

treaty, of listening stillness, and with the shadow of the smile left upon it by the vanishing spirit; they then looked at the paper which he had directed to be pinned on the shroud over his breast, with the writing on it—"Remember the words that I spake unto you while I was yet present with you." Then some rushed away in an agony of silence; for "words which he had spoken," but which until now had lain dormant in their minds, woke up—they believed, and told their faith. Oh, if they had but done that before! Will not some of you take the hint to-night?

Cheer up the pastors by *praying with more passionate earnestness for the might of the Holy Ghost*. In order to victory, what do we most want? More buildings? more labourers sent into the harvest? more machinery? more men? "More men?" says an American poet, "More man." Yes, that is the phrase, we want more man, through having more God in man, and more Christ in our Christianity, that while we publish the gospel, the life of the Holy Ghost in us may shew that our tale is worth telling, that our holiness is worth having, that our happiness is worth feeling, and that our secret is worth knowing. Not for this alone do we need the Holy Ghost, but also for the purpose of making our message divinely effectual. That almightiness is needed in the hearer as well as in the speaker. We aim at nothing less than raising the dead! The Book calls unrenewed men and women stones. Of course we understand this in no mere materialistic or fatalistic sense, implying absence of responsibility, but as meaning that they are stones to God, having no more trust, no more love, no more responsiveness than stones have. Take a stone into the open air, and let the sun shine on it, it is still a stone; dip it in sparkling waters, it is still a stone; carry it into the garden, and let trembling bells of beauty waver round it, it is still a stone; speak to it, it never hears; strike it, it never feels; smash it into a thousand splinters, and each splinter is a stone. So man, without fellowship with God, is a stone to God; but bring to this stone the gospel leverage, and lit it on to the Living Stone; and at the moment of touching, life from the Crucified One shoots through it, and the dead stone palpitates and is made alive. God by the Holy Spirit works the miracle of changing the heart of stone into a heart of flesh. Brothers, "be ye filled with the Spirit;" then live the gospel and declare the gospel, and through your gospel words life will go out of your heart into the hearts you seek to save. All will be glad: new springs will be put into the ministers, and "much people will be added to the Lord!"

SOME "REVIVAL" PREACHERS.

A good many of our readers will greatly sympathize with the following judicious, well-weighed, and characteristically moderate words of the Rev. Dr. Hall, of New York:

"There is growing up over the country a small, irregular force of men, well-intentioned, many of them, however, under-educated, following the example of Mr. Moody, and to a large extent teaching—with more or less consistency and publicity—what are called 'pre-millennial views,' and so getting ready themselves, and preparing some others for entering into 'Plymouth-brotherism,' if a man can be said to enter that which is without land-mark or definite boundary. Some of them are already 'brethren' of the 'open' kind—one of the earlier stages of the disorder. In the full development of the thing all churches are denounced as corrupt and worldly organizations, from which all saints must 'come out,' and the ministers of which are money-loving or place-loving hirelings. What should be done? Two things: ministers had better do their own evangelistic work in their bounds rather than engage these men; and secondly, in their sermons, Bible-classes and week-day lectures pastors should teach the truth on such topics as have been suggested. Any 'evangelists' who are as above described will denounce this statement. The others will be grateful for it."

As yet we in Canada are not greatly troubled with the evil—for evil it undoubtedly is—to which Dr. Hall refers. We should be sorry to say a single word which might even seem to depreciate any kind of genuine and effective work for the Master. But there are "evangelists" and "evangelists" and while some of these are to be very highly esteemed for their works' sake, there are others whose intellectual imbecility is so conspicuous, whose views are so crude

and indigested, whose Pharisaic pretence is so offensive, and whose general arrogance of bearing and pious grimace are so intolerable that we don't wonder they should have led Dr. Hall—mild, devout, and charitable gentleman though he be—to speak so frankly of their qualifications and their works.

SPAIN AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE "Pall Mall Gazette" gives a view of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain which must be anything but inspiring to those who are solicitous about the progress and strength of that religious organization. The "Indifferentes," it says, are continually on the increase, just as they are in Quebec. These can't be said to be hostile. They are simply indifferent and leave the whole matter of religion to their wives and children. The "Indifferentes" are made up chiefly of the educated and intelligent classes, and their defection has had a deteriorating influence on both the intellectual and moral character of the clergy. Scarcely any of the better classes now go into the Church. All the clerical recruits are from the lower ranks of the population. Says the "Gazette": "Likely lads of well-to-do families no longer go into the Spanish Church. Within the last half century that body has undergone an immense change. A hundred years ago it was the nation, and even within the memory of man it controlled the politics and daily business of the administration; while now its power is small compared with that of the army or of the intriguers in the Cortes. It was very rich, owning vast districts in the country and rows of streets in the cities. Now it is dependent for daily bread on irregular payments from the treasury and the steadily cooling charity of laymen. Its loss of intellectual activity and influence has more than kept pace with its loss of wealth. Lord Macaulay dwells in one of his essays on the number of men in Spain's great days, 'eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life.' He might have added that a majority of these men found their home in the Church. In no country have so many sovereigns, so many famous warriors ended a life of stormy activity in the cloister. All learning was tinged with a theological character, even when not immediately exercised on theological matters. The jealous activity of the Inquisition compelled the most secular literature to affect a religious object, and the least pious of writers, sooner or later, to assume the priestly tonsure. Cervantes, Lope, Calderon, and a host of smaller men, who had all been soldiers, all died priests or, at least, members of some religious body bound by vows. Plays and novels had to cover their plots of worldly intrigue with a sacred cloak." The education of even the higher classes of the priesthood is shamefully neglected, and the result is that generally the clergy are vulgar, noisy, ignorant fanatics. Of course, this makes the progress of Protestantism only the slower, for what the priests want in intelligence they make up in denunciation of heretics and in praise of the Pope. As the better classes more and more withdraw from the priesthood there is manifested an increased readiness on the part of the clergy to take up lads of any kind in order to recruit their ranks. On this the "Gazette" says further: "Lads who have been brought up in the hospitals established for foundlings are often taken by the bishops, in their need of recruits. When these authorities overlook the bar of bastardy, it may be supposed that they are not exacting in the matter of learning. Indeed, it is not an exceptional thing to see poverty-stricken lads of this class employed by pious families to do odd jobs, as a means of support, till they can scrape together as much knowledge of the four declensions as will carry them through the mockery of a Latin examination. Some learning the Church must have. The ancient tongue being the official language, one canon, at least, in every chapter must be able to write and speak Latin, while a few of the prelates are cultivated men; but these are the exception. They are generally veterans who received their education in one of the more learned monasteries, and spent long years in Italy after the suppression of the monastic orders." In short, the Church in Spain, like that in France

after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, relieved from outside pressure and mental activity seems, in the words of Robert Hall, "to have drawn the curtains and retired to sleep."

THE WORRY OF LITTLE THINGS.

We stood in the church-porch after all the congregation had gone out, and were talking for a few moments in the line of the sermon. It had been about the cultivation of our spiritual nature, and how the mass of men forget and neglect it, and live largely and often as if there were no such thing belonging to them. Said my friend, as a tear glistened in her eye: "Does it not seem strange that so much of our life should be wasted in the perpetual thought of little things, while we have no time or strength to give to the larger ones? How many are toil-worn, their life one long struggle barely to live, the one supreme and necessary endeavour being to get enough to eat and be clothed with, or to feed or cover those dependent upon them! And then how this perpetual pursuit and occupation with small things sometimes seems to make us grow small."

"Yes," I replied, "it does appear so at times. To be watching the pennies, to be calculating whether you can afford to spend or not this quarter of a dollar, does, at first glance, seem as if it would make us grow little in soul. But look at it all around."

"Life is made up of little things—small breaths and short heart-beats. Food and drink are necessary, and morsels make them. Yet it has often grieved me to spend on a piece of beef large enough to feed the family what would have been sufficient to buy a book full of noble thoughts—the one to vanish from human sight, the other to live forever. But the book cannot be eaten and the beef must be bought: so I have put the grief aside, paid the price of the dinner, and seen the great thoughts all lost in the merry chat of the table from which the beef has disappeared."

"But who shall say, after all, this is not best? Dealing with larger interests does not make one grow large. A man who is in the habit of dealing with tens of thousands, and has no need to watch a penny, often does watch it with keener interest than even you or I ever regard it. Somehow, the large dealings have not made him large; he even seems to have shrunk as he touches them."

"And freedom from these little things of life, and leisure to give one's self entirely to higher things, do not practically tend to form nobler characters nor more beautiful lives. Look at monks or nuns. They have no care for what they shall eat or what they shall drink; the prior or abbot will take care of all that. They do not even have to think of what they shall wear; their clothes are provided for, and the fashion never changes. They have plenty of time to give to religious things, and yet how small they grow? Very much smaller than are we who are thrust out into the small worries of life."

"Nor does contact with these little things dwarf us. All is in the way we handle them. I think that I have seen greater things through my microscope than I have through a telescope."

"The little things, after all, have a lifting power. They are very small, but they are many a time so heavy that all we can do is to totter with them to God. They come so frequently that we have to carry them often, and so we are often brought near to Him. They have brought us. Surely this is something. And we would not have this experience so often if it were not for the little things. To be brought near to God is not to be made small but great."

"So I think that it is just as well as it is. Let the small things come, but let them beckon or even force us toward our Father in heaven. They are perpetual, and so they will make us perpetually near. We shall in that all-blessed contact expand; we shall not contract as we are concerned with them."

"God give us grace for that," my friend said as we left the church porch.—*Rev. W. Aikman, D.D.*

PRAYER is the pulse of the renewed soul; and the constancy of its beat is the test and measure of the spiritual life.