

avert this result. It is highly desirable that the Churches should even maintain, during the two years or more of building up the Special Fund, the nearly uninterrupted advance in liberality which has been annually recorded.

The other, and certainly not less important, condition is *that the business of raising the fund shall be entered on and carried out as an act of service to God, and with the earnest desire that true spiritual revival shall accompany and crown the effort.* Should the temper in which the work is undertaken be that of pride and boastfulness; should denominational rivalry

take possession of us, or even largely mingle with purer motives, our offering, as tainted, would not find acceptance when laid upon the altar.

We do not doubt, however, that the Churches which have resolved on the Twentieth Century Fund have done so after much prayer, as well as after full discussion of the scheme, in principle and details. Let prayer continue to be made in congregation and families, not merely for success in collecting the money, but that the Spirit may be poured out upon the Lord's heritage, and that times of refreshing may come from His presence.

THE SILENT YEARS.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

A Master followed by a band
Of twelve disciples through the land,
Teaching as never man had taught,
Of truths beyond our human thought ;
A Wonder-worker, at whose word
The blind eyes saw, the deaf ears heard,
And Death itself, its long reign o'er,
Unloosed its icy hand of power ;
A King, who held no earthly throne
Yet claimed all nations as his own ;
A Victim lifted up on high
That all the world might see Him die ;
A risen Saviour, by the sea
Walking with men in Galilee—
Thus to our eyes the Lord appears
Throughout the three mysterious years
Which sum the ministry and death
Of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Yet there were other years than these—
A child beneath the olive-trees,
A lad who learned and who obeyed,
A worker in a humble trade,
A man amid the life of men,
Who knew its drudgery, its pain,
Its homely joys, its heavy fears,
For thirty silent, loving years.
Ah ! here as deep a message lies
As in the cross and sacrifice.
And here the Son of God is shown
The Son of Man, and claims His own.

Yea, even as thirty is to three,

So, if our eyes had power to see,
Not only by the church's door
Christ stands, but oftener in the roar
Of busy marts, by plane and loom,
Within the factory's crowded room,
Where labourers drudge with arm and tool,
On wharf and ship, in shop and school,
And claims each worker, by this sign,
"I too have toiled ; thy toil is Mine ;
I too have lived thy life of care
And borne the burdens thou dost bear ;
Not from My cross I call to thee,
But from thy side—come learn of Me !"

O Son of Man ! grant us to see
Thy full, divine humanity !
We exile Thee in shrines and creeds
Far from the many and their needs,
Forgetting that Thy chosen spot
Was just the common human lot ;
Yet still Thou comest back again
To stand among Thy brother-men,
And still, if we would serve Thee best,
Love to Thy brethren is Thy test ;
Yea, on Thy cross we look to see
Thy hands, nail-pierced so cruelly,
And find them still the hands that drove
The plane, and blessed in holy love
The household meal—the hands that
thus,
Divine, yet human, hold for us
All help for human life below,
All hope for that to which we go.

—The Outlook.