

*ALL SORTS.*

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.

The sorrow of yesterday is as nothing, that of to-day is bearable, but that of to-morrow is gigantic, because indistinct.

ALL DEPENDS ON THE FIRST STEP.—We are in our own power, at the very first moment of temptation, in a way in which we are not afterwards. Our mind is free, unclouded; our will firm. We can then, by God's help, gather ourselves up, and cast the Evil One from us like a serpent. It has become a proverb from sad, miserable experience, 'Who hesitates is lost.'

In our prayers, as we learn to pray from the Prayer Book, we never get far away from the simplicity of the Gospel. The simple purpose of Christianity is to bring men into obedience to Christ and to faith in Him. All the questions of Church order, theology and social morals, about which men differ and seem to be so hopelessly divided, sink out of sight in these prayers.

The Unitarian paper of Boston, the *Christian Register*, gives it as its opinion that "if such a man as Mr. MacQueary or any other of the Broad Churchmen conclude that it is his duty to remain in the Episcopal Church, we assume that it is for reasons that are good and sufficient for him; though they may not be for us. For ourselves, we could find no course but that which Bishop Potter prescribes; we should break the creed that fettered us, instead of twisting it out of shape or turning it into a golden pair of bracelets."

MISS SCREECHER.—"Well, dear, how was my voice to-night? Did it fill the room?" Miss Veracity. "At first it did, but afterward"—Miss Screecher. "Well?" Miss Veracity. "It emptied it."—*Time*.

"May the Church ever be preserved from the narrowness and bigotry, and the treason to her formularies and her history, which would reduce her to the position of a single school, and dwarf her to the proportions of a sect!"

A carpenter who is at work on a lofty scaffold does not keep looking downward, measuring with his eye the distance of the earth, and imagining the dreadful consequences of a fall. If he did, he might soon become dizzy and lose his balance; no, he goes quietly about his work, occupying his mind with its details without the thought of falling. It should be so with the Christian. He should not be constantly examining his own spiritual moods, but should engage heartily and steadily in Christian work, which is the best cure for spiritual hypochondria.—*Edward Judson*.

Dean Ramsay, in his amusing "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," tells a story of an obstinate woman who held very tenaciously certain opinions especially obnoxious to her spiritual pastor (not master). He had remonstrated with her so frequently without producing the smallest effect, that at last, his patience being quite exhausted, he cried in despair: "It's no use arguing with you any longer; you are not open to conviction!" Whereupon the irate, but triumphant, dame responded: "I am open to conviction, but just show me the man that can convince me!"