

Revelling Among Church Members.

Retgression since creation has been the tendency of the human family, notwithstanding the entreaties and forbearance of the great Creator. Every sin committed by man for which he has been punished has been with "his eyes open." Although the Lord saved the people out of the land of Egypt afterward destroyed them that believed not. And "he that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses."

Inasmuch as apostasy has ever been iminent, and counsel and reprimands have been necessary under the different ages, and the judgments of God have been visited upon the disobedient subjects of his government, is it not highly necessary that we examine our status as a religious people in this the last half of the nineteenth century of the Christian era? Although the children of Israel had witnessed the visitation of ten plagues upon their oppressors, and had been safely conducted through the Red Sea, under their leader Moses, and had seen their enemies, the Egyptians, engulfed beneath the billows of the sea, and drifted upon its shores, and could ascend the opposite shores with the fear of God before their eyes and sing and shout and lift their voices high and praise the Lord with songs of joy and sweet hallelujahs; notwithstanding all this, they in their hearts longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and threatened to make themselves a captain and return to the land of bondage. How often did they provoke and rebel against God even to the worshipping of a calf, etc., until plagues and destroyers were sent among them even so much that their carcasses fell in the wilderness until none of the hundreds of thousands that crossed the Red Sea above twenty years of age, but Caleb and Joshua were privileged to enter the Canaan of milk and honey. Says the apostle: "These happened as examples to us that we should not provoke God as they did," &c.

But how is it with us that are living under the dispensation of them that has spoken from heaven, the Lord of Glory. "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh; for if they escaped not, who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven."

How is it to-day among the professed followers of him who said, "Except a man deny himself and take up his cross and follow me, he is not worthy of me;" and, "He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." "Love not the world." "The friendship of the world is enmity against God." Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers, for what communion hath light with darkness, and what concord hath Christ with Belial, or what part hath a believer with an infidel?

This communion with and friendship of the world consists in banquetings and revellings, etc. When we are commanded to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, and are called "the light of the world," and a "city on a hill," etc., it is rebellion and idolatry that leads us to the ball room. "Bussing bees" and the thousand and one different kinds of worldly performances resorted to in the world. How often are church members breaking over the line of discrimination between the church and the world. The devil don't care how near a man may get to heaven so he don't quite get there. He will by his subtleties persuade Christians to spend their leisure time playing games and attending parties in which the church is as good as the world and the world as good as the church in such associations. The church must adopt festivities in which gambling or raffing is necessary to raise funds to buy a bell or carpet the floor, or defray some necessary debt hanging over the church.

The world is ever taking cognizance of the church and making capital of its defiances. Although they plead with weak members and lead them after the follies of the world, they would not regard the preacher that would condescend to frequent the ball room, and they have equally as little respect for the refractory member.

In conclusion, "Let us follow peace with all men and holiness without which no one shall see the Lord." "Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God."

T. M. MORGAN.

Want of Stamina.

"Ye did run well; who did hinder you?"—Gal. 5:7. "If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."—Prov. xxiv. 29.

Out of the lion Samson took an abundance of honey, and we also may learn something from an evil business.

The *Daily News*, June 21st, in an article upon horse-racing, says: "It is in regard to stamina that the French race-horses distinguish themselves the most. While the English thoroughbreds can nearly always hold their own against the French over short courses, they are year by year less able to maintain their former supremacy over long distances."

And this is exactly the point where many men fail in the race of life. There is no stay in them; they make a rush of it at the first, but they cannot maintain the pace or persevere to the end; and all because they lack stamina. Hence the great importance of maintaining the inward strength; he who would run well must first have the strength to run with. Vital godliness is the chief consideration, because out of it must come all practical godliness. It is clear that nothing can come out of a man which is not in him; if therefore grace be at a low ebb his life will be shallow, but if the life of God in his soul be deep and vigorous, his action will be correspondingly forcible and energetic. Stimulants are of doubtful value at best, but in religion stimulants have too often been resorted to, and spiritual intoxication has been mistaken for heavenly strength. Attempts have been made at making men strong by setting them strong men's work, but common-sense tells us that you cannot turn a dwarf into a giant by dropping him into the big man's boot.

What is needed to render men capable of great deeds is a great nature. The heart must be full or the streams of life will be shallow. The matter of stamina is too often overlooked, but we are obliged to observe it when we come to the actual work of the Christian life, and to the long stretch of it which opens up before us as life is lengthened. We must have stamina or we shall be poor workers. No man would think of going to Brompton Hospital, selecting a company of convalescents who could scarcely walk across the room, and sending them forth to excavate a tunnel, or to heap up an embankment. These pining patients have no stamina, and therefore they must be excused from the sterner toils of life, for they cannot rightly discharge them. If they are driven to engage in heavy labor they will disappoint their employers. A contractor selects fine robust sons of toil, with broad chests and brawny arms, and giving them the mattock and spade and barrow, he sees the mountains fly before them, and the valleys quickly disappear.

While so many Christians are weak and sickly among us it is but little wonder that the Lord's cause is hindered. The pining sickness is upon many, and they can do nothing. Worse still, the lean kine eat up the fat kine, and so the strength of the church is devoured. When we shall ourselves and all our fellow-Christians become strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, then we shall do marvels by the aid of his divine Spirit, but till then the work of the Lord will languish.

Continuance in holy service is the

test of spiritual energy; many run well for a time, and it is not the pace which kills them, but the length of the course draws upon their slender store of energy, and by and by they drop from the front, and are found far back in the rear, utterly beaten. Well did the Savior say to his disciples, "He that shall endure unto the end, the same shall be saved." Nothing but the unflinching power of God himself can enable the believer to keep up the pace from the beginning to the end of his Christian life. Happy is he who is enabled to do this, ye blessed is he who shall at the last be able to exclaim with Paul, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

To obtain stamina, we must be more real and intense to begin with, we must resort more continually to the source of strength, we must feed more eagerly upon the soul-sustaining word, and we must be much more abundant in prayer. No time will be lost which shall be spent in obtaining more inward power. Tarrying at Jerusalem till the Spirit is given is no loss of time, but true diligence. It will be the most economical thing in the long run if we sit with Mary at the Master's feet awhile, even though Martha should be pressingly urging us to help her at the table. We must see to the condition of our souls. If the fire burns low the engine will lose its propelling power, if the secret fountain dries the stream will dwindle, if spiritual stamina declines the evil result will be seen somewhere or other, and specially in the want of power to hold on and hold out to the end.—C. H. SPURGEON, in the *Bible and Newspaper*.

The Arctic Riddle.

The mystery of the North Pole, like the riddle of the Sphinx, costs the lives of those who try and fail to guess it. The icebergs that tower in those frozen waters are but so many monuments to the universal death that everywhere reigns. The news from San Francisco that the exploring vessel *Jeannette*, sent on a tour of investigation by the *New York Herald*, will never be heard from again, meets the report of Lieutenant Schwatka's expedition, in search of relics of Sir John Franklin, that the exact fate of that eminent but ill-fated explorer will never be known.

It was thirty-five years last July since his ships were for the last time seen in Baffin's Bay. Three years afterward England sent the first expedition in search of him and his men, and since that time more than twenty more have sailed. Little by little and piece by piece, they have brought home the relics and mementoes which have gradually told the story of the fate that overtook them in that land of perpetual ice. For many years, there were floating about vague beliefs that he and his men were still alive, and might one day be found again. This tradition was fostered by Lady Franklin's devotion to her husband's memory, and her heroic measures for discovering the secret locked up somewhere in the dreary Arctic wastes. Her bereavement infected the sympathies of the civilized world, and the crusades which were preached and led, sometimes by English pluck, often by American enterprise, have at last brought back the tidings that nothing more can ever be known.

In 1854 skeletons of some of the men were discovered. In 1859 a paper found in a cairn where it had been placed by one of Franklin's officers, briefly saying "Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847," blotted out the figures which the imagination fancied it saw still moving in that northern twilight, and nearly destroyed Lady Franklin's

grief-stricken mind. Then half a dozen spoons, wrought with Sir John Franklin's crest, were, in 1872, given by a native to Captain Barry, an American explorer, with the statement that he had taken them from a cairn 700 miles distant, where books and other relics still remained. Captain Barry, with Lieutenant Schwatka, were, two years ago, sent out by the enterprise of New York merchants, and landed at the head of Repulse Bay. Thence, going and returning, they made a sledge journey of 3,000 miles, traveling over ice and snow, and, what was still more difficult, over broken and jagged clay stone, with marshes intervening, and covered with patches of brown and green moss, with purple flowers peeping through the crevices of the stones. On this journey they lived and preserved their health by eating the food which the Esquimaux eat and the game which in some places abounded. During the winter the thermometer was frequently from 50 to 60 degrees below zero, and, at one time, fell to 103.

They found no cairn, as was told to Captain Barry, but they discovered several skeletons, a ship's boat, or rather the prow and stern post, with a few clinkered boards still holding together, gilt navy buttons, copper and iron bolts, shot, cartridges, powder-cans, barrels, broken medicine and wine bottles, axes and a few barrel staves. The rigid climate had preserved, for over thirty years, pieces of navy blue cloth which were scattered along the shores of the inlets. With the exception of a scrap of paper marked with an index finger pointing southerly, no writing of any sort was found.

And so, after enduring great hardships but no great suffering, the expedition returned, still leaving to the Esquimaux and the eternal cold the remains of Franklin and his crew. Beyond the fact that they abandoned their vessels, the *Erebus* and *Terror* and attempted to drag their boats overland in the hopes of launching them in the open water again, nothing is yet, nothing probably ever will be, definitely known of their struggle and their end.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The White Water Lily.

Everybody is delighted with the fragrance and delicacy of the white water lily, and we buy them at the railroad stations in summer as good genii, which will dispel largely the ennui and lassitude, the depression and disgust of a hot day's ride in the sultry and cindery cars. Very few but have, at one time or another, wished that they might be able to propagate so sweet a flower. The following mode has proved successful. The roots, procured in the fall, are kept damp during the ensuing winter in flower-pots. In the spring a half barrel, with the hoops well secured, is procured, if painted, so much the better, and set on bricks in the garden, and one-third filled with a mixture of garden earth, sand and well-rotted manure. The roots are set in this and covered. Water is added gently, and a little at a time, every day or two (so as not to disturb the earth) till the tub is filled. In the fall the water is allowed to dry off, and the tub is placed in the cellar and water at long intervals.—*Tribune*.

Cost of Bringing Up a Boy.

A clergyman who has been discoursing about boys has devoted considerable attention to the cost of these somewhat necessary individuals, and he estimates the expense of bringing a good boy, with all the advantages of city life, to the age of fifteen, at about \$5,000. These figures are about doubled by the time the boy is 20 years of age, if he goes through college. A bad boy, arrived at the age mentioned, costs fully as much, even if he has not been to college.

Take Your Hands Out of Your Pockets, Young Man.

To begin with, it does not look well, when a young man crooks his arms and thrusts his hands into his pockets, making a figure eight of himself, and then stands up against the sunny side of the house like a rooster in December.

How would the girls look all turned into eights and leaning against the walls? How would your mother look in that posture? Catch her doing it! You don't find her hands in her pockets. Your mother's hand! while you are loafing, they are the hands that sew, and bake, and stew, and fry, and sweep, and darn, and nurse, and she does not sink them in her pockets and then lean against a building.

Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hoe-handle and the scythe. Swing the hammer; drive the plane; flourish the axe. There is untold caloric about a spade, a trowel, a wrench.

Besides, pocket-heat is not profitable. Have you money there, though? Are your pockets the safes in which you have hidden treasures, and are your hands the bolts that secure the safe-door? Money may be there to-day, but it won't be a guest over to-morrow night. An idler's money is apt to leap out of his pocket. It is likely to go for a pipe, a cigar, a tobacco-plug, a mug of ale. There is no money in pocket-warming.

Girard did not keep his hands in his pockets. Astor did not keep his hands in his pockets. Stewart did not keep his hands in his pockets. Benjamin Franklin, Horace Greeley and Cornelius Vanderbilt were not pocket-warmers.

Take your hands out of your pockets, young man. Your are losing time. Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line when death is near and eternity is pressing them into such small quarters, for the work of this life craves hours, days, weeks, years. If those at this end of the line, if youth with its abundance of resources would only feel that time was precious. Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, launch our ships, dig our canals, run our factories. You might have planted twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets.

The world wants those hands. The world is not dead asleep under the Pyramids, a mummy by the Nile. The world is alive, wide awake, pushing, struggling, going ahead. The world wants those hands. You need not take them out of America. They can find a market here at home. The country wants those hands, selling dry goods in New York, cradling wheat in Minnesota, raising cotton in Alabama, weaving cloth in Lowell, picking oranges in Florida, digging gold in Colorado, catching mackerel from the deck of a down east fishing smack. Take your hands out of your pockets.

And what a laudable thing it is to meet the want of society and do your best! When you are an old man, what an honorable thing your hand will be!

Did you ever think of the dignity investing the wrinkled hand of an old worker? It has been so useful, lifted so many burdens and wrought in such honorable service. Who wants a hand without a character when old age comes—a soft, flabby, do-nothing hand? You are willing to work you say, but can't find any thing to do?

Nothing to do! Do the first thing that comes along. Saw wood, get in coal, go on errands. In short, do anything honest with your hands, but don't let them loaf in your pockets.—*Golden Days*.

There are only two sorts of men: The just men, who believe themselves sinners, and the sinners who believe themselves just.