

THE REFORMATION.

Who has dared to put the truth in fetters? No matter; the story is long—strike them off. Error has had a somewhat lengthened reign:—her time is expired. The great Reformer, with the majesty and courage of a lion, comes upon the stage. Armed with truth, he scatters before him his numerous enemies. Popes, Councils, traditions, human inventions, impositions, relics, saints, penances, indulgences, fall before him, and the world breathes more freely, and mankind throw off their mental shackles, and stand up or kneel down to God alone for pardon, with his book clasped to their heart. Oh may that freedom be the speedy guerdon of every immortal soul.

PAUL.

A model missionary. Full of the spirit of the living God, and the spirit of true humility; Learned and eloquent, yet distrustful of himself; self-denying, earnest, undaunted, serene in danger and in the prospect of death; anxious only about the one thing needful; ready in season and out of season for his Master's work; no hireling—no worker at so much per day—no counter of labor and sacrifice—no calculator of advantages of pay and place—no chooser of locality on the labor-saving principle;—to spend and to be spent was his motto; not greedy of filthy lucre, but greedy exceedingly of saving souls is Paul. The Gentile missionary, wherever he went he planted a Christian Church; wherever he preached he gathered converts. Now and then, thanks be to God, amidst ecclesiastical dearth and barrenness, we have an humble but sincere imitator, whose spirit is willing, though his flesh be weak, and whom this world, with all its wickedness, reverently admires. Go, young and ardent missionary, with prayerful heart, study and imitate the character of Paul.

THE CHURCH.

What is the Church? The sanctuary of the faithful, of which I am the head, says the Pope. The fountain from which Gospel truth has flowed for the last 1800 years, says the Christian,—by apostolic succession of Bishops, proclaims the Episcopalian,—with lighted candles, and gorgeous altars, and white-stoled priests, and crosses, chimes in the Puseyite. It is laying on of hands through Synods and Presbyteries, gravely asserts the Presbyterian,—with immersion instead of sprinkling, explains the Baptist,—and working out our own salvation with fear and trembling, adds the Methodist. And so it will be while human thought is free. He who seeks after uniformity seeks after a vain shadow. Let us pant after union of heart and object, universal sympathy, unbounded charity—worshipping God by the light the Bible gives us, in sincerity and truth. Let no sect say, We are the Church, but let each individual pray, "Lord, may I be considered

worthy of being a member of that great body thy Church.

There is a class who take no such exalted view of the Church, but simply as a building of stone and lime, which they must do a little to keep up, because it is respectable; who fancy that £120 or £150 a year is plenty for a minister, though they themselves would consider it hard to live on twice the sum. This unhappy class may be said to be with the Church, but not of the Church; and if it were possible, would be much the better of being under the ministry of a Paul.

CHALMERS.

Genius, piety, passion, fervor, faith, blended with a sprinkling of human infirmities, made up the greatest Christian orator of the nineteenth century.

THE PRESS.

An intellectual leviathan, preferring generally to swim in troubled waters, caring little for kings or legions or royal fleets, combining the power of the thunderbolt, the wisdom of the sage, with sometimes the purity of an angel, at others (but comparatively seldom) the wickedness of the Devil.

THE MISSIONARY.

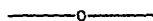
A field laborer in the service of the Almighty.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

The nursery of our faith, the hope of the Church, the future of Christianity.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

Seed that hath been sown by the wayside, of which some will grow, much will be trodden under foot and perish.



For the "Monthly Record."

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isaiah XXXI. 2.

We, with pained and bleeding feet,
Eyes that sorrow, hearts that beat,
Weary with the thorns that lay
In the stubble of our way,
Fainting on the burning sand
Of this dark temptation land,
Sinking with the toil of life,
All its evils, sin and strife,
From the fiery noon-day's heat
Need we not some cool retreat?
When the wasting storm is near
Need we not a shadow here?

Hearts that languish, eyes that weep,
As we climb life's weary steep,
Rent within by passion's power,
Tried in many a tempted hour,
Holier dreams of faith and heaven,
Soiled to earth, like snow-flakes driven
By the tempest hurrying on,
Till their purity is gone;