

## Christian Family.

## Walking With The World.

The Church and the world walked far apart  
On the changing shore of time.  
The world was singing a giddy song  
The Church a hymn sublime.  
"Come give me your hand," cried the merry world.  
"And walk with me this way."  
But the good Church hid her snowy hands  
And solemnly answered, "Nay,  
I will not give you my hand at all,  
And will not walk with you;  
Your way is the way to endless death;  
Your words are all untrue."  
"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"  
Said the world with a kindly air;  
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,  
And the sun shines always there;  
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,  
And mine is broad and plain;  
My road is paved with flowers and dew,  
And yours with tears and pain;  
The sky above me is always blue,  
No want or toil I know,  
The sky above you is always dark,  
Your lot is a lot of woe;  
My path, you see, is a broad and fair one,  
And my gate is high and wide;  
There is room enough for you and me,  
To travel side by side."  
Half shyly the Church approached the world.  
And gave him her hand of snow,  
The old world grasped it and walked along  
saying in accents low,  
"Your dress is too plain to suit my taste,  
I will give you pearls to wear,  
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,  
And diamonds to deck your hair."  
The Church looked down at her plain white robes,  
And then at the dazzling world,  
And blushed as she saw his handsome lip  
With smiles contemptuous curled,  
"I will change my dress for a costlier one!"  
Said the Church with a smile of grace:  
Then her pure white garments drifted away  
And the world gave in their place  
Beautiful satins and shining silks,  
And roses and gems and pearls;  
And over her forehead her bright hair fell  
Crisped in a thousand curls.  
"Your house is too plain," said the proud old world,  
"I'll build you one like mine,  
Carpets of brussels and curtains of lace,  
And furniture ever so fine."  
So he built her a costly and beautiful house;  
Splendid it was to behold;  
Her sons and her beautiful daughters  
dwelt there,  
Gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the fairs and shows in the halls were held  
And the world and his children were there.  
And laughter and music and jests were heard  
In the place that was meant for prayer,  
She had cushioned seats for the rich and great  
To sit in their pomp and pride;  
While the poor folks clad in their shabby suits,  
Sat meekly down outside.  
The angel of mercy flew over the Church  
And whispered, "I know thy sin,"  
Then the church looked back with a sigh and longed  
To gather her children in;  
But some were off at the midnight ball,  
And some were off at play  
And some were drinking in the gay saloon  
So she quietly went her way:  
Then the sly world gallantly said to her,  
Your children mean no harm,  
Merely indulging in innocent sports,  
So she leaned on his proffered arm,  
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers,  
As she walked along with the world  
While millions and millions of deathless souls  
To the horrible gulf were hurled.  
"Your preachers are all too old and plain"  
Said the gay world with a sneer;  
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales  
Which I would not like for them to hear:  
They talk of brimstone, fire and pain,  
And horrors of endless night;  
They talk of a place that should not be  
Mentioned to our ears polite.  
I will send you some of a better stamp,  
Brilliant and gay and fast,  
Who tell them that people may live as they list  
And go to heaven at last.  
The Father is merciful, great and good;  
Tender true and kind,  
Do you think that she would take one child  
to heaven,  
And leave the rest behind?"  
So he filled her house with gay divines,  
Gifted and great and learned,  
And the plain old men that preached the Cross  
Were out of her pulpits turned.  
"You give too much to the poor," said the world,  
"Far more than you ought to do;  
If the poor need shelter and food and clothes,  
Why need it trouble you?  
Go take your money and buy rich robes,  
And horses and carriages fine,  
And pearls, and jewels and dainty food,  
And the rarest and costliest wine,  
My children they dote on such things,  
And if you their love would win,  
You do as they do, and walk in the way,  
That they are walking in."  
Then the Church held tightly the strings of her purse  
And gracefully lowered her head,  
And simpered "I give too much away,  
I'll do sir, as you have said."  
So the poor were turned from the door in scorn,  
And she heard not the orphan's cry;  
And she drew her beautiful garments aside  
And the widows went weeping by;  
And the sons of the world and the sons of

the Church  
Walked closely hand and heart,  
And only the master who knoweth all,  
Could tell the two apart.

Then the Church sat down at her ease and said,  
"I am rich and in goods increased;  
I have need of nothing and naught to do  
But to laugh and dance and feast."  
And the sly old world heard her and laughed in his sleeve,  
And mockingly said, aside,  
"The Church is fallen, the beautiful Church,  
And her shame is her boast and pride."  
The angel drew near the merry seat,  
And whispered in sighs her name,  
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed  
And covered their heads with shame:  
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven,  
From him who sat on the throne;  
"I know thy works, and how thou hast said,  
I am rich and have not known  
That thou art naked, poor and blind,  
And wretched before my face:  
Therefore, from my presence I cast thee out;  
And blot thy name from its place."  
—Selected.

## Pansy Hilton's Heathen.

BY MARGARET E. SANFORD.

"Miss Summerbell," said Pansy Hilton, lifting a pair of earnest brown eyes to her teacher's face, "when I am a woman grown, I mean to be a missionary to the heathen. My mind is made up about it."  
"Well, dear," said the teacher, "it is a good thing to have an aim set definitely before one's thoughts. All your education will go on the better, if you remember that it is only preparation for useful and happy womanhood. But why wait until you are a woman? Why not begin now?"  
Miss Summerbell was not one of the teachers who think that their work is done when they have explained the lesson to the class. Each of her girls was her friend. She knew them at home. She was acquainted with their circumstances; and the special joys and sorrows, trials and troubles, helps and hindrances, of all, were known to her. Her girls were not satisfied when they had recited their verses and answered their teacher's questions, for they were wide awake, and wanted to be of use in God's great world.  
Pansy Hilton was the only child of a rich man, who was engrossed in politics. The affairs of the city and the state interested him very much more than his daughter did. Her mother was absorbed in fashion and display. So long as Pansy looked neat and stylish, so long as she behaved politely, and went to school, without troubling mamma, that lady was content. A cold kiss night and morning, a languid "Go away, Pansy. Do as you please, but don't bother me." in reply to Pansy's eager questions, and a regretful feeling when friends said, "Why, how fast your little girl is growing!" composed most of Mrs. Hilton's sentiments to and about her child. Fortunately such mothers are rare, but there are some of them, and their children are to be pitied.  
Pansy, however, had a world of her own, in which she was very far from lonely. She loved her books, she loved her teachers, she had begun to love her Saviour, and the feeling that he loved her was growing deeper and gladder every day. The desire to do something for him kept increasing—a proof that her discipleship was sealed. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" is the language of every true Christian, young or old.  
A few days after the talk with Miss Summerbell, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton left the city for a watering-place, taking Pansy with them. In a large hotel, crowded with gay people whose business in life was to amuse themselves, little Pansy found she had plenty of idle time. She liked many of the girls about her own age, and enjoyed their company. There were tiny tots of three and four, under the care of white-capped nurses, and they soon found out that Pansy Hilton was always ready to tell them stories, and play little games with them. Her fancy-work and her books helped the

long bright summer days to pass very pleasantly.

But one thing troubled her. When Sunday came, there was no Sunday school for the children to attend, and the day was spent in frolic and fun. If possible, there was more dress, more frivolity, and more mirth than no other days, for Saturday night brought its influx of gentlemen to enjoy their one interval of leisure, ere returning to town on Monday.

One Sunday morning, Pansy, who was sitting in a shady corner of the hotel veranda, as it happened, quite by herself, with her beautiful "Life of Christ," a book full of lovely pictures, was sought by a half-dozen of her young friends.

"Come with us," said Jessie Pharo, "we are going to the woods to stay until dinner-time."

"Tum, darlin'," pleaded wee Kitty Miller, the pet of the whole house; "tum, oo can p'ay such p'itty plays."  
"But, Kitty dear, girls," replied Pansy, "it is Sunday. We ought not to go to the woods and play just as we do on other days."

"Why not?" urged Rose Marshall. "My mother says it is impossible to be as strict here as we are when at home. And your mamma said you might go, for we asked her. We went to your room to look for you Pansy."

"I should not feel right about it, Rose," replied Pansy.

"I am sorry there is no Sunday school here, but I've been thinking, and have a plan. Why can we not start one ourselves? Come I'll ask Mr. Lane to let us have a melodeon out here on the veranda, and we can sing some of our hymns, and read in the Bible. I am sure we would feel happier for such a use of Sunday morning."

This proposal was received with favor by all who listened except two, Julia Fay, and Betty Tyrrel, who sauntered off by themselves, talking audibly of the queer ways of Pansy Hilton.

Mr. Lane at once sent a waiter to place the melodeon for the children, who brought camp-stools and arranged them in an orderly manner around the instrument. Soon the clear morning air was thrilled by the sweetest singing of children to God's praise. One and another world-wearied man paused in his conversation about stock and horses and crops and prices to listen to the stirring melody of

"Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus,  
Going on before!"

Two or three gentlemen and ladies, accustomed to Sunday school work at home, were pricked in their consciences that they had been so willing to take an utterly selfish rest. Several mothers anxiously asked if their little ones were among the group, and were gratified when told that they were.

Pansy and the others sang, and read, and bowed their heads in silent prayer. Unmindful whether or not there were lookers-on, they went on with their hour of divine service. And every week, the summer long, they had their Sunday morning of praise. More grew out of it than any one would have supposed possible. It changed to some extent, the way of Sabbath-keeping, rather of Sabbath-wasting, in that sea-side hotel. It became quieter. The hush of the holy day came over it. After a little, there was an informal service in the parlor, for all who desired to attend it, every Sunday; and it became the fashion to close the sacred day with music, not light and brilliant, but solemn and grand.

Pansy never dreamed that she had found her heathen, or begun her missionary life. Yet she had done both; and whatever work God may appoint her, in the days to come, she will never find a sweeter, better one than that of which she took hold willingly one summer at the sea.

## Power of Music.

Many of us, most of us, have aspirations and emotions for the expression of which in words it is as if he were voiceless and dumb, but which find full and ready expression in music; even though, I have sometimes thought, the words which we freight with them might be mere jargon. Under the right circumstances, and given only a touch, a tone, a sudden remembrance, anything to unlock the emotions, and the song goes forth, telling for every individual singer a different story. Perhaps this is most noticeable in the midst of sympathetic numbers, as in the crowds who used to meet together and sing out all their secret feelings in the strange, unreal light of the Chicago Tabernacle. I shall never forget a face which I saw there one stormy winter afternoon; one which touched me more than any other of the many expressive faces which I used to see there full of emotion day after day. It was only an every-day face, that of a worn old woman dressed in deep mourning; and, with family and friendly groups on every side of her, seeming so alone in her loneliness and old age. Was there anything in the words of the song, in the singing of which she joined with her tremulous tones, which could fitly express the emotion that filled face and voice? The song was only one of the most commonplace of the many changes rung on the dear old themes, yet the words came to my ear freighted with her loneliness and yearning until I longed to place gently my own in the poor, tired, empty hands, if haply mine could in any measure fill their emptiness; to say a word which might brighten the poor, withered old face, so utterly pathetic in its far-off look of longing. Such a strangely far-away look it was, as if the yearning eyes had sent their gaze over the ocean in search of the lost ones, to where, mayhap, their graves were made in "the Old Country," and failing to find them there had gone straight on into the heavenly land.  
Did she find them? Who knows? But the song whose musical strains gave voice that day to her longings for the dear, dead faces, will always be to her in very truth a "sacred song." To one heart, at least, a cool critical analysis of its composition would be sacrilege. To one or another of us perhaps this would be true in regard to every one of the familiar old songs. It is too late; we could not criticise them if we would. Love is blind, and we love them every one!—*Sunday Afternoon.*

## A Mirror of Divine Patience.

I shall never forget an exhibition I once attended. Shortly after schools for the imbeciles were commenced in Europe, a young man, moved by benevolence, crossed the ocean to examine their mode of operation and success. Assured of their utility, he returned and commenced a similar institution. He advertised for the most idiotic and helpless child that could be found. Among those brought to him was a little boy of five years of age. He had never spoken or walked, had never chewed any hard substance, or given a look of recognition to a friend. He lay on the floor a mass of flesh, without even ability to turn himself over. Such was the student brought to this school. The teacher fruitlessly made effort after effort to get the slightest recognition from his eye, or to produce the slightest intentional act.

Unwilling however to yield, at the hour of noon he had the little boy brought to his room, and he lay down beside him every day for half an hour, hoping that some favorable indication might occur. To improve the time of his rest, he read aloud from some author. One day, at the end of six months, he was unusually weary, and did not read. He soon discovered

that the child was uneasy, and was trying to move itself a little, as if to turn toward him. The thought flashed upon his mind: it misses the sound of my voice. He turned himself closely to it, brought his mouth near the child's head, and after repeated efforts the little fellow succeeded in placing his finger on the teacher's lips, as if to say, Make that sound again. The teacher said that moment he felt he had the control of that boy. He gained his attention, and by careful manipulation of his muscles, succeeded in teaching him to walk, and then to read, and when I saw him at the end of five years, he stood on a platform, read correctly, recited the names of the Presidents of the United States, and answered accurately a number of questions on our national history.

I looked with astonishment, and said to myself, Was there ever such patience and such devotion? and how strong should be the love of that little boy for his teacher. I said, Was there ever an instance of one stooping so low, and waiting so long? Then I said, Yes, there was one instance—the Son of God came down from heaven, laid himself down beside me, his great heart by my heart, watched me with perpetual care, infused into me of his own life, and waited for nearly twenty years before I reached my finger to his lips and said, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." What condescension, what love to fallen man! Christ stooped so low, it authorizes us to stoop, and wait on, and wait ever. Some of these wretched ones have been suffering for more than eight and thirty years, and have been lying at the edge of the pool waiting for us to come and help them into the troubled waters.—*Bishop Simpson, in his Yale Lectures.*

## Simplicity in Living.

To live simple, and to master and control our expenditures, is a sure need these hard times. The influences which surround us, the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in a dangerous direction. Every family and class seems to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on to them. The best thing they can do is to let go—the only thing indeed which will give themselves comfort, or make their lives useful and happy. As soon as they commence to live regardless of the style in which these live who possess perhaps double the income they do, will find that they have the means of living happily. The most needed reform is the one which it is incumbent upon many of us to carry out the coming year. We cannot sweep the whole street, but each can keep the mud from his own doorstep. If it is done regularly and quietly, others will soon follow the good example, and in this way many will be relieved of heavy burdens and cares. Simple living! To it even the great household question of servants will yield, because we shall not be sorely subjected to their exactions, when we are not dependent upon their labors, but have found out that we possess hands and feet that can minister to our needs.—*Country Gentleman.*

## The Infidel's Choice for his Son.

Neibuhr, the German infidel, was a prince among historians, and so, also, among skeptics, and after having tried for a life-time, and thus, by experience, known the influence of doubt and skepticism, he says of his son, "I will so have him taught, that he shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him, from his infancy, a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about. What a testimony for the Christian religion, and what a condemnation of infidelity!"—*Ex.*