

no cause to despair or despond. Christian patriots may well thank God and take courage. Much has been already gained, and the capital already in hand, if well laid out, may greatly increase the ratio of our profits in the next decade. Hopeful hearts are needed and active hands. Art and all its products will be truly consecrated when the artists are new creatures in Christ. There is no royal, at least there is no easy, superficial road to this consummation. As Saul's learning and energy were wrenched from the service of the wicked one, and consecrated to the honour of God and the welfare of man, so must the skill of our manufacturing population be diverted from multifarious vices, and compelled to flow in a great, pure stream of devotion and beneficence. The men must be met in the way of their wickedness and laid prostrate before Christ. When they are raised again, they will cherish another spirit and tread another path. By the power of redeeming love in their hearts many of those who were formerly counted not only wise, but also repulsive and dangerous as serpents, have become harmless as doves. The progress already made in this direction should rebuke our fears, kindle our hopes and redouble our efforts. Value them as men; love them as brothers; stand beside them in human sympathy, and pour the gospel as balm on their wounded spirits. "He that winneth souls is wise."

W. ARNOT.

A PASTORAL INCIDENT.

DOCTRINE OF ELECTION.

Passing down the street yesterday afternoon, I saw, sitting upon his wheelbarrow, a pious-hearted old negro, J. C.—, and by his side an ardent white brother Methodist, each as devoted a disciple as Wesley ever had. As I came near, I heard one say, 'There is Mr.—, let us ask him.' At their bidding I paused, and, after Christian salutations, said one—

'We were talking about Judas Iscariot, where it was said, that "he went to his own place, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled," &c. This looks as if it was determined before that he would do thus, and so.'

'Yes,' said I, keeping my face as smooth as circumstances would allow, 'it certainly looks quite in that direction.'

'A deep subject,' one continued.

'Yes,' I responded, 'but, to me, quite plain. Just let me ask, Can any being (God Himself—be it reverently spoken—not excepted) know that a future occurrence will certainly take place, unless it is purposed to take place?'

'No.'

'Well, does not God know all that is to be in the future absolutely and circumstantially?'

'He does.'

'Then it must be purposed, or determined, to be?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, who determined it?'

'God.'

'Yes,' I added, 'God.'

'A deep subject,' he added again, 'for it seems to take away our freedom.'

'No more,' I responded, 'in religion than in other matters. I am on my way to the post-office—does God know whether I shall ever reach it?'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'Because He has so purposed.'

'But that does not affect my conduct. I act just as freely as if there were no Divine knowledge and purpose, and yet I am assured that there are both.'

With that I left them to ponder a subject which they hear denied from the pulpit, and yet which their plain common sense told them must be so. I took no advantage of their ignorance of technical theology to impose upon them a Calvinistic doctrine, but addressed myself to their ability of intelligent discernment. The incident possesses no extraordinary interest, and yet it is but an added illustration of the beautiful harmony between the doctrines of our catechism and conclusions of a common mind. As such I send it to you.—*Presbyterian.*

It is one thing to pray, another to watch in prayer,—to strive to wrestle, to be instant in prayer. If thou would look on thy face when thou hast prayed, and see what drops of dew are on it, look on thy face when thou prayest, and see what drops of sweat are on thy forehead, and of tears in thine eyes.

A little grace is enough to begin the world withal, but not enough to end withal. One talent is fair to begin with, but dangerous to end with.

THE MOTHER'S GIFT—A BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,

When other days shall come;

When she who had thy earliest kiss

Sleeps in her narrow home.

Remember 'twas a mother gave

The gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,

The holiest, for her son;

And from the gifts of God above

She chose a goodly one;

She chose for her beloved boy,

The source of light, and life, and joy.

She bade him keep the gift, that when

The parting hour should come,

They might have hope to meet again

In an eternal home.

She said his faith in that would be

Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,

Laugh that fond faith to scorn,

And bid him cast the pledge aside

That he from youth had borne.

She bade him pause and ask his breast,

If he, or she, had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on a son

Goes with this holy thing;

The love that would retain that one,

Must to the other cling.

Remember! 'tis no idle toy,

A mother's gift—remember, boy!

—Kennedy.