

an average or commonplace Christian. But the shrewd old minister caught up the word with enthusiasm. "An everyday sort of Christian is he? Is he that? I wish I had known it when I gave him the right hand of fellowship! I would have given him both hands! My greatest trouble is with the every-other-day sort of Christians."—Anna F. Burnham.

For Daily Reading.

Monday, May 1.—Need of patience.—Heb. 10: 35-39.
 Tuesday, May 2.—Patience of the prophets.—Jas. 5: 7-11.
 Wednesday, May 3.—Who did hinder you?—Gal. 1: 1-12.
 Thursday, May 4.—Perfect work of patience.—Jas. 1: 1-4.
 Friday, May 5.—Tribulation worketh patience.—Rom. 5: 1-5.
 Saturday, May 6.—Be not weary.—Gal. 6: 6-10.
 Sunday, May 7.—Topic: Patient continuance in well-doing.—Rom. 2: 1-11.

Put It in Your Bible.

Here is a handy table furnished by the Christian World, which it would be well to cut out and copy for reference in your Bible studies:

"A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

"A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

"A cubit was nearly twenty-two inches.

"A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.

"A finger's breadth is equal to one inch.

"A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

"A shekel of gold was \$8.

"A talent of silver was \$538.30.

"A talent of gold was \$13,809.

A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents.

"A farthing was three cents.

"A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

"An ephah, or bath, contained seven gallons and five pints."

Don't be afraid to let your spiritual emotions have full play in the pulpit. Give free reign to your sympathies. Paul is never out of fashion, and he ceased not to warn men night and day with tears. If the devil can succeed in turning Gospel preachers into elegant essay-readers, he will hamstring the pulpit, starve the churches and kill revivals in the bud. Once when Richard Baxter thought of the crowds that would throng his church that day, he broke out with the exclamation, "Not this, not this, O Lord, but the souls of this poor people of Kidderminster!" This is the season of the year when ministers and churches must do their best work and reap their spiritual harvests. The preaching needed for the times is the plain, powerful presentation of God's mighty Gospel arguments made red hot with holy emotion.—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler, in the Evangelist.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Peace in Storm.

By Marjorie.

When first I launched upon the tide
 Of being's mystic sea,
 I thought the surges a delight,
 No wave too high for me;
 My spirit could brook no delay,
 I must mount up and be away.

But, when the storms of life beat round
 My little fairy craft,
 The angry billows, mountains high,
 At which I once had laughed,
 I could not even see my course,
 Because of their tremendous force.

And in the lonely, darkened night
 I knelt me down and prayed,
 A stronger hand to guide me through,
 And bid the winds be stayed;
 'Twas in the storm I first found peace
 And patience till God bade it cease.

Boston of Ettrick.

At the recent Free Church convention at Oban the Rev. Dr. White gave an address on "Boston, the Minister of Ettrick." They had, he said, a great inheritance in the Christian Church on her great autobiographies. That was a kind of literature—a kind of reading that became more and more—to himself, the longer he lived and the longer he served as a minister—to his intellectual tastes. The longer he lived the more he was drawn down into the great stream of what he might call autobiographical literature that had descended to us from all ages. It was Boston's autobiography that gave Boston the place he held, and would hold more than ever among Scottish ministers. His books were great books, though they might be of a homely form. His autobiography was his best book out of sight. He did not set him up for a genius like Augustine or Bunyan, or even like Baxter, but he was all the more useful that he was just a somewhat homely and pedestrian Scottish minister like himself. He was an ordinary man, but a man that attained an extraordinary position and performed extraordinary services by qualities that were as open to them and to him as they were to Boston. He did not know that there was any man in our country that more impressed him that he deserved the name of a genuine student than Thomas Boston.

Samuel Rutherford had great resources in books; Boston was too poor to have a rich library. One of his neighbor's looked at Wesley's book press and was surprised at the few books; but if Boston had few he made good use of them. Some of their Highland ministers might also have few, but they should not be discouraged. He (Dr. Whyte) had many, but most of them he never touched. One shelf would hold all he needed for his work. They should not be disturbed by not possessing the many books and publications available for town ministers. Then, if there were students in the meeting, he advised them

to do what Edwards did. He read always with pen in hand. Boston said he got a blessing when, pen in hand, he prepared for the pulpit. Then the salvation of the hearer was the motive of Boston. He preached Christ with amazement and wonder, and confessed the absolute impossibility of preaching Christ worthily, so high and grand was the subject. Having advised all to read that great book, the autobiography of Boston, Dr. Whyte said that Boston prepared even for his family exercises. There were men who had converted their children in that way. As a pastor Boston lived for his parish, and he was impressed with the unedifying converse of his brother ministers. As a man of prayer, he often used the words, "I consulted God." As a theologian he was praised by Jonathan Edwards, whose mind was perhaps the greatest on earth. Edwards wrote of Boston that Scotland had a truly great divine. That was a certificate which should make every young man determine to read the works of Boston.

Heroes in Every Day Life.

How many women there are who have given up hopes of love with the man of their choice in order to devote their time and strength to their aged parents or invalid brothers and sisters? They do not go about shouting for all the world to hear of their sacrifice, but accept the burden in dignified and cheerful silence that sometimes misleads one into thinking that they are not heroines after all.

There are fathers, husbands, and brothers daily giving up the things that mean so much in life to them, and doing in a noble and unostentatious fashion deeds of charity, and renouncing that which perhaps would not seem much in the telling, but which was as sore and bitter in the performance as any of the trials of those heroes whom we read about.

Life is not all selfishness, though in the hurrying rush of money-getting many good impulses are crushed under foot, and so many noble heroes brushed aside that one hardly realizes that after all there is much that is earnest and true walking daily side by side with us, taking part in our very existence, and becoming so much part of ourselves that the good seems only commonplace and unworthy of notice unless it is flaunted about with waving banners bearing the legend: "This is self-sacrifice."

Mr. J. Mackay Bernard has purchased the historical estate of Dunsinane, in Perthshire, for £72,000. On the property is a spot known as "The Lang Man's Grave." The tradition of the district is that Macbeth, finding it impossible to escape Macduff, threw himself from the top of Dunsinane Hill, which is also included in the purchase, was killed upon the rocks, and was buried in "The Lang Man's Grave."