

Steam pipes would have given so much cleaner and healthier warmth, or registers connecting with a furnace in some room below.

But that *safe* set into the wall speaks of prudent builders, who intended to save both the church papers and the pastor's sermons from the fire-fiend. Of course, it is not for preserving the pastor's money. That is always out in loans to the Lord for His poor, or invested in the richly-paying mines of home and foreign missions. Let us hope, however, that this pastor has insurance policies in the safe to "provide for his own" when he can no longer do so.

This closet near the door contains something more than study gown and toilet articles—fishing tackle (not for catching men) and a bridle (not for the tongue). Some dumb-bells and clubs would appropriately complete this department of muscular Christianity. Evidently this pastor recognizes, in theory at least, that he must prepare, not only his sermon, but himself, and "glorify God in his body" as well as through his Bible. How many a sermon falls short of its aim for lack of physical "projectile force"!

To batter down the walls of Mansoul the preacher needs the catapult of physical energy. Let us hope that the only part of this study which gets any attention on Saturday afternoon or Monday is the tackle and bridle. "Six days shalt thou labor, but the seventh . . . in it thou shalt not do any work."

Here is a long, large table, with a straight-backed, low chair, to keep the pastor's much-needed backbone unbent, and a revolving book-case to hold his reference books at hand, and a lounge for *visitors only*.

The library shelves are wisely sunk into the wall, and well filled with a thousand standard books, protected by glass cases. It is evident that this pastor has felt that wherever else the soldier of God is to economize, it ought not to be in his weapons. "He that hath a sword let him take it, and he that hath no sword let him sell his gar-

ment and buy one." It is passing strange that well-to-do laymen will allow a pastor to fight with the broken sword of a meagre library. Sometimes, alas! they have only the blunderbusses of outgrown books, adapted to the warfare of a half century ago. Many a preacher pinches his body rather than starve his mind, and unloads his table to increase his library.

One thing, evidently, has perplexed this pastor as well as most others—how to preserve his small change of notes and scraps. Index sermons and scrap books, with their "double entry," he has used, but they have proved too slow, and he has advanced to alphabetical cases, self-indexing, which make no delay for either pasting or copying; but even this does not meet the want as comprehensively as the arrangements of the other study, to which we now hurry away by thought express.

This home study is a "CHRIST ROOM." Its occupant day-dreamed its plan in Palestine, and brought its furnishings largely from Bible lands. The central idea in its arrangement is to surround the preacher at his desk with reminders of Christ. At his right stands a copy, half life-size, of Thorwaldsen's statue of the risen Christ, done in Carrara marble, by Andrevin, of Rome. The noon-day sun transfigures the almost transparent stone into a picture of "the glorified body." At the preacher's left is a painting, a copy of Carlo Meratta's "Christ at His Baptism." His face expresses the mental crucifixion he was suffering in standing at the Jordan with the penitents of John's revival meetings, as if HE too needed to have sins washed away. "Suffer it to be so now," He said, as He nailed Himself to the cross of mental agony. "He was made sin for us, though he knew no sin."

Above the preacher's head, on the top of his desk, stands a crown of thorns from Jerusalem, inclosing an olive wood cup from Gethsemane, and above that is Holman Hunt's picture of the boy Christ in the Temple, myste-