

that they are bound to each other by the tie of a common country, with which their earthly interests are bound up. Let this feeling,—that we are all Canadians *now*, unite us together, and teach us to cherish warm and friendly feelings to each other.

A closer union, we believe, is coming among the different races who inhabit this country, when their various nationalities will be lost in the absorbing one of Canadian. And from the gradual amalgamation of these races, it is probable that a nobler one may spring, than the present stock of any of them. The grand obstacle to this union is diversity of religious creed; but such is our confidence in the power of the truth, and the blessing of God upon exertions honestly and earnestly made in His cause, and our faith in His predicted purposes, that we firmly believe the time is near, when a great awakening will take place in the French Canadian mind; when the light of divine truth will find its way into their souls; when they shall rise up in their might, from the sleep of ages, and break, like tow, those shackles of spiritual despotism by which their energies have been so long cramped, and the manly independence of their character crushed.

WE SHALL BE CHANGED.—1 Cor. xv., 51. Some men went to China once, and because they were forbidden to carry the silk-worm out of the country, they hid some of the little creature's eggs in the top of their staves; and so out of those two dry staves came all the silkworms and all the silk in Europe since! What a wonder! A poor rag-picker takes a short stick in his hand, and goes into the dirty gutters of the streets of the city, and picks up little bits of rags and of paper. These he puts into his dirty bag. But these are washed and made over, and come out the pure, white sheet of paper, beautiful enough to have the Queen write on it! Who can doubt that God can take these poor bodies, and out of them raise up a new and better body! Out of the very darkness and bones of the grave, he can make something that will be brighter than the sun forever!

Prayer

There is an eye, that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear, that never shuts,
When sinks the beam of light.

There is an arm, that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love, that never fails,
When earthly loves decay.

That eye is fixed on seraph throngs,
That ear is filled with angel's songs;
That arm upholds the earth on high,
That love is throned beyond the sky.

But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain;
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is PRAYER, which soars on high,
And feeds on bliss, beyond the sky.
ANON.

The Importance of a Living Ministry.

HOW MUCH MORE WOULD A FEW GOOD AND FERVENT MEN EFFECT IN THE MINISTRY THAN A MULTITUDE OF LUKEWARM ONES? Such was the remark of one who had been taught by experience, and who has recorded that experience for the benefit of other churches and other days. It is a remark, however, the *truth* of which has been but little acknowledged and acted on; nay, whose *importance* is to this day unappreciated even where its truth is not denied.

The mere multiplying of men, calling themselves ministers of Christ, will avail little. They may be but "cumberers of the ground." They may be like *Achans*, troubling the camp; or perhaps *Jonahs*, raising the tempest. Even when sound in the faith, yet, through unbelief, lukewarmness, and slothful formality, they may do irreparable injury to the cause of Christ, freezing and withering up all spiritual life around them. The lukewarm ministry of one who is theoretically orthodox, is often more extensively and fatally ruinous to souls than that of one grossly inconsistent