

parents, or at least in one of them, it may be. This does not necessarily signify that either the father or mother will deliberately tell falsehoods to the children. The trouble in many cases is, there is carelessness in making promises. The father, let us say, will carelessly promise to do a certain thing for this child if the child will do a certain thing or behave better than usual. Then the child will do his part, but the father has perhaps let the promise pass out of his mind, or possibly he afterwards concludes that he is under no special obligation to do as he promised, seeing that it is only his child to whom he made the promise. At any rate, he fails to fulfill his promise. But no parent can do such a thing many times without having his children lose all confidence in his word. It is sad to relate it, but it is a fact that even the children of some ministers have lost confidence in their father's word, just because the father has been very negligent about doing what he said he would do for them. It would a thousand times be better, both for the minister and his child, to make no promises at all than to make even one and not faithfully fulfill it. It has come to a sad pass when the children of Christian parents have lost confidence in their word and with it their character, and if the children have lost confidence in their parents how can the parents expect that others who have close dealings with them will long have confidence in them? We can do good to people only as they have confidence in us. Many a Christian's influence is powerless for good just because those around them have lost confidence in them. As for our children, let us so live that they may have full confidence in us. —*North and West.*

The Midland hits the nail on the head when it says: "We do not want sermons for publication. They are too long and the style of a sermon is different from the style of a newspaper article. Very few sermons, indeed, are readable. The same is true of addresses. That which delights and impresses hearers may be dry and insipid to readers. Please do not request good sermons for publication in *The Midland*. Our readers do not want them. But we and our readers do want parts of sermons rewritten for our paper. Why do not more of our ministers embody in short articles, written for publication, some of the valuable thoughts of their sermons? When a new idea has been discovered or developed, when an old thought has been expressed in a new way or has received a new illustration, why not do good to all men, at least to several thousand men besides women and children who read our paper and not merely to a few score who hear the sermon? We wish that many more of our ministers would benefit our readers and ourselves by writing extracts from their sermons. Why do not the people say to their pastor, 'That was a good point in your sermon, why don't you send it to *The Midland*?' Many excellent articles in church papers are a recasting of parts of sermons. Why not help others with a good thought?"

A Pathetic story attaches to a gospel now published in Matabele by the British and Foreign Bible Society, says *The Church Missionary Intelligencer* of London. "Mr. Thomas, who had once been connected with the London Missionary Society, and was working in Matabeleland, made a translation of the New Testament, which he completed the day on which he was attacked by an illness of which he died. During his last hours he was much troubled by fears lest his work should be in vain. His wife, to comfort him, undertook to have the translation printed. She drew out of the bank the sum of £100, the savings of her lifetime, and with it had printed five hundred copies of the book. Of course, since there was no one in the printer's office who knew the language, many mistakes were made. Mrs. Thomas gave away fifteen copies, and three were sold. The rest were stored at Shiloh, her husband's mission-station. During the revolt the Matabeleles stole these copies and used them as headgear. A friend of the Bible Society in Natal heard of all this, obtained what is probably the only remaining copy of the version, and sent it home. The Bible Society agreed to purchase the copyright, and propose to issue a tentative edition of one of the gospels, and will proceed with the revision of the whole of the New Testament if competent scholars pronounce it to be advisable."

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP.

PAINTER AND POET.

To one God gave the brush, to one the pen,
And theirs the best endeavor to impart
In rhyme and color to the world of man
Some of the loveliness of Nature's heart.

EVENTIDE.

Millet, a French artist of renown, used to say to his students: "The end of the day is the proof of a picture." Not in the gush and glare of the morning light, not in the flare and flame of blazing noon, but in the sober and serene illumination of the end of day, are the fine effects of art and genius, in the delicate tintings and traceries of the painting, which give it its real quality and character, best seen.

The portrait, which would be rejected in the splendor of morning or of noon, when its finer characterizations would be obliterated in the flood of day, might command unqualified approval in the environment of evening light. The landscape, which would not bear the overflow of sunshine, might stand forth impressively with clear outlines of woodland and river and bold mountain cliff in the mellow hues of the decline of day.

This which is true in art and in nature is true in life. The end of the day is the proof of conduct. The end of life is the evidence of character. We cannot judge of men from what they seem to be in the flush and folly of youth, or in the care and wear of middle life. There is a sere time, a more decisive period. When the morning has faded, when the glory has become dimmed, when the outlines of character are clear and statuesque, at the end of day, then we can see what men are. "At evening time there shall be light."

The sober end of the year is such an evening time, a time for self-review. In the solemn close of another of those periods by which our life is measured, when the events of the earlier months and the changes of the months that have followed, have given new aspects to life, and when we hear in the tones of dying knells the prophecy of our hastening dissolution, then we are in the right attitude to get the correct view of ourselves, to carefully notice the picture which time is inevitably photographing of themselves on the negatives which are to reproduce us in the eternal galleries of the future. In the steady, unwavering light of the old year's evening, when every true soul is sobered, when the glamour of pleasure and of business is removed, we are in those conditions which will throw the strongest light upon our conduct and bring into clearest relief our real character.

In the steady light of the year's ending, what conclusion can we reach as to our personal position? Turning the illumination in upon our very selves, what is the proof of the picture? Has the past year been one of gain or of loss? Has the past of life been such that we can look upon it with satisfaction or only with gloomy reflection? Have we reason to weep with burning tears over the dreadful waste, or can we truly feel that we have made some sure progress heavenward?

Henry IV. once asked the Duke of Alva if he had noticed the eclipse that had recently occurred? That busy and bloody duke replied: "I have so much to do on earth, that I have no time to look up to heaven." Would something like that be our answer to the self-interrogatory as to our looking to heaven or being influenced by the realities of heaven? Have we had so much to do on earth, with the little things that have occupied and absorbed us, that we have lost sight of eternal things, of God, of our Saviour, of the welfare of our souls, of the responsibilities to which we are certainly held?

When Julius Hare was dying in the rectory of Hurstmonceaux, his last clear words are said to have been remarkable. As he lay there so feeble, they asked him how he would like to be removed. In a voice more distinct and strong than it had been for several days, and with his eyes turned toward heaven, and with a look of indescribable brightness, he said: "Upward, upward."

So living and dying should we be moved. Our conversation should be in heaven. Our treasures should be laid up on high. We, like pilgrims, with no backward look, with the eager intensity of aspirants for crowns, should press forward and upward till we reach the rest and reap the reward.—*New York Observer.*