

ity of discovering what this "will of the people" consists in. Practically it never can be anything but the blind or passionate impulses of the majority, real or seeming, who happen at any moment to be possessed of the legislative power. It is forever in a state of flux. "The will of the people" to-day destroys what was effected by "the will of the people" yesterday. A political order resting upon this "will" as its basis, is like a house with a quicksand for a foundation. And therefore it is, that, in all European countries where the experiment has been tried, the people, after going through a rapid and destructive succession of political convulsions, have been constrained to call in a military despot to protect them from themselves.

Sir Henry Maine indulges in much sarcastic comment upon the inflated language which the advocates of Democracy are wont to use regarding it. "Democracy," he says, "is commonly described as having an inherent superiority over every other form of government. It is supposed to advance with an irresistible and preordained movement. It is thought to be full of the promise of blessings to mankind; yet, if it fails to bring with it these blessings, and even proves to be prolific of the heaviest calamities, it is not held to deserve damnation. These are the familiar marks of a theory which claims to be independent of experience and observation on the plea that it bears the credentials of a golden age, non-historical and unverifiable." In opposition to this glowing rhetoric, Sir Henry, in his cold, historical fashion, passes in review the Republican experiments that have been tried in Modern Europe, in France, Spain, Germany, and England, and the failure and speedy collapse which awaited upon all of them.

GOD LOVES "ALL" CHILDREN.

"WHAT kind of children does God love?" said a Christian one day to his Sunday School. "Good children," "Good children," was the answer from several voices.

The teacher was silent, and the scholars were perplexed to know what answer to give. Presently he said, "Jesus loves *bad* children." The children were surprised

and one little girl anxiously asked if it was really true. When she was assured that it was really true, because it is written that God loved the world, and in it "there is none that doeth good, no, not one," she burst into tears, and said, "I am so glad then, for I am a bad child."

Thus the "gospel of the grace of God" first dawned upon a little child, and melted a rebellious spirit into tenderness and tears.

God loves *all* children, not because they are *bad*, but because *He* is good; not because they are lovely, but because *He* is loving: for "*God is love.*"

No doubt the children that Jesus called to him and blessed, were children who had been sinful and wayward and disobedient; but He did not say "Suffer the *good* little children to come unto me," but "Suffer the *little* children to come.

If Jesus were living here to-day and preaching the gospel and teaching the people and blessing the children, how glad you would be to have your parents take you to Jesus that He might put His hands on you and pray; and Jesus would surely make you welcome.

Though Jesus is not seen, yet you can come to Jesus. He sees you, and hears you, and loves you, and knows your needs; and if you are a sinful, naughty child, He loves you still, and calls you to Himself. You may speak to Him and He will hear you, and forgive you, and heal you, and help you.

Will you not come to Him now, just as you are?—*Selected.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY REV. S. P. JONES.

Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

This is true in the physical world, as we all know, sow wheat and reap wheat, sow oats and reap oats. In all nature like produces like, but how the harvest exceeds the sowing.

Every man and woman is going about with a basket of moral seed on the arm, and every step you take, down goes your hand into the basket, and is drawn forth again filled with these seeds, which you scatter broadcast, right and left. When they leave your hand they are gone for-