are closed, the heart has ceased beating, and the hands are at

rest. How can the poor mother bear the sight? Her daughter, her little daughter, her only daughter, the joy of her life gone! She can have little hope. She had not heard the words of comfort that the father had heard, whether he believed them fully or not: "Be not afraid, only believe," and she looks upon her dead child as forever gone from her love, and soon to be gone from her sight. How can she bear it!

The Saviour stands and looks in the face of the child. There is no answering glance, for the eyelids are closed. He takes the limp hand in His; it is not yet cold, but there is no pressure in return. He speaks the words, two words which have come down to us through all these hundreds of years in the same language, in the same syllables He uttered: "Talitha cumi," and the hand returns His pressure, the eyes open, the blood courses through the veins, and immediately the girl arose.

It is worth while to pause a moment here and think of these words. So far as I remember, these are the only words our Lord spoke which have come down to us in our Bibles as they were spoken, except the word "Ephphatha," "Be opened," when He opened the ears of the deaf man, and the words He uttered on the cross: "Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani?" "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

These words then, " Talitha cumi," are the very words Jesus spoke. " Tali " means boy in our language. " Talith " means a girl. " Cumi " means " Arise." Think of the tenderness of our Lord as He bent over the child and said, " Talitha," My little girl, my pet lamb, " cumi " arise. Very likely these are the words that the mother was accustomed to use when she spoke to her child, or called her in the morning from sleep, words of the tenderest endearment: " my little one, my darling, my pet lamb." The kind thought of the Saviour used the gentlest and most affectionate words as the first words the dear child should hear as she came back to life again.

It is deeply affecting to me, I say it again, that these words, " Talitha cumi," are exactly the words, the very syllables, having precisely the same sound, as nearly as we can conceive, which came from the lips of the Saviour.

We often wish we could have seen Him with our own eyes, and heard Him with our own ears. This cannot be ; but we can imagine somewhat how He looked bending over the dead child ; His face beaming with tenderness ; His eyes ready to overflow with tears of sympathy at the pitiful sight of the child and the distressed parents. This may be imagined ; but we know the very words He spoke, and we al-

most catch the tones of His soft voice as He spoke them.

The damsel arose and walked. It was not only a return to life, but to health. It was as if she had not been sick; only the illness, whether long or short, had deprived her of food, and our Saviour's thought was, She is well now, and His words were, "Give her something to eat."

There are not many things in Scripture more tender and touching to me than this affecting incident of the bringing back to life of Jairus' daughter. We do not know her name, but to the end of time the story will touch many a heart.

Now, what good will this story do us? You are all girls, not a few about twelve years of age. Most of you at some time or other have been sick. Most of you have fathers and mothers who love you. When you have been sick, your mother has watched over you, nursed you, tended you, all day, all night; not thinking anything too much to do if it would help you in the least; denying herself sleep or any rest; giving medicine, making nice things for you to tempt your appetite; anxious about you for fear you would not get well; and watching, hoping, praying for the first signs of recovery. You did get well; you rose from your sick-bed, you walked about the house, you set about your tasks again.

Have any of you ever been sick away from home? Ah! this is hardest of all. How you missed your mother! How much you wanted to see her! In the long nights when you lay awake, tossing with pain and wishing for the morning to come, how you longed to see your mother! No matter how tender and kind other friends were; no matter how attentive the physician was, you wanted so much to see your mother.

The two thoughts which this touching story naturally suggests are:

1. The simple, unquestioning faith of the father. His daughter was so ill that there was little or no hope of recovery. In some way, this Ruler had heard of the wonderful works of Jesus. What He had done for other sick people, He might do, He would do, for his sick child. He believed He could, he believed He would. So he pressed through the crowd, he thrust himself into the presence of the Lord, he told the sad story in few words, his upward look met an assuring look from the Saviour, and the prayer of faith was answered.

2. The infinite tenderness of Christ. Wherever He was, whatever He was doing, His ear was always open to the cry of suffering humanity. He never turned away from a cry of distress except to try the faith of the sufferer.

What He was then, He is now. He hears the cry of those who call upon Him. You need not wait until you are sick; it is not sick children only that need His help. If you are in trouble of any kind, He is able to help you. Nothing that interests you, or causes you pain or distress, is too small to speak to Him about. You need not wait for a father or mother or friend to go to Him in your behalf: go to Him yourself, tell Him all that is in your heart.

The same Saviour who heard the father's call to come and save his sick child, can come to you—will come to you—if you want Him to come. Not in His bodily form, as He passed through the crowd at Capernaum, but by His spirit, touching and softening your hearts, and leading you to repentance. He will come to you while you sit on these seats, if you ask Him.

To-night, when you go to your room, kneel down by the side of your bed and ask Jesus, who called back to life again the dead girl, to change your hearts, to help you to love Him and serve Him. And He will surely do it, if you are in earnest and mean what you say when you ask Him.

Will you ask Him?

XX

JERUSALEM

THERE was a time in the ministry of our Lord when the burdens and cares of His life pressed sorely upon Him and He seemed to be rapidly approaching the end. Short as that life was, when measured by years, the shadows were already deepening, and the pressure of His great mission was growing more and more heavy. He remembered the proverb that a Prophet could not perish out of Jerusalem; He felt that His time on earth was growing short; that He was soon to be "received up;" and with the full knowledge of the cruel and lingering death that awaited Him, "He steadfastly set His face" "to go to Jerusalem."

From the day when King David captured the city of the Jebusites and set up his capital there, Jerusalem has been the dearest spot in all the earth to the Jew. David conquered the city, "building round about from Millo and inward," but his son Solomon established the city and built the Temple, and widened and strengthened the walls. Long years after, the Persians, under Cyrus, overthrew

it and laid it in ruins, and carried away the people as slaves, but after the lapse of another hundred years, Nehemiah, with the authority of Persia, rebuilt the walls and brought back the people. They had languished in captivity, they had sung their plaintive Psalm, "How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget its cunning." And so all down the centuries, and even through that dark period when no Prophet's voice was heard, until the birth of Christ, the old city held her place in the hearts of the people.

From the time when Peter the Hermit preached his Crusade against the Infidel, for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, which strewed the plains of Hungary and Asia Minor with the bones of infatuated and misguided soldiers of the Cross; and from the days when, most deplorable of all, some fifty thousand children, from many countries of Europe, were persuaded to undertake a like Crusade, ending in the death of most of them, and the more dreadful fate of the slave-markets of the East for the rest: the most senseless and deplorable of all the so-called religious movements the world has ever seen—from that time to the present, the hearts of multitudes of people have been turned towards Jerusalem with earnest desire to see the

sacred city. For Jerusalem is the Holy City in a sense not to be used of any other. Here was the Temple of the Most High God ; here Prophets lived and preached and suffered death ; here Kings ruled wisely or unwisely, righteously or wickedly ; here the infant Jesus was presented in the Temple, according to the law of the Jewish Church ; here the boy Jesus was brought by His mother at the early age of twelve, at the time of the Passover. In this Temple was He found with the doctors, asking them questions and hearing their answers. Through these streets He passed when grown to manhood ; in these Temple courts He walked, teaching the people, and denouncing those who profaned the Temple, driving them out of its sacred precincts ; in this city, in an upper room of a plain house, He met His disciples at the last Passover ; here He instituted the sacrament of the last Supper ; through the moonlit streets He walked out through the gate and down the steep hillside, over the brook Kedron, and up the slope to the garden of Gethsemane ; here He endured the great agony ; here, betrayed by one of His disciples, He was arrested by Roman soldiers and led back to the High Priest's house, then to Herod's, then back again to the Jewish Court ; here He was bound and scourged and spit upon, and sentenced to death ; here He was led through the streets, be-

yond the wall, out to Calvary, bearing His Cross; here He was crucified, and here He was buried in what has ever since been called the Holy Sepulchre.

These incidents, this history, have led people ever since to call Palestine the Holy Land, and Jerusalem the Holy City.

When you read and enjoy Shakespeare, you will remember that in the opening scene of the first part of King Henry IV, the King, in speaking to his counsellors, is made to say :

Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
[Whose soldier now, under whose blessed arm,
We are impresséd and engaged to fight,]
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded for this very purpose,
To chase these Pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed
For our advantage, on the bitter cross.

Later on the King asks Warwick :

“ Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ? ”
“ Tis called Jerusalem, my noble Lord.”
“ Laud be to God. Even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but at Jerusalem :
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :
But bear me to that chamber. There I'll lie ;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.”

Whittier, the Quaker Poet, whose feet never trod any other land than his own, but whose imagination was bounded by no continent or seas, must have earnestly desired to see the Holy Land and the Sacred City, else how could he have written these charming lines ?

Blest land of Judea, thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng ;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shore of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

I tread where the twelve in their wayfaring trod,
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God.
Where His blessings were heard and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored and the healing was wrought.

O here with His flock the sad Wanderer came,
These hills He toiled over in grief are the same,
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow.

And, throned on her hills, sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her feet ;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker is gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

And what if my feet may not tread where He stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which He bowed Him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of prayer ;

Yet, loved of the Father, Thy spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here
And the voice of Thy love is the same ^{and low,}
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.



John Pierpont, the Unitarian preacher and the poet, traveled in Europe and the East, visiting Smyrna, the ruins of Ephesus, Constantinople and Athens, Corinth and other cities of Greece; but he did not see Jerusalem for some reason not now known; and with profound reluctance he was compelled to turn away and give up the purpose; but his imagination was so fired with the thoughts of such a pilgrimage, that he gave to others what they could enjoy, even if he could not see the places, some of the most graphic and vivid pictures of the scenes in such verses as these :

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
 How glad should I have been,
 Could I, in my lone wanderings,
 Thine aged walls have seen !
 Could I have gazed upon the dome
 Above thy towers that swells,
 And heard, as evening's sun went down,
 Thy parting camels' bells.

Could I have stood on Olivet,
 Where once the Saviour trod,
 And, from its height, looked down upon
 The city of our God ;
 For is it not, Almighty God,
 Thy holy city still—
 Though there Thy prophets walk no more—
 That crowns Moriah's hill ?

Thy prophets walk no more, indeed,
 The streets of Salem now,
 Nor are their voices lifted up
 On Zion's saddened brow ;

Nor are their garnished sepulchres
With pious sorrow kept,
Where once the same Jerusalem,
That killed them, came and wept.

But still the seed of Abraham
With joy upon it look,
And lay their ashes at its feet,
That Kedron's feeble brook
Still washes, as its waters creep
Along their rocky bed,
And Israel's God is worshipped yet
Where Zion lifts her head.

Yes, every morning, as the day
Breaks over Olivet,
The holy name of Allah comes
From every minaret ;
At every eve the mellow call
Floats on the quiet air,
'Lo, God is God ! Before Him come,
Before Him come for prayer.'

I know, when, at that solemn call,
The city holds her breath,
That Omar's mosque hears not the name
Of Him of Nazareth ;
But Abraham's God is worshiped there
Alike by age and youth,
And worshipped—hopeth charity—
'In spirit and in truth.'

Jerusalem, I would have seen
Thy precipices steep,
The trees of palm that overhang
Thy gorges dark and deep,
The goats that cling along thy cliffs,
And browse upon thy rocks,
Beneath whose shade lie down alike
Thy shepherds and their flocks.

The garden of Gethsemane
 Those aged olive trees
 Are shading yet; and in their shade
 I would have sought the breeze,
 That, like an angel, bathed the brow
 And bore to heaven the prayer
 Of Jesus when, in agony,
 He sought the Father there.

I would have gone to Calvary,
 And where the Marys stood,
 Bewailing loud the Crucified,
 As near Him as they could;
 I would have stood, till night o'er earth
 Her heavy pall had thrown,
 And thought upon my Saviour's cross,
 And learned to bear my own.

Dr. Alford, the late Dean of Canterbury, long cherished the hope of seeing the Holy Land and the Holy City. He had thought about it and planned to do it and had written Commentaries on the New Testament and had described it so that others might have a clear idea of it, but his eyes never saw it, his feet never trod the sacred soil.

On his tomb, in the old Churchyard of St. Martin's on the hill at Canterbury, are the words which in English mean :

“The Inn of a traveler on his way to Jerusalem.”

A well-known writer and traveler* says, “I was going down the eastern coast of the Mediterranean in a steamer. The only cabin passenger beside ourselves was an elder in the Greek Church, but

*W. C. Prime.

the deck of the ship was crowded with hundreds of poor pilgrims on their way to Jerusalem—men, women and children, of various nationalities ; mostly showing signs of extreme poverty, and all very far away from godliness in the way of cleanliness. It was difficult to make one's way along the deck without treading on arms or legs or children.

“At my side at table sat the Greek elder or priest. He was a man of forty-five years or so, wearing the tall black cap of the Greek Church.

“His face was singularly attractive and impressive, the features were sharp-cut, the forehead high, complexion surprisingly white and pure, eyes dark, full of life and benevolence. Some such man I think was the Apostle John. It is rare to meet one whose look impresses you thus with the thought that this man is not of the world, worldly. I had prejudices against Greek priests or monks, for most of those that one meets in Egypt and Syria are ignorant, absolutely dirty in dress and person, and generally objectionable ; but of this man I said at once, he is a typical ‘beautiful Elder’ in the church. He proved to be a man of much learning, as well as much experience among men, and our conversation, begun at the table, was continued far into the night on deck.

“Thrown by accident on a steamer loaded with

pilgrims, he found work to do, and he did find it here, as everywhere, in his Master's service. He seemed at once to know the case of every family and group among them; and though many were uncouth and by no means gentle in their manners, he was soon recognized by all as a good pastor, and was unwearied in his attention, especially to the sick and suffering, of whom there were not a few. When we came out from Beirout, to run south down the coast, we met a sirocco, and there is no storm more trying. Hot and fierce, the wind seemed to cut off your breath with a red-hot sword, and all day long the blue seas went over the ship, half drowning the miserable pilgrims who lay huddled in masses all over the deck.

“I remember now, in connection with what afterwards occurred, that we talked that evening of pilgrimages. The Greek was making a pilgrimage. He had never seen Jerusalem, and now was devoutly going to see the sepulchre. Across the plain of Esdraelon, which touches the sea near Haifa, we looked at the huge slopes of Lebanon, and I tried to point out to him, among the more distant mountains, the peaks of Tabor and Gilboa, the hills that are around Nazareth, and the dark summit of Little Hermon which looks down on the blue beauty of Galilee. And then we talked of pilgrimages of old

times, in all the ages, and spoke especially of the exceeding bitterness of the disappointment of those who after long journeys over Europe and across the sea, reached the gates of Jerusalem, and when the Saracens forbade their entrance, lay down and died under the very walls, never having seen the sepulchre.

“As the sun went down, the ship plunged into the face of the tempest. In the morning, at daybreak, we anchored at the roadstead of Jaffa, two miles or so from the shore, and the first jerk of the ship at her chain threatened to tear everything out of her. What an anchorage that was! A tremendous sea was running. Under ordinary circumstances, the captain would not have anchored, but would have gone on with his passengers to Alexandria. This is often so. But it lacked only a few days of the Greek Easter, the great day of the pilgrimage; and if carried on to Egypt, these hundreds of poor pilgrims would miss the chief object of their long journey. So the captain anchored and fired cannon to tell the Jaffa boatmen that it was for them to decide whether they would take the risk of coming out through the surf on the reef. We rolled, and plunged, and waited. About ten o'clock, the wind seeming to draw a little more off the shore, the boats began to appear, rising and falling in the

great waves as they came towards the ship, and at length were alongside. It was a fearful business to get into them, the steamer rolling over almost on her beam-ends at every sea. With long delay and much danger, boat after boat received a load of pilgrims and luggage and one after another went tossing shoreward and safely passed the opening in the reef.

“ My friend was the last to go down into the boat. I took his hand and we parted with many Oriental words of peace. He reached the boat, took his seat on a bench in the middle, and as she swung across the stern of the ship on a long wave, he bared his noble head and, with repeated waves of our hands and words lost in the storm, we exchanged the last salutations. He looked like a pastor, with his flock around him. Calm, silent, his forehead swept with the fierce sirocco wind which he was facing, I followed them with my eyes, now on wave-tops, now wholly lost to sight. Then I used my marine glass and with that I kept them steadily in view. The reef was a white wall of foam, dashing high into the air. As they approached a narrow opening, where a darker sea intimated a passage, the waves grew shorter. Their boat appeared and vanished in quick succession.

“ ‘ Are they past the opening ? ’

“‘ I cannot tell; I think they are just in it. The sea is awful.’

“And the words were not uttered when in the field of my glass I saw a terrible vision. The boat was lifted on a mass of water, it rose high, and then suddenly I saw the bow thrown up. A horrible confusion of men and women and children, among oars and baggage, were hurled into the white surf on the reef, which leaped into the air triumphant, and I saw no more of them: only the upturned boat, floating and tossed now and then into full view, swept outward along the shore, and finally went on the sandy beach in the breakers, a half mile north of the northern wall of the city.

“So, steadfastly seeking the Jerusalem that is below, before his pilgrim sandals had yet touched the soil of the beloved land, my newly made and newly lost friend, the good priest, found the Jerusalem that is above, the Mother of us all.”

If I may refer to a personal incident, I will say that some years ago, while spending a winter in Italy, I determined to make a short visit to Jerusalem. It was in Naples and the facilities for the journey were quite within my reach. Tickets to Jerusalem and return, allowing certain days in Egypt, were procured; a handbag contained all that was necessary for my personal comfort, and I

set out. The voyage from Brindisi to Egypt, three and a half days, was soon over, and we were put on shore at Alexandria in the early morning. By some mishap, entirely my own fault, I failed to be transferred to the steamer waiting in the harbor of Alexandria in which the voyage to Jaffa was to be continued. The next day at noon another steamer was to sail, touching at the same port. To that vessel I was transferred and we left the harbor of Alexandria for the open sea, expecting to be landed at Jaffa late the next day. That night there was a severe storm, and the next morning our vessel took shelter in the artificial harbor of Port Said, at the northern end of the Suez Canal, which connects the Mediterranean and Red Seas. Here we lay all that day pelted by a storm of rain and hail, so severe that our captain, who had been thrown down and hurt in the rough weather of the night before, said he would not leave that harbor until the storm abated and the sea went down. This conclusion deprived me of my opportunity. In the time left, it was impossible for me to accomplish my purpose, and one of the dreams of my life was dispelled. I had read about Jerusalem, I had studied its topography, I had in imagination walked around its walls, and up and down its steep and narrow streets, and had gone over to the

Mount of Olives and sat there and looked at the dear old city, until I felt almost as if I knew it. And I had cherished fondly the hope that if my feet could stand where the feet of my Lord had stood, if I could see the scene of His great agony, if I could kneel and pray in the Garden of Gethsemane, I should have a deeper sense of His profound humiliation, His overwhelming suffering, and should have got nearer to Him than was possible in any other place.

So, with all my longings for a sight of that city and its holy places, within a few hours' sail of its port, almost within sight of the mountains which are round about Jerusalem, and with the full conviction that I should never again be so near it, I turned away with a disappointment not to be described.

Few of us, probably, will ever see the Jerusalem of Palestine. A great continent and two wide seas lie between that land and ours, and few of us will ever cross them. A traveler can reach Egypt in two weeks; Jaffa, the port of Jerusalem, in another day, and Jerusalem in a few hours more, in cars drawn by an engine built by a Philadelphia builder.

But there is another Jerusalem beyond all these seas and continents and rivers. Let us steadfastly set our faces towards it. All of you young people

who hear me now think it is a long way off, and that it is not worth while now to think much about it. And to most of you it is. But none of you can say whether it may not be nearer than that.

To many of you, the voyage of life will be long and there will be many a storm in your way across the deep ocean of life, and you may never reach the heavenly city at all, unless you steadfastly set your faces towards it. To others it may be a very short passage indeed, measured not by long years but by short weeks or days. None of us here, old or young, will have any right to expect to reach that land safely and surely, unless we steadfastly set our faces towards it, and are guided there by the Holy Spirit.

The ancients thought that a narrow stream through a dark passage (how well do I remember the locality which they so described) and a boat with a single oarsman would carry, one after another, the souls of the departed to the world beyond.

We have a better faith than this. We "believe in the life everlasting." When the time comes for us to depart, if we are God's people, His angel messengers will make our way sure to the heavenly Jerusalem, from which we shall go out no more forever.

We who are gathered here this evening in this social worship represent several branches of the Church, each having its own system of government, its own form of worship, its own statement of doctrine. Here are members of the Congregational Church, the Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Church, the Unitarian Church, the Dutch Reformed Church, the Methodist Church, and probably others of which I do not know. At home and in our own churches, we enjoy our own forms of worship, when properly and wisely rendered, more than any other. Here, where there is no church organization and no fixed forms of prayer, we offer our prayers and praises to our common God and Saviour. For we believe in the same God, we read and study and believe the same Bible, His revealed will, we confess our common sins, we implore forgiveness from the same divine love.

Why cannot this beautiful scene, this coming together "at the lighting of the lamp," be more widely extended? Why cannot this spirit of Christianity be diffused, until it pervades the whole body of the Church? Let us who profess and call ourselves Christians lay this subject more fervently to heart; let us be more lovingly inclined to Christian fellowship; let us understand and

deplore the fact that our want of CHARITY towards each other is one of the chief hindrances to the conquest of the world to Christianity, and let us determine, here and now, that one of the highest duties we owe our Lord and Master, one of the best things we can do to our fellow-men, is to cultivate a spirit of brotherly love. We need not give up anything that is essential to true godliness; but as we are the "soldiers and servants" of the same Lord, let us seek most earnestly to promote the good cause by the best means in our reach: and more especially, that we shall stand side by side, shoulder to shoulder, not asking each other where he learned the art of war, not whether he is a West Pointer or a Volunteer, but Is he willing to fight?

XXI

PAUL AND BARNABAS—A FRAGMENT

THERE is a quarrel here between two of the best of men, both eminent servants of Jesus Christ. It was no trifling affair. The temper of both was more than slightly ruffled; it was tempestuous. Two great souls came into collision, and the depths of passion were broken up. The altercation was so fierce and furious that the tie of old friendship gave way for a time, and they separated. The recording of such an incident is a proof that they were real men. Had they been impostors, this scene in all its offensiveness would not have been preserved.

It was exceedingly improbable that these two men should ever quarrel, and especially now. They were both good men. Love to Jesus Christ and their fellow-men filled and fired their souls. More than this, they were old friends. It is probable they were school-fellows. Years before, Barnabas had conferred on Paul a favor sufficiently great to have bound them together forever. They had been fellow-laborers for a long time. They had taken a long, trying and perilous missionary tour from An-

tioch, and had returned. They had stood side by side in many fierce battles with the heathen; received together many a wound, and won together many a splendid victory.

They had just returned from Jerusalem, where they had been settling a great ecclesiastical dispute. They were also now projecting another missionary tour together. Could anything be more improbable than that such men should quarrel? Yet they did.

Two things we may learn from this incident :

First. Little things are often more trying to the temper than great things. These men had been in the most trying circumstances on the sea and on the land. They had contended with the bigoted Jew and with the idolatrous Gentile. The desertion of John Mark in Pamphylia had not disturbed their relations with each other, neither had their feelings been affected by any occurrence at the council in Jerusalem; even the position of Barnabas, in the discussion with Peter, had caused no outbreak, though it probably led the way to this; but now the question whether John Mark should accompany them, or not, produced great irritation, in fact a "paroxysm" of excitement, as the phrase literally means. Now, as to whether they should take John Mark with them, or not, seems to us a

very small thing; Barnabus contending for it on personal grounds, Paul resisting on grounds of the public good; a very small matter compared with other things that engaged their attention. And yet, small as it was, it broke the harmony of their friendship. Your own experience proves that it is the "little foxes that spoil the vines." The best way to promote real union is to be engaged in good works. There is not room in the heart, at the same time, for good purposes and harsh judgments.

Second. The second thing is that the best of men are not infallible. The Apostles were not always under the influence and inspiration of the Spirit. When left to their own judgment they were weak, "men of like passions with yourselves," as Paul said at Lystra to those who would have defied them.

Human nature is imperfect. The best men are sinners. Humanity has seen but one perfect illustration, and He was divine as well as human. You must not judge religion altogether by her professed friends. They sometimes falter and fall short, very short, of their great Example. But look to Him whose life was pure and holy from beginning to end: who knew no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth: who, though He was reviled, reviled not again: who, though He suffered, threatened not.

Do not then condemn Christianity because of the faults of those who profess to be governed by it. Do not question its divine origin because its followers have so much of the spirit of the world. If you could have spent one day with Jesus of Nazareth, when He lived in the flesh in our world ; if you could have seen Him as He toiled, a weary wanderer without a home, up and down the hills and valleys of Judea, never caring for Himself, never thinking of Himself ; living for others ; not turning away from any, even the most despised, the most abandoned, the lost ; and all to do good, to lift up the fallen ; to encourage the despondent ; to save the perishing ; you would not, you could not but feel that the religion which He came to teach and establish, for which He died, is real, is true, is good.

And if this religion is all that is claimed for it, why do some of you delay to accept it ? Why, when it is urged upon your attention, do you listen respectfully, though so coldly, and then turn away from it ? Why are you inclined to make the experiment which so many others have made to their everlasting regret, of living without God, and without hope in the world. The defects of character, and the inconsistencies in the lives of Christians is no satisfactory excuse to you, for your own character is not perfect, and you are not less incon-

sistent than Christians. Now, while in health, you have no love for religion, and no fear of death, and you put off the whole subject and think at least you are not inconsistent; but when death confronts you, and you stand on the confines of that unseen and unknown world, to which we are all hastening as rapidly as the wheels of time can carry us, how readily will you welcome the visit, the conversation, the prayers, of a Christian minister, or any one who will speak words of encouragement and point you to the Saviour.

XXII

JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH—A FRAGMENT

IF the doctrine of Justification by Faith may fairly be drawn from the close of Paul's sermon in the synagogue at Antioch, it may be worth while to look for a few moments into that doctrine—its history, and its applications.

It is very interesting to stand over a clear, bright spring as it bursts from under a rock, and watch it as it ripples away until it becomes a brook, and then flows on, gathering other streams into its bosom, until it flows in the deep currents of a mighty river. It may become troubled and discolored; its placid surface may be roughened by storms, but it sweeps on in its strength, and we wonder whether he whose fevered thirst first hailed the freshening music of the babbling spring, whose parched lips first drank eagerly of the clear waters, ever dreamt of all that it would grow to; what tributaries it would receive, what far-off fountains it would bless with its mighty waters.

It is one of the stories connected with the life of Martin Luther that, under a sense of the burden of

sin, which was fast becoming unsupportable, he found himself in the city of Rome. In no other city has such ample provision been made for the relief of the conscience from sin, of those who believe in the Roman Catholic religion, as in that city. Almost under the shadow of the venerable church of St. John Lateran, are the famous Santa Scala, the holy stairs up which our Lord is said to have passed from the Court of the Sanhedrim in Jerusalem to the house of Pilate, the Roman governor. Difficult, nay impossible, as it may be for a Protestant to believe the legend, there are tens of thousands of devout Catholics who do. It is the belief of that church that any penitent who will ascend those twenty-eight steps on his knees, pausing long enough on each step to say a contrite prayer, or meditate on the passion of our Lord, shall receive nine years of indulgence for each step in the stairs. I have myself seen many persons slowly and painfully and prayerfully ascending these steps. The story of Luther is, that eagerly grasping at any method of relief from his sins, and groping in mental darkness, he placed himself at the foot of the holy stairs, and began the slow and painful ascent. In the course of his prayers and meditations, his thoughts turned to the passage which Paul, in effect, so often quotes, "The just shall live by faith,"

when suddenly a light broke into his mind, the clouds of uncertainty were dispelled, he saw, as he had never before seen, the plan of salvation through Christ the Redeemer, and rising from his knees he hurried down the steps and abandoned Catholicism forever.

Some such story, too, is told of Augustine, who loved, as Luther did, to preach the doctrine of Justification by Faith. While lying under a tree in a garden, and groaning under the burden of sins which were crushing him to the earth, and groping also in that darkness which would not let him see where to get strength and where to hope for deliverance, he seemed to hear a voice which directed him to take up and read the Scriptures. He obeyed that voice, opened the Holy Writings and found peace, and afterwards preached Justification by Faith.

“Thy faith hath saved thee,” said our blessed Lord Himself to the sinful woman who wept over His feet, and kissed them and anointed them with precious ointment—“Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.”

But who should say that these words were to be the beginning of a new starting-point in the spiritual life of mankind? Who could know that they were to bring glad tidings of great joy to

myriads of penitent and contrite hearts, kindling in the heart of Paul the fire which was never to be extinguished ; stirring the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews to his long muster-roll of the heroes of a faith which overcomes the world ; casting a ray of brightness over the dreariest traditions ; starting ever and anon, in Augustine and Luther, and thousands of lesser prophets, as on a fresh career of victory, conquering and to conquer—the trumpet-call of the church's warfare—the watchword of mighty controversies. Yes, in the very beginning of that goodly fellowship of preachers was that prophet of whom we know so little, whom we have almost lost out of our sight in the great procession of his followers. The first preacher of the truth of Justification by Faith was not Luther, nor Augustine, nor Paul, nor our Lord Himself, but the prophet Habakkuk.

Faith, as you know, is the assent which is given to what is spoken or written. But there are two kinds of religious faith. One is that intellectual assent to any statements in the Scriptures, which probably all of you consciously or unconsciously yield when you read or hear the Scriptures, or when any of its passages come up in your minds. The ear has been familiar with the fundamental truths of Christianity from early childhood, and nothing

like doubt, or even questioning, has ever been felt or indulged. The great cardinal truth that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, which is the very corner-stone of the Christian system, the mind receives unhesitatingly, if not cordially, and the history of that life, the cruel and lingering death, the burial, the resurrection on the third day, are in every creed, and the mind has been accustomed to the forms of their expression from very early age.

But it is very evident that the faith of which Habakkuk spoke, which Paul, and Augustine, and Luther preached, and by which those who possess it are justified from all things from which they could not be justified by the law of Moses, must have been, must be, something more than assent of the intellect on evidence sufficient or insufficient.

What is it?

It is not only full and hearty belief in the Christian system, but it is depending on it, resting in it for personal salvation. And this feeling can never be attained until the soul has felt the burden of personal sin. If the time should ever come when you feel that you are a great sinner, although no powerful and overwhelming conviction may be produced, your peace will be destroyed, you will be filled with uneasiness, and these feelings will return again and

again at every hour of reflection, and especially when you are in solitude.

It is possible this may be the case with some one here to-day. You wish you were a Christian, you say. I will suppose you really do. Many persons who say that really mean only that they wish for the benefits of piety, not for piety itself.

They would like the rewards which the Saviour has to bestow, but they do not like His service. I will suppose, however, that you really wish to be His. It is possible that you do, and yet you may not have found peace. You think there is some love for the Saviour in your heart; some interest in His cause; some desire to serve Him, and yet you are not relieved from the burden of sin, and are not cheered with spiritual peace and joy. Now, the cause of your restless unhappiness is a burdened conscience. There is a sort of instinctive feeling that guilt deserves punishment. You feel that you are guilty. You know that God is an efficient Governor; a God of terrible majesty; for, whatever men may say, there is something in the heart which testifies that it is an evil and bitter thing to sin against God; and that the soul which gives itself up to sin must expect to feel the weight of divine displeasure. You know this and you feel it, and though you ask forgiveness, you do not realize that

it full control in your heart. Come to God and ask forgiveness on this ground. Trust to it fully. If you do, you will feel that the account for the past is closed and settled forever. You are free from all responsibility in regard to it. Ransomed by the Redeemer, the chains of doubt and fear and sin fall off, and you stand safe and free and happy a new creature in Jesus Christ: redeemed by His precious blood, and thenceforth safe, under His mighty protection.

Such is a very brief and a very imperfect but I trust, Scriptural view of Justification by Faith; and thus the question is answered, "How shall a man be just with God?"

There is nothing novel in these statements. You have heard them a hundred times before, and you could probably express them just as well to yourselves. But if I understand the Christian system, this is the way of salvation.

If I am correct in this, why do you not embrace the system: give your hearty assent to it, and depend upon it?

Why does not every one profess, who is not already a Christian, say, "Yes, this is the truth, this is the way; I must have the cross laid, I must come into this state of mind, and I will. I will begin at

it can safely be bestowed. Now, the remedy is simple and effective. It is for you to come in faith to the Cross of Jesus Christ.

Let me explain precisely what I mean by this. Your conscience is uneasy, being burdened by the load of past sins. Perhaps you do not distinctly fear punishment, but it is the sense of responsibility for sin and the undefined dread of something to come, which really destroys your rest. Now why have you anything to fear? Why should God call you to account for those sins? It must be either from personal resentment against you, or because the welfare of His government requires the execution of His law upon you. You know it cannot be resentment. It must be the latter then—regard for God's law. Now listen. The moral impression in respect to the nature and tendencies of sin, which is the only possible reason God can have for leaving you to suffer its penalties, is accomplished far better by the life and death of His Son; and if you are ready to abandon sin for the future, there is no reason whatever why you should be punished for the past. God never could have wished to punish you for the sake of doing evil; and all the good He could have accomplished by it is already effected in another and better way. Now believe this cordially. Give

it full control in your heart. Come to God and ask forgiveness on this ground. Trust to it fully. If you do, you will feel that the account for the past is closed and settled forever. You are free from all responsibility in regard to it. Ransomed by the Redeemer, the chains of doubt and fear and sin fall off, and you stand safe and free and happy, a new creature in Jesus Christ; redeemed by His precious blood, and thenceforth safe, under His mighty protection.

Such is a very brief and a very imperfect, but, I trust, Scriptural view of Justification by Faith; and thus the question is answered, "How shall a man be just with God?"

There is nothing novel in these statements. You have heard them a hundred times before, and you could probably express them just as well to yourselves. But if I understand the Christian system, this is the way of salvation.

If I am correct in this, why do you not embrace the system; give your hearty, cordial assent to it, and depend upon it?

Why does not every one present, who is not already a Christian, say, "Yes, this is the truth, this is the way; I must have this experience, I must come into this state of mind, and I will. I will begin at

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once ; before the sun sets this day, I will begin this new life. I will give myself to the service of Him, through Whom is preached unto me the forgiveness of sins."

Ah, why do you not ?

XXIII

PARENTS AND CHILDREN—A FRAGMENT

IF I have not detained you too long, I would like to say a few words in closing to the parents present.

Christian parents, look over this congregation. These boys and girls, these young people, are all your children, or if not yours they are somebody's children. If they are yours, God has given them to you, and you love them. You have watched over them from their earliest infancy, you now watch over their youth. All your plans for this world centre in them. Your daily labor, the care of your house, your condition in life, all point to them. If they were to be taken from you, the world would be very dark, life would be a blank. Those of you who pray earnestly, never offer a prayer that does not include your children. Your life is bound up in their life.

Does the question ever come to you, as you look upon one of them, "What manner of child shall this be?"

The wonderful, the miraculous signs attending

the birth of John the Baptist, led those who were gathered round him, as he was presented in the Temple, to ask this question, and no thoughtful parents from that day to this, have ever looked in the face of their child without this interest.

I take then any father, any mother, in this congregation, and pointing to the child who sits by your side, or whom you have left at home, too young or too feeble to come here; I point to that son or that daughter, and with all earnestness I ask you, "What manner of child shall this be?"

The answer is with you. You cannot put it aside, you cannot say, "I send my child to Sunday School, and the responsibility is with the Teacher;" you cannot say, "I take my child to the Church, and place it under the droppings of the Sanctuary, and my duty is done."

Neither can you say, "I send my children to the best schools within my reach; I provide them with the best books my means will allow, I try to know what company they keep; I cannot do anything more."

Ah, yes, you can. You can do much more. You can do that without which all this may be of no avail. You can lead them to Jesus. You must not, you dare not try to put this duty on your Pastor, or on the Sunday-school Teacher. It is your

duty, and nothing whatever will excuse you from doing it.

You, Christian father; you, Christian mother, take your children by themselves, or one by one, if you prefer it, and talk with them as only a Christian parent can, about their Saviour. Begin it when they are quite young, and cease not until they have given their hearts to Him. These blessed teachings come with more grace, more tenderness, more power, from your lips, than from any other human lips whatever, and you cannot afford to let this duty go unperformed. You do not need to be eloquent, you do not need to have the choicest language, you do not need the fullest knowledge of the Scriptures; you need only love to your children, which you already have; you need love to God and faith in His word, and then it will be no irksome task.

And then you ought to pray in your families. You parents, who are members of the church, don't you remember that, when you joined the church, you promised to observe the ordinances of God in His house, in the closet and in the family. And don't you know that this means that you must worship God in the Sanctuary with His people, that you are to worship Him daily in the closet alone, and daily in your house, with your family assem-

bled about you? You dare not neglect the services of the Sanctuary; you would be afraid to omit personal secret prayer: how then can you let the days pass, the mornings and evenings come and go, and no family worship?

Do you say that you have no time? Five minutes in the morning, five minutes in the evening are enough, if you have the right spirit. You can surely give this time. Do you say that you are too shy, too timid to pray? This shrinking will soon pass away, or at least you will soon acquire more confidence (I well know what it is; no one has ever suffered more from this than myself), and grow to ease, if not freedom, in your spoken prayers. If you do nothing else, you can at least read a short portion of Scripture, and kneel down at your breakfast table, and your supper table, and repeat the Lord's Prayer.

Should you feel the need of helps, at first, in this duty of family prayer, there are plenty to be found, and your Pastor can direct you where to get them.

Parents, these children will not be children much longer; they will be men and women. They will leave you. They will go into other families: they will make families for themselves. It is for you to say whether they will go away from you uncon-

verted, and establish other households where there are no family prayers.

Do not let it be an open or a doubtful question, what manner of households they are to be, but settle it now that they are to be the Lord's.

Let me beg you in these last words with all earnestness; let me beg you who are not in the habit of family prayer, to go to your houses to-night, gather your children, your family, about you, read a few verses from the Bible (the Fifty-first Psalm, or the Prodigal Son, if you know not what to choose), and then kneel down, and if you can find no other words, say, "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name," in which your family will all join, and you will lie down to sleep with a calmer and sweeter trust in God than you have ever had in all your life.

XXIV

THE HOUSE OF GOD—SACRED

IN all ages and among all people, places of worship have been regarded with veneration. In the lowest forms of paganism, the place where the idol is worshiped is held sacred. In other and higher forms of heathenism, the worshiper has a deeper reverence for his temple. The Brahmin protects the house of his gods from anything which in his view would degrade it, and the Mohammedan takes the very shoes from his feet when he goes to his Mosque to worship Allah; and for many years no Christian foot was allowed to pollute the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem.

When the Tabernacle was set up in the wilderness, the first sanctuary, except rude altars here and there, ever erected to Jehovah in our world, the Jews regarded it with an awe almost amounting to terror. The directions for preparing its materials were most minute and particular. The different apartments were contrived and guarded with a scrupulous care for the sanctity of the place. Certain apartments were for certain classes of wor

shippers, and woe to him who transgressed these bounds. Great care was exercised and minute and specific directions given, when the Tabernacle was removed from place to place, during the wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness; and once, after the occupation of Canaan, when the Ark, the most sacred part of the Tabernacle, had been carried away by the Philistines as a trophy of victory, and when, after suffering many ills in consequence thereof, they gladly returned it to the Jews, Uzzah, who undertook to escort it to Shiloh, was struck dead because he irreverently placed his hand upon it to support it. So with the Temple of Solomon at Jerusalem, the same care was taken to protect the apartments and sacred vessels of the House of God from profanation. Into the Holy of Holies, where the Ark was, whether in Tabernacle or Temple, even the High Priest went but once a year, and then alone and in the dark.

Among Christians, the Roman Catholics seem to regard their churches as more sacred than do the people of other churches. They believe that the Great God is really present in His sanctuary. Each worshiper, as he goes to his place in the church, bows his knees, and the priests who minister at the altar, never pass and repass the sanctuary, without an inclination of the head and knee.

Protestant churches, as a rule, are not remarkable for excessive reverence for the House of God. With great care and expense we build our sanctuaries; and we celebrate their completion with solemn and appropriate services of dedication. We give the house to God with great formality, and we ask Him to be present always when we assemble there, and then, sometimes, we seem to forget what the house is built for. So careful are we to avoid the danger of depending on the senses, lest we be led into outward and formal worship, that we (very properly) exclude sacred pictures from the walls; and even go so far in some branches of the church as not to allow such sentences as "The Lord is in His Holy Temple," to be lettered on the walls.

While it may be, and is, very well to guard against such appeals to the senses, as may lead us away from the true purpose of spiritual worship, we must not forget that the sanctuary is the House of God, and that when we enter it, we must remember the injunction, "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the House of God."

* * * * *

For many weeks this house has been a great workshop. The scaffolding and ladders for the decorators; the harsh saw of the carpenter; the ham-

mer of the lath and the plasterer; the wires and rods of the electricians; the stone-mason, the brick-layer, the upholsterer and the organ-builder have all had their way, and their day, and with the exception of the organ, the work of enlarging and renovating this church has been completed; and the congregation, after their long exile, are back again, and most of them in their accustomed places. The architect has carried out his plans; the committee of the trustees, appointed to control and direct the changes, have done their work, at such cost of thought and time and labor as no one can estimate, and we have returned here to our Sunday services. While the work was going on, the house was filled with the rubbish of dismantled pews, of broken plaster, of chips and shavings; and those who came and went, whether as artisans or lookers-on, naturally thought little of the character of the house, but kept their heads covered as if in an ordinary building undergoing repairs. But this is all changed now. The people who did the work are gone, and the house is filled with worshippers.

There is danger that we may lose something of a true reverence for the place, because for so long a time it has been out of its proper use. And it is to correct this, if it be so, or to prevent it, if this impression has not yet been made, that I venture in a

few words, to suggest some considerations which may help us to have a proper regard for the place.

This is not a lecture hall, where discourses may be delivered on professional, scientific, historic or literary subjects; nor a lyceum, where persons may meet for literary cultivation and improvement; nor a concert hall, for the entertainment of audiences who delight in music when properly rendered, sacred or secular; nor is it a meeting-house merely, in the ordinary meaning of that phrase; nor yet a place for the display of costumes and fashion; but it is a Christian Temple, erected for purposes of worship, the worship of God.

As old George Herbert wrote, in his quiet home at Bemerton, where, from his beautiful lawn, he had in full view the glorious spire of Salisbury Cathedral:

When once thy foot enters the Churche, be bare;
 God is more there than thou; for thou art there
 Only by His permission; then beware,
 And make thyself all reverence and fear.
 Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stockings, quit thy state;
 All equal are, within the Churche's gate.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
 And send them to thy heart, that, spying sinne,
 They may weep out the stains by them did rise;
 Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
 Who marks in Churche-time others' symmetrie,
 Makes all their beauties his deformitie.

Let vain and busie thoughts have there no part ;
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures hither.
Christ purg'd His temple ; so must thou thy heart :
All worldly thoughts are but as thieves met together
To cozin thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches are either our Heav'n or Hell.

Once I assisted at the ceremonial of the opening of a school-chapel under very peculiar circumstances. It was a house large enough to accommodate two thousand people. The seats were arranged in the form of an amphitheatre, in curved lines rising to a proper height in the rear, with deep galleries in the same form. There was a large platform or apse, with a reading desk or pulpit, and seats for visitors, and a large memorial window. There was a fine organ, an accomplished organist and a cultivated leader of vocal music. The house was to be opened every day for morning and evening prayers, and twice every Sunday for Divine worship and an address or sermon. It looked somewhat like a modern church, though called a chapel ; and it was understood that in addition to its use as a place of Divine worship, it was to be used as a public hall for the annual ceremonies of Founder's Day, with brass band accompaniment, and also for any evening entertainments in the nature of musical concerts, or stereopticon exhibitions, or other forms of innocent entertainment.

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It was necessary, therefore, to treat the subject of dedication or setting apart, very broadly, and to say that although no Table of the Lord could ever be spread there, and no Baptismal Font ever set up, unless indeed the time should come when these sacraments be administered by unordained hands; that while no bishop, priest or deacon; no minister, ecclesiastic or missionary could ever officiate within those walls, yet true worship, spiritual worship, could be as sincerely offered there, and with as much assurance of acceptance, as if offered in the most splendid cathedral.

But, after all, there was the conviction in the minds of some of those who participated in the ceremonies that, while this was a most convenient place for religious instruction and for the preaching of the Gospel in its simplicity and purity, quite apart from all reference to sectarianism, whether Protestant or Catholic; quite apart from all ecclesiasticism and sacerdotalism, yet it lacked something which seemed to be necessary, or at least most helpful, as a place of worship. For we must not ignore the distinction between religious instruction and Divine worship.

They who have had the privilege of visiting the vast cathedrals of Europe know that in addition to the profound impression that splendid architecture

makes upon the mind, something like devotional feelings come to the soul, a desire for communion with God. Something in the house itself, its magnificent proportions, its venerable history, its association with the men who built it, the motive which inspired them (undoubtedly the honor and glory of God), or the light which comes in through the glorious windows, "the painted air," as Longfellow calls it; whatever it is, there is something which softens the feelings and quickens the spiritual perceptions, and lifts the soul up towards God. Many a Christian, with no outward connection with the church, whose services are celebrated in these great temples, has knelt and prayed and been comforted, under the shadow of the uplifted crucifix.

The late Dean of Westminster, speaking on an occasion of rededication of the Abbey eight hundred years after its foundation, said, "Underneath its roof, or within its precinct, have been held assemblies not only to discuss some of the most momentous questions interesting the Church of England, but also to compile and send forth the only 'Confession of Faith' which was ever sanctioned by law for the whole Island; and which, though bearing the name of Westminster, is still the established formulary of the Presbyterian church of Scotland." "We know," said he, "how its pavement or its walls embrace

memorials from every rank and profession and opinion; trophies of chivalry, ancient and modern, of poetic invention, sublime or tender, grave or gay, of science in its loftiest speculations, or its humblest applications; of those who have wrought immortal deeds, and those who have recorded them in immortal words; of those who have relieved the sufferings, or upheld the hopes, or purified the stains of our common humanity."

Is there not something in such association to lift the soul up towards God?

I have no doubt that the excellent clergymen and other Christians who are holding services on Sunday nights in one of our theatres, feel that while it is a grand thing to get crowds of people who will not go to church, to come and listen to the Gospel, which is so faithfully preached, and to the music, which is so beautifully rendered, nevertheless, that it is not an appropriate place for Divine worship.

A writer of some distinction in our Church (a lady) once said, in a religious paper, that the primary object in going to church was to hear sermons, to be instructed; and that next in importance came the worship, the prayers and the praise. That unwise and unhappy statement never, so far as I know, was corrected, and very many persons seem to entertain that thought now. If this were true,

we might hire theatres instead of building churches.

We shall never reach the true ideal until we come to believe that the greatest of all privileges is to worship God in His Sanctuary, and that this worship, both prayer and praise, in addition to the preaching, must be the offering of devout and elevated affections.

In a certain church in another city, where the question of church music had had careful thought and prayer, so high an ideal was reached of the nature and functions of church music, and of the requisite qualifications of those who conduct this important part of the worship in God's house, that it was determined to seek a choir-master who could meet such requirements, and make a position that recognized the Spiritual function which music should fulfill in worship. It was said that the necessity of music, in order to give the full expression of religious emotion, shows most conclusively the unwisdom of putting so important a part of the worship in the hands of those who have no experience of the feelings they assume to express. It was believed, that to obtain the best and most permanent results, the church should train its children in the Sunday School, that they may grow up into a true idea of worship, and acquire facility in expres-

sion. Having been led to the choice of one who seemed to have the necessary qualifications, the candidate was solemnly set apart, with something like an ordination, for the purpose of directing the choral part of the church services. And as a part of this solemn ceremony, he was asked, whether in view of what was needed for any Christian service, and with such special musical culture as would enable him to lead and prepare others for the service of praise, he would accept the office and be faithful in the performance of his duties, as God by His grace should enable him.

The Surgical Ward in a Hospital, with its rows of beds filled with crushed and mutilated human bodies, gathered there for healing, is a most impressive sight to the thoughtful and cannot fail to excite pity and sympathy; and they who move up and down, tread softly and speak gently; but this House is a place where human souls, battered and bruised by sin, helpless and sometimes hopeless, come for healing, to Him who is always present to recover and save. The Holy Spirit is the great Comforter and He is present to every waiting heart; and we who go in and out here, should go reverently, exchanging in quiet tones words of salutation and inquiry, not compelled to loud words by the overpowering strains of the organ.

If the Psalmist could say, "The Lord loveth the Gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob," it was because, while the people had their towns and cities, where, according to the Levitical Law, they gathered weekly for worship, Zion was the centre, where the Temple was, and where all the nation was to meet representatively at certain seasons of the year. In this sense, Zion or the Temple had a more special interest than the less important places of worship.

And if the House of God is a holy place, so must all its appointments be. Everything in it should be considered as His, for a sacred and not common use.

The Saviour one day going into the Temple Court, found it thronged with business men, not there for sacrifice or worship, but for trade. Some were driving the thrifty business of money-changing, those little private bankers so often seen in the East; some were disputing, probably quarreling over the prices of sheep, oxen and doves for sacrifice, and cheating each other as they could; and others looking with complacency on the unseemly traffic. Our Lord looked around and was shocked at the profanation, so, making a whip of small cords, He drove them all out of the Temple, the sheep and oxen and money-changers, overthrowing their

tables, and, with that righteous indignation which more than once broke from Him, said to the sellers of doves, "Take these things hence, make not My Father's house a house of merchandise. It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

"Do you know," said one young man to another, at a Church Sociable, "do you know that the table from which we are eating this ice-cream is the Communion Table?"

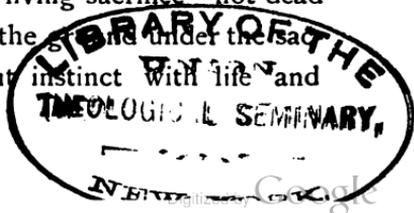
The Communion Table should never have anything placed upon it but the sacred vessels, the Holy Scriptures and the offerings of the Lord's people—what He gives to us, and what we give to Him.

When Solomon stood before the Altar, he said, "Will God indeed dwell with men? Behold the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee: how much less this house which I have builded?" And after Solomon had offered sacrifice, the answer came, "I have hallowed this house which thou hast built, to put My name there forever."

When Jacob awoke from his troubled sleep, with a most vivid recollection of his wonderful and significant dream, in which he saw a ladder reaching

up into the heavens and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it, he said, "Surely God is in this place and I knew it not." Why should we not believe that there is such a ladder here, though not visible to us? Surely we can, if we accept and fulfill the brief words of Hooker, the most majestic of English divines, who thus describes the nature of Christian worship: "What," he says, "is the assembling of the church to learn, but the receiving of angels descended from above? What to pray, but the sending of angels upward? His heavenly inspirations and our holy desires are as so many angels of intercourse and commerce between God and us. As teaching bringeth us to know that God is our Supreme Truth, so prayer testifieth that we acknowledge Him our Sovereign God."

"I beseech you," so writes St. Paul, "by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." That is to say, "I beseech you, by all that God has done for you in creation and in redemption, in nature and in grace, that ye offer to Him your own bodies, not the bodies of any other victims or offerings, but your own, your own beings, your own human forms, a living sacrifice—not dead victims, falling lifeless on the altar under the sacrificer's flashing knife, but instinct with life and



energy ; holy and acceptable unto God—not less holy and acceptable because it is a moral and spiritual, and not a ceremonial holiness ; your reasonable service, a worship, a service not of irrational creatures, of bulls and goats, of flowers and fruits, but of reasonable human beings, worthy of the God who planted reason and conscience within us.”

This is the true Christian sacrifice which should pervade all our worship and all our life, the breathing incense of all our prayers, all our actions. It is no metaphor, no figure of speech. It is the substance, the reality, which has taken the place of those older sacrifices which were but types and shadows of the true sacrifice ; as in the case of our Divine Redeemer, so, in a lower sense, in the case of His servants.

My thoughts go back to a period long ago, when as a lad I was present at the dedication of a church in our city. It was November, and a night of pouring, drenching rain. The house was filled with people.

The earnest young Pastor, who had come from New England to establish a new church under a form of government almost unknown here before that time, set forth, as best he could, what he believed to be the advantages of his new form of church polity. And I shall never forget, though so

many years have elapsed since, that the vast congregation was thrilled with the truly eloquent words of dedication with which he closed his discourse.

The memories of that interesting occasion throng about me to-night, as I think of the earnest words with which the preacher appealed to the people to dedicate themselves to God, as they dedicated the House to His worship, praying that the pulpit might ever be the fountain from which the waters of life should abundantly flow—that the altar of Communion might be the place where the Saviour would meet and bless and forgive His people; that the pews, the organ, the galleries, the lecture-room, the room for the lambs of the flock—the whole building, from foundation-stone to the roof, might be devoted to the honor and worship of the Triune God, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Let us feel to-night, in this enlarged and renovated church, that we who are gathered here and who look in each others' faces, with kindly sympathy, are not all who are here. The Angel of the Covenant is here. The spirits of just men made perfect are here. Many "whom we have loved and lost awhile," whom we still love, who once sat with us in this House of God, who sought and found the Saviour here (their names come to us now), whom we confidently hope to meet again when our life

here is ended—can we doubt that their unseen presence is with us at this hour?

“And,” using the language of another, “when our heads shall rest in the grave, when others have found the Lord and praised Him in these courts, and have followed us to the land of silence, when these walls shall crumble into dust, when the very ground on which they rest shall have been melted in the fires of the last great day, may we and a multitude too big for numbering, who have been redeemed and sanctified here, meet in the presence of God and casting our crowns at His feet, forever cry, ‘Thou art worthy.’”

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