

pleasure to him, and he had the money, a man might sink ten or fifty millions in a house. But, if Christianity be a reality and not a dream, how can men put a million, or half a million, or fifty thousand, or even twenty thousand dollars in a house to cover their heads? Is this poor tenement of clay, soon to be dissolved, so very important that it must have thousands of dollars spent on its housing? Who are we, the creatures of an hour, that we take the good money—the gift of God—that might bring countless blessings to a weary world, and extend the glory of His Name, and squander it on stone and marble and works of art and all manner of costly fabrics, for the gratification of very unsanctified longings, and the glory of the name of Smith, or Jones, or Robinson? Our dear Lord and Saviour once walked the earth in our flesh, and in that body there dwelt all the glory of the infinite Godhead, all the beauty of sinless purity. And yet He sought no splendid apparel or costly dwelling. "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," were His own words. In poverty, often without even the so-called common necessities, He found room enough to play a part such as the world shall never see again. And must we, stained and debased by sin, with so much of the glory of true manhood and womanhood wanting, have houses, not only good enough to shelter us and keep us in health and strength, but of towering and stately proportions, fitted up with all manner of modern luxuries, procured at no end of expense? Can we do that and yet confess Him Lord and Master? What argument is there to plead for the mansions of the rich and well-to-do, which even now are breeding hatred and strife? How will he answer for his talents who can only say "Lord, I built with my money a very fine house. It has long since perished, but my neighbors thought it beautiful and very cheap for the money, and longed to have one like it, but they weren't rich enough?"

THE CHURCH AND THE HOUSE.—There is a cry to-day that our churches should not be such costly buildings, but rather plain, unpretentious structures, which will permit of money being given more freely to missions and philanthropic work. But from whom does this cry come? From men who are comfortably housed in buildings costing anywhere from two to fifty thousand, or more. Their first concern was to build fine houses for themselves.

Where they might have spent two thousand, they spent five. Where five would have been more than sufficient, they spent ten. Out of homes more or less luxurious they want to come to plain churches. And why? Simply because with their present manner of living they do not see their way to support the church more liberally, and are trying to make the same amount of money do double work after a fashion. But on what Christian principle should a private house be luxurious and the house of God plain? Is it reasonable that money should be freely spent on the building and maintenance of homes much more beautiful than our neighbors', and meanly doled out when a church is to be built? Missions must be supported. They are Christ's blessed cause. But is it to be at the sacrifice of the dwelling house or the church building? A man's house represents himself and his material everyday needs. The church stands for the invisible God of glory and His service which calls for beauty, and awe, and majesty, and splendor. Does not the majesty of an English cathedral speak eloquently for God and our holy faith? Even the heathen knew this, and made their temples their grandest architectural triumphs, far surpassing their royal palaces. Why should any man's house be a costly or splendid edifice? Is he to be glorified rather than God? When the appeals for money are made in church a great many of our so-called pillars ought to turn very uncomfortably in their seats. They have left, many of them, costly, pretentious, and luxurious houses. No expense has been spared on them, and their maintenance is a heavy item. They hear appeals, which are not calls for cheaper churches, but cheaper living, less luxury and grandeur at home, more money for the house of God to make it beautiful, and far, far more money for the work of God.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

"Jesus said unto the sea, Peace, be still."—St. Mark iv. 39.

There is a voice of heavenly birth,
An angel-visitor of earth,
Like Noah's gentle dove:
Its mission is to cheer and bless
With garden flowers the wilderness—
It is the voice of Love.

There is a voice—soft, sweet, and low,
A ray of light in days of woe,
A breath from heaven above;
The voice for every human ill—
His, who could bid the waves, "*Be still!*";
It is the voice of Love.

—Rev. Canon Burbidge.

HE CONQUERED.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER tells an incident, which, he says, was current during war times and will bear repetition. It shows clearly how God aids his faithful servants.

"Last night," said a Christian soldier to his chaplain, "in my barrack, before going to bed, I knelt down and prayed, when suddenly my comrades raised a loud laugh, and began to throw boots and clothes at me."

"Well," replied the chaplain, "suppose you defer your prayers till after you retire, and then silently lift up your heart to God."

Meeting him soon after, the chaplain said:

"You took my advice, I suppose. How did it answer?"

"Sir," replied the soldier, "I did take your advice for two or three evenings; but I began to think it looked like denying my Saviour, so once more I knelt down and prayed as at first."

"What followed?"

"Why, sir, not one of them laughs now. The whole fifteen now kneel down, too, and I pray with them."

UNMINDFUL OF HIS POSITION.

THE young Christian worker who entertains the idea that some work for the Master is rather belittling will do well to read an incident told of the late Bishop Brooks, which shows not only the great sympathy he had, but his noble disregard of lines marked by social customs:

A poor woman, living in the parish, was sick. Dr. Brooks visited her frequently, and, besides ministering to her spiritual wants, provided in a substantial way for her physical needs. One day the doctor found her more than usually pale and miserable in appearance. Believing that outdoor exercise would benefit her, he advised her to go out in the air for recreation. She replied that she could not leave her sickly babe behind, and she was too weak to carry it. "Then go out for awhile, and I will mind the baby," urged the doctor. The grateful woman protested against such a seeming indignity to a clergyman, but he insisted, and while she enjoyed for several hours the sunlight and purer air of the park, the great-hearted, generous doctor, unmindful of his position as rector of a wealthy and fashionable church, sat in a dingy, meanly furnished room in a back alley, rocking the cradle in which lay the peevish infant until its mother's return.—*Selected.*