

impiety, to obtrude strange fire upon His attention in His own house!

We may honestly differ, nay, free and reasonable men must often differ, with regard to many worldly matters. Every one will deem himself right in his own views. You may think your neighbour wrong, but you have no right to persecute him directly or indirectly. Let the Golden Rule come into play: Do to others as you would have others do to you. And whatever your differences and difficulties in secular affairs, drop them the moment you reach the ecclesiastical border. When we meet as Christians, we must work as Christians, worship as Christians, feel towards each other as Christians. We ought to carry with us our Christianity into our secular struggles and divisions; but we must never carry back our secular divisions into our service as Christians, whatever position we may occupy.

One of the noblest triumphs of Christ's love is the way in which it removes barriers from between men, and brings them peacefully together. Black and white, old and young, Jew and Gentile, the aristocrat and the democrat, the monarchist and the republican, millionaire and mendicant, all can meet, and often do meet, as one in Christ. No other power has ever achieved so wonderful a triumph. Dear reader, cherish this divine love. Seek earnestly this Union with Christ, and through Him with all His people. Promote it in others. Forgive as you would be forgiven. Cast oil on the waves of unbrotherly strife. Endeavour especially, to secure that no worldly division may over enter the Church, the body of Christ. In respect to civil and social matters we may be at a distance from each other, but in the Church, and in all matters relating to the Church, let there ever be between brethren the warmth of Heavenly love, and the peace which the Master has bequeathed to His own.

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### EARNEST SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

JOHN WILLIAMS tells, in his deeply interesting *Narrative of Missionary Enterprises*, of a Samoan cripple who hailed him one day with, "Welcome servant of God, who brought light into this dark island: to you we are indebted for the word of salvation;" The poor man had his hands and feet eaten off with disease. He had to work

on his knees; but still by industry he was able to maintain his wife and three children. This sad wreck of a man joyfully hailed the Missionary in the words we have quoted.

Williams asked him what he knew of the word of salvation, and he replied, "I know that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—that he is the son of God—and that he died painfully on the cross to pay for the sins of men in order that their souls might be saved and go to happiness in the skies." He knew further that none went to heaven but those who believed in Jesus. He said that, he prayed while working in his little garden,—besides always praying morning and evening with his family. His prayer was brief but comprehensive: "O Lord I am a great sinner; may Jesus take my sins away by his good blood; give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good spirit of Jesus to instruct me, and make my heart good, make me a man of Jesus, and take me to heaven when I die." He had never heard a preacher, nor read a word, his awful disease had kept him from every assembly. How then did he get his knowledge? His reply to this question was, "As the people return from the services, I take my seat by the wayside, and beg a bit of the word from them as they pass by; one gives me one piece, another gives me another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about his word."

Here is a case that might well shame multitudes in Christian lands. The poor Samoan cripple was in earnest, and the result was that he knew the essential truths of the religion of Christ, and lived in accordance with its dictates.

How many thousands in Christian lands decline to take the trouble of learning anything about Christ! A sermon they will neither read nor hear. A book that is serious in its tone is at once flung aside. Prayer is to them a forgotten art. Their mental food is godless trash.—It were better for such had they been born in a heathen land, where the name of Christ is never heard. Verily, men shall come from the