

cymbal ; and though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so tha. I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing ; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness but rejoiceth with the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. *Charity never faileth.* And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity."

Plain talk this, is it not? and yet the half is not told. I really fear we are more or less like an old woman upon whom a colporteur once called and inquired if she owned a bible: "I hope you don't take me for a heathen," she said, "I have a bible and know how to read it, too." He kindly asked if she would show it to him, whereupon she went upstairs, returned with it and handed it to him. Upon opening it out slid a pair of spectacles. "Sakes alive," she exclaimed, "if there ain't my spectacles I lost seven years ago!"

Well, perhaps we do read a portion of scripture daily, but what availeth it, so long as our hearts are full of all uncharitableness; to such it is a sealed book, and not until read with mind stripped of all prejudice and all uncharitableness will the sacred writings be unsealed and the blind eyes be opened to see the hidden Christ life.

Let us walk onward softly, with our hearts
As open as the leaves are to the sun,
And, like the leaves that, fluttering in the
wind,

Uplift in turn both fair sides to the light,
Yet show us tints more delicate below;
Because, perhaps, the dust of sin and care
Can find no little spot to cling to there;
So let our inner life a beauty know,
Not even dust stained with our strife and pride.
And ever fairer be on the hidden side.

"Know ye not that ye are the temples of the living God, if so be that the spirit of God dwelleth in you." "By their fruits ye shall know them." Do our lives show forth the fruits of the Spirit? How often we find ourselves thinking, perhaps saying, of some action of another: "I could not have done it," while at the same time something in our own conduct is passing under adverse criticism of which we are entirely unconscious. Of very few, possibly none, can it be said that they have no harsh or illiberal judgment to regret—some word spoken thoughtlessly or in haste that has left a mark that time fails to obliterate. The year 1889 is not so far advanced that new resolves are ill-timed. Let us one and all henceforward,

Speak a shade more kindly than the year before,

Pray a little oftener, love a little more ;
Life below shall liker grow to the life above.

Many of our most sorrowful experiences come from failure to understand the importance of "a word fitly spoken," or when it is in our power to render a kindness we fail to attach any significance to what might have been a generous deed until it is too late, then we say : "If I had only thought."

(To be continued)

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Printed at the office of A. Talbot & Co., 302
Clarence-st., London, Canada.