

isters of the everlasting gospel are not to assert their rights and use the gifts for God and country—if public questions are left for settlement to the wily partisan or the paid agitator, here, as in England, in any such crusade, the Congregational minister must lead the van. He has no outside authority to consult; he has not to ask permission of any supreme person or power. Let him be fully persuaded in his own mind—speak and act as occasion offers—and according to the ability God has given him—making it his motto—

Perish policy and cunning,  
Perish all that shuns the light!  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
Trust in God, and do the right!

I should like if all who hear me this day, would enter into a solemn league and covenant with their souls and their God, that they will not tolerate a corrupt man in office without a protest, nor an immoral measure to pass unchallenged and unopposed, that they will let it be known, that men who will not act fairly and squarely need not depend on their influence; that measures of a questionable tendency, will meet at their hands with the most uncompromising opposition.

This country is ours, not theirs. It belongs to the people, not the Parliament. It is our legacy to our children; why should we allow political parasites to fatten on its blood? Brethren, the time has come for you to speak as men having authority; men who have been in the mount with God. Believe me, the time has more than come, when, as Canadian citizens, and in the interests of righteousness, we ought to lay aside every consideration in the welfare of our country, the future of our race

"Warsaw's last champion from the heights surveyed,  
Wide o'er his fields a waste of ruin laid,  
Oh Heaven, he cried! my bleeding country save!  
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?  
Yet though destruction sweep those lovely plains  
Rise, fellowmen! our country yet remains!  
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,  
And swear with her to live, with her to die!"

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### THE OBSERVER.

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The Observer once listened to a neighbor, who was describing a large excavation which he had made for a cellar. He gave the different dimensions, and spoke of the hard, tough clay, and the extreme difficulty with which it was removed.

Many days of severe toil were endured, and often there was discouragement over the slow progress that was made. "It was," he said, "a great work for my oldest son and myself; and the little boy helped all that he could."

Yes, here is the secret of any great work—"helped all that he could." The little boy did this. Did the father or older brother do more? They could not. Their work was more manifest; and the results more evident, but their strength and power of endurance were greater. If the work to them was great, it was at least equally great to the little boy. He too had toiled those weary days, and carried his share of the work that was done.

We sometimes think that against us the door to all great works is closed. We see it opened to the author. His mind is fertile, his pen always ready, and volume upon volume is given to the world. We see the great works of a Shakespeare in his dramas, of a Dickens in his novels, of a Macaulay in his history and essays, of a Worcester or a Webster in their dictionaries, or of a Young in his concordance. In the state we recall the work of a Wilberforce and a Lincoln, the emancipators of slavery. Invention reveals the telegraph, the railway, and many other things are truly great. Discovery points to a Columbus and a Stanley, and tells us what they have done. About us are hospitals and asylums, colleges and universities, the living monuments of their founders. In the religious world there have been mighty works which are to-day gaining in impetus and power. A Martin Luther has inaugurated the Reformation, and a Carey and a Moffat have planted the cross of Christ in heathen lands; while on Christian ground thousands of redeemed souls thank God for a Moody and Sankey.

Upon such great works our eyes rest; but to us they seem hedged about, and we cannot touch them. It is not so. Where man has gone, man may go, and reach even loftier heights. What man has done, many may do with greater skill and excellence. The world is progressive, and the future will show even greater works than the past has done. Literature has yet an open door for the earnest student and ready writer; while in legislative halls, measures both great and grand will still give scope to the energy and zeal of the