

blos of his early discipleship that made the Peter of the Gospels, the Peter of the Acts and Epistles. It was scourging, imprisonment and persecution that made Paul the brightest jewel in the world. David learned his psalms in the wilderness, when hunted and chased. Bereavement, loss, and sore sickness fitted Job to write that wondrous poem which bears his name. John Bunyan got the "Pilgrim's Progress" out of prison walls, and from the clanking of chains. It was a good thing that Satan sifted Peter; he blew out the chaff, and only left the pure wheat.

Let God burn out your dross, blow out your chaff, mellow your fruits by sharp frosts and grind off the roughness of your character on the wheel of affliction. Some day, when you get through and shine in the glory of heaven, loud est amid your praises will be thanksgivings for your trials.

A diamond lay sleeping quietly in its dark bed in the earth. A pick plunging into its pillow, disturbed its slumber. "What does this mean?" cried the little stone in terror, as it was rudely torn out. But the workman heeded not its cry. It was carried away into a strange room, and there it was cut and sawn, and then put upon the wheel and ground. "Why is all this? Why are they destroying me? Why are they cutting and grinding me all away?" Thus groaned the stone, but the men heeded not its complainings.

It is a grand day in the palace. It is a coronation day. The King is to be crowned. Amid the shouts and acclamations of the multitude, the new crown is brought forth and put upon his head. It is all aglitter with diamonds. But there is one stone that is brighter than all the rest. Its beams flash out like a ray of glory.

"Now I understand it," says the little stone "Now I know why I was dug out.

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled:
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping,
Safe for ever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

Our Own Church.

THE UNION.

Since our last reference to this subject, the Supreme Courts of the several negotiating Churches have met, and, after due consideration, and with a full sense of the responsibilities resting upon them, they have, one and all, solemnly recorded their purpose of uniting together under the name of "The Presbyterian Church in Canada." So far then, as it is competent for the Ecclesiastical Courts to give effect to this Union, we may say that it is already an accomplished fact. The time for discussions and conferences has passed, and it only remains to fix the date and place of celebrating the event which, for years past, has been regarded by very many with expectancy and hope. Before this can be done, however, it is requisite and necessary that such legislation shall have been obtained in each of the Provinces as will give the fullest assurances that all the property and funds belonging to any of the Churches or Congregations and all the rights now enjoyed by any of them, shall be as fully secured to them in the future as they now are. To this end, under competent legal advice, steps have been taken to have such measures passed in the Parliaments of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, during the present winter, as seem to be required.

If we have been somewhat reserved in the expression of opinion on this great question of union during the progress of negotiations, there is no longer need for reticence. We feel that we may now join heartily in the sentiment of satisfaction which has been expressed all over the land, and in gratitude to God that these Churches, having so much in common, after long