

merce and culture of the world, waits to decide between Mammon and God. India is listening with one ear to Deism and Chunder Sen, with the other to the Gospel. France and Italy must either be Protestant or Infidel. Africa's glorious interior will soon be one vast chain of commercial posts. Shall the infamous trader make them darker blots on that dark continent than even the shrines of Fetishism, or shall the Christian missionary convert them into beacon-lights for benighted races? There is scarcely a nation not yet Christian of which it is not true that the remaining twenty years seem to be the very pivot of its destiny."

THE more sound our experience, the more quiet our piety, the more shall we understand that "this is the will of God, even our sanctification." This is the heaven we desire. We shall love it and exult in it in proportion as we love God and exult in God. Herein "the children of God have a supreme taste for likeness to God"; this is their chosen blessedness. The children of the Devil have no such taste. They desire the incidental benefits of religion; such as escape from hell, and from the dread of it, also support and consolations under sorrows of life; but they must own that renovation of nature and the restored image of God, awaken none of their sensibilities. The soul that is born again is filled with expectations, which, however undefined, are at once spiritual and glorious. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."—*Dr. J. W. Alexander.*

A LITTLE girl was lying in bed so ill that her disease had taken away her sight. Her teacher went to see her, and said, "Are you quite blind, Mary?" "Yes," she replied; but I can see Jesus." "How do you see Jesus?" "With the eye of my heart."

The average of ministerial support in the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland has reached \$1180—the highest in any church in Great Britain.

For the Young People.

DEAR BOYS.—What are you going to be, farmers, lawers, mechanics, doctors, printers, sailors, merchants, ministers? Whatever trade or profession you choose take God with you and all will be well. But I wish you to remember in your choosing, the need there is of more ministers. Who among you will give his life to God in this work.

A Little Child's Offering.

A little girl seven years old died in Philadelphia a year or two ago. When the doctor told her that she could not live, she bade her mother send for the pastor of the church, and gave him her little savings' bank. "Open it," she said. There were four dollars and a few cents. "Take them," said the child, "and build a church for poor people. Poor people, mind, who sit in the back seats of our church. They must not pay anything. I want all the seats to be free." The clergyman took the money. "My child," he said solemnly, "it shall be done, with God's help." When the child was dead he placed her little bank and the pittance it contained on the pulpit, and told her story. Tears were in every eye. One wealthy man after another came forward with his offering. Children came, women also, and the poor with their mites. A week or two ago, the completed church, ready for its poor occupants, was dedicated to the service of that God who willed that the widow's mite and the poor child's offering should not fail of their errand.—*Selected.*

Never Draw Back.

The first Sunday in Advent, a peasant, on leaving the church, went over in his mind the sermon he had just heard. The minister had preached on the entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem, and pictured the happiness that the possessor of the ass and the colt must have felt in having them used by our Saviour.

Our friend, who also had a horse in his stable, said to himself, "It is certain that if our Lord Jesus was still on earth, I would offer Him my horse with all my