

and body are injured. And, how often are the seeds of fatal disease sown by those late hours! A wrong bias is given to the minds and lives of the young. Religious impressions are dissipated. Solid reading and serious thought are forgotten or despised. No time or taste is left for self-denial, meditation, secret prayer, and the study of God's word. Home is robbed of its charm, and ceases to be the sacred centre of attraction which it ever should be to all the wise and the virtuous. Even on Prayer-meeting nights, members of our churches make or attend parties. Our Bible classes and teachers' meetings are sometimes thinned by "parties." People who cannot find time to attend to their religious duties are at no loss for time to spend two or three nights every week in unprofitable gaiety. People who cannot find \$20 for religious objects, are quite able to afford much larger sums for personal gratification. Christian parent, what you expend to no good purpose on that large "party" would pay the salary of a city missionary in Halifax for a whole summer,—would support half a dozen of native teachers in the South Seas,—would have supplied a score of hungry and shivering poor with fuel and food—would have placed a complete copy of the Bible in the hands of a thousand families!

Far be it from us to say that there should be no amusement provided in Christian families. It is essential to the health of mind and body, that amusements of the right stamp should have their place reserved for them. Let us quote the judicious words of the *Edinburgh Presbyterian*:—

"Christian life may well admit a cheerfulness of the simplest and most playful character, quite removed from everything stiff and stilted; but it ought to admit nothing that does not comport with the sense of an unseen Saviour's presence. The loins must be girt, and the lamp burning. The life ought to admit nothing that dissipates the mind, and unfits it for turning to service or to worship. It ought to admit nothing that precludes the due collection and composure of the heart, in beginning and ending the day with God. Each Christian has his liberty; to his own Master he stands or falls. But he has no liberty to order any day so that it shall not express his proper character. If he is a Christian, his daily work is to realize and

feel his high calling, and to consider with himself, as each day ends, how far that calling, has been in view; how far its influence has, by God's grace, been felt, and how far its end attained. And he has no liberty to forget that this is hard for a fallen man, and is only attained in a path of watchfulness and self-restraint. We think it would be well that the minds of Christians were turned to this point of the *regulation of the life*: not so much as to the particular forms the life should assume, but as to the principles that must be earned through, if it is to be obediently regulated according to God's will. Men must take this burden on themselves. They must find out for themselves what order of life agrees with honest devotedness to Christ, and must adopt and pursue it at their own responsibility. In addition to the influence of the pulpit, which might do much, the exercise of thought on this subject by private Christians, and the use of private influence along the line indicated, might prove of great use. There are cases in which it is a great mistake to accept an issue upon the question, 'Can you show me that there is a positive sin in this or that amusement?' The question is, 'If you regulate your own life and your family's, with an eye to what the Christian calling implies, will that comport or agree practically with, say for instance, such and such a round of gaieties?'"

Take heed that your gaieties and indulgences do not prove an occasion of offence to others—injury to your own family—to your own soul—to the Church of which you are a member. You are responsible for the influence you exercise on others even in the matter of amusements.

A MARTYR.

By the shore of Lake Lemman, under the shadow of the Alps, in the beautiful town of Lausanne, died a few months ago a brave young Spaniard, named MANUEL MATAMOROS. He was about thirty three years of age, a man of poetic talent and high mental culture, a man of devout heart and noble aspirations. Why does he droop and die so young? Why does he die an exile, far from kindred and native land!

Alas, that the old story should be repeated once and again and yet again! Rome is cruel and unpitiful, and young Matamoros is her victim. He has dared to believe in Christ and to speak of Christ, and