

and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine, so entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word? You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John, the disciple, and Robert MacCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Summerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martin, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled it into two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of Heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line." My theory is that if a woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislature how high a brown thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will finally settle the whole question. When a woman is prepared to preach she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her.

WOMEN WHO INJURE THEIR SEX.—I know there are women of most undesirable nature, who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights, and we know very well that they, themselves, are fit neither to vote nor to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, nor to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. The best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession. Her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation. The grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box, and the congressional assemblage, and the legislative hall.

THE WOMAN'S BALLOT OF TO-DAY.—Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she

taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship. The right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to me to be a feeble thing. Take your husband for example. He is a Christian man, a man of intelligence. He comes up to the ballot-box and drops in his vote. Right after him comes a drunkard, or a man ignorant of not only what his vote means, but lacking in the capacity to even read the ballot in his hand. He drops his vote and it counteracts that of your husband. His vote means just as much as does that of the man of your home. But if in the quiet of home-life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities.

(To be continued.)

#### ARE YOU SAVED?

As a reminiscence of the visit to this Colony says the *Southern Cross*, South Africa, of one of the greatest preachers in the Anglican Church, we publish the following extract from a sermon preached by the Bishop of Derry in Capetown Cathedral. The sermon was reported in the *Cape Times*:—

My friends, it falls to the lot of those I suppose in my position who travel from place to place to find letters of spiritual advice, anonymous letters, advising the person who receives them, if he be a Bishop, or a priest, as to what he should preach in case he visits particular churches. A few days ago I received a well-intentioned letter of that kind—an anonymous letter. The writer said; "In Cape town, if you preach there in any of the large churches or elsewhere, you are an old man, you have come a long distance, ask the people whether they have found Jesus, ask them whether they are saved." I do not ask you these questions.

I do not ask whether you have found Jesus, and I will tell you why. Because I know perfectly well, I know as surely as I am alive, that Jesus has found you; found you in your Baptism, found you in Confirmation, found you in the offer of the Eucharistic gift, found you in the voices that surround you in a Christian land and a Christian community from day to day. He is the Good Shepherd. No road could be too rough, no mountain too steep, no path too intricate, no night too dark, for that strong, patient, gracious, enduring, divine, majestic, everlasting love of His. The Good Shepherd has found you, and if you will give yourself to Him He will carry you home rejoicing. Much less do I ask you, are saved? The question shows an ignorance of the Gospel.

The right words to use would be these, "Are you being saved?" The Lord adds to the Church daily those who are being saved. Salvation is not a mere outward thing. It is not a mere rescue from the flames of the distant hell. It is a salvation from yourself, a salvation from your sin. The question ought to run in this way, "Are you being saved? Are you being saved from your impurity? Are you being saved from your selfishness? Are you being saved from your spiritual pride? Are you being saved from evil tempers?" If not, you may answer the question, "Are you saved?" exact-

ly as you like, but you have not got the true salvation, and if the true salvation were merely answering yes to that question miserable salvation it would be, and scarcely worth having.

After all I preach to you this morning, and I shall preach to you this night, none other story, no other means of salvation than you have heard of a hundred, a thousand times within these sanctified walls. The doctrines of the Church to which I belong, a Church with 7,000 miles of stormy waters between you and its limits, is in all substantial exactly the same. There is a responsibility, is there not, even in the curiosity that leads us to come and hear a stranger? It is sometimes said that the most solemn thing in all the Gospels is the Gospel for this day's service. In it we hear of Jesus weeping over Jerusalem. Yes, that is a solemn thing indeed, and well may those who hear it, thinking of that city, say, "Save us from those tears." But I believe that there is another thing more solemn still in the Gospels. Do you remember how one came with a vain curiosity to question Jesus. He was glad that He was in his power, and he asked him many questions, and the Evangelist tells us he answered him nothing. And so we go on month after month and year after year, and sometimes a faint and flaccid curiosity stirs within us; we think we will go and read some strange book, or go and listen to some preacher we have never heard before. We do not hear the voice of Jesus in the book or from the preacher's lips, because we go in a spirit of vain curiosity, and if we cry as we hear to-day's Gospel, "Save us from those tears." may we not, as we look upon Herod and Jesus, say "Save us, Oh! save us from that silence."

#### MOVING.

In our cities especially there is a constant movement going on of families changing from one parish to another. No one knows how many people are lost to the Church by this process. Possibly we gain in a way as many as we lose from the fact that the Church idea is so loosely held by the denominations that we get many of those persons such as they are who hold that "one Church is good as another." Probably the loss on our part is due in a large measure to the want of specific training as to the plain duty of people removing from a parish. If indeed they have a right conception of the Church they will need no special instruction. Among the denominations it is the custom always to give a letter certifying to good and regular standing, but the singular thing is that many do not consider themselves members of the Church until they have presented their letter elsewhere. And unfortunately many of our own people act as if they were no longer members of the Church until they have presented their letter elsewhere. And unfortunately many of our own people act as if they were no longer members of the Church. And it is a shame and an injury to our own Church that the canon in regard to giving commendatory letters is not rigidly enforced. If this were always done a city parish would have some kind of a definite idea of how many communicants it had. The list in the parish register would more nearly correspond with the actual number, and the same person's name would not be counted in three or four parishes. This would help vastly.

The other thing is the duty of communicants and parishioners. When removing into a new location, they should at once make themselves known to the rector. They should attend the services, and take hold of any church work they can find with the feeling that they are members of the Church of Christ, and are as much at home in one church as another. And they should continue their offerings and their contributions toward the support of the parish