AT THE ROCK-POOLS.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

PHILOSOPHER or artist, I
At will this golden day,
Can happiness and beauty spy,
Earth's purest, in this bay:

This little red-cragged pobblly cove
Beside the western waves,
And rock-pools, where the tide-swells love
To sweep their mimic caves.
Ah, blessed children! run, and evade
(No white-crests need you fear)
These sea-naked, and with bare legs Wade
Through grots to sea-flowers dear.
Sec. Philip slips and laughs, while Lance
Plucks seaweeds green and red;
Sidney leads babe to catch perchance
A water-lily in bed.

For elders—while their mirth we see
And chat—from buried years
Uprise old joys with added glee,
Old sorrows without tears.

Oblivion o'er these past days twines,
They too felt parting's woe;
Now life smiles as each rock-pool shines
Fresh from its tidal drench.

And often, as these flows sun-dried
Wait till the tale-owls have
Their blooms; so we have yearning sighed
For sympathy's sweet wave.

Our home-life can we hardly brook
To leave: our rustic shade;
So grasps this zoophyte the nook
A thousand tales have made.

But wider thoughts, and ample ken
Befit the human mind;
And man must know his fellow-men,
Life's purpose would he find.

Must love for all and solace keep
Until faith's fruits be ripe;
Not isolation, warm, or sleep,
Meet for this lower type.

Experience we slowly learn,
And wisdom's beauty gain,
From many a struggle we discern
The blessed ends of pain.

And taking up the Cross, we seek
To tread the footprints trod
By Christ; made by His teachings seen,
Brought daily nearer God.

For manhood as for children now
Like those below who play,
Sea-flowers for fancy well may blow
Within this sheltered bay.

We cherish them a while; the sun
Sinks lower; children, come!
The sea moans; billows nearer run;
Come, children, hasten home!

THE CONDITIONS OF DISCIPLESHIP.

BY THE REV. H. MARTYN HART, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. GERMAINS, BLACKHEATH.

Lk. xii. 46; to the end.

It is possible that St. Luke has placed here, in close position, five incidents which occurred to him, to describe—the conditions of discipleship.

These may have changed, but the principles of the doctrine of Christ are unchanged. The requisites which Jesus demanded of His disciples as He walked in bodily presence the land of Judæa—these requisites He still requires as He calls one and another of us, “to follow Him.”

These are the days when the discipleship of Jesus mark with ignominy and bring trouble and persecution to the faithful follower. These are the days when, not to profess discipleship casts a shade of stigma; and men look askance at those who openly reject the universal call; and hold in doubtful estimate the man who turns his back to the great Prince of Peace. And, rightly; for, although it be too true that many a professed follower is an enemy to the cross of Christ, yet it is a rare exception to find a determined traducer of His great name who is morally straight; for, let the world say what it will, the doctrine of Jesus Christ is a mighty help to keep a man moral, and there are thousands to-day who would be a shame to themselves if it were not for the sustaining grace of their faith and following of Jesus Christ.

So it is the effect of an unexpressed experience, which looks coldly on those who do not join in professing the discipleship of Jesus. It is in obedience to that following that you attend public worship. By your presence in the congregation you declare that you have accepted the call, and are in some degree bent on following the Master. And, then, from these five illustrations, the conditions of true discipleship—

1. A Child-like Character. He set a little child in the midst, and, according to the fuller account of St. Matthew, He said to them, and to us, “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Look at a little child. It has no anxiety—what it shall eat, or what it shall drink, or wherewithal it shall be clothed; costs it not a thought. It never meets its troubles half way, it lives in the present. It may catch a glow from to-morrow’s promised pleasure, but you never saw a child filled with trouble because of that which to-morrow was to bring. And its thoughts are upon the present—what the present brings, what the present needs.