

CHRIST TO THE UNFAITHFUL SOUL.

The following is a free translation of the famous lines traced on the walls of the Cathedral of Lubeck :

Thou callest Me Master—and heedst not Me;
Thou callest Me Light—and I shine not for thee;

Thou call'st Me the Way—and dost follow me not;

Thou call'st Me the Life—and My name is forgot;

Thou call'st Me the Truth—and defilest thy heart;

Thou call'st Me Guide—and despiseth control;

Thou callest Me Lovely—withholding thy heart;

Thou callest Me Rich—and desirest no part;

Thou call'st Me Eternal—nor seekest My truth;

Thou callest Me Merciful—wasting thy youth;

Thou callest Me Noble—and draggest Me down;

Thou call'st Me Almighty—nor fearest My frown;

Thou callest Me Just—O, if Just then I be:
When I shall condemn thee, reproach thou not Me!

—Presbyterian.

LOST TIME.

Lost wealth may be restored by industrious and frugal endeavor; wrecked health may sometimes be regained by temperance and self-denial; forgotten knowledge may be brought back by earnest study; friends that have been alienated may be won again by assiduous attention; forfeited reputation may be measurably restored by penitence, humility and fidelity; but time once lost is forever. The moments that are gone come back no more; the priceless hours that have escaped us in our listlessness, our idleness and our folly, no toils can win them, no wealth can purchase them, nor effort can bring them back. No prayers, no tears, nor repentant sighs can give us that which, when we had it, we idly cast away.

To-day God gives us time, and with it opportunity. The precious gift is in our hands; the past cannot be foreseen. To-morrow, of which we so often boast ourselves, may never come to us. We do not live to-morrow. We cannot find it in tittle deeds. The

man who owns whole blocks of real estate, and great ships on the sea, does not own a single minute of to-morrow. It is a mysterious possibility not yet born. It lies under the sea of mid-night, behind the sea of glittering constellations.

Now in the living present is the hour of probation, the opportunity for improvement, the day of salvation. Let us redeem the time, because the days are evil.—*Christian at Work.*

THE TWO COMPASSES.

When crossing the Atlantic I noticed that our steamer was furnished with two compasses. One was fixed to the deck where the man at the wheel could see it. The other compass was fastened half-way up one of the masts, and often a sailor would be seen climbing up to inspect it. I asked the captain, "Why do you have two compasses?" He said, "This is an iron vessel, and the compass on the deck is often affected by its surroundings. Such is not the case with the compass at the mast-head; that one is above the influence. We steer by the compass above."

In the voyage of life we have two compasses. One is the compass of Feeling, often sadly influenced by surroundings. The other is the compass of Faith, above these influences, and ever pointing true through storm and sunshine to the course marked out on the eternal chart. Let us steer by the compass above!

COUNT CAMPELLO—Rev. Alexander Robertson, in *Evangelical Christendom* for August, reports that this nobleman, who till 1881 was a Canon in St. Peter's, with the prospects of high ecclesiastical promotion, since his rejection of Romanism, has been working quietly and successfully in his native district of Valnerina in Umbria. He recently came to San Remo to hold certain conferences, and the people turned out in thousands to hear him. The Syndic granted him free of expense, the use of the town theatre, and on a recent Sunday afternoon the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling. The count discoursed on the nature of true religion, as a thing of the heart and of the will, as reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ, and submission of the whole being to his law in living, and of the mission of the Church to teach and foster this religion in the heart. His plea for a reformed Catholic Church was cordially entertained, and a large body of the best men in San Remo have entered into an agreement to establish such a reformed mission.—*Missionary Herald.*