

kindred, of association, of country, though they may often be moved to the warmest vibrations.

Foreigners come among us as adventurers with all their sympathies; all their affections, all their prejudices binding them to their native land. They are as senseless to the emotions of exalted patriotism as the blind man is to the rays of the morning sun which kiss his cheeks.

Washington in his farewell address among many other things conjured his children to guard against the "impostures of pretended patriotism."

Pretended patriotism? What is it doing in our country to-day? Already it is striving with ceaseless toil, by night and by day, to drive the Bible, the grand old book upon which all our institutions are founded from our public schools and beyond the reach of our children.

Already it has caused the banner of communism upon which is inscribed the motto to be read by all our sons and daughters, "Stand forth and divide."

Already it has ceased the musket of the rioter to resound through the hills of Pennsylvania and over the sand lots of California.

Can we safely leave the graves of those we love; our grand old Bible; our religion, our institutions and our country, in the hands of pretended patriots? If we do we may expect to be driven from home and robbed of our heritage.

The native born alone are patriots. They alone deserve the name.

If the American Republic lives and outrides the storms of prejudice, of foreign intrigue and domestic strife, she must do so through the devotion of her own native sons and daughters.

Wisdom then would dictate the cultivation of a national patriotism. A patriotism which rises above home, above locality, above State, knows no limit—save the utmost bounds of our common country; a patriotism which taking its inspiration from the immortal God permeates every quarter and every section of our territory; a patriotism which forgetting party, faction and sectionalism, goes out in sympathy to the whole United States of America, and vells the inhabitants thereof.

Then we will have indeed, as well as in theory, a "Union—one and inseparable." A Union free from domestic strife, free from the dangers of pretended patriotism; free from the wiles of foreign imposters; free from idleness and vice; free from corruption in public places; free from all that can endanger or make us afraid.

Then all her people from the broad savannahs of the south to the pine clad hills of the north, from the wide prairies of the west to the boundless fields of the east,—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the gulf to the lakes, can sing in one united voice sounding to the skies

"Thou too sail on, O ship of State,  
Sail on O Union strong and great."

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears  
Are all with thee—are all with thee."

Pray for the Needed Pastor.

The much-abused poet, Tupper, has a very good piece of advice to a young man, to the effect that he should pray for the young woman who is to become his wife, even if, as yet, he knows not who she may be. It may be a needful piece of advice to some of our churches to pray for the man who is to be their pastor. Of course, we know that the deacons and most faithful brethren do not forget to include this among their petitions. But what is needed is that the voice of the whole church should be lifted up to God. If the brethren could only appreciate how much difference it makes to them and to their children, whether they get a holy and experienced man of the Gospel, or some erratic and improper high-flyer, they would pray more to be guided by eternal wisdom. —Religious Herald.

What is the Present Condition of the Church?

It would not be difficult to answer this question. It is in a condition of obscured perceptions. Never were the lines between right and wrong, in the church's relation to the world, so vague and merged. There is no dividing line. It is not as between the pure waters of the Rhone distilled from the snowy mountains and the Arve, filthy with the mud of travel as it comes out from under the glaciers, traveling on leagues together without the slightest apparent agreement.

Professing Christians who once had the power to see where conformities to the demand of fashion would lead in the end, and as carefully avoided them, now can see nothing but the glimmers and enticements of these tempting seductions. For their children, many act as if the dancing school was of greater present moment than the prayer meeting, and indeed, are more frequently represented in the former than the latter. No important phase of household education is directed to teaching children that life is to them fast becoming a solemn thing, but rather, in the language of Lady Macbeth, that "these things must not be thought of on this wise; they will make us mad." Education is set to the key of enjoyment; and what strange appalling fancies take possession of these minds when adversity teaches that life has, outside of duty, no enjoyments that are not mockeries and they find that which they expected is now, in the sickening change, but as the grinning of hyenas amid the profuse foliage of the place of the dead.

The theatre, once regarded as the uncompromising enemy of the church and the church as uncompromising in its hostility to it, now put, by some strange metamorphosis, in the list of its friends, and many a former foe, staunch and unreconcilable, wonders that he was estranged so long, and seems delighted that Pilate and Herod have made friends at last, as the fit step to the crucifying of old time loyalty to Jesus. The old alarms are now muffled, and the bad names by which the Christian's estimate of this danger was known are changed, and now it is all included in the harmlessness of innocent Pinafore. It is not the first time, however, that a bad thing has been shoved on the community under the patronage of a gilded lie.

Our danger is in the fact that the odious and hateful in these things have seemingly gone out of the sin, and men are bewildered into perplexity by calling evil good and darkness light. The most healthy periods in morals and religion are when men, by the laws of association, coin names to expose the hateful qualities which seek to hide themselves from public view, and by these defining epithets, set bounds to these destructive things, hurling the descriptive condemnations of an injured moral sense at evils, as if it were a sublime pleasure to pinion these ere they destroy us.

That will be a grand era when men will not be afraid to coin and hurl destructive epithets against all evil with a will and a vindictive vim. In the category of devastating dangers is a truculent utilitarianism set up as the chief end of man. It is expedient that one die, and it matters little if expediency is only served who that one may be, Jesus or Barabbas.

There are next to no determinations according to right and wrong, as solitary yet all-determining and all-conquering motives. But relations to other friendships and antipathies are constant quantities in modern decisions. "Is it right?" is obsolete as a principle, many a showy decision, which is only a gliding of the wrong in the guise of utility. In our sanctities, as Burns says, "Vile self gets in." That would be a heaven-guided tribunal when policy is not both law and equity. Ecclesiastical councils are

fettered in the same way, and the faithful are sacrificed for fear of the agitator's wrath, and so the altars smoke with victims to the oracle, Will it pay?

To all this should be added the need of persecution for the church to give polarity and courage to the church in the maintenance of her convictions and determinations. It is no reproach to be numbered with the followers of the Lamb any more especially as the church and world can meet on common ground so quickly. It is true that it is by sacrifices but the church is ever ready to make these. If the church could only get the persecution and hatred of the world it would soon be healthy and lively again, but instead it is dying of a charity that is wide enough to cover the pit. No better prayer could be offered than for somebody to fight us that we would learn again the use and omnipotence of the divine weapons. Our doctrines once the weapons of our warfare, are now often like swords rusted fast in their scabbards. Nobody will rush against them. Nobody cares what we believe; so that it is respectable and entails no privation, and does not worry one's neighbors. As we looked on the Grand Army of the Republic the other day we concluded that represented all the bravery of the country. This is its defined virtue, for whatever else they may be in the masses has never been tried, and there is neither virtue nor bravery where there has been no conflict; and this is equally true of the church. The heroes of the days of bitter conflict are gone, and our present forces have never been baptized in fire. How then shall these exigencies be met? We know of no way except in a warfare for the old wells that have been dried up. We must cut our way into the possession of those Heaven-given treasures. We must clean out the old doctrinal ways, and get better drill and practice as the result. We must preach more of obligation and give up our spiritual love-making and coquetting, and grasp the sword by the hilt to make it hurt. We must preach an uncompromising gospel, with a hell in it for transgressors, and convince men that their sins will surely find them out. We must teach that conviction of sin is more than being ten-deyed, and that the law of God cannot be satisfied by vagrant regrets, and we must cease baptizing popular indulgences in the name of Christian liberality, and cease also decorating popular amusements in the dried graces of a once better and more conscientious life.—The Presbyterian.

Grumbling is rarely done by any one who has a fair show of reason for grumbling. Those who are worst off are, as a rule, least likely to complain of their condition. Whenever you hear a person tell of the hard lot he has, you can feel pretty sure that he is better off than most his fellows—so well off that he has time to grumble. Here, for example, while the mercury is in the nineties, a set of men just across the street from us, in a close upper room, with its low ceiling and its poor draught, are at work on metal soldering with blow-pipes over blazing gas-jets, with never a thought of growling about the weather. They laugh merrily, and take things easy. In the restaurant on the lower floor of a neighboring building a stout gentleman of leisure sits in a wicker chair, with his shirt collar unbuttoned, and swings heavily a large palm-leaf fan, while he sips an iced lemonade, and groans out after each sip that this terrible weather is intolerable, and will be the death of him if it lasts two days more. And so it is all the way along in life. The more comfort, the more grumbling. That is the way of the world.—S. S. Times.

As the firefly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens.

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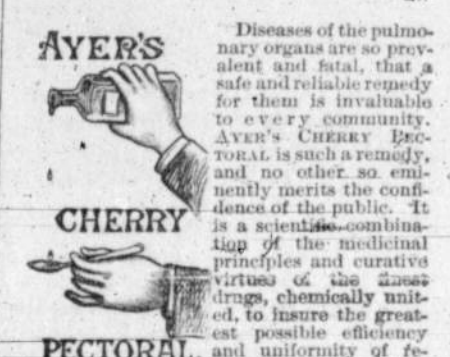
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