

that our God will ever pay wages to men who only walk about His grounds to show themselves. Orators who display their eloquence in the pulpit are more like gypsies who stray on the farm to pick up chickens than honest labourers who work to bring forth a crop for their Master. Many of the members of our churches live as if their only business on the farm was to pluck blackberries or gather wild flowers. They are great at finding fault with other people's ploughing and mowing, but not a hand's turn will they do themselves. The reward is proportionate, not to the success, but to the labour. Many discouraged workers may be comforted by that expression. You are not to be paid by results, but by endeavours. You may have had a stiff bit of clay to plough, or a dreary plot of land to sow, where stones, and birds, and thorns, and travellers, and a burning sun may all be leagued against the seed; but you are not accountable for these things; your reward shall be according to your work. The labourers are nobodies, but they shall enter into the joy of the Lord.

#### HAD AN EYE ON HIM.

"That young Brown has become a Christian, has he?" So said one business man to another.

"Yes, I heard so."

"Well, I'll have my eye on him to see if he holds out. I want a trusty young man in my store. They are hard to find. If this is the real thing with him, he will be just the man I want. I've kept my eye on him ever since I heard of it. I'm watching him closely."

So young Brown went in and out the store, and up and down the street. He mixed with his old associates, and all the time Mr. Todd had an eye on him. He watched how the young man bore the sneer of being "one of the saints;" if he stood up manfully for his new Master, and was not afraid to show his colours. Although Mr. Todd took ride, went to church, or did what he pleased on Sabbath, he was very glad to see that Brown rested on the Lord's day and hallowed it. Though the Wednesday evening bell never drew the merchant to the prayer-meeting, he watched to see if Brown passed by. Sometimes he said: "Where are you going, Brown?" and always received the prompt answer: "To prayer-meeting." Brown's father and his teacher were both questioned as to how the lad was getting on.

For a year or more Todd's eyes were on Brown. Then he said to himself: "He'll do. He is a real Christian. I can trust him. I can afford to pay him. He shall have a good place in my store."

Thus, young Christian, others watch to see if you are true; if you will do for places of trust. The world has its cold, calculating eye on you, to see if your religion is real, or if you are just ready to turn back. The Master's loving eye is on you also. He sees not the mis-steps alone, but also the earnest wish to please Him. He, too, has places of trust. The work is pleasant, and the pay good. These places may be for you when, through His strength, you have proved yourself true.

Fix your eye on Him and He will keep you in the way.—*Congregationalist*.

#### A LESSON FROM THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS.

Put your godliness into all you do—not only into that which is likely to be "seen of men," but into everything. In the grand old cathedrals which are the admiration of the world, the ornaments of the high up pillared and groined work, that no eye could see critically, are found to be as exquisitely finished and perfected for their purpose as the lowest down. Conscience ruled the noble builders; and this ensured that their work was done both truthfully and lovingly; they wrought for the eye of God. Work cannot be trusted that is not done conscientiously. Mere sentimental religiousness will not serve the turn; much less the affectation of religion.

#### BE HAPPY NOW.

O, ye tired mothers, and daughters, and occupants of the sitting room generally, listen now and let me tell you a secret,—a secret worth knowing. This taking no comfort as you go along, but forever looking forward to all the enjoyment does not pay. From what I know of it I would as soon chase butterflies for a living, or bottle moonshine for a cloudy night.

The only true way to be happy is to take the drops of happiness as God gives them to us every day of our lives. What is work but something to keep us out of mischief and she who does too much of it, instead of keeping out of mischief is playing the very mischief with herself. How can a woman be at her best to entertain her husband, or to instruct or amuse her family, who makes a perpetual slave of herself, and keeps her poor tired body in a state of drudgery and physical weakness? Better let some things go undone than so completely unfit one's self for all enjoyment at home. The great thing is to learn to make the most of one's self, and to be happy over our work.

#### THE TRUE CHURCH.

"It's the smallest church in the land,"  
Alone the little white chapel stood  
In the heart of a green and shady wood;  
Birds hovered and sang there all day long,  
And seemed as if, with their happy song,  
They were part of the simple service sweet,  
For the holy and quiet chapel meet.  
For the smallest church in the land.

"It's the largest church in the land!"  
It was built of solid blocks of stone,  
Piled up in the ages that are gone,  
It stood where the tramp of restless feet  
Ceased never from out the noisy street,  
Like a pall hung over the crowded town,  
The great dim shadow fell darkling down  
Of the largest church in the land.

"It's the richest church in the land!"  
Odours of incense make thick the air,  
Priests knelt in embroidered robes at prayer,  
It was splendid with countless gems of gold,  
Whose value and beauty could not be told;  
And dazzling to see in the perfect light  
That shone from a thousand tapers bright  
In the richest church in the land.

"It's the oldest church in the land."  
They say that the conquering Caesar trod  
Long years before on that sacred sod,  
Its worshippers bent an adoring knee  
While Jesus was walking through Galilee;  
And history stood perplexed and dumb  
Before the landmark of Christendom,  
The oldest church in the land.

And the truest church in the land?  
None mentioned the spot or told me where  
To find the holiest place for prayer.  
But I thought how little are all things worth—  
The grandeur, the splendor, the wealth of earth—  
Compared to the worship of prayerful souls  
Whose loving observance God's eye beholds  
Wherever the church may stand.

THERE is no religion without worship, and there is no worship without the Sabbath.—*Montalembert*.

IN religion as in business many men fail because they give up. They had several graces but lacked the important one of perseverance.

GOD'S laws were never designed to be like cobwebs which catch the little flies, but suffer the large ones to break through.—*Matthew Henry*.

SOME socialists have discovered a short path to celebrity. They set up for free-thinkers, but their only stock in trade is that they are free from thinking.—*Cotton*.

GREAT thoughts are always helpful. They give a noble tone to the spirit, exalt the mind, and stimulate to worthy deeds. Those who cultivate such thoughts arrive at best experiences and achieve the happiest lives.

REV. ALEX. H. YOUNG, M.A., formerly of Elgin, has been invited to become the superintendent of the European Protestant Boy's School, at Cuttack, in India. The invitation was sent by telegraph, and the message consisted of one word, "Come." It was handed in at the Cuttack office at 8:10 on the morning of October 23rd, and reached the Mission House, Derby, before seven o'clock the same morning! Rather different from the olden times. Mr. Young sailed for India on the 2nd inst.

AN unusual bequest is soon to be acted on in Scotland. No harm would result if some Canadian millionaire would devote a portion of his fortune to a similar purpose. In 1861 Miss Mary Murray, a native of Dysart, died there, leaving nearly £20,000 for the foundation of an hospital for the training of female children "of poor but respectable parents" as house servants. It was to accumulate for twenty-one years, and now amounts to £36,000. The bequest is to be acted on at once, and a building has been leased at Prestonpans for the hospital.

#### THE MISSION FIELD.

THERE are 126,000,000 women and girls in India, and at the most liberal estimate, not more than one in twelve hundred has been placed under any kind of Christian instruction.

A HEARTY missionary meeting, baptized with the Holy Ghost, affording opportunity to consecrate money and self at the same time, is better than going forward for prayers.—*Zion's Herald*.

DR. MACLAY, of the Methodist mission in Japan, states that the cholera which ravaged the country during the summer and autumn, by which 20,000 persons died, has almost totally disappeared.

THE native Christians of Madagascar have given a million dollars during the past ten years for the spread of the Gospel—a pretty good showing for a land, where, as late as 1857, 2,000 persons suffered death by persecution for adherence to the Christian faith.

A MISSIONARY steamer, whose hull and machinery weigh only six tons, is now moored in the Thames in London. The name of the vessel is "Peace," and it has been built for the Baptist Missionary Society, who destine it for the service of the mission in the upper reaches of the Congo River. The boat can be taken to pieces readily for transport purposes.

THE various Bible Societies now represented in Japan, make it a rule never to give away the Scriptures. They have sold together 115,000 copies during the past year. It is stated that at Kioto a single copy of St. John's Gospel led sixty families to renounce idolatry; and that mass meetings for prayer have been held in Japan, when in one case more than 3,500 and in another 7,000 persons were present.

IN turning all eyes to Egypt, the Ruler of the world must surely have it as his purpose to stimulate the hearts of Christians, as well as to tax the energies of politicians. Having sent into the country soldiers and cannon, we must surely send missionaries and the Gospel. But what a thought it is that the cost of the soldiers and the cannon for a few months will be manifold in excess of the whole sum contributed during many years for spreading the Gospel throughout the wide world! Is this not one of the landmarks which God gives to show us how far we are in Christian enterprise from any spot where we may with a good conscience "rest and be thankful?"

MAJOR TUCKER and the other Salvationists in India are faring better at Calcutta than they did at Bombay. A densely-crowded meeting has been held in the Calcutta Town Hall, at which Baboo Chunder Sen was one of the speakers, to protest against the action of the Bombay Government. A memorial was sent to Lord Ripon, but he has refused to interfere. It is the prevalent feeling that Sir James Fergusson has made a serious mistake in this matter. The handing over of Major Tucker and his assistants to be tried by a Parsee magistrate has not escaped animadversion. Some ferment has been caused among native Christians, who fear that Mohammedans will have been encouraged by the attitude the Government took in Bombay to interfere in Christian gatherings; but in Ajmere the native Christians have begun to imitate the movements of the Salvation Army.

REV. N. H. SHAW, a Protestant missionary in Rome, writes: "We often have priests at our services. Last Sunday morning two entered and stood several minutes while I was opening our Sunday school. Several have come to converse with me. Generally, however, they come to the meeting in disguise. I had a conversation with one the other evening who has been attending the meetings for some time. He has ceased to perform functions, but still dresses as a priest except when he comes to our meeting. He tells me that he has been an evangelical believer for years, and prays daily that God will open a door whereby he may escape from his present position. His only request to me was, that in case he should fall ill, I would send Sig. Bertola to visit him, and not let him fall into the hands of the priests. He adheres to his dress and his income because he knows no other means of earning his bread, but has an earnest desire to die and be buried as a Protestant believer in Christ. Poor fellow! If we are sorry that he has not the courage to abandon all for Christ, at least we who are in Rome know how to abstain from condemning him, and can sympathize even when we cannot approve or praise." Mr. Shaw adds that there are many such Nicodemuses in Italy.