

"My dear old fellow, how do you get on?" somebody whose heart should strike on their hearts. I know how it is. I am sorry it is so. I would to God there were some way in which the young man, severed from all moral relations, in the city, could have more Sunday, and more chance to keep Sunday than he now has. There will be more provisions in this direction one of these days. Young Men's Christian Associations will yet have Sunday homes where young men shall *and company*, and some place to renew, in part, at least, the associations of their childhood Sunday.

Do not forget your Bible—and this must come very strong against many of you. Where is your Bible? I wish I could take the statistics. That was one of the things which, when you went away from home, your mother put down at the bottom of your trunk. And when a mother packs the trunk of her boy that is going away from home, she wept, and murmured prayers in your behalf, while you were frisking about, buoyant, hopeful, full of exhilaration at the prospect of going down to New York. And she put the Bible carefully down at the bottom. She had been saving what she could for a whole month to get money enough to buy the nicest Bible in the village store. And in it is her crooked but beautiful writing—for what mother's handwriting is not beautiful when she writes a child's name in a Bible? And besides your name it may be that she wrote some little text there. And after wrapping some of your things about the book, she filled up the trunk. And when it was slung on to the coach, and you disappeared, she went back to the place where she packed it, and prayed for you. And after you came to New York you perhaps took the Bible out of the trunk a few times on Sunday, and felt so badly that you could read but little. And it may be that the young fellows where you boarded, who never thought of reading the Bible, laughed at you. After that, perhaps, you tried to read it secretly. But finally you forgot to do even that. And not wishing to lose the Bible entirely, you put it back in your trunk. And it has been there five years, and you have not once taken it out.

Where is your Bible? There is a whole history in the answer to that question. *Where is your Bible?* Take care of your Bible, and your Bible will take care of you.—*Plymouth Pulpit.*

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.—We surrender our own department this month to part of Mr. Clarke's able and interesting address, which will well repay perusal. Some of our correspondents who have to furnish items of "news", and where the case is of a ticklish nature, find the art of "putting things" a little difficult, are prone to escape the difficulty by devolving the task upon the editor, giving him in a private letter more than he ought to publish, and gilding the pill with "you know so much better how to do these things than we do," and so on. Now, this is not fair. Our knowledge of facts is generally less perfect than that of the writers, and we have quite enough to answer for, of our own sins of omission and commission.

The Bible Christians in Canada have between 60 and 70 ministers, and they sustain at Bowmanville a book-room, and printing office, whence is issued a weekly paper—*The Observer*—of large dimensions, price \$1 50, circulation, 2,000. The enforcement this year of prepayment in cash caused a loss of 500 subscribers, but they are coming back. The ministers may retain 25c, out of each subscription sent in, but several decline to accept it. The establishment supports the editor, and yields several hundred dollars profit for church purposes. Is there any thing here suggestive to us?

We regret that no reminder was given last month of the observance of the second Sabbath in October, as a day of prayer for the College. Our official brethren must not look to us to think of these matters.