

worship conspicuously plain and free from showy and meretricious decoration. Make all this palatable to "society," the "world," everybody! No—this whole message tramples on the pride of human intellect; it belittles the boasted culture of the time, and it is, if understood, in direct opposition to the "life" which we are being persuaded to import and servilely copy from Paris. "Then what am I to do?" one may say. Go on and preach these truths, only more clearly, firmly, and tenderly. "But what if the people leave me?" Yes, some will leave you and go to churches they like better, assigning various reasons for the same. That is their matter. Yours is to preach for the saving of men, not for the keeping of them in the pews. "But cultivated and well-to-do people will quit the church." Let them. It is so much the worse for them. Remember Paul's words, "Not many wise, mighty, noble, are called." "But it is a pity they should not be saved." Certainly, but it is by the truth they are to be saved, and you are a teacher of the truth. "But I may set them against it." Yes, and if your spirit is bad, you will be verily guilty in so doing. But if yours is the right spirit, then your ministry will be like Christ's, which irritated and drove off not a few, especially of the ritualists and intellectual kind. "For judgment I am come into this world; that they which see not might see, and that they which see might be made blind."—*Dr. John Hall.*

HOW A CHURCH WAS FILLED ON SUNDAY EVENING.

The evening service on Sunday in a certain congregation was poorly attended. People thought they could not come out twice a Sunday to church.

The council talked the matter over. Their talk resulted in a pledge to each other that they would never absent themselves willingly from the evening service, and that they would urge every one they saw to plan for a second attendance.

The parents talked it over. They found that their children were not in the habit of spending the evening religiously or profitably, and they determined to set them an example of an earnest devotion to spiritual concerns. They began by going twice a day the Sunday after.

The young men talked it over. They concluded that it was their duty to attend services, and to bring at least one young man apiece with them.

The young ladies talked it over. They thought that if they could go to a concert or party at night, it could not do them any harm to be at church after sunset. They decided that they would all go regularly, and take each a young woman with them.

The minister did not know what to make of it. He began to flatter himself that he was a latent Spurgeon. The attendance was increasing every week. Strangers seeing the direction of the crowd, followed. It became the most popular church in the city.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

DUTY AND PRIVILEGE.

People seem to have very mixed ideas of duty and privilege. In the first place, they seem to think there are more duties than privileges; in the second place, that it is harder to discharge the former than to enjoy the latter; and in the third place, that these are quite opposite, if not contrary, things. Each of these propositions is false. There are a hundred things to enjoy where there is one to do. It is difficult to enjoy our privileges, because they are not always perceived to be privileges, and most of us have accustomed ourselves to pull in the harness of duty. We have contracted the habit of making ourselves do what we ought to do. We feel as if there was something glorious in that. We praise ourselves and others, and expect ourselves to be praised, for doing duty. We are all the while magnifying duty. And that is right. But we do not accustom ourselves to enjoy our privileges, and that is wrong. We do not blame a man if he permit a proper enjoyment. We do not blame him if he omit a manifest duty.

More than all that, so far from being antagonistic, we cannot long study either one or the other without coming to perceive that there is no duty incumbent on man which it is really not a privilege to discharge, and there is no enjoyment possible to man which it is not his duty in some sense to possess.

We forget that all existence is the gift of our heavenly Father. If we could only always remember

that, how it would change the colour of our entire life; we should cease to drag ourselves to the discharge of duty. We should cease to regard life as a hardship because it has its duties.

TO THE SUFFERING ONES.

O live, and not to die;
Only to wait and wait;
Watch the passing of other feet
Within the heavenly gate;
To see the kindling light
On many a long-loved face,
As one after one the Master calls,
Up to the higher place.

To feel the loosened clasp,
To catch the parting smile,
To hear the whisper from dying lips,
"Only a little while."
Only—and yet we weep;
God hides them from our love;
It sometimes seems so hard to rejoice
That they are there—above.

To live, and not to die;
To suffer, not to reign;
Out in the dreary dark with the night,
To wrestle hard with pain;
They with the crown of peace
Fair on each calmed brow,
We with the sharpness of thorn and cross
To fight on still below.

Silence, O restless heart,
In quietness be strong,
Well knoweth the Lord who watcheth thee,
The pain of suffering long.
He knoweth—yet His love
Is stronger than the tears—
Shall He let thee miss thy full reward,
For all thy coward fears?

Many a boat would sail
Into the shining west,
Into the haven where she would be,
The land of quiet rest;
But o'er the darkening sea,
Through mist, and cold, and fear,
Cometh sweet a voice that biddeth peace:
"Patience—thy Lord is near."

—*The Christian.*

THE INDIAN SUMMER OF LIFE.

In the life of the good man there is an Indian Summer more beautiful than that of the seasons; richer, sunnier, and more sublime than the most glorious Indian Summer the world ever knew—it is the Indian Summer of the soul. When the glow of youth has departed, when the warmth of middle age is gone, and the buds and blossoms of spring are changing to the sere and yellow leaf; when the mind of the good man, still vigorous, relaxes its labours, and the memories of a well-spent life gush forth from their secret fountains, enriching, rejoicing and fertilizing; then the trustful resignation of the Christian sheds around a sweet and holy warmth, and the soul, assuming a heavenly lustre, is no longer restricted to the narrow confines of business, but soars far beyond the winter of hoary age, and dwells peacefully and happily upon the bright spring and summer which await within the gates of Paradise evermore.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

A HINT TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband, when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one at least, is the fairest face in the world; that the heart which is to her the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its utmost recesses above all other women, gives strength and courage and sweetness and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart will blossom, and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth.

LONGING desire prayeth always, though the tongue be silent. If thou art ever longing, thou art ever praying. When sleepeth prayer? When desire grows cold.—*Augustine.*

IN order that thou mayest be a channel of living water thou must first learn to be a reservoir; do not try to pour it out (in sermons) before thou thyself art well filled.—*Bishop Wordsworth's Maxims.*

WORDS OF THE WISE.

THERE are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge.—*Harill.*

DON'T despise the small talents; they are needed as well as the great ones. A candle is sometimes as useful as the sun.

THE book to read is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think. No book in the world equals the Bible for that.—*Dr. McCosh.*

GOOD breeding is the art of shewing men by external signs the internal regard which we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

THERE are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin, justification, that it may not condemn; Sanctification, that it may not reign; and Glorification, that it may not be.—*Cecil.*

JEREMY TAYLOR says: "If Christians must contend, let it be like the olive and the vine, which shall bear most and best fruit; not like the aspen and elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind."

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,
That he, and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love
As broad as the blue sky above.—*Trench.*

BLESSED is the calamity which makes us humble; though so repugnant thereto is our nature, in our present state, that after a while it is to be feared a second and sharper calamity would be wanted to cure us of our pride in having become so humble.

AS in nature, as in art, so in grace; it is rough treatment that gives souls, as well as stones, their lustre. The more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles; and in what seems hard dealing, there God has no end in view but to perfect His people.

A PARISHIONER once sought advice of Dr. Alexander. He was under a cloud, and could find no comfort in the discharge of religious duty. The doctor said to him, "Do you pray?" "Yes; I spend whole nights in prayer." "How do you pray?" "I pray," he replied, "that the Lord will lift the light of His countenance upon me, and grant me peace." "Go," said Dr. Alexander, "and pray God to glorify His name, and to convert sinners to Himself." The prescription met the case.

THE world has always been divided into two classes—those who have saved, and those who have spent—the thrifty and the extravagant. The building of all the houses, the mills, the bridges, and the ships, and the accomplishment of all other great works which have rendered man civilized and happy, have been done by the savers, the thrifty and those who have wasted their resources have always been their slaves. It has been the law of nature, and of Providence, that this should be so.—*Cobden.*

MEN think by talking of many things to be refreshed, and yet, when they have done, find that it is nothing, and that they had much better have been alone or have said nothing. Our thoughts and speeches in most things run to waste: yea as water spilt on the ground is both lost, cannot be gathered up again, and is polluted, mingled with dust. But no word spoken to God is lost: He receives it, and returns it into our bosom with advantage. A soul that delights to speak to Him will find that He also delights to speak to it. And this communication certainly is the sweetest and happiest choice: to speak little with men, and much to God.—*Leighton.*

WHEN the Italians paved some of those paths by which we climb to their villages, they must have carefully turned each stone with its most awkward side uppermost, for they have produced the roughest of rough roads. One is apt to think that we might have done better; certainly we could not have done worse. In every-day life we meet with individuals who appear to turn the worst side uppermost in reference to everything; they magnify difficulties, they discover imperfections, they create irritations, and in general they make the most of everything. If an ill word can be said, they say it; if a fault can be found, they spy it out. Good souls what are you at? Is there not enough of care and sorrow in the world already? Better far would it be if half your ingenuity were expended in smoothing the road, instead of all of it being wasted in making the way of life more stony than it need be.—*Spurgeon.*