

There has been a great deal of righteous indignation expended in Canada, during the past year, over political wrong-doing. It is well to cultivate and express such indignation. The country will stand a good deal more of it. It is a kind of wrath that we need not be careful to lay aside at sundown. But have the results been equal to the expenditure of effort? What is the reason? It has almost wholly been directed against opposite parties. Whenever it has been homeward, it has told. There is a science in moral gunnery. Let those search lights be turned inward, and those batteries of indignation be brought to bear in line with the 51st Psalm, and what execution would be wrought. Did men but honestly breathe the prayer, "Search me O God and know my party, try me and know my party's acts" then would one stage of the world's millennium be come.

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May success attend the efforts of those who are struggling for free common schools. To allow the young of a country to grow up ignorant of each other, in a way that to some extent necessarily follows the separate schools system, is suicidal policy for any nation. It makes race or creed differences, from the very first, a barrier to intercourse, trains the young to look upon others as separate from themselves, gives no common standing ground, and thus fosters division instead of union. Let the state perpetuate itself in unity and strength by training its young for their duties as citizens. Let them be taught the four "R's" together, namely, "Readin," "Ritin," "Rithmetic" and "Righteousness," and let parents and churches feel that on them rests the responsibility of making provision for the special religious or denominational training of the young. God grant the victory to the Provinces of our Dominion that are trying to keep their strong young life free from the sepulchral touch of these grave clothes of a dead past.

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A little incident, which points a great moral, comes from Washington. Frederic Douglass, once a slave, now the well known orator and statesman, secured a position as clerk in one of the departments, for the daughter of his former master who was reared in great luxury, but has for a number of years suffered pinching poverty. What a commentary on the absurdity; not to mention the wrong, of the silly pride of place or power or wealth, on the part of those who may possess these things; and the equally silly toadyism on the part of many who possess them not. Joseph Cook says that the president of the horse car company should not treat the car driver with disrespect, for the driver's son may be president, and the president's son may be driver. There is no weakness of human nature more universal, and none more unnatural and contemptible, than the "respect of persons" of which the Apostle James writes. It is unnatural,

for the infant prince and pauper can roll and kick on the same rug on equal terms; and it is contemptible beyond expression. It is the one fly in the ointment of Christian life and character that perhaps more commonly than any other, except selfish greed, makes that life ill odored to the world. Christian men will plan their schemes of beneficence for the poor, and perhaps treat their servants in a manner that savors not of Christ; Christian women will busy themselves in schemes of mercy toward their less favored sisters, and at the same time these sisters are compelled to feel that "between us there is a great gulf fixed"; even in synods and general assemblies, when the Sons of God, the worthy ministers and elders, meet together, Satan in this shape sometimes presents himself with them.

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A minister in the United States who says that he has resigned pastoral work, in order to devote himself to securing a better support for aged ministers who may need it, sends us the following little simile, which may be helpful in stirring up the pure minds of our people to support the Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund. He says:—

"The garret is a storage place for the refuse of the household. To its gloom and dust and cobwebs are consigned the broken, worn-out or useless articles which we do not care to destroy. I saw two old fashioned spinning wheels not long ago. One was in the garret. It was broken and lay upon its side just as it had fallen when carelessly tossed aside many years before. The other was in an elegant parlor. Every broken part had been carefully repaired. Here and there were little touches of color and bright bunches of ribbon. The old wheel held the post of honor in the beautiful room. It wore its love-tokens as proudly as a grey old veteran might display his bronze medals of honor. The lady who saw me gazing at the old wheel said tenderly; "It belonged to my grand-mother. Its music accompanying her voice was my mother's lullaby. The touch of her hands made it holy. My mother prized it above gold. She gave it to me. I keep it in my best room. It is one of my treasures. When I see it I think of my sweet mother and my dear old grand-mother. Both are in heaven now."

May I introduce to you a saintly old man? He is an aged minister. He wears a crown of snowy hair. He sits in enforced idleness because of the touch of disease and the weight of years. He looks back upon a long life full of faithful and honorable service. He thought not of self, but with loving and heroic devotion sacrificed his own hopes and purposes that he might minister to others. He is poor although he has made many rich. Does he sit in the parlor surrounded with tokens of appreciation and affection? Or does he sit in the garret, lonely, neglected and almost forgotten. Fellow Christian, when your minister retires, shall it be to the garret or to the parlor?"