

checkmate his neighbor's and prevent himself being overwhelmed by such a dismal fate. So intent is man on his calculations of moves and chances that he forgets that a player is pitted against him who always wins in every game. This player seems to take peculiar pleasure in intervening just when a plan has been aptly conceived, and seems to be on the eve of attaining success. Then like a bolt from the blue comes the sudden checkmate, and man resigns his place for ever at the board. It may be early, it may be late, but come it will, for certain and sure it comes although the manner and time are not revealed to us.

Full opportunity is still given under the conditions of modern life for the display of individual powers. To the individual it makes all the difference in the world, whether his strength has been spent for personal advancement or for the public weal. If self interest has guided him his end is deplorably sad. For him no minstrel raptures swell. No tributes of honor and affection brighten the darkness surrounding his bier, nor enshrine his memory in loving admiring hearts. For the man who has given of his best for the benefit of the people there swells, however, the long wail that indicates a people's grief, a people's veneration and a people's praise. Another glorious star has been added to the constellations which overarch a nation's history, and another name to the nation's roll of honored worthies.

Though we of humble destiny may

not be called to shape our country's polity, we have each a part to play in the game of life. We cannot all be "councillors of state," plotting and playing a high game of chess in which the pawns are men. A humbler corner may be our lot, and our characters, our abilities, our conduct may be our pawns. Whether the game be great or small, whether we set our array against the great ones of the land, or pit ourselves against our neighbours in humble obscurity, it matters much to us how we play. Every move leaves its irrevocable impress on ourselves, and adds another entry to the book of our lives. And at the close what does it all amount to? Where are all our petty stratagems, our sly manœuvres, our little tricks of fence and defence? They are all gone into the limbo of nothingness. They are as if they had never been. Only their effects upon ourselves remain to tell the vanished tale and perpetuate our weakness.

Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is a mission station within the bounds of the Presbytery of St. John. Twenty years ago it was a flourishing congregation, but a protracted vacancy, followed by irregular supply during the summer months—ending in no supply for three years, left no congregation at all. The church became dilapidated, the fallen plaster lay in heaps upon the floor, the door stood open to wind and weather, and the surviving members of session, it is reported, decided to sell the old church for a