

planted by a rippling stream, bore blossoms and fruit, spake to him thus: "Behold this tree, Polydorus! God has set it before us an example that we should be rich in good fruits." And the youth beheld the tree, and said, "Happy is the tree! Without any struggles with the flesh, it silently fulfils its important mission, and brings forth in its time, blossoms and fruit."

The old man smiled, and replied, "Would it not have been more perfect without the humble roots? They creep in the dark earth, and drink their muddy food from the brook."

"But," answered the youth, "they support the trunk of the tree, and provide it with sap for the blossoms and fruit."

Then the sage lifted up his voice, and spake "So do thou the same! Dispise not the senses, the humble roots of life, but let them continue humble. Transform what they convey to thee, into the blossoms and fruits of the Spirit. As the branches and twigs of the tree, so will thy thoughts and endeavour all turn towards Heaven, and thou wilt be perfected with the Light of Truth."

Thus spake the aged Justus, and Polydorus forsook his hermitage, and wandered amidst nature, and amongst men, instructing many by his word and his example.—Crummacher.

Poetry.

"Oh, let me Ring the Bell."

A Missionary far away,
Beyond the Southern Sea,
Was sitting in his home one day
With Bible on his knee.

When suddenly he heard a rap
Upon the chamber door,
And opening, there stood a boy
Of some ten years or more.

He was a bright and happy child,
With cheeks of ruddy hue,
And eyes that 'neath their lashes smiled,
And glittered like the dew.

He held his little form erect,
In boyish sturdiness,
But on his lip you could detect,
Traces of gentleness.

"Dear sir," he said, in native tongue,
"I do so want to know,
If something for the house of God,
You'd kindly let me do."

"What can you do, my little boy?"
The missionary said,
And as he spoke he laid his hand
Upon the youthful head.

Then bashfully, as if afraid
His secret wish to tell,
The boy in eager accents cried,
"Oh, let me ring the bell!"

"Oh, please to let me ring the bell,
For our dear house of prayer;
I'm sure I'll ring it loud and well,
And I'll be always there!"

The missionary kindly looked
Upon that upturned face,
Where hope and fear and wistfulness,
United—left their trace.

And gladly did he grant the boon;
The boy had pleaded well,
And to the eager child he said,
"Yes, you shall ring the bell!"

Oh, what a proud and happy heart
He carried to his home,
And how impatiently he longed
For the Sabbath day to come!

He rang the bell: he went to school,
The Bible learned to read,
And in his youthful heart they sowed
The Gospel's precious seed.

And now to other heathen lands,
He's gone of Christ to tell;
And yet his first young mission was
To ring the Sabbath bell.

Miscellany.

CHURCH MUSIC.—The truth is, in our churches we want *heart music*; not so much soul-stirring music, as *music from the soul*; music in which all the voices, and hearts, and emotions of the great congregation are effectively united and engaged. We want to witness the fulfilment of the Psalmist's declaration, "Praise the Lord, all ye people."

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.—It is strange that the experience of so many ages should not make us judge more solidly of the present and the future, so as to take proper measures in the one for the other. We doat upon this world as if it were never to have a beginning.—Fenelon.

PRINCES AND MINISTERS.—"Kings, princes, lords," says Martin Luther, "will needs understand the gospel far better than I, Martin Luther, aye, or even than St. Paul, for they deem themselves wise and full of policy. But herein they scorn and condemn, not us, poor preachers and ministers, but the Lord and Governor of all who has sent us to preach and teach, and who would scorn and condemn them in such sort that they shall smart again; even He that says: 'Whoso heareth you, heareth me; and whoso toucheth you toucheth the apple of mine eye.' The great ones would govern (i. e. the Church) but they know not how."

NOBLE EMBASSY FROM THE GREEK CHURCH.—(Extracted from a letter in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.)—The patriarchs of Greece