

in the nature of a "call" to the ministry, a call which would settle in the young man's mind at once and forever where his duty lay.

A man may well doubt his call to the ministry, where the obeying that "call" involves other people paying professors and spreading tables and establishing libraries for him, where he has not yet even tried his hand at soul-saving, nor even learned to use his voice in persuasive speech. It was said of Napoleon, that he always asked of an applicant for office, "What have you *done*?" Hudson Taylor left some Canadian young men and women at home, who were taken with the desire of going to China as missionaries, as he met them with the question, "What have you *been doing* for Christ at home?" and receiving no satisfactory answer.

In other employments, a "call" to the vocation is (1) a desire to enter upon it; (2) an aptitude or talent for it; (3) circumstances favorable, or, at least, not antagonistic to it; (4) encouragement of those competent to judge of it. And a man may have as real and divine a call to be a teacher, or a farmer, an editor, a navigator or an inventor, as to be a pastor or a missionary.

How often does a man imagine he is called of the Lord to a certain pastoral "field," and in a year he is away again! Where, then, was his "call?" The fact is, the man followed his fancy; submitted the question to no one's friendly advice, and only thought of the larger field and more generous salary. Where the Lord gives the call, He gives the aptitude, and that is generally the loudest and most distinct part of the call. And a church may well doubt a call to a life of soul-saving where no soul-saving has already been attempted. On the other hand, let the churches encourage and develop as far as possible in all their members this precious aim and gift, and there will be less trouble in ascertaining whom the Lord is leading toward the ministry, and more help—in the way it is most needed—to those who are thus judged to be called.

REV. J. A. C. McCUAIG has resigned his position of assistant pastor of Parkdale church. Mr. McCuaig's address is 131 Brock Avenue, Toronto. A bright, capable young man, with a genius for organizing.

Our Contributors.

UNTIL THE DAY BREAK.

Solomon's Song, ii : 16, 17.

Let hope cheer, amid our weeping,
For the loved in Jesus sleeping;
Happy ever, sweetly resting,
Where no foe, their peace molesting,
E'er can enter; safe forever,
From their Saviour nought can sever.

"The Beloved" lilies gathers,
Ne'er to lose. They are His Father's;
From these loved and beauteous flowers
Come as fragrance from Heaven's bowers
Memories, hallowed, soothing sorrow,
Telling of a bright to-morrow.

When Heaven's cloudless day breaks o'er us,
And earth's shadows flee before us,
We shall meet our sister, brother,
Father, friend, and darling mother,
Parents with their sons and daughters,
Led by Christ to living waters.

The redeemed from every nation,
Some through fire of tribulation,
Cross of Christ their only glory,
Passing through life's changeful story,
May we hear, as Home we gather,
"Come ye blessed of my Father!"

S. MULLS.

Toronto.

A SUNDAY IN ERZROOM.

The first thing is the arrival of the "Camel" freight train from Persia or the Black Sea coast; sometimes two "trains" cross here. By a remarkable perversity of the Persian mind, which might be adduced as a proof of the total depravity of that sect of the Moslem faith, they always manage to arrive here on Sunday. The custom-house, where all the camels have to be unloaded, that the contents of their burdens may be properly taxed, is just a short distance below our church; and one can readily imagine that the passing of a caravan of about a thousand camels, carrying thrice that number of bells, large and small, the discordant sounds of which are made less harmonious still by the hoarse shouts of the camel-drivers, and the barking of innumerable street dogs, does not add materially to the quiet sanctity of the Sabbath day. The Mohammedan places of business too, are all open, and always from the surrounding country many villagers come to town