

PROSPERITY OF THE CHURCH.—The increasing wealth and importance, in civil society, of professing Christians, is no proof that the church is prospering. Nothing can constitute real prosperity except the deepening holiness of Church members. You may eulogize the gifts and talents of ministers and office-bearers; you may bring architecture to your aid, and pulling down the simple meeting-houses, in which your fathers worshipped God, when "the priests could not stand to minister because of the cloud," erect in their place Corinthian temples or Gothic Churches; you may line your pews with damask, and, standing in them, join with the skilled choristers to praise God with organs; and if there be no growth in faith, and hope, and love, among you, what are all these things but like flowers strewed round a corpse?

P o e t r y

A MOTHER'S INJUNCTION,

ON PRESENTING 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.

And bade him keep the gift, that when
 The parting hour would 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 her son
 Goes with this holy thing:
 The love that would retain the one,
 Must to the other cling.
 Remember, 'tis no idle toy—
 A mother's gift; remember boy.