

creased tenfold, his energy appeared to be boundless, no burden of work seemed too heavy. It was evidently a daily struggle to concentrate his attention on what we had in hand—but he did it, and by degrees the awful load of grief seemed to grow lighter. Honest work well done is the sure path to a cheerful spirit. Try it.—*Churchman.*

UNWILLINGNESS TO DO LITTLE THINGS.

I remember hearing of a person who was always trying to do some great thing for the Lord, and because he could not do a great thing he never did anything. There are a great many who would be willing to do great things if they could come up and have their names heralded through the press. I heard of a man's dream in which he imagined that when he died he was taken by the angels to a beautiful temple. After admiring it for a time he discovered that one stone was missing—all finished, but just one little stone that was left out. He said to the angel, "Why is this stone left out?" The angel replied, "That was left out for you, but you wanted to do great things, and so there was no room left for you." He was startled and awoke, and resolved that he would become a worker for God; and that man always worked faithfully after that.—*Moody.*

WHAT STRANGE BEINGS WE ARE.

*We speak of the mercy of God,
So boundless, so rich, and so free!
But what will it profit my soul,
Unless 'tis relied on by me?*

*We speak of Salvation and Love,
By the Father, in Jesus, made known
But if I would live unto God,
By faith I must make it my own.*

*We speak of the Saviour's dear Name,
By which God can poor sinners receive;
Yet still I am lost and undone,
Unless in that name I believe.*

*We speak of the blood of the Lamb,
Which frees from pollution and sin;
By its virtues by me must be proved,
Or I shall be ever unclean.*

*We speak of the Glory to come,
Of the heavens so bright and so fair;
But unless I in Jesus believe,
I shall not, I cannot be there!*

—*Selected.*

SEVEN DAYS' WORK.

"Working on Sunday," says a writer in the *Christian Guide*, "is very distasteful to the men who are obliged to do so. My nearest neighbour has been twelve years with a railroad company in this city. He has been obliged to work twelve hours a day, seven days in a week, or lose his job. He is a poor man, and cannot afford to be out of work. Those dependent upon him must have bread. He tells me that after a man has worked seven days in a week for five years he begins to decline in health and strength, and in a few years completely breaks down, and, of course, is then rejected by the company, just as a worn-out machine is cast away. These men are treated just as machines are treated. They are worked to the limit of their strength and endurance. No considerations of humanity enter into the question. My other friend is a motor-man on a street car. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a day, seven days in a week, and fifty-two weeks in a year! Though a very stout man, he is nearly broken down from continued labour. He must work like a galley slave or lose his job, and let his family starve. The greed for money is such that sympathy for human weariness and suffering is forgotten. Both of these men are religious, and belong to church, but neither have any time to cultivate religion or attend church. I wonder that they are as good as they are"

But both of these men probably knew when they hired out that they would do Sunday work, and the time to say "No!" was at the beginning of the ten or twelve years of toil.

There is a good amount of work in the world besides that which is furnished by railway and trolley cars. Hence a man who for the sake of "an easier job," or "better pay," puts his neck under the yoke of some great corporation, must not be surprised if their burdens are grievous and hard to be borne. But God made man before corporations existed, and a man is not obliged to choose between working seven days in a week or starving to death in a land of broad acres and abund-

ant opportunities. But if a man will not endure hardness; if he must live in town or in city; if he must wear soft raiment and rear his children in luxury; if he will not eat the dinner of herbs, but must have instead the "stalled ox," then he may find that living in Egypt he must put on the Egyptian yoke, work seven days in a week, give his extra earnings to the doctor, and die years before his time—all that he may be in the midst of the world's rush and hurly-burly, instead of staying on the soil where God put man, and eating his bread in the sweat of his face till he return to the ground from which he was taken.—*The Common People.*

CHRISTIAN LOVE, THE BOND OF PEACE.

Bishop Whipple, in a late Convention address, gives his voice against partisanship in the Church, and in simple and loving words counsels the clergy and laity of Minnesota to a fuller practice of Christian love as the cure for intolerance in every form. We give the substance of his thoughts, as follows:

"In many a Convention address, I have told you that I will never be the head of a Divinity School which represents any party. The Church is entering on the battle for the last time. Every form of unbelief will be banded together against Christ and His kingdom. The keenest intellects the world has ever seen will marshal their oppositions of science, falsely so called, to gain-say and deny the revelation of God. The leaders for Christ in this battle must be large-hearted scholars, men who have proved all things and who do hold fast to that which is good, men who are free men in Christ because His truth hath made them free.

"Most of the divisions which have marred the Church and brought sorrow to her Lord have come from party strife and the lack of charity and love. Even when no open division has come, hearts have been bruised and lives have been marred by the sad record of narrowness and prejudice. I can remember when a Pusey was refused license to preach in Oxford, when a Maurice