

there are reported 32 students this winter in Pine-Hill, and yet there is a shade of sadness, as I think not likely one of them will ever reach our real Home Mission work, except perhaps for a few summer seasons, and yet there are in our Lower Provinces churches or mission stations ready for organization, sufficient to supply eligible fields for every one of the 7. To make our mission work truly aggressive and successful, we must use all the means at our command. There are in our own eldership a number who would not refuse if asked to help us in the work—men who are well versed in the scriptures and otherwise fitted to render valuable service. Why should we hesitate to make use of such men? And why should there not be in our colleges a special and less elaborate course of instruction for men who are anxious to get to work as soon as possible, having a stronger desire to win stars for their crown than to be themselves stars in the literary firmament?

Household Words.

HEREAFTER.

The star is not extinguished when it sets
Upon the dull horizon; it but goes
To shine in other skies, then re-appear
In ours, as fresh as when it first arose.

The lily dies not when both flower and leaf
Fade—and are strewn upon the chill sad ground:
Gone down for shelter to its mother-earth,
'Twill rise, re-bloom, and shed its fragrance round.

Thus, in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell;
Weeping—yet smiling—we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell.

Short death and darkness: endless life and light!
Short dimming; endless shining in yon sphere,
Where all is incorruptible and pure;
The joy, without the pain—the smile without the tear!
Bonar.

ETERNITY.

When we pitch a tent it is only for a night, and we are not very particular as to where and how we place it. But when we build a house for a lifetime, we are anxious to have it in as good a location, and as well planned and built as possible. But, here and now, we are building for eternity. As we form our characters on the earth, Christ will fit up our mansions in heaven. Every day, every hour, in all that we do, in all the thoughts and feelings that we cherish, we are shaping the limitless future. How important, then, that we live wisely, that we improve all our opportunities, that we make the most of ourselves. It is said that an English princess looked so sad one night at a royal banquet that one of the courtiers asked her why. She replied that at the bottom of every goblet she drained, she saw the word "eternity." That solemn word is at the bottom of all our

goblets. We eat, we drink, we die, and after death the judgment. And the judgment will be according to the deeds done in the body. And after judgment, eternity—a path for each going up in light to the throne of God, or going down in blackness of darkness into a bottomless pit.

But the thought of eternity should not sadden us. It is a grand, an inspiring, a glorious thought. To live forever, to go on growing and learning and loving and enjoying while God reigns—to be becoming more and more like God, age after age, and yet to see before us an infinite beauty to attract and to reward us—this is the highest ideal of blessedness.

To this let every soul aspire,
With ardent hope and fond desire.

C. E. B. in "The Occident."

COME TO JESUS.

Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.—
John 6:37.

But let me ask you, suppose you come to him and he casts you out; with what hands would he cast you out? With his own hands? What! Christ casting you out with his own hands, a sinner that has come to him? I say again, can he do it? With those hands pierced, bearing the marks of the nails, crucified—rejecting a sinner? Oh no! He has no hands with which to do it; he has given both his hands to be nailed to the tree for guilty men. What profit would it be to him if he did cast you away? If his wounded hands were to cast you away, what glory would it bring him? You in hell! What happiness would that be to him? It cannot be. Why, imagine for a moment that he had cast you away; if it were ascertained that one soul came to Christ, and he cast him out, why, there are thousands of us that would never preach again. For one, I have done with it. If my Lord can cast a sinner away, I myself, with a clear conscience, could not go and preach from "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." He could not be trusted by his people any more, and his very church would lose the faith that is its life.

Ah me! they would hear of it in heaven—one soul that came to Christ was cast out! It would stop the harpings of heaven, dim its lustre, take away its joy; why, it would be whispered among them, "He broke his promise; he cast away a praying soul; he may drive us out of heaven." How could they sing, "Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins," but he did not wash others that came to him, though he promised he would? They would hear of it in hell, and they would tell it to one another, and an awful glee would take possession of the fiendish heart of the devil. "He is not true; he used to receive even harlots; and he let one wash his feet with her tears, and publicans and sinners came and gathered about him,