

a healthful influence on the wealthy and noble, and she became a joyful thought to the poor. Those who did not go to court and had no pretensions to aristocratic connections came to regard the Queen as belonging also to them when as wife, mother and widow she had touched their hearts. They were sad that her last years were so full of sorrow, and they knew that it was a purifying sorrow nobly borne. The Victorian Era was a time of great progress; it was full of illustrious names in every sphere of art, science, poetry and philosophy, but when we come to look back upon it we feel that the noble lady who lent lustre to the throne was a worthy crown and centre of an age so full of rich, growing life.

TIME EXTENDED.

As there are still upwards of 250 congregations that have not yet sent in their contributions for the schemes of the church, and as requests have come from several ministers and others, for a little delay, the Rev. Dr. Warden has decided instead of closing his books promptly on the 28th February, to keep them open until Tuesday, 12th March. All contributions received by him up to noon of that day will appear in the accounts of the year and in the detailed statement of receipts to be submitted to next General Assembly.

A circular was issued immediately after last meeting of Assembly, to all the ministers of the church, intimating the fact that the date of the church year had been changed, so that the matter might be kept in mind throughout the year and arrangements made accordingly. As our readers are aware, frequent intimation of this change has been given throughout the year in our columns, as well as elsewhere. The matter seems to have been overlooked by some, while other congregations where it has been usual to take up contributions for the schemes in March, have found it difficult this year to make the change. It is hoped, however, that in the interest of the several funds, all of which are considerably behind, contributions may be received from every congregation before noon of Tuesday, 12th March.

Will the ministers kindly see that contributions in the hands of treasurers are duly forwarded?

Some very unfortunate statements are being made, we are sorry to say, in the pulpits of our land and of the neighboring Republic, about the work of Mrs. Carrie Nation. It may be that the provocation was great, but was that a sufficient justification for open lawlessness? "Fight the devil with his own weapon," is hardly fit advice for Christian men and women. The frantic statement of a prominent member of the W.C.T.U. in Toronto the other day, that she would do exactly as Mrs. Carrie Nation has done, only serves to brand that woman as utterly unfit to lead in this great work.

A PROFESSING CHRISTIAN.

There are many of them. We are told that most of them do not live up to their profession. Some have even cynically remarked that the profession has been made for business purposes; that men become members of the Church for the same reason that they advertise in the local papers. That is wide of the truth, yet it remains true that much of the profession is insincere.

The professing Christian does not mean what he says when at the family altar he pledges himself to forsake his sins and rising from his knees promptly begins to plan along the old line of action. These led him into sin yesterday; they will lead him into deeper sin to-day. He knows it, yet with the brain cells vibrating with the thought that he framed into a promise of better things, he takes up the thought of the day before, and shapes it into action.

Whom does he deceive by all this? Certainly not the One with whom he has finally to do. With Him the outward act counts for nothing, the heart-movement alone is noted. He does deceive his fellows, and this is what he intends to do. The protest that he means nothing of the sort is part of the play. Of course he must protest, and has done it so often that he believes his protest is genuine. For one of the awful results of a mere profession of spiritual life is the deadening of the spiritual faculties, till utter insensibility to spiritual impulses creeps over him. He deceives but is not aware of it; he lies, but imagines his lies are truth.

Upon the real Christian the effect of such a life is actual pain, a pain that is keener in proportion as the life of the servant has come into conformity to that of the Master. To Him it is an infinite pain, whose poignancy we cannot even imagine. It is akin to the pain He felt when bidding Judas to go about the work he had to do quickly; or when He said to Him, "Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss!" But upon the non-Christian the effect is like that of the forked flames upon the green leaves that they touch. The souls of the youths and maidens about us are shrivelling because of the baleful touch of these lives called Christian.

It was meant by the Master that the lives of His followers should be winsome, so that others might be led to Him by them. The true follower of Christ often returns to Him, and so returning draws with it those whom it has attracted. Once in the presence of the Master the power of the servant is merged in that of the Master from whom it derived its power to attract. But the joy of service more than makes up for the loss of power over another. Phillip's joy was only increased when Nathaniel turned from him to Jesus, and transferred to Him what had before been all his friend's.

The life of the merely professing Christian is repellant. Noting the profession, which is usually made very patient, young lives yearning after the truth

turn instinctively to them. They find beneath the soft exterior a hand hard as a mailed fist, that does not scruple to strike the weak, to bar more heavily on the oppressed to take advantage of the entanglement of the strong to despair him. It is like a hot iron upon the sensitive flesh. We have seen young men shrink as if from a blow when the real life flashed out, and later turn with a curl of the lip from a well-phrased homily from the same lip. Is there indifference abroad? Its cause is found in the merely professing Christian.

Literary Notes.

"The Nineteenth Century and After," is the name which this important monthly review takes as a sign that the century from which it originally took its name has gone. The first number for the new century contains the usual varied and interesting budget of articles on questions social, political, military and diplomatic. The political situation in England is reviewed from the two opposite sides by competent writers, and these two articles form good specimens of high-class political criticism. The following titles, "On Spion Kop," "Scientific Use of Hospitals," "Hooliganism," "Varying Ideals of Human Beauty," "The Catholic Doctrine of Indulgences," etc., are enough to show how varied the bill of fare is; and if this is not sufficient the reader can study the question of submarine boats, or the state of England's peasantry in the old time contrasted with that of to-day. We have no doubt this review will pursue a prosperous career in the new century as it did during the last quarter of the old.

The Bibelot for February contains a sketch of Gerard de Norval by Arthur Symonds. It is a strange story beautifully told, the life of a French poet who spent much of his time in the mad-houses, and who, when he was at large, was always in that super-sensitive condition which is so nearly allied to insanity. The author says: "We have thus the case of a writer, graceful and elegant when he is sane, but only inspired, only really wise, passionate, collected, only really master of himself, when he is insane. It may be worth looking at a few of the points which so suggestive a problem present to us." It is indeed a peculiar problem, and those who are interested in such mental pathology will find it skilfully handled. We can well believe this statement: "He speaks vaguely of the kabbalah; the kabbalah would have been safety to him as the Catholic Church would have been, or any other scheme of things. Wavering among intuitions, ignorances, half-truths, shadows of falsehood, now audacious, now hesitating, he was blown hither and thither by conflicting winds, a prey to the indefinite." T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

The carefully prepared paper by Rev. James Middlemiss, D.D., entitled "The Blessed Strait and the Willing Sacrifice" is concluded in this issue, and we are sure it will be read by many. The venerable writer entered on his 78th year a few days ago; but our readers will bear us out in saying that the Doctor's last article shows no sign of waning powers. May his life long be spared!