

them up one by one, and think how many of them are not yet in Christ. Try to do good to them in some way or other. Act as a man should act who believes his friends to be in danger. Do not be content with their being kind and amiable, gentle and good tempered, moral and courteous, earnest and sincere in their religion. Be miserable about them till they come to Christ by faith, and are actually born again,—for miserable you ought to be. Let nobody alone who is out of Christ, if only you have opportunities of reaching him. I know all this may sound like enthusiasm and fanaticism. I wish there was more of it in the world. Anything, I am sure, is better than a quiet indifference about the souls of others, as if everybody was in the way to heaven. Nothing, to my mind, so proves our little faith, as our little feeling about the spiritual condition of those around us.

This is the true charity, to believe all things, and hope all things, so long as we see the Bible doctrines maintained, and Christ exalted, but no longer. Christ must be the single standard by which all opinions must be measured. Let us hope well about all who honor him. But let us never forget that the same Apostle Paul who wrote about charity, says also, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema."

Poetry.

THE DYING CHILD.

Oh, clasp me in your arms, mother ;
 Once more oh let me rest
 My weary, aching head upon
 Thy pure and loving breast.
 Oh, gently hold my feeble form
 Close to thy throbbing heart,
 And on my brow imprint one kiss,
 Sweet mother, ere we part.

I feel that life is sinking fast,
 Soon will its pains be o'er ;
 They'll bear me to the lone churchyard,
 You'll see my face no more !
 But do not weep when I am gone,
 God knoweth what is best ;
 I shall be free from sorrow then,
 Among the pure and blessed.