

gards both the attendance and the proceedings. Though progress towards International Arbitration is slow, we may say of the blessed cause of Peace in Galileo's words, "It does move after all!"—*British Friend of 10th mo.*

Dr. Smith, of the "People's" Church, St. Paul, who is looked upon as the possible successor of Prof. David Swing, recently preached in Central Music Hall, Chicago. His subject was: "God's Presence in this World." He said in part:

"The whole human race is on the march, and we do not perceive it. From the innocence of childhood to the end of life this march goes on. Soon we shall die and pass away, but at present we live. The great question which confronts us is what religion has in store for us now. That it will prepare us for another world many preach, but I come to preach that God is here with us now, and that His wisdom and love are as truly ours in this as in any world. What would you think of a father who left his baby boy to the cruel mercies of a heartless world, and when, by struggle and slow attainment, he had reached the age of young manhood, should come to him and tell him that he was his father, and that he intended to take him into his own mansion to live for the rest of his life? What would be the emotions of the child in coming into his new relations? This is the picture of an impossible society, and is also the counterpart of an impossible religion. This world could not exist for a moment by itself, and the idea of a dependent world necessarily carries with it the idea of a God on whom to depend.

"The validity of religion can be tested only by its effect on the morality of the world. What it will do for us in the future is one question, but what it is doing for us now is the great one. We are not inspired by the fact that all humanity clusters around God, but what an inspiration it is to feel that our sorrows are His sorrows, and that

He is human in His sympathies! I believe that God is in the world to-day and that those who are pure in heart do see Him."

Select Recitations for Literary Circles

THE BACK LOG; OR, UNCLE NED'S LITTLE GAME.

BY INNES RANDOLPH.

It was a rule at Thornton Hall,
Unbroken from colonial days,
That holiday at Christmas tide
Was measured by the Christmas blaze;
For till the back log burned in two,
The darkeys on the place were free
To dance, and laugh, and eat, and drink,
And give themselves to jollity.
And mighty were the logs they brought,
Of weight that six stout men might bear,
All gnarled and knotted; slow to burn;
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Old Ned had cut the log that year,
Old Ned the fiddler, far renowned,
Who played at every country dance
That happened thirty miles around,
He cut the log; for days his face
Showed gleams of merriment and craft;
He often went behind the house
And leaned against the wall and laughed,
And called the other darkeys round
And whispered to them in the ear,
And loud the ringing laughter broke;
For Christmas comes but once a year.

At twilight upon Christmas eve,
The log was borne on shoulders strong,
Of men who marked their cadence steps
With music, as they came along;
And Ned with air of high command,
Came marching at the head of all,
As he had done for "thirty year,"
On Christmas eve at Thornton Hall.
He led the chorus as they marched,
The voices rising loud and clear
From lusty throats and happy hearts;
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Though briskly blazed at Christmas eve,
That fire with flames and embers bright,
Until the antique fire-place lit
The paneled walls with ruddy light;
Although the spacious chimney roared
Like woodlands in autumnal gales,
And lion andirons of bronze
Were red-hot in their manes and tails,
That back-log, incombustible,
Lay quite unkindled in the rear,
Or only slightly scorched and charred;
For Christmas comes but once a year.