

OVER WHICH WE MUST PASS.

"Will you ask my pardon?" said a master to his servant with whom he had disputed. The answer was a surly negative. "Then I will ask yours," said his master, knowing that some one must always be the first to give in. and meeting his servant more than half-way with forgiveness and peace. What heart could withstand such a step toward reconciliation? Truly has it been said of forgiveness that this is a bridge over which we all need to pass. Let us not break it down. A glimmer of light and comfort came to Martin Luther when the old monk by his bedside read aloud the solemn words, "I believe in the forgiveness of sins." Which of us could stand before the God of all, did he not blot out our failures and dismiss our trespasses? If we are feeling concerning any fellow creature, "I have sustained a wrong I cannot forget or pardon, let us take the first right step by naming the name we dislike at the Mercy seat. In the time of Washington a Christian man journeyed to the general to beseech the life of a neighbor sentenced to death. He was told his unfortunate friend must perish. "He is my worst enemy," said the intercessor. "And have you," asked Washington, "walked sixty miles for your enemy's sake I grant you his pardon." What a revenge was this?—*Quiver*.

GAMBLING AND ITS RESULTS.

The London *Guardian* says: "A prison chaplain states that one whole corridor in Stafford Prison was filled with clerks and accountants, the victims by their own confession not primarily of drink or immorality, but of betting and gambling.

Even when actual dishonesty is avoided the evil that results from betting is very serious. No one who lives in the neighbourhood of a race-course can be ignorant of the characters of those who live by encouraging this habit. Men who are not averse to betting themselves would probably do all in their power to prevent their sons from associating with betting men. Yet these are the companions, the chosen associates, of the young clerks and tradesmen who are addicted to the practice.

But even if the betting man's associates were immaculate characters, the excitement and the absorption in what is, after

all, a mean and base form of covetousness, are evidently deteriorating to the mind. What room for elevating studies or useful accomplishments can there be in minds whose object is to get the better of a companion, and which are compelled for this purpose to study the minutest changes of the betting market?

These debasing practices are eating the life out of the rising generation, and games intended to develop manhood are reducing the young man down to the meanest type in morals and intellect.—*Dominion Churchman*.

CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

A letter to Chaplain McCabe reads thus: "You will be glad to hear that our Chinese brethren have collected \$267 for missions this year. This is over \$4 per member. Besides this, they are up to their apportionment in the other collections. They have done more than in past years toward pastoral support, and have sent \$230 to China to help build a church and school in their native yuen. Nearly all our members are poor, most of them being cooks and factory men. One brother, a small store-keeper, gave for himself and family \$40 for missions. Fourteen of our members who had removed to Los Angeles during the year, have paid their missionary money twice over, once to the church at Los Angeles, and they have just sent us \$23, that our collection here might not suffer through their removal. These are the men San Francisco newspapers tell us cannot be converted."—*Frederic J. Masters*.

OUR HOME.

A Father with his little son is journeying overland to California; and when at night he pitches his tent in some pleasant valley, the child is charmed with the spot, and begs his father to rear a house and remain there; and he begins to make a little fence about the tent, and dig up the wild flowers, and plants them within the enclosure. But the father says, "No my son. Our home is far distant. Let these things go; for to-morrow we must depart." Now, God is taking off his children, as pilgrims and strangers, homeward; but we desire to build here, and must be often overthrown before we can learn to seek "the city that hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God."—*Beecher*.