

Pastor and People.

"Follow Thou Me"

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.

What a motto for every-day use our dear Master gave us all when he said to Peter, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me!" It fits so many cases. Here, for example, is an obscure, hardworking pastor, who reads in his religious journal of the wonderful successes of a Moody or a Spurgeon: how one of them preaches every Sunday to six or seven thousand auditors, and how the other is blessed to the conversion of several thousands of souls in a single year. He throws down the paper in a sort of envious despair, and feels that he is an absolute nobody in the vineyard of Christ. "What is all that to thee? whispers the Shepherd's voice. "Follow thou me!" Ashamed of himself, the humble country parson turns to his Bible and his unfinished sermon again, determined that he will do his best, even though his name never figures in the bulletins. If the Master smiles on him it is enough. To save even one soul is reward for a lifetime's toil.

How often a self-distrustful Christian tries to excuse himself from active labours in the church or Sunday-school with the stereotyped apology: "If I was gifted like A or B, I would be as active as they are in teaching or in public prayer or speech." Friend, the way to attain to larger gifts is to employ the gifts you have. Give Jesus thy one talent, and then he may trust thee with two. If you cannot speak gibberish in a prayer-meeting, then stammer out your heart's thanks in the best fashion you can. It may be that your few broken words may accomplish more than another man's fluent harangue. I had an old disciple once in my church I would rather hear stammer out ten sentences than hear some others expatiate for an hour. He was a man who lived in "close groups" with Jesus. If you have no brilliant or thrilling experience to relate in the meeting, then tell the honest story of how you do feel and what you are striving after. It is always a satisfaction to hear a man speak the truth. Christ judges his servants according to what they have; never according to what they have not.

There is a gentle rebuke, too, of our murmuring discontent in these words of our Lord. Perhaps some poverty-stricken brother who reads this paragraph has an uprising of the old Adam in him every time he goes to church. He sees Judge A driving up in his carriage, or Elder B come in with his richly-dressed wife and daughters, and mutters to himself: "How is it that other people get up in the world so, while I can hardly keep a coarse coat on my back?" What is all that to thee, brother? Follow thou Him who had not where to lay his weary head. If thou art not rich, thou hast not the temptations of wealth, and never will be called to give account of a large stewardship. It is hard to be poor; it is hard to fall behind in life's race and see others pull triumphantly to the goal; it is hard to lose our only wee lamb, while our neighbour has his table crowded with a group of rosy-cheeked children; it is hard to drink the bitter cup of disappointment. But methinks the Elder Brother draws up very close to such, and puts the arm of his love about them, and says very sweetly: "What is all this to thee, my child? Thou art mine. If mine, thou art heir of Heaven's glory. Where I am thou shalt be. Let not thine heart be troubled. Whom I love I chasten. What is this poverty, or failure, or bereavement to thee? Follow thou me, and thou shalt have treasures in Heaven. If thy feet are sore, follow me, and the green pastures will be all the softer by and by. If thy cross is heavy, let me share it with thee."

"Patience, my child, thy Saviour's feet were worn. Thy Saviour's heart and hands were weary here. His garments stained and travel-worn and old. His vision blinded with the pitying tear. Shall the disciple be above his Master or the servant expect to be above his Lord?—N. Y. Independent.

Moody at Northfield.

The Springfield Union says Mr. Moody's work here has been a great thing for the old North Church, and has infused new life into it. They have not seen such a visitation for many years, and no wonder the pastor, Rev. T. J. Clark, is encouraged, and preached this morning with more than usual power. The church was full, and that has seldom been the case during the past dozen years, since the unfortunate division in the society on the matter of selling the pews. The preciousness of such a season to such a people cannot be over-estimated. Old wounds are healed, and long estrangements are forgotten.

Among the young converts are a number of the old residents, who before Mr. Moody's coming, had not been in the old church for a decade. One of the most conspicuous conversions is that of a prominent business man over fifty years of age—a man of wealth, but a notoriously profane man. He is a leader in the town, a man of the kind that you can always tell where they are. Outspoken, bluff, hearty, and profane, he attended Sunday-school to-day, and broke down during the singing of an old hymn familiar to his childhood. He wept like a boy, and he was not ashamed of it either, nor he! He had taken two days to consider the matter, having attended the meetings, and having become interested. Mr. Moody's business way of putting the subject had caught his attention where forty ministers had failed to do so. It is worth something to have such a man come out and boldly tell his old associates that he "is as far for God now as he was for the devil before." This man is not alone. We heard to-day of another prominent business man over fifty years of age, who has also come out emphatically "on the side of the Lord and Brother Moody." Of course it is impossible to say just how many have met with a change of heart during this revival, for the number of those almost persuaded is always large; but there is every reason to believe that among the North church people alone there

are already over twenty converts fully persuaded, and beyond the slightest hesitation.

The homely words of a big, brawny farmer to his son, as the two drove away from the church to-night ahead of us, are quite true, and may be taken as very just testimony of a more or less general application: "I tell you what, Jim, I think that man has done me a good deal of good—that's what's the matter."

Thoughts of Heaven.

When the busy cares of the day are ended, when white-winged peace has descended into our hearts, and we have yielded to her soothing influence, it is sweet, in twilight's holy hush to think of the glories of Heaven, to be divested for a time of all thoughts pertaining to earth, and to be wafted, in imagination, to the New Jerusalem. We enter the abode of the redeemed Israel, the city whose streets are of gold, whose pearly gates gleam in the glorious light of the Sun of Righteousness, where all its beauty and glory, and there rest beneath the smile of our Creator, who sits upon the "great white throne," and rules, with the sceptre of Divine love, the angelic hosts which surround Him, with crowns upon their heads, and hands clasping the palm of victory, and who shout "salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."

We turn our enraptured gaze to the Father, and lo! He who wept in the garden is there; He who hung on the accursed tree as a propitiation for the sins of a wicked world, and whose dying prayer was, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." The angels saw him look with love upon his crucifiers, yes, even upon the soldier who pierced his side; they saw the sweet smile of resignation with which He said, "It is finished." They saw him rise on the third day from the sepulchre; saw him enter heaven, and now they praise him eternally.

Blessed Jesus! what a privilege we should deem it to glorify Thy name. Why should any fear death, since Thou hast robbed it of its sting, and the grave is deprived of its victory by the glorious sacrifice! Hast Thou not promised life eternal to all who ask and believe? Can not all, who come to Thee in an humble, contrite manner, drink freely of the water of life, and share the joys of thy bright city, the beauty of which surpasseth all understanding? Yes, verily, Thou has promised it, and Thy promises are all-answering. We will be happy beyond our highest hopes when we enter the heavenly portals, and meet the loved ones gone before.

"Down beside the wondrous river, Where the trees of healing grow, We will walk and worship over— To that city we will go."

Roman Catholic.

CONVERSION TO PROTESTANTISM OF PRINCESS JULIA OF BATTENBERG.

A congratulatory address from the (Dublin) Priest's Protection Society on her conversion from the errors of the Church of Rome, has been forwarded to the Princess. She has sent a freely dated "Lilliburg Castle, June 16, 1875." It states: "I beg that you kindly express to the members of the society, my most heartfelt and sincere thanks. I feel deeply touched at this proof of sympathy from a foreign country, and especially as it comes from a society of men who from their former position in the Church of Rome, can appreciate better than most people the important step I have just taken. I join you in wishing that others may also, as I have been, through the grace of God, be brought to the true religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to experience what a blessing it is to put one's sole faith and trust in our Lord and Saviour."

By a law lately passed by the Council of Geneva, Switzerland, the corporations of the Sisters of Charity, and the Little Sisters of the Poor have been dissolved, and their property taken in charge by the State, that it may be devoted to purposes of charity and beneficence. So sharp and sweeping is the confiscating law, that many Protestants have feared that its excessive severity would cause a reaction, and the last state of the matter be worse than the first. But the Grand Council of the Canton was inexorable, and the Sisters of Charity will find their way out of Geneva as they were compelled to leave Mexico. It is a bad day for Rome.

Death and Eternity

In the midst of joys and sorrows we are called upon to remember that there is another life beyond the grave; hence the solemn admonition: "Prepare to meet thy God!" Death cuts down all alike. It makes no distinction between the rich and the poor, young and old. We cannot but know that we cannot take our earthly possessions with us. Wealth which has been accumulated by perseverance, and oftentimes privations, cannot be taken with us. We have nothing to take unless we have laid up our wealth and treasures in heaven. If we have secured Christ as our everlasting portion, all is ours. Earthly pleasures will vanish. Our dearest ties of friendship will be dissolved; but we have nothing to fear. Jesus is ours. Even through the dark valley of the shadow of death He will be with us.

Dear reader, which shall be your portion—wealth and friendship here on earth, with which we must part, or Christ, whom the world itself cannot separate us from? Our Heavenly Father has given us time, place, and opportunities for repentance. Reader, how are you improving it? The present is with us, the future with God. Improve the present. Death often cuts short our fondest hopes and expectations. Death is sure; life is not. To meet God in peace we must prepare for it. We must meet God sooner or later. Escape is impossible. We must meet Him as the King of terrors or in peace. Friend, which shall it be? Will you not decide the question now? Prepare to meet thy God.—Selected.

A happy thought comes from a happy heart; it will come from no other, but it will go to another.

The Dying Christian.

(Bible-quoted at the earnest request of a reader, although we believe it appeared in our columns before, two or three years ago.)

My day is dipping in the west,  
The shadows fall on yonder trees,  
I hear the sigh of Jordan's wave,  
We'll meet again;—  
Yet 'tis in Jordan's wave I fear,  
Nor tremble at the strife,  
But, oh this sunning of hearts,  
This loving voice; and wife!

What the world's better things,  
A father's hand above,  
Where lost friends are awaiting us,  
And a heaven follow soon,  
This fondling of the after strings,  
That feather heart to heart,  
O, it gives me pure human nature,  
An' 'twas a love to part.

Go on, my wife, the Bible, wife,  
While yet I'm in it 'ere,  
For death creep over me and life but,  
An' 'twas my father's love,  
An' 'twas my father's love,  
For nature's crumbling fast awa',  
I had no lang' t'reo

My wife, my weans, we'll meet again,  
So duna sob-so airt,  
But dight the tears frae aff your face,  
An' let us join in prayer—  
An' let us join in prayer to Him  
That's wanting me awa',  
That he may be a faithful friend,  
An' father to you a'.

Ho wa'd, he sang the 'pairtin' song,  
His voice was firm an' clear,  
An' ro' th' fourteenth of St. John;  
Nor did he shed a tear,  
He turned his glazins' o' to heaven,  
An' raised his withered hand,  
An' safely through Jordan's wave  
He's reached "the better land."

What Shall I Render to God.

And now, my soul, I must ask thee again and again, What shall we render to the Lord our God for the innumerable benefits He hath done unto us? Which way do we go? Thy grace prevents and follows me; and many times, when I have given myself for lost, Thou hast, by some sudden and surprising turn of mercy, delivered me from my calamities and fears. When I went wrong, Thou hast brought me back and guided me in the right way; when I offended, Thou hast reproved and chastened me; when I was in heaviness, Thou hast supported my spirits; when I fell, Thou hast set me up again; when I stood, Thou upheldst me. Thou didst enable me to know Thee more truly, to believe on Thee more steadfastly, to love Thee more vehemently, to follow Thee more eagerly. And now, O Lord my God, the joy of my life, the light of my eyes, what requital shall I make Thee for all Thy inestimable mercies? Thou commandest me to love Thee, but how can I ever love Thee enough?—Augustine.

Making Peace.

Among the beatitudes uttered by the Saviour, and recorded in the fifth chapter of Matthew's Gospel, we have one on peace-making: "Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God." It is always wiser and more blessed to make peace than to break peace, hence the blessedness of making peace. Peace is always to be preferred to war. It is the most blessed of all estates, and the one attended with the greatest degree of well-being and prosperity. The nation that is continually at war must come to poverty and ruin, and so it is with a community, a church, or an individual. To be always fighting is to exhaust our strength, having wasted much of it in a profitless conflict. Let our efforts, therefore, be for peace.

Enthusiasm.

Mr. Moody illustrates his idea of Christian enthusiasm by the following: "There was an old man I wanted to see when I first went to Europe in 1867. I was told not to fail to go to Edinburgh and see Dr. Duff at the Assembly. I stayed in Edinburgh a week to get a little of the old man's fire. He made an appeal for India. He plead for an hour and a half for India, and at the end of the hour and a half he fainted away. They took him up and carried him to the vestibule. When he revived he said, 'I didn't get quite through; let me go back and finish.' They said, 'If you go back it will cost you your life.' 'Well,' he said, 'I shall die if I don't.' So they carried him back. As they passed up the aisle the people rose, and tears flowed down every cheek at the sight of the old veteran. He said to them: "Fathers and mothers of Scotland, is it true that you have got no more sons to give to India? I have spent twenty five years of my life there, and I have come back to die; there is plenty of money in the bank, but your sons are not willing to go. If a son comes from the Queen to go there in the army, they are ready. Is it come to this that the Lord calls for recruits for his kingdom and they will not go? And turn me to the moderator he said, 'If there is no one to go to India I will return to them, and let them know that there is one old Scotch man that can die for them, if he can't live for them.' "My friends, that is what I call enthusiasm."

One of the most interesting things in the Holy Land is the fact that one meets everywhere, in daily life, the things that illustrate the words of the Lord. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, and no one is allowed to go out without a light. Throw upon your lattice in the evening and look out, you will see what seem to be little stars twinkling on the pavement. You will hear the clatter of the sandals, as the late traveller rattles along. As the party approaches, you will see that he has a little lamp fastened to his foot, to make his step a safe one. In an instant the verse comes to my memory, written in the same city three thousand years ago—"Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my path."

The peace of God is rare among us. Some say that it is rarer than it was. I know not how that may be; but I see all manner of causes at work around us, which should make it rare. We live faster than our forefathers. We hurry, we bustle, we travel, we are eager for daily, almost for hourly news from every quarter, as if the world could not get on without us, or we, without knowing a hundred facts which merely satisfy the curiosity of the moment, and as if the great God could not take excellent care of us all meanwhile. We are eager, too, to get money, and get more money still—piercing ourselves through, too often, as the Apostle warned us—with many sorrows, and falling into foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. We are luxurious, more and more fond of show—more apt to live up to our incomes, and probably a little beyond, more and more craving for this or that gewgaw, especially in dress and ornament, which if our neighbor has, we must have too, or we shall be mortified, envious. Nay, so strong has this temper of rivalry of allowing no superiors, grown in us, that we have made nowadays a god of what used to be considered the basest of all vices—the vice of envy—and dignify it with the names of equality and independence. Men in this temper of mind cannot be at peace. They are not content; they cannot be content. But with what are they not content? That is a question worth asking. For there is a discontent as I have told you ere now which is noble, manly, heroic, and divine. Just as there is a discontent which is base, mean, unmanly, earthly sometimes devilish. There is a discontent, which is certain, sooner or later, to bring with it the peace of God. There is a discontent which drives the peace of God away, for ever and a day. And the noble and peace-bringing discontent is to be discontented with ourselves, as very few are. And the mean, peace-destroying discontent is to be discontented with things around us, as too many are. Now, my friends, I cannot see into your hearts; and I ought not to see. For if I saw, I should be tempted to judge; and if I judged, I should most certainly judge rashly, shallowly, and altogether wrong. Therefore, examine yourselves, and judge yourselves in this matter. Ask yourselves each, am I at peace? And if not, then apply to yourselves the rule of old Epictetus, the heroic slave, who, heathen though he was, sought the peace of God, long, long ago. Ask yourselves with Epictetus, Am I discontented with things which are in my own power? That is, discontented with myself, or with things which are not myself? Am I discontented with myself, or with things about me, and outside of me?—Canon Kingsley.

PRAYER is not simply petition. It is largely that, to be sure, but it is more. It is communion with God. It is a means of drawing nearer to Him. It enables the Christian to become familiar with God. The little child does not simply ask his father for gifts. He communicates his ideas to him; he speaks of his childish hopes, and sorrows, and joys. And the father does not say only, I will grant this or withhold that. He talks with his child of various things; he lifts up the child's ideas by the power of his own. Child and father hold communion—become intimate. So it may be, so it ought to be, with the child of God. In proportion to one's Christian experience is his desire for this communion and fellowship. The devout soul echoes the Psalmist's words, "My soul thirsteth for God; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God." This communion, moreover, increases one's ripeness of Christian experience. There is no better method of growth in grace than the habit of constant communion with the Father of spirits. It is the secret of progress heavenward. It explains the difference in the rate of advance of Christians. One halts along; another runs. One is of comparatively little use in effort, another is abundant in every good word and work. The reason is, one is content with simply offering few and feeble petitions; the other holds communion with God; pouring out his soul before Him, and there comes to him an elevation of spirit, a heavenliness of mind, that makes him joyous and strong and effective. In numberless instances has the promise been fulfilled—"they that wait upon the Lord renew their strength; they mount up with wings as eagles; they run and are not weary; they walk and do not faint."

It appears from the Secretary's report lately, read at the annual Session of the various divisions of Sons of Temperance in North America, that numerically, Ontario ranks second among all the divisions, whether of the United States or of the Dominion of Canada, its membership numbering 10,418—Eastern New York, with a membership of 12,535, taking the lead. In increase in membership during the last year, Nova Scotia is first, there being a recorded addition to its forces of 2,401, while Ontario comes third on the list, with an increase of 1,250, and New Brunswick stands in the eighth place. This cannot but be gratifying to the temperance men of the Dominion.

It is not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owing what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error, and more humility to acknowledge it.

Nothing is mine but sin. Nothing, not saving knowledge and sanctifying wisdom; not repentance, not faith, nor love; in short, nothing Christian have I from myself. It is all grace received—a gift from God.—W. T. Beyer.

The Rev. Dr. Hall has well said that the constant attempt to justify every work and word of the Lord is liable to breed doubt; while a simple declaration of the truth as from God often confirms and strengthens the hesitating mind.

Thy disciples of Jesus move through this world always a stranger, nowhere tolerated, no where at home; and even should he settle anywhere it is uncertain how long the world and his foes would allow him to remain. In such a case comfort comes from Christ.—Gessner.

ARE not with a man whom you know to be of an obstinate temper; for when he is contradicted his mind is barred up against all light and information; arguments, though never so well grounded, do but provoke him, and make him afraid to be convicted of the truth.

The meteor, if it once fall, cannot be rekindled. When those who once flashed before the eyes of the religious public with the blaze of a vain profession, fall into open and scandalous sin, it is impossible to renew their glory. Once break the egg of hypocrisy, and who can repair the damage.—Spurgeon.

"Whosoever will, may come." I thank God for that word whosoever. If God had said that there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner that I would have thought he meant some other Richard Baxter; but when He says who soever, I know that includes me, the worst of all Richard Baxters.—Baxter.

CHRISTIANS who neglect their church duties because an unpopular man is to minister, do despite not to him, but Him who sends him. An old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her, and expressed surprise that she should come so regularly to hear him preach. Said she:—"My quarrel's wi' you, mon; it's na wi' the Gospel."

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around find troubles on the other side; or you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

So ought we to watch as those who feel that the battle is not fought, and therefore we can not lay down our armor and our sword. We should so live as those who know that the race is not run, and therefore they press forward. We ought to be prayerfully dependent upon God, as those who know that if they were left by divine grace they would go back into perdition.

We must come to the study of the Bible as pupils, not as judges; to find not what ought to be said, but what God has said; as inquirers after truth, not as advocates seeking arguments. Though the truth revealed is divine, the language in which it is revealed is human, and therefore reference must be had to the laws of language. It is the student and not the book, that needs to be spiritualized.

We hold to earth and earthly things by so many more links of thought, if not affection, that it is far harder to keep our vision to heaven clear and strong; when this life is so busy, and therefore, so full of reality to us, another life seems by comparison unreal. This is our condition and its peculiar temptations, but we must endure it and strive to overcome them, for I think we may not try to flee from it.—Dr. Arnold.

This passionate love of nature, which began in the sons of imagination, has from them passed on to the universal people, and become one of the finest characteristics of the time we live in—some of the few efforts we have against sordid selfishness, absorbing pursuit of wealth, endless competition, and embittering divisions of classes and sects among us. In this love of scenery we have a touch of that nature which makes the whole world kin.—Principal Shairp.

SHOULD FEELER CHURCHES CONTRIBUTE TO THE SUPPORT OF FOREIGN MISSIONS?—The last Foreign Missionary has an able article on the "reasons why our feeble Churches as well as the larger should contribute to the cause of foreign missions?" It says: "The hundreds of our feeble Churches have themselves received mission funds, some of which were given by very poor people. The widow's mite, and the gifts of poor, struggling needle-women have helped to give the Gospel to farmers who have comfortable homes, and some of whom have large farms. With what emphasis, then, should our Saviour's words, 'freely have ye received, freely give,' resound in the ears of every congregation that has received the help of the Church? The Sawdust Island Churches, though they still receive help from the American Board, are, out of their deep poverty—such poverty as never appears among us—sustaining a vigorous foreign work in the 'religious islands' beyond."

Random Readings.

We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that we are mistaken.—Newman Hall.

SCARCELY have I ever heard or read the introductory phrase, "I may say without vanity," but some striking and characteristic instance of vanity has immediately followed.—Franklin.

"When there is no recreation or business for thee abroad, thou may'st then have a company of honest old fellows in leathern jackets in thy study, which may find thee excellent diversion at home."—Thos. Fuller.

Be not ashamed to confess that you have been in the wrong. It is but owing what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before to see your error, and more humility to acknowledge it.

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