

and interest and sympathy down in the pews, on any subject, is rightly traceable up to the pulpit."

May we not trace it still further back, at least as regards the subject of mission—to the theological college? If clergymen are well informed as to missionary science, is it not a knowledge which, like the best methods of preaching, he has acquired since he left his college halls? And should this beso? If the kingdoms of this world are yet to become the kingdoms of the Lord and of His Christ, should not the ambassadors of the Great King be those who are on fire with enthusiasm for the work which will yet make this an accomplished fact? Let us begin with the proper education of those whose duty it is to be to educate others. If a clergyman himself is poor in his knowledge of missionary biography and history, how can he possibly enrich those entrusted to his care? Let not our theological colleges, at all events, be held responsible for the lack of the necessary knowledge.

TRUTH.

BY SAMUEL WHITT, TORONTO.

"What is truth?"—Pilate.



THE haughty Roman, when he asked
This question so profound,
To answer which for years had tasked
Man's heart in falsehood bound,
Knew not that then he utterance gave
To nature's sorest cry
For some sure knowledge that would save
From hopeless misery.

Had he but known how vast his quest,
How much of human gain
Was in that thought, he sure had pressed
His question yet again.
But no; 'twas but an idle thought
That thus passed through his mind:
Nor knew he then that it was fraught
With fate of all mankind.

"Incarnate Truth" before him stood—
Oh! wondrous sight to view!
Evil allowed to judge the good,
The false condemn the true!
Yet carelessly he never gave
A thought to his request,
But turned aside his hands to lave
In innocence professed.

So often we aside do turn
When we the truth might know,
Drawn by some light that then may burn
With bright, deceptive glow;
Or e'en when we the truth have found,
We wilfully are blind.
And close our ears to every sound
That brings the truth to mind.

To know the truth should be indeed
Man's highest aim on earth,
For in the day of direst need
'Twill be of priceless worth:

Then, only then, the soul will find
The rest for which it craves,
And to its aching heart will bind
The "Truth" that surely saves.

"Truth" is the everlasting rock
On which our souls must stand.
Whene'er the universal shock
Destroys both sea and land,
Then all that's false in wild alarm
Shall flee the dreadful sight,
And "Truth" alone, serene and calm,
Will face the coming light.

"Truth" is the pentecostal fire
That purifies the soul,
And makes it hopeful to aspire
To reach the heavenly goal;
Where, in the undimmed light that glows
Effulgent round the throne,
There love and joy and sweet repose
Shall for the false atone.

"Truth" is the pearl of greatest price
Which all who seek may find,
And naught but it will e'er suffice
To satisfy the mind;
And when the wondrous gem is found
All else will seem but dross,
We'll purchase it though it redound
To fullest worldly loss.

"Truth" is the power that frees the slave
From sordid care and dread,
It makes the moral coward brave,
Gives life unto the dead;
And when the captive soul is freed
From each tight link that galls,
"Truth" says, "Ye shall be free indeed"—
And every fetter falls.

"Truth" is immortal, 'tis divine,
Unchanging as its source,
And will prevail, though foes combine
To check its onward course.
The seeking soul 'twill upward raise
Until in very sooth
That soul will find, to its amaze,
That God alone is "Truth."

Oh! Spirit of "Eternal Truth,"
Thyself to us reveal,
To hoary age from tender youth
May we Thy presence feel!
Be Thou our guide 'till life is o'er,
If many years or few,
And through the times of conflict sore
Between the false and true!

THERE are those who use words of Scripture to point a joke. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that this is not confined to young people or to bad people. Let us not do it. Not only is it irreverent, but it brings such bad results. There are precious passages which we cannot recall without the thought also of some would-be witty turn, and by so much their sacred influence is marred. You would not like to have expressions taken from your father's letter turned, twisted, and made light of, to suit the purpose of some fun-loving friend; you would resent it. The Bible is our Heavenly Father's letter to us, His children, and shall we treat it with less respect?