

against neighbour. You have perhaps not spoken to your brother or your neighbour for years. You have cherished a bitter spirit so long, think of the little that caused the difference in the first place. The seed has produced a great tree now, but the tree is in your heart, the shadow only falls upon your brother.

If a parent, your child has already noticed your spirit towards your friend. How are you going to explain yourself? Whether you explain or not your son or daughter will draw their own conclusions, and your spirit enter into the character they are building.

Then I presume you pray. If you don't you ought to. If you would enter heaven you must pray, and before you can enter there you must be forgiven; and so you say, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." With the spirit of unforgiveness in your heart, you simply ask the Great God *not* to forgive you.

But perhaps it is so many years since the feeling was kindled against your neighbour that you don't think much about it now. You have grown accustomed to it. You have buried the feeling but not forgiven. You go to God's house, perform all the functions of a Christian, and expect in that day when the secrets of men's hearts shall be disclosed, that God will have mercy on you. That day, then, will only make manifest your long-hidden spirit of hate. God never forgets, never changes; and has Christ not said that if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses?

As to how you are to be reconciled to your brother I do not say. You are the best judge of this; you know how the difficulty arose. All I will say is that if you have the spirit of reconciliation in your heart, you will find a way to show it. I knew two men who had differed, and a hard spirit held each heart. One Sunday the Lord's Table was spread. The one went to the other that morning before service and extended his hand which was freely grasped. The evil spirit was cast out, and both went in the Spirit of Christ to His table. Both have since gone to the upper Sanctuary.

Friend, forgive. You are the greatest loser. You lose happiness here and will lose it forever, if you will not forgive. You are making others unhappy,

and leaving an impress, that some day you would give all the world to erase. You may be near eternity—nearer now than you think. Let me beseech you to weigh well the awful possibility—that some moment when you least expect it, you may be ushered into the presence of God, unforgiving and so unforgiven.

T. A. WRIGHT.

EVENING.

THE day is done—and I am nearer home.

A weary traveller on a lonely way;
With hunger faint, and parched with thirst I fall,
Dear Jesu, at Thy Mercy Seat to pray.

The way was very dark, and wild, and drear,
Footsore and weak I wandered all the day;
Here let me rest and tell Thee of the toil,
And how I faltered—fell—upon the way;

Now falls Thy blessing on my tired head,
And sweet this rest which laves my weary soul;

I thank Thee, Lord, I have this road to walk.
Thou mak'st this spirit worn, so rested, whole.

May each night find a station of Thy Way,
Each morn a shrine, for penitence, for praise;
There purge the dross while gazing on that pain.

While love shines through the tears to light the days.

Watch while we sleep, guard those we love so well!

Then let us wake to do Thy holy will;
And when we fall, renew our waning strength.
At evening let us know Thee nearer still.

—Kate A. Taylor in *Church Guardian*.

A COLPORTEUR in France was wending his way among some villages, endeavouring to sell his Bibles. He came to a place where he saw a remnant of the feudal system. A farmer of some standing was sitting in his hall at dinner, and at the same table were his servants. The parties were of a sceptical turn. They asked the colporteur what he had got to sell? He replied, "A book," the Word of God. At first they laughed at him, but after dinner they thought they would have some sport, and one said to him, "Take out your book and read, that we may see what it is like." So he began: "Servants obey your masters." The master, sitting at the top of the table, at once exclaimed: "I'll have one." He then read, "Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal," and all down the table the cry was sent forth, "I'll have one," "I'll have one."

This is a specimen of the manner in which the Bible commends itself to all manner of persons. H. T. M.

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER AND THE INFIDEL.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON was a great philosopher. He wrote many learned works on natural science and has ever since been regarded as a most reliable authority. He was also a devout and humble-minded Christian; and he also wrote a work on the prophecies of Daniel and Revelation. In this work he makes this singular remark: "If these prophecies were true it would be necessary that a new mode of travelling should be invented. The knowledge of mankind would be so increased before a certain date or time terminated, namely, one thousand two hundred and sixty years, that they would be able to travel fifty miles an hour." Now as he wrote these words more than one hundred and fifty years before railroad and steamboats were known, they were considered very bold words. Voltaire, a French infidel of great fame, got hold of these words and said: "Now look at the mighty mind of Newton, who discovered gravitation! When he became an old man and got into his dotage he began to study the book called the Bible, and it seems in order to credit its fabulous nonsense we must believe that the knowledge of mankind will be so increased that we shall be able to travel at fifty miles an hour. The poor dotard!"

The self-complacency of this infidel made his friends laugh immoderately at the expense of the Christian philosopher. But what has time revealed? Less than two hundred years after Newton wrote his bold words the knowledge of mankind has so increased that daily, between London and Liverpool, travellers go more than fifty miles an hour and so in many other places. Now which was the dotard—the Christian philosopher or the scoffing infidel? —H. D. in *The Parish Visitor*.

FINISHED WORK.

RUSKIN tells us that in one of Italy's famous cathedrals there are a number of colossal figures high up among the heavy timbers that support the roof. From the pavement below these statues give the impression of great beauty.

Curious to examine these beautiful works of the art, Ruskin climbed to the roof and examined them. Great was his disappointment to find that only the portions of the statue that could be