

seeth in secret, knows you to be but a whitened sepulchre. But do you love God's service? Is Christ your Master? Do you love Him with a deep personal attachment? Then love is a constant force. It is not confined to the bounds of the parish. It disregards State lines. It ignores the seasons. Let it work freely. Do good where you spend the summer, and in every way open to you.

My dear sir, to whom five hundred dollars 'don't amount to much,' do you know that that sum is the annual income of the village pastor you heard last summer? No wonder his sermons were not lively. A hundred dollars' worth of books would be a nice memento of your presence. You could tell him playfully that you would take out payment in earnest prayers and stirring discourses. And, if you took a pew and paid for it handsomely—stipulating with the Trustees that as the minister preached and not they, he should have money—do you think anybody would be the worse? And you might even do a little visiting. It makes a walk much pleasanter to anybody to have an object. Perhaps you might counteract, in some little measure, the corruption which your fellow-citizens so frequently carry into quiet villages. And you, my dear lady, might do a little Sunday school teaching. It will encourage the boys and girls in that secluded village to see that pretty lady from the city humbly trusts in Christ, and it will make them gentler to listen to the tones of your voice pleading to them for Christ. There are bonds stronger than iron. Let us bind them around the hearts of our fellow-creatures, and so bind city and country together, and practice the patriotism we applaud, by diffusing truth and spreading righteousness.

Nor would it be any great drawback, we presume, to your Christian comfort, if the church should be a little different from your own in name and forms. A little Methodist zeal will not hurt an Orthodox Presbyterian. Nor will the Presbyterian preacher do any real harm to a Congregational or Baptist brother. Any of these may, for the time, pray truly through a liturgy, if there is no church without one, and be all the better for having it interpreted by a Bishop McIlvaine or a Dr. Tyng. One can

hardly go anywhere that work may not be had and ordinances enjoyed.

"But," says some one, "where I go, I am sorry to say, we have not an Evangelical church; the only place there is a little Ritualist." My dear sir, buy Appleton's Guide. Look at the map. This is America, my dear sir; and do you mean that over all that expanse, with its sweep of sea line, its ranges of Alleghanies, its Green, its White, and its Rocky Mountains, its plains and valleys, its countless towns and villages, and all its river banks, you can only pitch on a place where health is to be sought at the cost of spiritual starvation? My dear sir, the thing is absurd. "Where there is a will there is a way." You profess to be Christ's. You are His everywhere. You enlisted for life. Go where you can best serve Him. The days of hermits are past. We believe in the communion of saints. When business can be left behind, seek pleasure truly, and it is best sought in doing God's will. "Being let go, they went to their own company." So did the disciples Peter and John. So do all men. The worldlings go to their company—to the ball-room, the race-course, the theatre, and other great revival meetings, where the devil's service is maintained. Go you to your own company also, and live everywhere as if from that place God might summon you to heaven.—*Evangelist*.

Letters to the Editor.

Letter from Rev. S. McGregor.

The following letter has been received from Mr. McGregor, and is now submitted for the information of members of the H. M. Board, and the Church generally:

VICTORIA, B. COLUMBIA, }
12TH MAY, 1873.

To the Convener of the Home Mission Board:

MY DEAR SIR,—I have just written to the Church in Canada, urging the Synod to send out a missionary for British Columbia, as, in the present changed and rapidly changing state of the country, the services of more missionaries are much required. In my letter, I took the liberty of suggesting