

Life's Quest.

WHY, toil-spent World, this ever-urging strife,
 This ceaseless travail, this hope-baffled cry ?
 These fruitless efforts in a fruitless life,
 These labors vast, these restless throbbings, why ?
 Why, longing Soul, this ever-eager quest
 For truth and light, where doubt and darkness lie ?
 This beck'ning phantom with her stern behest,
 This fleeting shadow, hight perfection, why ?
 Is this thy space, O Life, with bootless zeal
 On ever-crumbling mansions thus to moil ?
 No surer profit may thy hopes reveal
 Than spirit worn and spent in fruitless toil ?
 Rouse, rouse, thou fainting Heart, press on amain !
 To labor is to live, or living vain.

S. A. MORGAN.

Christ's Message to His Church To-day.

"If Christ came now to earth I think His message would be something like this :

"Put away your earthly ambitions, your pomp and pride of wealth and social and political influence, of numbers and of antiquity and learning ; put away your unholy strife as to dogmatic theories and forms of worship and organization ; put away your individual self-seeking of place and power and money ; and as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister let all unite in the ministry which seeks and saves the lost. Henceforth let the one motto of the whole Church be, 'Holiness to the Lord and Love to all the World.'"

N. BURWASH.