

graduates in Theology, are among our ablest and most zealous young men, and they will greatly strengthen our missionary forces. There can be no question as to the raising of the necessary funds, the appeal of the Board to this end should meet with a prompt response.

REV. H. F. LAFLAMME. It was a great pleasure to the friends of missions to see this zealous and honored brother at the Convention. To him more than to any other, was due the enthusiasm for foreign missions that resulted in the forward movement. He was among those who deprecated a non-progressive policy and who plead for an opportunity to make an effort for the reinforcement of the mission. His faith and enthusiasm triumph. Mr. Laflamme is a speaker of great power, and should be heard by as many of our churches as possible.

CHRIST LIKENESS

BY MRS. CHURCHILL, CHIRACOLE, INDIA

There is a picture in a gallery which an artist wishes to reproduce. Its beauty has touched and vitalized his artist soul, and the manifest, noble purpose, that gleams from the canvas, makes his art a grander thing to him than it was before, and gives to the life he hopes to live a breadth of possibility and an aspect of sublimity which startle and thrill him.

He must have an exact copy to show to those who will never see the original. So, day after day, he studies the picture; he brings to it different conditions of mind. Early and late, in this position and in that, he looks at it; and all the changing lights which fall upon it only bring into clearer vision the charm and form of color which continually fall upon him, till he almost despairs of getting even a fair representation.

Still, the thought that it is better to fall below the highest ideal than to aim at a lower one, is a worthy ambition, and he sets himself to his pleasant but laborious task.

Every Christian is created anew in Christ Jesus, by the Spirit of God, not to copy from a canvas a beautiful painting, but to live the Christ life among his fellow-men, to the glory of God the Father. If a great work is before the artist, a stupendous one, rich in rewards and heavy with responsibilities that make the heart tremble, is before the Christian. To show to an unsaved world what Christ was and is, what He has done and what He is still able to do, - not only a suffering, dying Christ; not only a victorious, interceding One, precious and sweet, as these truths may be to himself, but to show to all men with whom he comes in contact, a relieved or a relieving Christ, is his mission.

He has no glowing canvas to guide him, but the Hebrew poets of the Old Testament, and the Apostles of the New, have left some unsurpassed word-paintings,

which no other language can so fitly declare, and which find their fullest expression in the thoughts we cannot utter.

The nations among whom we sojourn, or the people with whom we tabernacle, cannot now point either to the fiery or the cloudy pillar, and say in hushed tones, that betokens the presence of their God among them. But if we belong to the royal household and the King's livery is upon us, should not the Christ-spirit be so manifest, that those about us would say, the One in whom they trust is neither far away nor unreal; He is still Immanuel, He is still the Prince of Peace. The life, that has given birth to such a suggestion in my heart, will not have been lived in vain.

A turned page gives us another view. He is the "Holy One of Israel". He is "the shadow of a rock"; "He is the Sun of Righteousness"; "He is the Light of the Gentiles." These and other names denote some of the relations which He sustains to His people, and they suggest to His followers some of the characteristics which they should seek to cultivate, for the servant should be as his Lord.

But He is more than this. He is the "fulness of the Godhead bodily". "He is the brightness of His Father's glory, and the very image of His substance." One climax seems to follow another, till the Infinite is reached, and we stand in the presence of Him before whom angels veil their faces. Our hearts are bowed and we say we cannot copy our picture. But we will place it in another light and perhaps get some views less unattainable. "His visage was so marred more than any man, and His form more than the sons of men. He is as a root out of a dry ground, He hath no form nor comeliness, and there is no beauty, that we should desire Him. He is despised and rejected of men. He was oppressed and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth; He was cut off from the land of the living, and bore the sins of many." If it is from height to height on the one hand, it is from deep to deep on the other. That was too high for us, the glory too great; this is too deep, the humiliation too complete. From whence will our help come, and who will teach us how to copy the Divine?

There is a song in the air, and heaven has come down to earth. The mystery of all time is enacted, God is manifest in the flesh, and our word-paintings have become living realities in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. Now we have something more than description for a guide. There is a life lived; lived patiently to the end; and now being touched with the feeling of our infirmities, there is a bruised hand stretched out to us, and a voice is saying, "Follow thou me; fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."