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REEMAN HARDING.

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Yours, &c.,

Kingston, Jan. 14, 1881.

W. SAWYER.

Family Reading.

THREESCORE AND TEN.

THREESCORE and ten! How the tide rolls on, Nearing the limitless sea; Bearing the voyager over life's flood To boundless eternity.

On, through the childhood's sunny hours, On, through youth with its golden flowers, On, through manhood's ripened powers,

Till age appears, With its crown of years, And the time-worn mariner, sighing for rest,

Anchors at last in the port of the blest.

Threescore and ten! How the rolling years Are checkered with sunshine and shade! The calm chased away by the pitiless storm, Earth's joy into sorrow must fade,

Spring with its bloom and perfume sped, Fruit-laden summer quickly fled, Autumn came with weary tread, Bent with the load

Of treasured food, And then stern Winter, with frosty breath, Throws over the fields the pall of death.

Threescore and ten! And if we shall reach The bound to life that here is set, How few of the comrades of early years Around us will linger yet!

Father and mother, their journey is o'er; Brothers and sisters, we greet them no more; Our loved ones stand thronging the farther shore. They beckon us on,

They point to the crown. And with longing hearts they wait To lead us through the pearly gate.

Threescore and ten! And the snows of years Are resting upon that brow But, as backward we glance o'er the way we have trod,

Before God our Father we bow. And joyous we bring Him our song of praise, His mercies have cheered us through all our days And we fervently pray that our life's setting rays

Through love divine May cloudless shine-Melting away in purer light That illumines the land which knows no night.

Threescore and ten! Stand firm in thy lot, Faithful and true to the end; Bending thine ear to catch every word Of the message the Master doth send;

Wakeful thine eye, for far spent is the night; Burnished thine armour, thou soldier of light; Ready to march, for the day star is bright; Bold in the fight

For truth and right! Thou a conqueror shalt stand With the exulting blood-bought band.

Threescore and ten! And what shall we add To measure the earthly strife? How many sands are left in the glass, Counting the years of life?

One by one they silently fall, One by one till have fallen all, One by one till thy God shall call: "Thy race is run,

Servant, well done! Faithful in the Lord's employ, Enter now into His joy!"

A VALUABLE SECRET.

It is related of Franklin that from the window of his office in Philadelphia he noticed a mechanic, among a number of others, at work on a house which was being erected close by, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, and who had a kind and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy and sunless, the happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one day Franklin requested to know the secret of his constant flow of spirits. "It's no secret, doctor," the man replied. "I've got one of the best lard, as he deposited a large amount of gold on the wives, and when I go to work she always gives me a table. kind word of encouragement and a blessing with her parting kiss; and when I go home she is sure to meet! me with a smile and a kiss of welcome; and tea is said, 'Is he out yet?'

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speak an unkind word or give an unkind look to anybody." And Franklin adds: "What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the foundation of cheerful and gold and returned it to the bag. pure emotions. Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting after the toils of the day are over cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful.

A FEW HINTS TO CLERGYMEN.

WE hope no one will take offence at what we may say. Should we happen to hit any one, it will not be merchant. because we aimed at him in particular, but only because we fired into a crowd without taking aim. The fault will be in being found in that particular crowd. But to the hints :-

1. Be punctual. A good many Clergymen have the fault of being late. They either have bad habits or bad watches. Perhaps both. Why be ten minutes, or five minutes, or one minute, or half a minute be hind time? The service is for a given hour, say halfpast ten in the morning. Why should the minister dilly-dally in the vestry room till five minutes after the time; and than take five minutes more in turning over the books to find the places, and finally get ready to begin about quarter to eleven? We ask why? The pews ask why? The people ask why?

2. Begin the service as though it ment something. and that something, the worship of Almighty God. There is something in the tone and manner of repeating the opening sentences which gives character and meaning to the whole service. Let there be that

3. Continue the service with a full understanding of its meaning and purpose. Some Clergymen go through all parts of the service on a monotone, thus making the whole lifeless. Others go on in a measured way, with a rising and inflection, which be comes a regular sing-song performance, both meaningless and tedious. Others again read as though there were no meaning in anything they read. Some make so much of the pauses that the hearers are thinking of nothing but periods, colons, semicolons, commas, interrogation and exclamation points. The service fairly bristles with these points. Some make so little of the pauses that they destroy all the meaning, and make the service a perfect jumble. Some read in a dead and alive sort of way, more dead than alive. They are fearfully tiresome. Some again read through the service so fast as to make it a farce, while others go so slowly, as to make it very wearisome.

But all readers are not such as we have been describing. There ere those who throws their minds and souls into what they are reading to such a degree that the people forget all about their reader, and become completely absorbed in the service itself. When they read the Bible, the people are made to feel that God is speaking. When they lead in the prayers, the people pour out their own hearts and make the prayers their own. And so to the end. From the opening sentence to the benediction there are no wandering thoughts; no counting the minutes; no wishing it was over; no, nothing of this. But all feel that they have been engaged in a true and profitable service.

THE YOUNG SPANIARD AND HIS BAG OF GOLD.

never attended confession.

went to confession. "Because I think it useless," replied the old Spaniard, "I have no faith in auricular confession, or in

priestly intercession for the dead." "Indeed!" cried the astonished merchant. "Then you are not a strict Romanist. Do you not believe in

Purgatory?" "I will relate to you a circumstance on that subject which occurred in Spain some years ago. During my residence in Madrid," continued he, "a wicked old Spaniard died. The son anxious for the peace of his father's soul, went to a priest for consolation. The priest told him if he would bring him a bag of

"Accordingly the young Spaniard took his bag of gold and went to see the priest.

"The priest commanded him to count out the gold on the table.

"The young Spaniard did as he was dictated to, and the following dialogue took place between them. "Is my father out yet?' inquired the young Span-

"'No! not yet!' replied the priest.

"'No, not yet,' returned the priest.

"'Yes, he is out now,' responded the priest.

"The young Spaniard deliberately gathered up the "'What are you doing?' demanded the surprised

"'I am putting the gold back into the bag,' quoth the young Spaniard. 'When my father was on earth

he was very cute. If he got into a scrape and got out of it, he took pretty good care never to get into it again. You say he is now out of Purgatory. I am very sure he will remain out."

"Then you do not believe in Purgatory?" cried the

"No, I do not!" returned the old Spaniard.

THE HIGHER ART.

Socrates, like his father, in early life was a sculpfor. At the age of thirty-five, however, we are told that he threw down his tools, and resolved henceforth, nstead of the earthly art of turning marble into the similitude of men, to engage in the more heavenly alling of turning men into the similitude of God.

And who can fail to see that, in thus abandoning his mallet and pick for his teacher's chair, this ancient worthy was, indeed, becoming an artist in no less, but in fact far higher, sense than before? The essential difference between his former and his present vocation is that, whereas he was then dealing with insensate materials, he is now dealing with living men. Formerly his aim was to fashion into some form of beauty the perishable stone. Now, passing from perishable matter to the imperishable spirit, his passion is to fashion into some form of truth or duty the immortal mind. Judged by whatever standard, it must be admitted that the highest art is that which consisteth, not so much in giving coloring, however brilliant, or form, however graceful or exquisite, to animate any perishable form, as in quickening dead souls, in adorning human character, in shaping human beings after the pattern or into the likeness of Jesus Christ. And what, indeed, can well be nobler than this art which has for its object the building, not of cathedrals, but of manhood; the restoration of the defaced and fallen architecture of the human soul; the twining yet again of something beautiful to see, and grateful to the soul, around the crumbling altars and broken arches of the desolate temple of the human heart? It may be noble as the poet sings,

"To send the Doric column to the skies: Pile towers on towers, and build up mausoleums To human vanity.
To make the marble speak, the canvas glow, The heart leap into eloquence, or trip To the light numbers of the Poet's creed."

This may be noble, in its way, and grand; but is nobler far, is it not grander, to incite men to live for high action, aims and purposes, comporting with and dignified by truth: to awaken hope where there was no hope; to pour blissful feelings into hearts burdened with woe; to inspire all day long in redeemed hearts and households such spontaneous songs of joy as no statue of Memnon ever uttered, or prima donna ever sung; and to send dreams of paradise, by night, to visit the once thorny pillow of wife and children, in comparison with which the glories of Milton and Dante utterly pale and die? Is this not nobler, indeed, than to shape the semblence of divinest contour or feature on the cold, dead marbie, or to sing the longest Iliad ever dreamed of?

About seventy years ago there lived in the city of What so imperishable as the monuments of this B—, a merchant, who had a certain friend. This higher art? The colors of Murillo and Titian, it was an old Spaniard and a Roman Catholic, who needs hardly to be said, shall fade. The marbles of Powers, Storey, Pereda and Bazzanti shall crumble; One day the merchant asked him why he never after the lapse of a few generations, or centuries at most, the places that now know them will know them no more. But the soul of that boy, which some humble teacher has rescued from sin and polished for the kingdom of God, will be a gem fresh and fadeless forever in the crown of the King of kings.

Parents, Sunday School teachers, Clergymen, ye are artists, sculptors all! Into your hand hath been committed material more precious by far than all the marbles of Carrara or Pentelicus. Yours is the rare privilege of tracing on the imperishable cope of memory forms of beauty that shall outlast, by eternal ages, all the frescoes of a Raphael. Be faithful to your high trust. Grow not weary in well-doing. The gold that he would pray his father out of Purgatory. day is at hand when according to your own patience fidelity and faith, galleries of sculpture shall be revealed, not only, indeed for the admiration of men but withal of the angels and God.

> THE self-emptied soul drinks in God's message of free grace as eagerly and as sweetly as the thirsty traveller drinks in water.

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of "The young Spaniard laid down more gold, and God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of thep resent moment.-F. W. Faber.